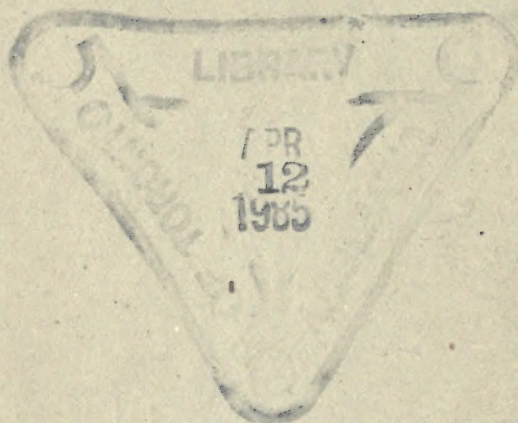






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[This is he whom Mr. Webster, in his letter to the Austrian minister, praised as a "respectable person."]	

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## NEW BOOKS.

Montrose and other Biographical Sketches. Boston: Soule & Williams. [Containing Latour, Brummell, Dr. Johnson, and Montrose. The first was originally published in *The Living Age*. From our knowledge of the Author, we venture to recommend this book to our readers, and promise much pleasure to ourself in its perusal.]

## ERRATUM.

Page 18, 7th line from bottom, instead of 86° read 80°.

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## UNKNOWN, YET WELL-KNOWN.

*Badajos, April, 1812.*—"That desperate soldier of the 95th, who in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head in pieces with the butts of their muskets."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv. book xvi. p. 432.

## I.

WE left the plunder of the town while yet the east was gray,  
All in the dewy dreary dawn, we sought them where they lay  
High-piled in that accursed breach, each as he passed away;  
By night 'twas like the mouth of Hell, strewn like its floor by day.  
But who was he, and what was he? We asked it all in vain.  
The bravest brave, the foremost fallen, the flower of English slain?

## II.

He was stricken down on the breach's crown,  
we found him there outspread;  
Thrust underneath their pikes of steel, the first of all the dead;  
We buried him proudly where he fell, we made right little moan,  
For no man knew his shattered face, his mother had not known.

## III.

And if you care for praise of men, why think upon his fall;  
He hath no fame on earth, he lies unknown beneath the wall.  
He gave his life most willingly, where willing men were all;  
It may be that before the Lord his meed shall not be small.  
Perhaps the noise of human pride were idle all and vain,  
For *him*—the foremost and the best of all the English slain.  
—*Fraser's Magazine.* Ch. Ch., Oxford.

## I KNOW NOT WHEN.

I KNOW not when; but this I know,  
That it will surely come to me—  
The day which comes to all below,  
Which every child of earth must see;  
For o'er his spirit none hath power  
To keep it, in that last dread hour.

I know that I shall watch the sun,  
As I have watched him many a day,  
In gold behind the hills go down,  
Gilding with splendor all the way;  
I shall not see him set again—  
Yet this I shall not know e'en then.

Some night, I know, the shades will gather,  
The dusky shadows deeper grow,  
The silent stars come out together,  
The last that I shall see below;  
No voice from out that distant sky  
Will warn me that my end is nigh.

Some spring-time I shall mark the trees  
Grow daily greener o'er my head,  
And in the autumn I shall feel  
The dead leaves rustle 'neath my tread,  
Nor know next autumn's winds shall come  
To strew the dry leaves on my tomb.

And there will be a darkened room,  
And they will catch my faintest breath,  
And silence and a gathering gloom  
Will fall from off the wings of Death;  
I shall not hear the muffled tone,  
The silent whisper, "He is gone."

But when this last great change shall come,  
Is hidden from us—and 'tis best;  
If I be ready for my home,  
It matters not how soon I rest;  
Death will be but the end of sorrow—  
Dawn of an endless, heavenly morrow.

## MARY MAGDALEN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BLESSED, yet sinful one and broken-hearted!  
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn  
In wonder and in scorn!  
Thou weepest days of innocence departing;  
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move  
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,  
Even for the least of all the tears that shine  
On that pale cheek of thine.  
Thou didst kneel down to him who came from heaven  
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise  
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom  
The ragged brier should change; the bitter fir  
Distil Arabian myrrh;  
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,  
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain  
Bear home abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains  
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see  
Leaves on the dry, dead tree:  
The perished plant set out by living fountains,  
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,  
Forever, toward "the skies."

—*Christian Register.*



From Fraser's Magazine.

### A SNOW PICNIC.

Is it in the experience of any one living that a picnic has ever passed off as it ought to pass — has not before its termination caused some one or more present to state, imply, or think, that had they only known what was going to happen, they would never have come? If haply such there be, let him come forward and advertise me and the public of the remarkable instance, authenticating his information with the names and opinions of two unimpeachable eye-witnesses, and he shall receive, by the very next post, the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* as a guerdon. I frankly confess that I have no such experience. Of all the hundred and one *contretemps*, physical or moral, atmospheric or geological, culinary or bacchanalian, equine, bovine, human, or entomological, to which picnics are liable, always one, generally many, have intervened whenever I have been present. Sometimes I may have been personally in fault: often I cannot have been. I take it rather to be an inherent vice of the picnic, that so many being the well-regulated families necessary to its composition, the possibility of accidents predicated of such households singly, becomes by mere multiplication a certainty. And until we can go a gypsying by special train to Utopia, this state of things will assuredly last.

Yet have I known one such excursion which approached as near perfection as anything out of Utopia well could approach, and that, owing not to the paucity but the frequency of its casualties, and not to any freedom from alarm and inconvenience, but to a spirit which looked upon alarm and inconvenience as the great objects of the day, and came determined to derive only increased enjoyment from all the known difficulties and dangers of the proceeding.

It was not in England: both the dangers and the spirit which enjoyed them would be impossible here. Nor was it in summer, or even colonial good temper might have melted under colonial heat. This most successful *réunion* was achieved in the month of December and the neighborhood of the good town of Alfredsburg, which, as everybody knows, is one of the principal cities of Upper Canada.

We got it up at the barracks. Every

move in Canadian society depends more or less upon the military; but this picnic was peculiarly ours, being our first attempt at a return for months of dinners and balls and hearty hospitalities, such as are dispensed nowhere but in a colony;—the only sort of return which it lay in our power to make, for the architect of Alfredsburg Barracks, among other severe privations with which he saw fit to distress the garrison, had omitted to supply the very obvious and vital requirement of a ball-room, without which, either his own or another's, what officer in her majesty's service can possibly achieve the amount of exercise necessary for preserving the *physique* of a soldier? This gross dereliction of duty on the part of a government official compelled our entertainment to be of an *al fresco* nature. So a picnic was resolved upon, invitations were issued for that day week, and an hour mentioned at which the party was to assemble in sleighs at a given point in the middle of the river St. Alfred.

Does any reader start at our choosing the middle of a broad and mighty river as a rendezvous for horses and sleighs, and find involuntary images of Pharaoh and his host (with their chariot wheels already taken off) crowding into his mind? To such be it told that during many months of the year the frozen Canadian rivers are as highways to the countries through which they pass, as boulevards to the towns upon their banks; ay, and boulevards with avenues on them too, for no invention being yet perfected for supplying them with gas-lamps, the benighted traveller is guided along their shortest or most frequented routes by rows of pines of decent growth, cut from the neighboring forest and planted bodily in the ice, where, embalmed by frost and snow, they perform the *rôle* of most respectable live trees till the thaws of April or May involve them and their soil in a common ruin. Among these trees, and upon the magnificent open roadway which they garnished, was it arranged that our party should assemble, there to await further orders, like an outward-bound fleet, to which the admiral cannot divulge the contents of his papers till after twenty-four hours' sail from harbor.

The next object was to fix on a spot in the forest for the bivouac; and to this end a messenger was despatched to the Indian



camp for the mighty Moween, or "the Great Bear." He came, the descendent of a long line of princes, the chief by heritage, the mightiest in prowess, of the great tribe of Micmacs, whose dominions have included the whole of the St. Alfred country, even from the sea until thou comest unto the second and third cataracts; he came, the slayer of the moose and cariboo, the leader of the feast and dance, tall and dignified in stature, handsome and swarthy in countenance, and withal as dirty and ragged and disreputable a scoundrel as the Savoyard of the most excruciating organ in the quietest street in London. Ragged, however, as he appears ordinarily, he can array himself with some taste when he thinks the occasion is sufficient; and dirty or clean, he was most important to the present arrangement and future management of the picnic.

His heart being opened by brandy, Moween undertook the whole affair directly. "Oh! I guess me and Saul and Gabe, and two tree more, we make tracks in morning with one treboggin, and make camp up Pokioctikook; then you see tracks and find us, s'pose about five miles up Pokioctikook." He paused, took three puffs of smoke, and then added, "You bring plenty brandy, of course;" which proposition being greeted with assent, considering business now over, he finished his present instalment of that liquor at a draught, gave a "who-oo" which was nigh to breaking the windows, executed an extemporary dance which was nigher still to breaking the floor, seized the last cheroot from Spencer's open cigar-case, and staggered away.

Now the Pokioctikook is a smaller river which joins the St. Alfred nearly opposite Alfredsburg, flowing down thereinto through some of the wildest and finest forest scenery in Upper Canada. Save on the rough attempt at a road made by distant settlers along, and often in the course of the stream, this country is in summer impassable, the fallen timber and broken underwood forming everywhere that one vast network of barricade of which those only who have penetrated into the "forest primæval" can form any conception. There is no fortifier like nature; and I cannot but admire the far-sighted sagacity of his majesty the present Emperor of the French, who, while interfering in the internal affairs of every other

nation on the globe, has regularly avoided America, fearing doubtless that from a more general intimacy with the transatlantic bush, his loving but fickle subjects might gain for the next barricades in the Rue St. Denis or Faubourg St. Antoine "ideas" which would be by no means "Napoleonian." To these revolutionary accommodations snow is, however, another revolution,—a "great leveller" to the chaotic masses,—high on the superstratum of which it is in many places possible, with the occasional assistance of an axe, to ply the luxurious sleigh, or the more fatiguing snowshoe, with a calm indifference to the tangled nature of the ground underneath. It is this ability to penetrate deeper than usual into the forest which gives one peculiar charm to the Canadian Snow Picnic.

But the Muse shall relate who were the invited guests, and what sleighs assembled at the trysting-place. Last in arrival, but first in mention, came the great general-commandant himself, the veteran of Hydepark and Aldershot, the victor in many a hotly contested engagement of blank cartridge. With that taste for procession and display which so conduces to military authority Sir Martin Etty dashed into the throng with a brilliant staff of three sleighs, the vanguard of his force being composed of himself, Lady Etty, and their two younger daughters, while Fox, his military secretary, in command of his eldest daughter, formed the centre, and his two boys led—yea, bearded—by their tutor, brought up the rear. The *éclat* of the arrival was, however, somewhat marred by this rear-guard, whose learned driver seemed scarcely sufficiently conversant with the properties of the modern *biga*, and turning his sleigh at too sharp an angle upon "glare" ice, allowed it to slew round till it got before the horses, and whirled on automotously (as is the manner of a sleigh) dragging them helplessly and ignominiously behind, and drifting well down upon the rest of the party assembled with an irregular rotatory motion, like a comet with a very unwieldy tail. Fortunately, a casual breastwork of snow brought up the impending engine of destruction just when it threatened an instant collision, and the only result was a great laugh at the expense of the tutor, who may, however, have designed it to impress upon his pupils the



grammatical paradox that though "slew" is the perfect of "slaying," it is something very imperfect in "sleighting."

Brilliant, too, was the crowd already gathered, and thus miraculously saved from decimation, for winter is "the season" at Alfredsburg when all the rank and fashion come into town from their less civilized settlements up the country. Senators with unexpected handles to their names, and their wives who wished the handles would carry double, and very rough sons, and very blooming daughters. Though absent was the bishop himself, were not his lordship's wife, daughter, and coachman waiting in his lordship's own sleigh,—blue, with red "runners," as an episcopal sleigh ought to be? and was not the clerical interest amply represented by the further presence of the archdeacon, and his son the curate, both outside, and their numerous household all inside the capacious family ark? which ark, being rested on a small snowy Ararat formed by a capricious drift on the ice, gave to the two reverend gentlemen the appearance of being in a pulpit and about to address the assemblage. And Winbush was there, whom men style Dick, with his wife and boys, the most successful agriculturist, and withal the heartiest and best fellow, in the Alfredsburg neighborhood. And little Judge McPie was there, under the care and orders of his shrill, noisy wife; but the fair Miss Baby, their daughter, where was she? Had she not the whole season "muffined" with Warwick of ours, and where should she be but by his side in his own hired sleigh, her pert little nose and large blue eyes alone visible from beneath a mountain of robes and furs, which the gallant and anxious Warwick had supplied to keep his "muffin" hot? And other muffining was apparent, adding greatly to the general effect and interest of the *cortège*; greatly, also, to the general amusement, when, for some unexplained cause, each sleigh so occupied endeavored on starting for the woods to keep in the rear of all the rest, and could with difficulty be persuaded to advance at all.

It is a great institution is muffining. The word "muffin," in the sense in which it is thus used, is not, that I am aware, to be found in Johnson's or any other dictionary of our tongue, English or American; but is nevertheless an authentic and received

word in Canada. Were our great lexicographer happily now alive, we might expect to read in his next edition:—

"MUFFIN, *v. n.* To monopolize continually the exclusive society of the same individual member of the opposite sex, with a view more to immediate amusement than to eventual matrimony.

"MUFFIN, *n. s., com. gen.*, but mostly *fem.* One so monopolizing, or whose society is so monopolized." Followed doubtless by quotations from these very pages (for where indeed could he find higher authority?) as examples of the word's use. Its derivation is rather a moot point, but I incline to look for it in the fact of the small tea-party element somewhat predominating in Canadian entertainments, at which the nice young men present might with some sentiment apply this simile to the refreshment which they liked best to take with their tea. It would thus be a cognate compliment to that which gave to the beauties of a former generation the name of "toasts;" and though in the latter case the mere mention of the adored object's name in her absence was supposed to add that relish to the cup for which the former required her presence, and the palm for subtlety of compliment thus rests undoubtedly with our forefathers, I think that in sobriety and delicacy at least, the modern phrase will be admitted to have a great advantage over its Bacchanalian predecessor.

However originally derived, it is now the name of, I repeat, a great and noble institution, differing from any cis-atlantic process of the kind in the thorough recognition and countenance accorded to it by all parties. A primitive society, if wanting in refinement, is certainly the more conspicuous in common sense; and when young John Alden of the new Burntwood settlement, and pretty little Priscilla Mayflower of Alfredsburg, take evident delight in each other's companionship, what can be more natural or sensible than to permit them to enjoy it on all reasonable occasions? They are tacitly recognized as muffining, and it is thenceforth spoken of with as little surprise and curiosity as if they were engaged or married. Anent it no prying and tattling old maid sits whispering in the ear in a corner: it is treated as a matter of course, and is known upon the house tops of society. No fidgety mamma whisks off Priscilla under her ruthless wing, to lecture



her on too frequent vales with John: Priscilla dances for her own amusement, not mamma's, and never deems that any but herself is to choose her partners. No stern papa waits upon John the morning after a picnic, remarks upon his conduct, and demands his intentions: papa knows probably quite as much about John's intentions as John knows himself, and is perfectly blissful in his ignorance. In due time possibly it may occur to both that their present companionship may be advantageously extended for life, and John will seek papa for his sanction, and Priscilla come nestling to mamma with the tidings, or it may never occur to them to think about it at all; or again, they may think about it, talk about it, and resolve one or both that it is *not* meet to be prolonged beyond the age of balls and picnics—that the muffin would become stale, and would never convert into the solid household loaf of domestic life, and then it probably—but by no means necessarily—ceases, and ceases as naturally and easily as it began.

And would that this most wholesome and vigorous exotic could be engrafted upon our stubborn but heart-rotten old social root. When shall we cease to run our daily course upon tramroads and along rectilinear embankments? Upon tramroads verily are driven our youths and maidens—upon parallel lines which, being produced, never meet save at rigidly fixed and stated “points,” and not even there at will, but only by the agency of certain appointed guards with breaks and private signals and every known apparatus of interference, themselves, again, under the strictest possible orders and penalties from a high and awful company. When shall we arrive at the age of traction-engines, and be able to lay our own lines for our own journeys, so we ascend not nor descend from the very evident level of propriety? Our John Aldens may meet many a Priscilla in the course of their youth, but neither of them will know it. Should either suspect the hidden sympathy, what facility have they for proof? Sufficient intimacy for such a discovery is forbidden till the engagement, forsooth, is made—the engagement which should arise from and depend on the discovery, even as Jacky at school is interdicted from the water until he has learnt to swim. What marvel that where all streams are unknown, Jacky eventually

blunders into a deep one and is drowned, and that Priscilla is miserable with *Miles Standish* (in a manner quite un contemplated by Longfellow), when John could have made her happy?

But enough. A society which has not the energy to reform its hats, how shall it ever reform its habits?—and I have wandered miles from Alfredsburg and our picnic, yea, even to the middle of next century, about which date I have hopes that our descendants of the third and fourth generation will see at length the advisability of improving their head-gear and their heart-gear together.

And all this time we have been jingling cheerily along the Pokioctikook road, with a perfect *monstre concert* of sleigh-bells and merry voices ringing crisp and clear through the frozen woods. Spencer and I, the only unmuffled bachelors in barracks, are the pioneers of the party, and drive the foremost of the long line of sleighs, following on the trail of the Indians, who passed up with their *treboggan* or hand-sled this morning, and without whose tracks our English eyes would often be at fault for the deeply covered road. Even this clue is in many places obliterated by a drifting wind which has risen, but they have left us other signs. Here they have moved off by main strength a tree which was lying across the path; here they have elected it easier to hew a piece bodily out of a larger one, and there is just room for us to pass between the notched ends yawning apart on either side, which

“—stand aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder.”

Here, at a divergence of the road, they have given us a gentle hint which route to take, by hopelessly barricading up the route which we are not to take, to the great prospective annoyance of the next settler who shall pass thereby on his journey into town for the half-years' news, and find himself not the only settler in the way. And so on we go, probably as often off the road as on it; now plowing through a drift which threatens to engulf horse, sleigh, and all; now borne high aloft by a hard-frozen crust on the surface: anon such a crust will break at the critical moment of support, and perhaps under one runner only of some more unfortunate sleigh, to the complete *bouleversement*



thereof and the scattering of its inmates in picturesque ruin into the snow; all hands are then piped to the work, and the *débris*, animate and inanimate, is soon and with much laughter picked up and re-established, and on we go again. Little Georgy Winbush cannot be induced to stay in his father's sleigh for two consecutive minutes, and his round face and curly hair matted with snow and icicles come peeping over at the backs of us all in turn as he mounts and takes a temporary ride on our runners (which in this hospitable respect have a great advantage over wheels), thence retailing to us the latest fun from the other end of the line, bringing and taking messages real or imaginary, and acting as the train to a continual explosion of laughter and good-humor—the best possible provocatives to warmth even on one of the coldest days of a Canadian winter.

Hallo! halt everybody. What on earth are we to do now? An enormous hemlock has fallen across our road since the Indians passed in the morning. Men leave their reins in the mittens of ladies, and hurry on snow-shoes to the front. Can it be lifted? We all apply our shoulders to the common weal, but the weight of the trunk and the tangled boughs have fixed it quite immovably. It is suggested that a shout may reach the Indians, who cannot be more than two miles distant; for sound flies far over frozen ground and through an atmosphere below zero. Our major of the stentorian chest, raises a shout, rounding it off with a shrill guttural falsetto which a Switzer could but envy; but there is no response. Let us all shout. Spencer gives the time—one, two, three, and a —. No, a failure this time; some too late, some not at all. The ladies confess that they “didn’t know what to call out,” which is a grave difficulty to be met. The curate who is great upon music, advances a theory that “oi” gives the loudest scope to a man’s voice, “ai” to a woman’s, which is duly impressed upon everybody. Time as before, and —. Well, with due admiration for each individual voice, I must say that the general effect is the most horrible and demoniacal uproar that I ever heard. Still no answer from the Indians. Some one declares that Echo has answered “ay” and is coming; but Echo bears no axe. No, we must send home for one, or our picnic is over. Warwick’s is the last sleigh—the only

one which can turn back; and his horse withal is fleet. Like a good fellow as he is, he throws himself at once into the breach, consigns his muffin to the maternal dish-cover, and along our now well-worn road is off at a gallop to Alfredsburg.

How are we to spend the interval? Grumbings are beginning to be heard, and bright faces to look clouded and unhappy. Our picnic will be a failure after all. Spencer seizes the moment with the eye of a general; and a snowball beautifully aimed bursts like a shell on the broad breast of Dick Winbush, where he sits on his distant box-seat, covering him and his wife and his children, and all that he hath, with its stinging little component atoms. Dick is a pugnacious man. He is down, and returns it in an instant; but missing his assailant, hits nearly everybody else. Before men may count a score, the whole strength of the company, male and female, is engaged in a promiscuous and internecine war. Hats and muffs, and their owners, are knocked in all directions; horses are plunging in the snow with affright; the battle rages most uproariously; and Warwick on his return is hailed with a shout from what seems an array of ghosts clad all in white, to whose excited calculations he seems but to have been absent ten minutes.

A passage is quickly hewn through the body of the prostrate giant, and we are off again. Presently the same undeniable fingerposts as before suggest to us to turn off from the road into the bush; and signs of the cutting, hauling, and Macadamite labors of the morning become more and more frequent. The road is now rather trying to horse and man, and we are not sorry when through the trees we see a wreath of smoke and a group of Indians, and know that we have arrived at our destination.

Moween’s “two tree more” Indians have expanded into two or a dozen, who are standing about in picturesque attitudes and brilliant costumes, all beads and feathers, and furs and colored blankets, and smoking the pipe of stolidity. They have evidently been hard at work though, and have built us a most elaborate wigwam, large enough to hold us all, of timber and strips of bark, banked up outside with snow, and lined, cushioned, and carpeted inside, as soft and snug as a wren’s nest, with boughs of red



cedar, of which it smells most deliciously. It is provided with the primitive hole at the top for a chimney, out of which rolls the smoke of a huge log fire which occupies the centre of the cabin, and which is now doing duty to a cauldron of soup bubbling upon it, and thereby adding most material charms to the sight and smell of the interior. Such of the provender as was entrusted to Indian conveyance is already disposed in quaint taste on the green divan which surrounds the fire; where it is soon joined by the wines and other liquors, and such more delicate viands as we have carried up ourselves, and by sundry unexpected contributions from generous guests; and finally, by ourselves, in attitudes Turkish, Roman, Aztec, or original. The archdeacon breaks through a Babel of tongues with grace (which I am sadly afraid everybody was going to forget), and the feast begins.

I do not purpose to drag the reader through that fusion—perhaps I should say *confusion*—of three courses and a dessert, which constitutes the invariable picnic dinner, nor to tantalize him in the fashion of a mischievous and greedy schoolboy, who after the insinuating inquiry, “Jim, do you like apples?” replies to an eager affirmative, “Then see me eat ’em.” Suffice it to say that a very good dinner is nearly proving a failure owing to the lamentable discovery that the supply of spoons and forks is hopelessly inadequate to our numbers. I am sorry to say that I overhear Mrs. McPie beginning some general remarks on the subject of bachelor housekeeping scarcely calculated to promote the harmony of the meeting, but most of the company are preparing cheerfully to accommodate themselves to a somewhat digital and ante-Elizabethan style of domestic economy,—when Moween, whom I have sometime before (not without grave and derogatory suspicions of his character), observed to eye the plate-basket very attentively and proceed to give some orders in Indian to his young men, suddenly comes in with a handful of wooden implements, quite sufficiently resembling spoons and forks to be readily and with comfort used as such, and fresh carved from the live wood with those wonderful Indian knives which seem in their hands to represent every known instrument of section or perforation, from a spade to a corkscrew. The forks are very

easily made, Nature having taken most of the work off the hands of Art, by causing certain trees, well known to Indian eyes, to trifurcate in their foliage: but the spoons, shaped and hollowed from the solid block, are marvels of Indian handicraft and ingenuity. “Plenty coming more,” says Moween, and by twos and threes they keep pouring in all dinner-time, some of them even ornamented with rude patterns or animal portraits, and varying in size according to the taste of the carver; possibly according to the well-known capacity of his own mouth, or, better known still, that of his squaw at home. Last of all comes in a large and elaborate ladle to be presented in due form to the “sargum” or general himself; with the idea, I suppose, that his appetite is equal to his dignity: and however ill-adapted in size the present may be, I think that there are few who know him but will admit that, in shape and material at least, nothing could be more admirably suited to his character and capacity.

We have hoped to get over the necessary half-hour’s session after dinner without the infliction of speeches, and exert ourselves bravely to let no pause in the conversation give excuse to any over-zealous orator; but fate and—unpleasant and unmanageable as fate—Mrs. McPie, have willed it otherwise; and the latter with many a frown and whispered order (I have since been told even with pinches), at length forces her judge into a perpendicular position, and into delivering himself of some observations (which, to do him justice, are short and neat), laudatory of the general. Nothing loth, our commandant dilates for a much longer period on the very same topic, which is a favorite one with him, but ends, to our great relief, in proposing ourselves—to our relief, for we now have the ball in our own hands, and can hold it. Spencer is our *Spruch-sprecher*, and adroitly closes his half-dozen words of acknowledgment with mention that the Indians outside are prepared to show us some dances and games; so everybody rises and emerges into the open air, to the great disappointment of Mrs. McPie, the climax of whose plan was that after speeches should come songs and glees, and meet opportunity should arise to her to evince the superiority of her own upper register over that of her great friend, rival, and enemy, Mrs. McKaw, who is *prima donna* of the *centores*, as she,



Mrs. McPie, is of the *decani*, in the amateur choir of Alfredsburg Cathedral.

There are two or three more fires blazing outside, at which we may stand without the necessity of any violent motion to keep ourselves warm; and on a natural open space in the bush, at the edge of which they have purposely fixed our camp, the Indians are standing in a body, before yet another fire (there is nothing to pay for fuel in the woods), with snow-shoes on feet and axes in hands; for the first game is to be throwing the tomahawk—with which name they dignify their axes—at a mark. A low bow growing horizontally from a tree-side has been cut off, and the stump carved and burnt into a rude representation of a bear's head, and this is the butt; the point between the bear's eyes forming, however paradoxically, the bull's eye, for there is a bear supposed to be vulnerable to the strongest arm or the sharpest tomahawk. The distance fixed is about thirty yards, and when the audience is ready the men make their throws in turn, the successful ones running on and proudly drawing their axes out to make room for others. The unsuccessful will have to burrow for theirs afterwards many feet into the snow; and but that they are Indians, might think themselves lucky to recover their property at all, without a prophet to make it rise to the surface. But to see them throw is wonderful. The axe, held perpendicularly, has to make one whole revolution before it reaches the mark; and however straightly it may be aimed, unless it has arrived at such a point in its revolution as to present exactly the top corner of its edge to the fore when it reaches the mark, it cannot stick there, and the throw is a failure. However, in this difficult respect most of them succeed, and judge their distances as well as if their axes could be "sighted," and were "at thirty yards ready;" but the aim is not always so good: some stick in the trunk, one lops off an ear from the bear, and darting off at a tangent nearly does the same by the tutor, who is as usual in the wrong place (examining possibly to see whether he could lead *that* bear). Some miss altogether; Moween's only sticks in the nose, where it gives to the bear the appearance of some stage in the progress of Darwinite development towards an "Aunt Sally." It is reserved for Moween-sis, or

the younger of that name, the heir-apparent and Uncas of the tribe, to plant his tomahawk exactly in the hollow of the *os frontis*—for which feat we duly reward him with a glass of brandy, the most suitable prize ready to hand.

Then comes a race, and then a dance—the snake-dance; the body of that reptile being represented by all the Indians in a row with hands joined, following Moween, who is foremost of the line, and may be said to constitute the neck (if indeed snakes have necks); for its head is the head of a "musquash," or musk-rat, which, together with the rest of the animal's fur, wrought about in divers colors with *wampum*-beads and stained porcupine quills, forms the much-valued "pits-noggin," or pouch to Moween's full dress as chieftain, and which he now holds forward in his right hand, imitating therewith the swaying motion of a snake's head in the most absurd pantomime possible, and shaking some grains of shot, which supply the place of brains to the rat's present state of existence, to add to the fierce effect of the supposed serpent. And in this chain they trot gravely along sideways, winding about religiously after their chief, to the accompaniment of a low muttered monotone in chorus, varied occasionally by a somewhat startling solo from Moween, of the nature of a view-hallo, at the beginning of some new movement: the correct step being to use the heel almost exclusively of the toe, and to give a sort of *ad libitum* duck or courtesy with one leg at every third or fourth step, thereby supplying the undulations of the snake's body: now in a long line, as at "follow the leader," in among the fires and ourselves, taking delight in cutting two muffins asunder, or cleaving right through a group of laughing spectators; now circling up, as at the more infantine game of "winding up the clock," into a seemingly inextricable mass, from the centre of which suddenly and mysteriously emerge the head and neck, and lead it out into line again without what appears the inevitable process of unwinding ignominiously by the tail; now sneaking low under a mass of fallen trees, now climbing aloft into the branches of a group of standing ones; and ever the stamp with the heel grows stronger, the courtesy deeper, and the chorus louder; and the monster serpent darts and rolls,



coils and uncoils, pricks up its crest, and rattles and growls and hisses with ever-increasing vehemence, till the excitement is at its height, and suddenly with a frightful yell it breaks up into its component joints, —which subside again at once into calm statuesque figures smoking sulky pipes, and apparently less capable of excitement than the battered bear's head, their late butt, which is grinning at them through its scars like a prize-fighter after a battle.

And now Dick Winbush, fired with emulation, vows that the white blood present shall no longer remain stagnant, but shall promote its own circulation by similar feats. So about a dozen of us, responding to the call, go forth and gird up our loins for a race upon snow-shoes, which to inexperienced feet, like most of those now essaying, is nearly a corresponding insanity to the race in sacks in which bucolic minds do so greatly delight. We stand, however, boldly in a row, and Moween starts us with a curious but expressive Indian formula. Half of us fall over each other at the very start, a mass of struggling and helpless humanity; two more stagger down a few yards further; and though many of the fallen rise and flounder on, it is only to tumble once and again at every fresh attempt. Loud laughter greets our successive failures, and the race is with the four who got well off at first. Winbush is leading, like an expert native as he is, but Spencer, who, is an acrobat by instinct and takes to snow-shoes as if he had worn a pair under his long-clothes in his earliest infancy, is close at his heels; behind them, a bad third and fourth, follow Fox the secretary, and Warwick, who knows as little about snow-shoes as a cat about walnut-shells, but whom Baby, his muffin, like a brave girl, has sent forth to the contest on pain of her immediate displeasure. So goes half the race, when a temporary derangement of Winbush's foot-gear gives Spencer the lead; behind whom, Fox pressing close, stoops craftily forward to seize the pointed heel of his snow-shoe, whereby to supplant him as a very Jacob; but, not so successful in manœuvre as that patriarch, himself plunges head foremost into the snow, and is lost to the gaze of a deriding audience. The loose snow-shoe is now re-adjusted, and native talent again asserting its superiority, within a few yards of the goal Dick is on the point

of repassing Spencer, when that hero himself falls, and so immediately in front of Winbush that the latter cannot choose but fall also; and while each is fighting to be first up, Warwick plods clumsily but calmly in, slowly as he has plodded the whole distance, and is an easy winner.

Great is the applause and laughter, and great the delight beaming in the eyes of Miss Baby as she welcomes the victor back to her side; for even in so tortoise-like a manner it is no small achievement to overcome so fleet a hair as Winbush, long the recognized champion in athletic sports of the whole country-side. By a unanimous impulse and by acclamation that young lady is elected our "Queen of Love and Beauty," and a wreath of *arbor-vitæ*, extemporized with agile fingers and still studded with the glittering jewellery of nature, is placed in her hands, with which she forthwith publicly crowns her victorious knight, commending him at the same time in appropriate phraseology worthy of the palmiest days of chivalry.

But soon is the mirth checked, for a murmur goes round that the tutor has not re-appeared since the race. Can he have absconded in discomfiture at his defeat and fall? Is he gone to recreate exhausted nature at the wine-bin in the hut? I involuntarily look towards the wooden bear, lest that too may have been led off as a companion of his flight; but it is not that propensity which has lost us our friend. The consternation is great, though I am bound to say that his two pupils do not appear inconsolable. Presently near our late starting-point some one descries what is apparently a stick moving on the snow, but is proved by inspection to be the tip of a snow-shoe's heel; and going up to the spot we find the poor castigator of youth still in the very position into which he must first have fallen, where we all fell with a perpendicular "header," held inextricably above by the snow-shoes, and embraced round the neck and shoulders beneath by some twigs of not uncongenial birch growing far under the snow. Here, suicide and self-buried, he must infallibly have remained for the winter, but for our timely interference, for apoplexy and cold are already racing to be first in at his death. We lift him from his grave, and bear him, black in the face, and spluttering what may be dead languages, but certainly is no known living one, beneath the shelter of



the wigwam, where, under the skilful hands of extemporary Miss Nightingales, he gradually resumes his former bearing and temperament,—a rise of not perhaps so many degrees of animation as might be expected, considering the depths of snow and asphyxia from which we rescued him.

The sun is now going down, and for the last hour or so the harder frost has been baking afresh the crust which the day's sun had sodden; we have yet an hour before we must be returning, and now is the time for "coasting." The Indians re-appear after an absence of some duration, in which (known only to the initiated) they have been finishing a manufacture of "coasting-sleds" commenced this morning; and laden with these the whole party adjourns a few hundred yards to the sloping gorge of the river, which, with a somewhat broader adjunct of valley than the Pokioctikook for the most part affects, forms just there a first-rate ground for coasting.

Now, I have no hesitation in saying that coasting is emphatically and without exaggeration the very best fun in the whole world; and as a loyal subject I cannot help lamenting that the flight of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales through Canada was not in the winter, that he might have expanded and invigorated his mind with the enjoyment thereof. The game is played thus: On the top of a hill-side, or other declivity of frozen snow, one or more coasters sit down in their sled (which I cannot better describe than by saying that a large tea-tray, slightly turned up at one end for the front, and with a handle of rope fastened to the middle of the end so turned up, would make as good a specimen as could be desired), launch it over the edge, slide down at a tremendous pace, and are borne far over the plain below or up the opposite hill. Of course, the steeper and longer the descent, the greater the excitement; which is also much increased by any obstacle in the nature of a fallen tree, a ditch, or a low wall or other fence, which may cross the line of descent, at which the use of the up-turned point and the string attached becomes apparent; and a pull in season with the latter will raise the point sufficiently to make the sled touch lightly and fly over any ordinary obstruction, far out into the air on the lower side, with a leap to which a five-barred gate on a free-going horse is a mere

nothing as a matter of æsthetics, and which certainly, in a physical point of view, involves as much danger to the seat of a novice, the balance required to preserve it being something between that of riding without saddle, and that of sitting the lightest possible racing-skiff through the wash of a Thames steamer. Your good coaster, however, will, with the aid of his rein of rope, put his wooden steed at leaps in breadth and depth certainly, and under favorable circumstances even in height, equal to any feat which Mr. Mytton or Mr. Assheton Smith would have thought practicable for their thoroughbreds, and at a pace to which those heroes never attained—no, not the former, even figuratively speaking; on regaining the ice he finds the onward sliding impulse quite sufficient to bear him harmless through any depth of drop, and settling himself in his seat he shoots on again faster than ever, gathering up his reins and holding his horse well together for the next leap. Still it is not always possible to preserve a close impingement on one's seat, and over a more ferocious leap than ordinary the sled and its driver describe two distinct arcs through the air, an inner and an outer, joining again on the other side; even as the beautiful and accomplished Madlle. Kampulica, universally proclaimed to be the sylph of the modern circus, in her grand equestrian and saltatorial entertainment, styled *Circassian Courtship, or the Brigand and the Bounding Bride of the Balkhan* (exhibited by particular desire of the nobility and gentry), flies high aloft through Mr. Merriman's papered hoop, while her spotted steed surmounts his allotted hurdle below, and the double feat performed, horse and rider are reunited; she turning, coquettish, with triumphant smile, flees ever onward from her pursuing lover.

But there is a still more pleasant phase of this most delightful of all invented sports, which may be more aptly compared to the closing scene of the same hippodramatic performance, when constant love is rewarded, and the maiden relenting has allowed her brigand swain to overtake her, and the two, united upon one steed, ride together very happily all the rest of their lives. For whereas all young ladies have not the nerve necessary for the due guidance of the coasting-sled, and for the exactly punctual touch of the rein which alone produces the leap,



now these, with excellent good taste do, for the most part, commit themselves to the care and guidance of some judicious cavalier, behind whom and on whose sled each takes her seat, as on a pillion, relieved from the anxieties and in full humor for the pleasures of the game. I am sure that when I state that such good sense was found to characterize nearly all the ladies of our party, no one will be surprised to hear that many of us remained coasting on the slope of the Pokioctikook long after the hour fixed for our departure, each vieing with the other in the pace and in the height of the leaps at which we carried our respective partners; and that Warwick was the very last to become persuaded of the long-patent necessity of abandoning the sled and the hill-side for a larger vehicle and a more level road.

Returning to the wigwam we find the elders of the party sitting patiently over the fire, discussing maize-cakes and stirrup-cups of Indian concoction; and from the light of battle visible in the eyes of the two ladies of the choir, I argue that there has been singing, let us hope with more real than figurative harmony. Now, in that I said anon "over the fire," I used the phrase advisedly, and with a consciousness of its being less a misnomer than is usual with it; for our blazing logs, somewhat raised above our level in the morning, have by this time eaten their way far downwards into the soil, which is but a lower continuation, more decomposed and closer packed, of the *débris* of the fallen timber of centuries described above—another of those wonders (another and the same) which must be understood before an idea can be formed of the wildness of the aboriginal forest. At how great a depth in this downward process of gradual decomposition real undeniable earth may be said to begin, I do not know; but in the bush the easiest, though perhaps not the shortest, way to dig a pit is to light a fire, which, in the course of a day will often burrow many feet into its vegetable hearth—a stratum of deposit even now undergoing a slow decoction towards forming the coal-bed of some future condition of our planet, a wonder to its geologists and a fortune to its landowners. Our very picnic to-day has doubtless been at the ultimate cost of at least five shillings at the pit's mouth to a smutty-faced coal proprietor of

some yet undeveloped stage of animal existence.

Undeterred by so solemn a thought, we are content to let our fire burn on a little longer while we, too, prepare ourselves with fortifying beverages for our journey homewards—that silent moonlit romantic journey, fraught, as it has turned out, with such momentous consequences to more than one of our party. For when I rejoin the gallant Eleventy-second next week, shall I not find that Warwick, my chum and my chiefest mate, my companion, and mine own familiar friend, with whom I took sweet counsel on every circumstance of life, and shared everything, from a purse to a tobacco-pouch, without whom I was but as the left arm of a maimed soldier—is no longer known to the barracks and the mess-room, no longer to be found for a game at billiards or a stretch across country; but has dwindled to a mere denizen of distant lodgings in the same garrison town, devoted to domestic pursuits and engrossed with household cares—has given up smoking and the manly arts in general, is to be seen only on parade, to be heard only in his own drawing-room,—in short, has degenerated into a married man? Little did our agent think (as, indeed, how should he?) with whom I but now deposited my name for an exchange, and who marvelled at my anxiety to leave so crack a regiment, that it was all owing to the inability of another to resist a pair of blue eyes in a moonlit snowlit valley four thousand miles distant.

Yet, while the sleighs are coming round, and their owners are still "fitting the halter and traversing the cart," and are loth to quit the warmth, outer and inner, which they are preparatorily acquiring, I cannot better take leave of those readers who have patiently persevered with me hitherto, than by giving them (by kind permission of the author) what Spencer calls the "doggerel ditty" which he has composed for the occasion, and which he chants forth to us just ere we finally leave our wigwam to the wild-beasts and the elements:—

Oh! 'tis pleasant to thread Pokioctikook's bed,  
When Spring gives first loose to his gambols,  
When his freshest whirls fast the huge lumber-logs past,  
And the May-flower peeps from the brambles;



When his open banks rest the red tribes of the  
West,  
The maple's juice honied who flock to cook :  
But Spring's not the time I would praise in my  
rhyme  
As the best on the wild Pokioctikook.

Then how great is the pleasure to stroll in cool  
leisure  
'Neath his woods in full "livery of season ;"  
To shun the hot sore gust that parches in Au-  
gust,  
Till to name but exertion is treason ;  
With rod and with tackle, brown warp and  
green hackle,  
Where the trout 'neath the pendulous rock  
take hook :  
But Winter's far sweeter to those who will greet  
her,  
When she reigns on the wild Pokioctikook.  
And how grand the days brief ere the fall of the  
leaf,  
When Nature with pencil indulgent

Each gorgeous tint limns on from golden to  
crimson,  
Till his banks are as rainbows refulgent ;  
When the storm is abroad, and the huge trunks  
are strawed,  
Upwrenched by its fierce equinoctial hook :  
But 'tis grander and better when Frost's heavy  
fetter  
Has stilled all the wild Pokioctikook.

Yes, sweeter than ever, are wild wood and river  
In the charms which to-day have been lent  
them,  
When merry hearts gather, and love it the  
rather  
That Nature conspires to prevent them.  
We, the highest, the least, from our queen of  
the feast  
To Moween, who so ably has mocked a cook,  
With joy will remember this day of December  
On the banks of the wild Pokioctikook.

T. G. F.

A CHARMING little gift book for readers of all  
ages between ten and a hundred is Mr. F. T.  
Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of the Best Songs  
and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*.  
Macmillan and Co. It is a most thoroughly  
executed selection, designed to include all the  
best lyrics in the language, and none but the  
best. The inclination of the selector's taste ap-  
pears to be towards Kents, Shelley, and Words-  
worth ; Scott, Byron, and Moore yield much ;  
and Burns is prominent in the collection. Her-  
rick, Drummond of Hawthorndean, Cowper,  
and Gray are there, their due place being of  
course given to Shakspeare and Milton, the other  
chief contributors. Of Surrey there is not a  
strain. From Spenser, the Prothalamion only  
is taken ; Astrophel is left. From George Her-  
bert there is only one lyric, and that not, we  
think, his best—"When God at first made  
man." Certainly more than three specimens of  
the best lyric poetry should have come from  
Ben Jonson in a collection undertaking to in-  
clude it all. From Greene there is nothing,  
though his Shepherd's Wife's Song, and the  
pathetic strain in which he laments his wasted  
life, had charm and character and a strong hu-  
man interest to recommend them. From Pope  
there is but one short poem taken—the Quiet  
Life—the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day being ex-  
cluded. We might multiply questions of omis-  
sion, and so may any one of any possible collec-  
tion. Mr. Palgrave's is the best we have yet  
seen ; its only fault being that it doth profess too  
much in claiming to give within three hundred  
pages all the best lyric poetry of England. The  
compiler says that he has been twice through the  
body of our poetry, from which he made his se-  
lection, and has appealed when in doubt to three  
friends, one of them Mr. Tennyson. Although  
the bias of his taste is manifest, its refinement is  
unquestionable. The little book, daintily printed,

and in every material respect daintily appointed,  
while its price is within the means even of cot-  
tage readers, has within two or three months  
passed through four or five editions, will rank  
high this year among the Christmas gift books,  
and will never be suffered by the public to pass  
out of print.—*Examiner*.

ON THE RIGHT OF SECESSION. — *Editorial  
Remarks*.—No man, no association of men, no  
State, or set of States, has a right to withdraw  
itself from this Union of its own accord. The  
same power which knit us together can unknit.  
The same formality which formed the links of  
the Union is necessary to dissolve it. The ma-  
jority of States which formed the Union must  
consent to the withdrawal of any one branch of  
it. Until that consent has been obtained, any  
attempt to dissolve the Union, or obstruct the  
efficacy of the constitutional laws, is treason—  
treason to all intents and purposes.—*Richmond  
Inquirer, Nov. 1st, 1814.*

The above paragraph, which is as strong an  
objurgation of secession as could be put into so  
few words, is from the columns of the *Inquirer*,  
when the afterwards "veteran" editor Ritchie  
was in his youth and vigor, and before that in-  
fluential journal fell into the weak and unstable  
hands of Wise & Co., and is well worthy of cir-  
culation at the present time. Our national  
guest, Mr. Mason, has, without doubt, seen it  
before, but it may refresh his mind to reperuse  
an opinion of treason like his, given by the long  
distinguished advocate of Virginia's democracy,  
"the resolutions of '89," etc., and whose last  
public labors were given as editor of "*The  
Union*."—*Transcript*.



From The Saturday Review.

# OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

No one who is acquainted with the two great English universities can doubt that, in the midst of the general similarity of their results, there is a dissimilarity extensive enough to give the foundation of a conception of something distinct and peculiar to each. Our notion of a Cambridge man is not quite the same as that of an Oxford man. The difference is exceedingly slight in the midst of the general uniformity of their habits, manners, tastes, and opinions; but still it exists. Certainly there are many of the best specimens of each group in whom that which is supposed to be characteristic of it is wanting. We recognize the university man, but there is nothing to tell us to which university he belongs; and naturally this is most frequently the case among those who have long ceased to reside at their university, have mixed much with the world, and have gradually toned down into a harmony with the ways and habits of the social sphere to which they belong. Nor are we sure that the characteristic difference, whatever it may be, is of a permanent kind. It is not impossible that many of the features which we should now note as most strongly marking Oxford belonged to Cambridge fifty years ago. As both universities are supplied from the same class, and as it is often a mere accident to which university a boy destined for college is sent—as their endowments are nearly equal, as they are equally connected with the Church, and as the same view of education substantially prevails at both—there is no reason why their characteristics should not from time to time be interchanged. At any given moment, however, a difference exists, whatever that difference may be. It is possible, perhaps, to state what that difference is; but we do not see that it is a difference involving any superiority or inferiority. We cannot find any grounds whatever for thinking that, at this moment, either university is better than the other, or even that the elements of character which either tends to elicit and promote are better than those brought out of the shade at the other. If there is an excess of good, there is an excess of something else which as nearly as possible compensates it—characteristic faults accompany characteristic excellences. The comparison of the two

universities is not one which can gratify any paltry feeling of rivalry, nor is it necessary in drawing it to rest on the instances of individuals, or to make hints or allusions which can wound modesty or offend sensibility. In fact, directly we descend to individuals, the truth of the general distinction fades away. When we speak of a Frenchman, we do not mean M. Guizot, or Louis Napoleon, or the Duke of Aumale, or any less celebrated Frenchman we may happen to know—we refer to a type which we have created from a great variety of instances. This typical Oxford man has characteristic points of difference which mark him off from the typical Cambridge man, and to note what these points of difference happen to be at present is as interesting as to examine any other fact of English society.

If stated very briefly, the chief difference may be said to be that the Cambridge man is more practical. Whether there is something in the method of training pursued, or whether the different degrees of importance assigned to the various branches of education may be the cause, or whether the pitting of man against man in examinations may operate still more powerfully, the fact soon forces itself on the attention of all close observers. If two school friends part, and meet again after spending a year at the respective universities, they are soon conscious that they no longer work exactly in the same way. The Cambridge student has learned to regard everything as a task which he must honestly and steadily get through. To do it, and not to think about it, is his aim. Still less does he occupy himself with thinking about doing it. He is too busy and methodical for the agreeable but delusive pleasure of secondary reflection. He has to master a subject, and all he cares is to master it and to go through it, so that he may satisfy the practical test of being examined in it and answering creditably. When he leaves college and commences a profession, he works in the same way. A law student from Cambridge, for instance, has generally no very romantic views either of his profession or of himself. Here is a very complex, confused, various piece of learning which he has undertaken to acquire. To do the thing well he must work hard, and must utterly disbelieve that any knowledge will come unless it is pain-



fully obtained. He must cultivate a legal memory, note carefully up all that he thinks he ought to know, and prepare himself to be able to pass an imaginary examination at the shortest possible notice. The Oxford student, on the other hand, is more inclined to speculate about law, to dally with its details, and to despise its confusion. Cambridge men, so to speak, approach law in an humbler attitude, and are consequently, perhaps, as a rule, better lawyers after the received English fashion. Of course, as we have already said, this is to be taken as true only of the typical representative of each university, and not of individuals. As it happens, the only original work on general jurisprudence that in recent years has come from either university has come from Cambridge, while the two foremost among the practising lawyers of the day a few months ago—the present chancellor and the present solicitor-general—were Oxford men. We must not look at men who are in any way exceptional. We must only look at the success of those who have so far profited by university teaching that their method of dealing with a profession may be supposed to be affected by the influences of the university. A boating man who has shaved through a pass at Cambridge will probably read law precisely in the same way as a boating man who has shaved through a pass at Oxford. But if we compare the general body of men who have taken fair degrees or been accustomed to read, we shall find that there is a difference in the manner in which the one and the other set approach a subject like law, and that that difference may fairly be described by saying that the Cambridge manner is the more practical.

The same turn or habit of mind is perceptible in the mode in which Cambridge men apply themselves to subjects less directly connected with professions. A Cambridge scholar, for example, sets himself to edit a Greek play. He goes through it as through a task which he determines to discharge. Every word is examined with the most critical accuracy, every illustration is collected that can possibly be brought to bear, and then the product is turned out. In the same way, theological questions are treated as matters of business-like, investigation rather than of deep thought. Inquiries into the meaning

of words and phrases, into the history and dates of writings, occupy the attention of Cambridge. To perform a scholar-like stroke of business to the satisfaction of scholars is its peculiar aim. It has strongly in mind the expediency of addressing a learned world, and condemns, as thoroughly unbusiness-like, the vexatious habit of discussing before the profane multitude any agitating topics. As everything goes on within these recognized limits, there is no bitterness of controversy. Opinions divide people very little, and a kindly toleration gives a tone of ease and pleasantness to society. There is even an eagerness to show that other subjects than those of a philosophical kind occupy their inmost thoughts. There is a great deal of that curious irony of athleticism, that turn of disguised speech by which men professedly and zealously devoted to intellectual pursuits give it to be understood that their only real care is as to the pace they can go, and the distance they can last in a walking-match. There is such a thing as an affectation of not being affected; and in their anxiety to show that they take an intellectual calling in a purely business-like, rational, and unaspiring point of view, they put on the appearance of rather more indifference to everything but muscle and wind than they feel. But this is only slightly perceptible, and the absence of pretension, the desire for limited but accurate thought, and the readiness to meet every one on the platform of sociable courtesy, give to Cambridge men what we term a cosmopolitan character. They mix readily with very various men, as being sure of themselves within their own limits, and determined not to be induced to step out of them. They hold their own without offending any one, and if they despise enthusiasm they do not annoy enthusiasts. So far as the recognized influences of an English university extend, the typical Cambridge man seems to us to be as nearly as possible the exact product they are calculated to produce.

But the recognized influences of a university are not alone those that operate. Oxford, in the memory of this generation, has been stirred by two movements which were not at all provided for by the constitution of things established there. It has witnessed two very distinct but very powerful currents of theological thought playing freely within



its limits. It is hard to see why these currents should have flowed from Oxford rather than from any other quarter. It seems as if it were a mere accident to which university half a dozen remarkable men had been sent in youth by their friends. But as Oxford has been the scene of these two movements, it has not failed to be greatly affected by them. Deep thinking will shake the minds of men who come within reach of its vortex, however much they might prefer swimming on one side. The greater preponderance given at Oxford to the study of metaphysical and moral philosophy has also worked in the same direction. Great problems, and vast fields of vague thought, have been obtruded on the youthful mind; and although local ingenuity has not failed to erect a barrier of cram and a set of stereotyped answers which ward off discussion and reflection as much as possible, yet there are always some who like to leap over the barriers and try their strength in open ground. The comparative leisure of Oxford, and the absence of competition produced by an alphabetical class-list, have also contributed to foster the turn for philosophical discussion. There is, we believe, a deeper interest in the great questions of religion and philosophy at Oxford than at Cambridge. But we must guard against being supposed to attribute any superiority to Oxford in saying this. There is a bad as well as a good side of this love of thought on great subjects. Of course, in itself, a love of great subjects is an excellent thing, and if Oxford has more of it than Cambridge, so much the better for Oxford. With a deep interest in truth also, there generally goes a wish to communicate it, and there is perhaps a stronger belief at Oxford in the value of truth as a thing which it is important for all men, learned or unlearned, to arrive at. But, on the other hand, with depth of feeling comes bitterness of controversy. Then, again, when philosophical discussion is much stimulated, it is sure to become the plaything of minds that never take it up seriously, and are as vague and unmeaning as they are demonstrative. Lastly, in a society much agitated by thoughts that are unwelcome to a large portion of its members, there is sure to grow up a class of men who make capital out of having nothing to do with it. This is far different from an unpretentious occu-

pation of the whole attention with matters that are within the easy compass of the individual. It is a sort of toadying of ignorance and bigotry, a flattering of unreasonable obstinacy, and of the blind hatred of all that is new, or distinguished, or prominent. It is a growth that is sure to spring up beside any serious movement of thought, and when its crop is luxuriant, there are few things on earth less pleasant to see.

The Oxford man carries his habit of indolent but enthusiastic thought about the things he has given him to do into his career generally, as well as into his studies as an undergraduate. Cambridge men remark that Oxford men seem to take the study of the law or of divinity as if they were above it, and could not endure to get up routine drudgery. As the remark is not intended to be an unfriendly one, it is probably dictated by fair experience, and may be accepted as at least partially true. There is a slight tinge of the unpractical even in Oxford manners, just as there is a singular effect of a business-like limitation of range visible in the manners of Cambridge athletes. There is a sort of politeness that has its home at Oxford, and nowhere else. It is not the courtesy of men of worldly tact, nor is it the mere overflowing of youthful good-nature. It is an overflowing of well-dressed philosophy, a sublimated essence of the fixed determination to be thoughtful and refined. It cannot be said to be in good taste or in bad taste, to be natural or affected, to be a credit or a discredit. All that we feel is, that it is utterly unbusiness-like and unpractical. It produces no effect except that of feeling it is a bore, and yet of feeling that it is a shame to think it a bore. We wish to get away from it, as men wish to get out of a conservatory into the fresh air. To have to do with it is like living forever in a paradise of Cape jessamines. Fortunately, it generally fades away if brought much into contact with the larger world. A busy man can scarcely offer a mixture of Plato and otto of roses to a Jew attorney, a testy patient, a rebellious vestry, or an election mob. In fact, as men grow busy, almost all the differences that they have brought with them from their respective university pass off, and at forty the graduate of Oxford or Cambridge offers scarcely any signs by which the most practised observer could detect his university. The path in which the two bodies move is really the same, and all their divergences and differences are slight and easily surmounted, even in the eyes of those who have local knowledge enough to detect them; while probably to the ordinary observer they are simply non-existent at all times, unless when they are specially pointed out.



From The North American of Nov. 29th, 1861.

DR. HAYES' EXPLORATION.

WE present below a full and accurate phonographic report of the very interesting address delivered before the Academy of Natural Sciences on Tuesday evening last, giving the results of his recent voyage to the North Pole. This report contains much that is new to the public generally, and which could not be given in the brief synopsis we published on Wednesday morning.

Dr. Hayes said: Mr. President and gentlemen, I am deeply sensible of your great kindness in honoring me with the invitation to appear before you this evening; and I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to the academy for this evidence of their interest in the expedition which I have had the honor to command.

It is well known to the members of the academy that the field of exploration adopted by the expedition which has just returned was the same as that of Dr. Kane,—northward from Baffin's Bay and Smith's Strait. Believing in the theories respecting the existence of open water to the northward of Smith's Strait, I conceived the idea of carrying a boat over the ice in Smith's Strait, with a view of navigating this open water. A field of exploration would thus be opened that would be highly important for the determination of many questions in physical and natural science. I will relate to you briefly the experiences of the voyage. I will pass rapidly over the ground traversed by the expedition, tracing it from its beginning to its conclusion, and will then present a brief statement of the results of the expedition.

It is known to you that we sailed from Boston on the 10th day of July, 1860. Our route was up Davis' Strait to Baffin's Bay, and our first halt was made at Proven in latitude 72°. We touched again upon the Greenland coast at Upernavik, and again at Tessuisak lat. 73° 40', from which latter place we sailed on the 22d of August, 1860. Our route lay thence northward through Melville Bay. We were on the 26th of August twenty miles from the entrance to Smith's Straits. At that point we met a heavy ice-pack, of extraordinary thickness, much of it extending to the depth of twenty feet. We came upon this in heavy weather, and could not proceed until the next day, the

27th, when we rounded the ice to the eastward, and entered the strait. Here we again encountered the pack. A heavy gale of wind set in soon after, and on the evening of the 27th we were driven out of the strait. We finally, after having sustained serious damage, anchored a little below Cape Alexander. On the 31st, we were driven from our moorings, and were forced against some icebergs which had drifted in behind us, and the vessel was temporarily crippled. After running off before the wind a little we succeeded in repairing damages, and again entered the strait. We were again driven out, on the following day, by a return of the gale. We at last made a successful entry into the strait on the second of September. We then endeavored to push to the northward and westward, but we found the same heavy ice-pack, extending in a north-east and south-west direction. Nowhere could we find a lead through it. At length I abandoned the effort to push to the westward, and made an attempt to work up the eastern coast, with the hope of finding a practicable lead or opening, by which I would be enabled to work to the west coast. It is, probably, known to most of the members of the academy that the plan of the expedition was to reach the western coast of Smith's Strait, and work along that coast as far north as practicable; then to secure a winter harbor, and send out parties to locate depots of provisions, and afterwards to follow these parties with a boat mounted on a sledge, with the hope of finding the open water to which I have before alluded. But from the 27th of August, when we first entered the strait, until the setting in of the winter, we were unable to make any progress toward the west coast. The ice was everywhere of extraordinary thickness, and closely packed; there was no lead observable, at any time, to the westward. The attempt to penetrate to the northward and work over to the westward failed also. There was no open water to be seen in that direction, and I was obliged to go into winter quarters in the best harbor that I could select, about ten miles north of Cape Alexander, and about twenty miles south in latitude of Dr. Kane's winter quarters in 1854-55, and about ninety miles distant from it, following the coast-line.

We entered winter harbor on the 9th of September of last year. It was called Port



Foulke, after a distinguished member of this Academy. I am glad to say that the party lived during the winter in good health and in comparative comfort. During the autumn exploring parties were almost constantly in the field. Those members of my command not necessary for the preparation of the vessel for the winter were engaged in these scientific explorations. Open water continued in front of our harbor throughout the entire winter, so that I was unable to travel along the coast beyond Cape Ohlson. This open water did not close until the 20th of March, 1861, and it was not until that period that I established my first depot. The main party started out on the 4th of April, consisting of thirteen persons and fourteen dogs.

To return to the plan of the expedition. You may remember my plan of exploration was based entirely upon dogs as a means of transportation over the ice. I had obtained at Upernavik and other Danish settlements of Greenland a large pack of fine dogs, enough to make four strong teams. Early in the winter a disease broke out among these animals, carrying them off very rapidly. This disease has been prevalent among the dogs of Greenland for several years. I am at a loss to describe it accurately, or know what it is. It has carried off in some of the settlements of Greenland nearly all of the animals. This same disease, broke out among my dogs early in the winter, and by the opening of spring I had but six animals, not enough to make one team, and these were the poorest of the pack. The serious embarrassment consequent upon their death was fully appreciated by Mr. Sonntag. He early in the winter volunteered to go southward to the Esquimaux who lived about ninety miles distant, and obtain from them a new supply. He started on the 22d of December. It was bright moonlight, and he expected to go to the Esquimaux on Whale Sound and return during the moonlight period of that month.

He lost his life on this expedition in consequence of his having broken through the ice, becoming thus thoroughly wetted, and afterwards frozen. The object of the journey, however, was in a measure accomplished by an Esquimaux hunter, Hans, who had accompanied Dr. Kane on his expedition and ran away from him, but was found by me at Cape York. The Esquimaux came to us a

few days before I was ready to start on my northward journey, and from them I obtained eight inferior animals, making a pack of fourteen dogs, or two teams of seven each. With these fourteen dogs, twelve persons, beside myself, with rations for a boat's crew of seven persons for five months, and for six men and fourteen dogs for six weeks, together with fuel, and other necessities, we started on the 4th of April.

The journey was not remarkable for anything until we reached nearly the centre of the strait, where we found the ice much broken and thrown into hummocks by the movement of the ice-fields during the previous summer, many of the ridges being thirty, forty, and even sixty feet high. For many days it was necessary to cut a track through the hummocks. Finding at the rate of progress made that the whole summer, and indeed many summers, would be consumed before the party could take the boat to the western coast, I sent it back and went on with the dogs and three companions. We were fourteen days in making the remaining forty miles to the shore, which we reached on the 10th of May. We continued thence northward along the land until the 18th. The ice in many places along the coast was very rough, and the severity of the labor broke down the man upon whom I had principally relied, and I was obliged to leave him behind and continue northward in company with Mr. Knorr, with only one sled. We reached our highest latitude,  $81^{\circ} 35'$ , forty miles beyond Dr. Kane's greatest northing, on the 18th of May. Returning to the vessel, we reached Port Foulke in June.

You will observe that the route of the expedition is on the opposite side of the channel from that pursued by Dr. Kane. His winter harbor as you are aware was on the eastern side of Smith Strait, in latitude  $78^{\circ} 37'$ . His highest northing was made by travelling along the eastern shore of the strait, and along the western coast of the land which he has called Washington Land, latitude  $86^{\circ} 56'$ . This party making this furthest journey consisted of the sailor Morton, and the Esquimaux Hans.

Before passing on, I will call your attention to some physical facts observed in Kennedy Channel which may interest you. You will remember it was at the mouth of this



channel that Dr. Kane's party found open water. This was seen as far north as the eye could reach. My observations upon this same general region are of much interest. They were made at a period six weeks earlier in the season than those of Dr. Kane. At that period, the middle of May, I found the ice, although its continuity had not been broken, everywhere very rotten, so rotten that in many places I could not travel upon it. Instead of pursuing a straight course, as I had hoped to do, I was obliged to follow all the sinuosities of the coast-line, thus almost doubling the distance of a direct line of travel. In many places there were patches of open water, and although small compared with the body of the channel, yet in themselves quite large. In one of these pools I discovered a flock of water-fowl on the 17th of May. They were the Dovekie or Greenland Dove, (*Uria Gryllae*), which remain in the Greenland waters throughout the winter, although I had never known or heard of their being so far north before, at that season, or even so far as our winter harbor. Whether they have migrated northward during the spring, or whether they have remained in that region through the winter, I cannot say.

The ice everywhere in this channel, and to the northward as far as I could see, bore evidence of speedy dissolution, and I believe before the summer closed, the channel would be mainly free from ice. The ice was in many places, when observed by me, only a few inches in thickness. There were, indeed, numerous indications that at certain seasons of every year Kennedy's Channel is free from ice. There were also many evidences of the non-extension of the land to the northward, and of the existence of a great body of open water in that direction. The most striking of these evidences was the condition of the ice along the shore, upon which masses of enormous size had been forced by the pressure of moving fields. Many of these masses were sixty feet in height, and were lying high and dry upon the beach. It appeared to me impossible that they should have been pressed there by any force which could have been exerted by ice-fields moving evenly across a narrow channel; and I conclude, therefore, that the vast pressure necessary to produce the phenomenon referred to, could only have resulted from a moving

"pack" of great extent, coming from the northward; being brought down by the winds and currents from a vast open area in the region of the North Pole.

The summer after my return from the north was spent in various scientific explorations in the vicinity of Port Foulke, and in preparing for sea. We were broken out of the ice on the 10th, and we put to sea on the 14th of July. An effort was made to reach the west coast, with a view of there spending another winter. But we again met the ice-pack and were compelled to put back. A second effort resulted in our making the west coast, ten miles below Cape Isabella; but that cape could not be passed with the vessel. I subsequently reached its north side in a whale boat, and from an elevation of six hundred feet, I obtained a view to the northward. As far as the eye could reach I saw that the ice was unbroken. I could, in all probability, have secured a winter harbor, but this would have placed me only a few miles further to the north than my position the previous winter, and the reduction of my force was so great that I could not hope to do as much as I had done before. My party was much reduced in strength, and I had but five dogs remaining. You may remember that I had originally employed merely a sufficient number of men to take the vessel to a secure winter harbor, relying, as I before stated, only upon dogs as a means of transportation. Even although unable to obtain a higher latitude than I had done the previous winter, I should have remained another season had the dogs remained alive. Believing that I was not justified in incurring the heavy expense of another year's absence without a prospect of corresponding results, I determined to return home. On my way south I completed the survey of Whale Sound, and have made many changes from the former charts of the whole coast-line from Cape Alexander to Cape York. We reached Upernavik on the 16th of August, and remained there a few days. We also stopped at one or two other points on the Greenland coast, remaining a short time at each, and left finally on the 17th of September. We were obliged by heavy weather to put in to Halifax, where we were kindly and hospitably received by the citizens and by the officers of her majesty's government.



We remained there a few days, and reached Boston on the 23d of October.

Having passed over the narrative of the expedition, I will call your attention to some of the observations that we have made. The geographical results of the expedition are the completion of the survey of the west coasts of Kennedy Channel, Smith's Strait, and North Baffin's Bay. This survey is made without reference to any previous map, and commences a little above latitude  $76^{\circ}$  and continues northward to latitude  $82^{\circ} 40'$  and, following the tortuosities of the coast-line, embraces a distance of about thirteen hundred miles. In this survey is included a newly discovered channel opening westward from Smith's Strait, parallel with Jones' and Lancaster Sounds.

The survey of Whale Sound, north and south, embraces about six hundred miles of coast-line, much of which is new. There is a reduction of the number of the islands of that sound. The former charts exhibit five, while there are but three.

I have succeeded in making numerous collections of natural history, embracing many different departments. I have obtained several skeletons of walrus, and also several skins for museum purposes. I may mention that I was assisted by no instructed naturalist, and after the death of Mr. Sonntag, was obliged to instruct three young gentlemen who accompanied me, in the different departments of science sufficiently to take observations and to collect specimens, and I am much indebted to them for their energy and zeal. The waters were not very prolific in specimens to be obtained by the dredge, and we often dredged for hours and even days without getting as much as half a dozen specimens; but we have obtained quite a number, many of them new, and all, I trust, of interest, as coming from that geographical locality. All of these I cheerfully place at the disposal of the Academy. I have also a number of skins and skeletons of reindeer and foxes, both of the white and blue varieties. This part of the country abounded in animal life. Birds in great number were shot by the hunters, parties of whom frequently stayed from the vessel several days, camping at night where they could, and bringing with them fifteen or twenty carcasses of deer. Upwards of two hundred reindeer were captured during our stay at

Port Foulke. To these supplies of fresh animal food I attribute our exemption from disease.

The foxes were also abundant. I think they will probably be found to be distinct species and distinct animals, although there are some evidences of their changing color. There are certain periods of the year when the white fox has not the same whiteness of skin, and at the same time (during the winter) the blue fox undergoes a change, but I never myself saw that they run into each other. During the summer season great numbers of water-fowl—the little auk, *Uria Alca*—inhabited the cliffs and hill-sides along the shore, where they breed. They first came to us about the 22d of May, and immediately built their nests among the stones, while the air was constantly filled with the hum and clatter of their voices. They were around us in millions, and many thousands could have been captured in nets. We should have had no difficulty in providing for an army of men upon these birds alone.

The next most numerous bird was the Eider duck, hundreds of which were caught during the summer—many more than were required. We fed not only ourselves and our dogs with them, but put up a great quantity of them in lard for the coming winter, in case they might be needed.

The walrus we found in great numbers also. Many were captured, and many more might have been had we been so disposed. Seal were numerous, and of these we have also obtained specimens.

The white whale was also found near the mouth of the strait. I never saw them in the strait, but to the southward in Whale Sound I discovered schools of them in the month of August. During a portion of the year the Esquimaux live almost entirely upon their flesh. The narwhal was also found there.

We have obtained a general collection of the birds, many of them rare, and all prepared by my young associates of whom I have before spoken. To the officers of my command I will take this occasion to express my warmest acknowledgments. They were always ready to lend their most cordial assistance and to learn what they could.

I may mention that I have left my collection of specimens in Boston, but have or-



dered them to be sent to Philadelphia. The curators of the Academy have very kindly volunteered to find space for their present accommodation. I will take this occasion to say that this Academy has first claims upon the natural history collections, as it was its members who first lent their assistance and encouragement to the expedition, and to whose zeal on its behalf I am indebted for a large share of the means required for my outfit. I will therefore place the collection at the disposal of the Academy. I have also a few botanical specimens, which, I am informed, will be acceptable.

On returning south to the settlements on the Greenland coast, I was much assisted by the governors at those stations, who have some skill in natural history, and who frequently make collections. I am especially indebted to Mr. Olrik, the accomplished royal inspector, for his efforts to promote the interests of the expedition.

I was enabled to make many interesting observations on the glaciers with a view of determining their movements. Last autumn, before the winter had set in, I made a journey upon the *mer de glace*, penetrating about fifty miles from the coast, attaining an altitude of four or five thousand feet.

I do not think that any one ever penetrated to such a distance upon the ice of Greenland. This ice, after we had passed over the face of the glacier, was everywhere smooth and covered with snow. We did not reach the highest elevation, and were still ascending when we were obliged for several reasons to retrace our steps. We found the temperature fifteen degrees lower than the temperature at the level of the sea. To make the difficulties of travelling greater, it was blowing a gale of wind almost continually.

I believe a journey across Greenland on the *mer de glace* is entirely practicable. Although nearly 5,000 feet in the air, and fifty miles from the coast-line, there was nothing to be seen but a boundless sea of smooth ice, gradually sloping to the eastward at an angle of from one to two degrees. In the autumn I made a set of measurements of the glacier, and repeated them in the summer. I found that the glacier had moved during the intervening eight months the distance, astonishing to me, of ninety-four feet. The glacier upon which these observations were made had been discovered by Dr. Kane, and

named by him. Its face is about two miles from the sea, which it is approaching through a valley opening down into the head of the bay in which we wintered.

We also made complete sets of magnetic observations at different points. These observations are not reduced. Throughout the winter we had a number of instruments including the magnetometer and several thermometers mounted at the observatory, and with these, observations were taken and recorded three times daily, and hourly every seventh day. One thermometer was mounted near to the vessel, with which the temperature was observed every second hour. These observations are also unreduced.

The lowest observed temperature of our cruise was on the 26th of March, during my absence from the vessel, at Dr. Kane's old winter harbor. I made a visit to that point, but there was no vestige of the vessel remaining. The temperature recorded at that time was 68° below zero, which was made with a well-compared instrument, the gift of the maker, Mr. Tagliabue, of New York. The instruments were compared at every 10° to 40° below zero. They are now in the hands of the manufacturer to be further compared, with the view of obtaining the absolute temperature. The month of March we found to be the coldest month of the year.

We have also made a set of tidal observations. Our time has been fully occupied, and although the period of our absence has been shorter than I anticipated upon my sailing, I return to you feeling well satisfied with the results of the voyage, and that every member of my command has directed his best efforts towards the successful accomplishment of the objects of the expedition.

We learn that upon a formal invitation from the American Philosophical Society, Dr. Hayes attended its last meeting and enumerated the scientific results of his voyage. No report of this having been published, we take from the *New York Times* of the 15th ult. the following summary given by Dr. Hayes to the New York Geographical Society:—

1. A detailed survey of the west coast of North Baffin Bay, Smith Strait, and Kennedy Channel, and the extension of the



survey to the north of any previous explorations. This survey embraces about 1,300 miles of coast line.

2. The discovery of a new channel opening westward from Smith Strait, parallel with Jones' and Lancaster Sounds.

3. A detailed survey of the coasts of Whale Sound, and the coasts to the north and south of it. This survey embraces about six hundred miles of coast line.

4. Surveys of glaciers by which their rate of movement is estimated.

5. Complete sets of pendulum experiments.

6. Sets of magnetic experiments at Port Foulke, Cape Isabella, in Whale Sound, at Upernavik and Godhavn.

7. Topographic and hydrographic surveys, including tidal observations.

8. Large collections of specimens of natural history, and geological and mineralogical collections.

9. A continuous set of meteorological observations.

10. An extensive collection of photographic views.

11. The accomplishment of a more northern latitude than ever before attained upon land.

12. Fresh confirmation of theories respecting the open Polar Sea.

It is with pleasure that I turn from the relation of these details to speak of my companions. You have followed them with an interest not less great than that with which you have honored me. They have done well, have performed their duties cheerfully, and with a harmony becoming to the enterprise. They deserve the gratitude of their commander.

The unfortunate accident which occasioned the untimely death of Mr. Sonntag, caused a serious loss to the expedition. The system of observations and experiments which we had planned in concert had already accomplished important additions to Arctic science, when death deprived me of his invaluable assistance; and with the duties incident to arctic exploration in the field pressing constantly upon me, I was not always able fully to execute the plans which

we had devised. My officers, however, on all occasions contributed their best assistance, and I was by them relieved of many onerous duties. I am especially indebted to Mr. Radcliff, assistant astronomer, for his zealous assistance in the work at the observatory, and for assistance in taking photographic views; and to Messrs. Dodge, Knorr and Starr, I owe obligations for valuable aid in collecting specimens of natural history and other scientific duty.

I have already borne evidence of the practical skill and energy of my sailing master, Mr. McCormick.

The want of steam power curtailed my nothing, and the death of my dogs crippled all my operations.

We had heard no certain news of events at home, excepting through some papers seen in a Greenland port, and they narrated merely the incidents transpiring up to the close of March last, including the inauguration of the new President. On our way to Halifax, we resorted to a device to obtain intelligence in the stormiest weather from a passing vessel. In the midst of a severe blow, a ship steering eastward, and consequently, as we thought, coming from some port on the American Continent, was passing near enough to read written inquiries.

So, we painted in huge black letters, on a piece of canvass, the question, "Is there war in the States?" and placed our bulletin over the side next to the strange vessel. Some one on board of her read it and replied by writing on her quarter with chalk, the simple word "Yes!" and in this way and to this extent only did we obtain the eagerly desired information. [Hilarity and applause.]

I hope, Mr. President, that I may, at some future day, have the opportunity again to address you upon the further prosecution of Arctic discovery, and, God willing, I trust yet to carry the flag of our great Republic, with not a single star erased from its glorious Union, to the extreme northern limits of the earth. The voyage from which I have just returned has confirmed me in the views which I have always expressed before you.



From Fraser's Magazine.

### THE ENGLISH POMPEII.

WE of the nineteenth century live not merely in an age of railways, but in one of railway pace, as if everything partook of that rapid acceleration which was inaugurated by Stephenson's first locomotive. Not only does every science and every branch of manufacture take part in the grand race to perfection, but society, literature, and mind, all jostle each other in the feverish efforts to be first. The world lives fast, as though its momentum was increasing more rapidly as all things approach the end. The universal motto is Forward, and to stand still is to retrograde.

And yet it is pleasant and wholesome, occasionally, to retire from the bustle which goes on around, and catch a glimpse of the world as it was. I do not wish to carry my reader back into the primitive world, or conjure up for him the denizens of created nature before man existed; but am content to visit with him a very small spot of our native island, and show him a picture of society as it existed in England many centuries ago; a picture transient and limited indeed, but valuable for those very reasons, since such opportunities are rarely afforded us—in a word, the long-buried city of Uriconium, or, in our own tongue, Wroxeter. Roman remains are frequent in Great Britain, and, in the shape of roads, villas, ruins, ornaments, and coins, have at different times and in different places shown us of the present day that there is nothing new under the sun, and that what we were advancing as a grand improvement had been thought of by them long ago. But it is seldom that such favorable occasions occur, as at Uriconium, of observing the habits and social economy of a departed nation.

The village of Wroxeter is about five miles distant from quaint old Shrewsbury, and the easiest way of reaching it is by taking a ticket to Upton Magna station, on the Shropshire Union Railway, from whence a short two miles, through lanes embowered in wild roses and honeysuckle, will bring the visitor to the place in question; but should he be of an active disposition, he will find the walk from Shrewsbury very enjoyable along the banks of the fair and placid Severn, past the lovely river-side church of Atcham, and the lordly woods and mansion of Attingham.

Either way is pleasant, for it allows one time, after the noise of the town or railway, to attain the *mens æquabilis* with which such a scene should be visited.

First of all, however, it will be well to state the circumstances under which these ruins have been brought to light. It had long been known that a Roman town had existed here, both from tradition and from the fact that the Watling Street and other ancient roads converged at Wroxeter; and if this were not sufficient, a mass of ruined masonry, upwards of twenty feet high and seventy-two feet long, has always been visible, and known by the country people as the Old Wall. At a meeting of the North Wales and Shropshire Antiquarian Society, in 1858, attention was directed to the probable discoveries which might be made by excavation; and a considerable sum being promptly subscribed on the spot, the preparations were begun early in the following year. But they were soon interrupted by the very unscientific behavior of a surly farmer, who preferring the welfare of his turnips to hypocausts and treselated pavements, laid a strict embargo on the further progress of the works. The agriculturist was disgusted at the number of people who came to inspect the locality; and although frequently appealed to by the despairing antiquarians, conservatism held fast and gained the day. For a time the works were hindered; but eventually affairs took a more prosperous turn, and the committee were enabled to rent about two acres of land, which they had permission to dig about as they liked. But excavations, simple as they seem, cost money, and a large amount has already been expended, although it is fervently hoped that fresh supplies will flow into the archæological coffers, to enable such a nationally interesting work to proceed.

Putting aside the Old Wall, which from its elevated position is a conspicuous object for some distance round, a person might easily walk past the field without guessing the nature or extent of the operations, as the earth which has been dug out has been regularly embanked on the inside. Many, too, on entering the enclosure, would not imagine that it contained any object of interest, as at first sight the peculiarities of the buildings do not challenge observation. But as we are not ignorant passers-by, or unscientific farmers, let us look more closely at the



results of the excavation. The first thing that meets the eye is a long wall, in which were two gateways leading into a court, paved in the style known to archæologists as herring-bone work; and on the opposite side are four small chambers. It is evident that this was a public court, and much used, since the step of one gate is worn into a regular groove, as though people were in the habit of entering from the street in a particular direction; while the other gate had no step, but a rather broad inclined slab, as if to allow of the entrance of carts and barrows. The odds and ends discovered in the chambers bear out the supposition that they were artisans' shops, or stalls, since weights were found here, together with charcoal, bones, and horns, bearing marks of being cut or turned by a lathe.

The most important results at present have been obtained just along and inside of the north wall, where a series of buildings, or rather, the lower stories of buildings, have been laid open. Now, the Romans warmed their houses not by fireplaces, but by hypocausts, which were basement chambers floored with cement, and connected with the story above by numerous stacks or pillars of tiles, generally about three feet high.

The uses to which these chambers were applied is sufficiently evident from the appearance of flues and the remains of ashes and soot. Indeed, in one small apartment a considerable quantity of coal or charcoal was found. The largest hypocaust is about thirty-seven feet by twenty-five, having an apse at the north end, and bearing traces of coloring on the outside; while in another upwards of a hundred and twenty of these pillars or columns of bricks were counted. By the wanton mischief of some drunken colliers, they were all thrown down, and were only restored, after a great deal of patience and ingenuity, by Dr. Henry Johnson of Shrewsbury, who had luckily taken a drawing of them as they appeared when first opened. From the size and number of these hot-air chambers, it has been conjectured, by Mr. Wright, that this series of buildings was the public bath of Uriconium.

But pavements and tiles are not the only memorials bequeathed to us; for in one of the hypocausts a discovery was made which brings before one the history of those times more vividly than all besides, and which

must have strangely touched the feelings of those who superintended the excavations—the discovery of three skeletons, two of which, apparently female, were stretched on the ground by the side of the wall, while the third, that of an old man, lay in a crouching position in one corner, in company with a heap of Roman coins. Here we have an episode in the destruction of the city—the massacre of the inhabitants and the creeping into the hypocaust, for shelter and safety, of these miserable creatures, who were in all probability suffocated by the fumes of the charcoal. The old man is mindful of his small store of riches as well as personal security, and clutches his hoard with the eager grasp of avarice—a story which has had its parallel more than once in the subsequent annals of civilization. But old age was not the only representative of human life; for in a court at the back lay the skeleton of a very young child, which had doubtless been butchered and thrown over the wall. A staircase behind the hypocaust led to a small court, one corner of which appears to have been kept as a receptacle for sweepings, in the same manner as a housemaid's dust-bin at the present day. Here were found all the odds and ends of domestic clearing, mingled with ornaments and articles of utility—coins, nails, hairpins, brooches, bits of iron, lead, bronze, glass, hoofs, stag-horns, oyster-shells, etc.

How extraordinary it seems that this miscellaneous collection of “nothings” swept away by a Roman slave, should, after the lapse of twelve centuries, be brought again to light, to be wondered at and admired by thousands of curious eyes. In viewing these objects, which are to be seen in the Natural History Society's Museum at Shrewsbury, one scarcely knows whether their extreme preservation or their similarity to articles in use at the present day, is the most surprising. For instance, the hair-pins (which seemed to be in great request amongst the ladies of Uriconium, as more than thirty varieties have been found) were mostly made of bone, and were occasionally ornamented with a rudely carved head; some of them, too, have evidently been saturated with a greasy substance, showing us that Rowland's Macassar came very late in the day, and that hair-oil or pomatum is essentially a Roman invention. Tweezers there are, too, with which the fashionable beauties



of the sixth century eradicated the superfluous hairs or incipient moustaches. And, even more curiously than these, a bottle was picked up which had contained a lotion or wash for the eyes, as was proved by the actual inscription of the quack doctor, who puffed up his infallible patent medicine, no doubt trusting to the gullibility of the nostrum-buying inhabitants with as much success as is done now.

Having satisfied ourselves on the point of Anglo-Roman civilization, in many instances so similar to our own, let us briefly glance at the history of Uriconium as far as it is known, and the causes which led to its overthrow.

At the time when Roman empire held sway over Great Britain, it was a large and populous town, connected by the well-known road of the Watling-street, with Deva or Chester, on the north, and Magna Castra, or Kenchester, in Herefordshire, on the south. Other roads probably diverged from the city to Rutunium (Rowton), and perhaps on the west to Caerflos, or Caersws, near Newton, in Montgomeryshire. But, notwithstanding the splendid organization which seems to have marked the imperial rule, Britain was a difficult country to hold and govern, owing partly to its distance from the central sway, and partly to the turbulence of the population, which consisted of different races foreign to the soil. In many cases the inhabitants of the towns rebelled, and probably elected a governor of their own. So when the Saxons and other barbarous nations paid their frequent visits to the coast of Britain, they found a nation divided against itself—each town occupied in preserving its own independence, and engrossed in their intestinal quarrels. As a matter of course, district after district fell an easy prey to the invaders, who pursued their career with remorseless fire and sword, and were not deterred by any feelings of respect for the fine arts, from demolishing and burning the beautiful villas which they had already plundered. That the catastrophe took place in the sixth century is sufficiently proved by the coins found by the side of the old man's skeleton in the hypocaust, which all belonged to the currency of that period; and this has been pointed out by Mr. Wright as a remarkable instance in which we are not obliged, as usual, to have recourse to

supposition, but have plain facts brought before us in an unmistakable manner. The coins, which were a hundred and thirty-two in number, belonged to the reigns of Tetricus, Claudius, Constantius, Valens, etc.

The reader may probably ask why so important and populous a city—possessing the key to all the fertile country between the Severn and the Welch hills—was never rebuilt, but was allowed to remain in such a ruinous state. First of all, it must be taken into consideration that in those days towns were few and far between, while the districts outside were frequently untenanted. A conquered and retreating nation was not likely therefore to return and build fresh towns, only again perhaps to tempt the licentious eye of the barbarian invaders.

Secondly, Mr. Wright has pointed out that ruined buildings and cities were especial objects of superstition, and therefore of fear, to the Teutonic invaders, who believed that deserted dwellings of the previous occupiers of the soil were entirely given up to evil spirits. These reasons are sufficient to account for Uriconium remaining a heap of ruins for years and years, until vegetation began to spring up wildly and rankly, and beasts of prey to make it their habitation. Geological causes too assisted in the progress of oblivion, as little by little the ground filled in until the lower stories were concealed from view. So matters remain until "merrie England" becomes more thickly inhabited. Lands are parcelled out with some regard to law and order; villages spring up, and noble abbeys and churches are dotted over the country. The ruins of Uriconium are found useful (for the science of archæology has not yet risen to preserve the records of a previous race); and now, as from a ready-made quarry, the Roman walls and villas are pulled to pieces to assist in the erection of modern edifices. The lower stories only remained unsuspected and unknown, or, if known, not considered worth the trouble of digging out and transplanting. Every succeeding year added another seal to the buried treasures, until the grand recovery which has filled with delight so many zealous antiquarians, and interested thousands who have not attained to the dignity of F. S. A.

After inspecting the ruins, the visitor may visit with a great deal of pleasure the Nor-



man church of Wroxeter, which has been restored with great taste, and contains some unique altar-tombs, the recumbent figures on which are painted in the most wonderful manner, the colors and gilding apparently as fresh as on the day when they were applied. With more questionable taste, the gateway of the churchyard consists of a couple of highly ornamented Roman shafts and capitals, which, though beautiful in themselves, are rather out of place in their present situation. Wroxeter itself is a

lovely Shropshire village, embosomed in trees, and surrounded on all sides by a panorama seldom to be surpassed. The Wrekin, the steep pointed summits of the Church Stretton Hills, the Stiper Stones, the Long Mountain, the volcanic peaks of the Breidden Hills, all rise up in glorious array, while in the foreground the graceful spires of Shrewsbury pleasantly recall to our attention the world of the present, and the contrast between England as it was and England as it is. G. P. BEVAN.

THE TESTAMENT OF AUGUSTUS.—The *Moniteur* publishes the following report to the Minister of State from M. Perrot, formerly a pupil of the French school at Athens, who has been charged with a scientific mission in Asia Minor. He states: "Angora (ancient Ancyra), August 28.—I have made a valuable epigraphic discovery. We found, in visiting the vicinity of the temple, all the first part of the Greek translation of the Testament of Augustus, of which Hamilton copied the end. Having ascertained that it existed in a good state of preservation behind a wall of bricks, forming the back of a Turk's house, we purchased the wall and pulled it down. By laboring from morning to evening during five days I have made a copy of the inscription. I have eight columns complete—not like those of Hamilton—for at least several of them are the beginnings or ends only of columns—and that brings me down to the middle of the third column of the Latin, and fills up many blanks in the original text which is much more mutilated than has been believed from the copies hitherto used. The first four columns of my Greek text also contains omissions, but in the fourth and the three following ones only a word here and there is wanting. I cannot tell you all the new facts that my discovery makes known respecting the life of Augustus, the honors which he received, etc. At the end of the first column of the Latin is a blank which is made up by the columns of the Greek text. They speak of the 'absolute power' *'αυτεξουσιον αρχην'* which he refused, the 'prefecture' which he exercised the 'consulate for life' which he would not accept, the 'prefecture of morals,' and his title of 'Prince of the Senate,' all which are wanting in the Latin. The date also of his testament is given. By means of these supplements I can add much more than I had dared to hope to the knowledge and true interpretation of this important epigraphic monument. I am at this moment in ne-

gotiation for the purchase of the adjacent house, which contains the middle part of the inscription. That which Hamilton had partially pulled down only contains one end. The text which he gives begins table IV. of the Latin. There are probably, therefore, two columns of Greek to find in order to re-establish the text of this important inscription, and I hope that I shall succeed in discovering them. As to the Latin text it is more damaged than I had expected. Nevertheless, in spite of all it has suffered, there is much to gain from an attentive perusal of it. The great defect of the copies which have hitherto served appears to me to be not so much their inexactness, the errors being easy to correct, as the absence of any precise indication of the length of the blanks. Those persons who have endeavored to fill up the vacancies, however great their sagacity, thus run the risk of putting a phrase where there were two words, and two words where there was a phrase. To remedy that defect, this is what we have resolved on, as the taking of a general stamped impression is impossible—first, for the Latin inscription, on account of the deep holes which have been made in several places, so that the surface sinks to a depth of several centimetres (the centimetre is about one-third of an inch); and second, for the Greek inscription, on account of the props which we have been obliged to lean against the wall, in order to support the roof of the house. But we shall bring back, in addition to the stamped portions, which will give the form of the characters, something which will permit the voids to be measured with almost mathematical exactness. M. Guillaume has had the patience to reduce to a scale, stone by stone, at the same time indicating the slightest cracks and the true width of them, all the surfaces which bear inscriptions—that is to say, the two faces of the pronaos and the external wall of the cella. On his sheets I will put the two inscriptions, measured by a compass, making thereby, as it were, a true copy, a real photograph of them."



From The London Review.  
POISONOUS WELLS.

DEATH by poison is, of all others, the most dreaded means of terminating existence. A person in danger of any violent death is generally animated by the consciousness that by a vigorous exertion of physical strength there may yet be left him a chance of existence; and even if the sufferer be aware that he is engaged in a perfectly hopeless struggle for life, the very act of fighting and grappling with danger excites and distracts the mind from a contemplation of his impending fate. There are, however, none of these alleviations to the victim of the gradual but deadly action of poison. Slowly, but certainly, as the shadow moves across the sundial, deadly and unerringly as the lightning's flash rends the giant oak, do the fatal forces disorganize his bodily frame. He may be quite aware of the cause and extent of his danger; he may call to his aid all the appliances of wealth, and exhaust all the resources of medical science, but with the great majority of poisonous principles human assistance is unavailing; and when once the deadly influences are at work within him, there is nothing to be done equally for the strong man in all the pride of health and vigor as for the puny sickly child, but to wait hopelessly and helplessly as a spectator, and count the minutes whilst the poison is corrupting the blood and sapping the foundations of life, until the bodily tenement becomes too shattered and decomposed to perform its vital functions any longer, and the breath of life departs.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the murderer by poison is regarded with far more detestation and horror than the coarser and more violent assassin; and that any proposition to kill an enemy even, in actual warfare, by poisonous agencies, is universally denounced with execration by the whole civilized world. Last year, when the battle of the Thames-disinfectants was being fought, the discovery that the favorite deodoriser contained small quantities of arsenic, which would thereby find its way into the river, was quite enough to condemn it, without a trial; and more recently an eminent manufacturing firm, at Stockport, was obliged to be legally restrained from turning their refuse liquor, known to be strongly charged with a virulent poison, into a stream

which they were well aware yielded the supply of water, for drinking purposes, to a populous town. The public comments which were made on each of the above occasions, clearly showed that the popular opinion, in such a point, coincides with our own.

Such being the case, we need not ask what would be the feelings of the public if a manufacturer in a densely populated part of the city of London, were to cast into a well which supplied the inhabitants of the vicinity with water for domestic purposes, so large an amount of a violent and deadly poison, as to seriously endanger the lives of all who partook of it. We will furthermore assume that this poison was of such peculiar properties as to communicate to the water qualities rather agreeable than otherwise, so as to make it preferred to a wholesome beverage, and that the poisonous principle was of such a fearful character as to be combated by no known antidote, and to kill its victims in all the agonies of a terrible and infectious plague, which, when once engendered by the poison, was capable of spreading itself into other localities by its contagious influence.

Our readers will say such a supposition is too monstrous to be worthy of serious attention; no manufacturer, however reckless of the consequences, could be so inhumanly barbarous as to be guilty of such conduct, and we are only trifling with them to raise such a question. We beg to assure them, on the contrary, that we speak quite within bounds; the state of affairs which we have just attempted to portray is but a fac-simile of what is at any moment liable to break out in very many districts of the metropolis. The wells which are so plentifully distributed in the city and elsewhere are, with one or two exceptions, reeking with the most abominable and disgusting products of corruption which drain into them from the network of sewers and cesspools on every side—corruptions which have frequently been proved to be, as they are liable now, at any moment to become, the immediate cause of Asiatic cholera. This is no fanciful or theoretical danger. In the autumn of 1854 there was a sudden and serious outbreak of cholera in the parish of St. James, Westminster. The course of the disease was confined to a small area in the neighborhood of a favorite pump, in Broad Street, and soon it was remarked that of seventy-three



persons who died during the first days of the visitation, sixty-one had been drinking the water of the pump. It was also remarked, that among persons who were living in the same street, and occasionally in the same house, those only were attacked who drank the favorite water of the pump; and furthermore, in a number of cases, which were particularly investigated, it was ascertained that persons who lived at a distance from the parish, and who had the water sent to them because of its supposed goodness, were seized with cholera, and died.

A full inquiry into all the circumstances of the matter proved that the well had become charged with cesspool drainage, and had thus acquired its poisonous action. The pollution had, perhaps, been going on for years, and yet the water had not betrayed it, and had been drunk with comparative impunity: indeed, its cool and sparkling qualities, the fatal fascinations of corruption, had gained for it such a high repute in the neighborhood, that it was a favorite water, and was generally drunk. Another such case occurred at West Ham, in Surrey, in the autumn of 1857. Suddenly, at that place, there was a visitation of cholera in a row of sixteen cottages, that were apparently isolated from epidemic influences. It showed itself along one side of the street, where, in a few days, thirteen persons were attacked with the disease, seven of whom died. Dr. Elliott, the Health Officer for the district, suspected, from his inquiries, that the common pump on that side of the street had been concerned in the mischief; its water was therefore examined, and it was found to be polluted with the soakage from an adjoining sewer. At once the use of it was interdicted, and, to make the matter certain, the handle of the pump was taken away, and from that moment the further spread of the disease was arrested. Again: in the cholera visitations of 1848-9 and 1853-4, there were two striking examples of the influence of such water in the propagation of disease. The southern districts of London, comprising nearly a fifth of the population of the metropolis, were visited most severely with cholera at both of those outbreaks, and the persons who suffered most on each occasion were those who drank the worst quality of water.

The inhabitants of those districts are sup-

plied by two rival companies, who obtained their water from the Thames at different parts of its course. In one case the water was charged with a larger amount of organic matter than in the other; and although the conditions of the population were in every other respect the same, yet this had the effect of augmenting the mortality to a frightful extent. In the second visitation of the disease the circumstances of the supply were changed; the water of the old company, which was once the worst, was then the best, and the severity of the disease was changed likewise; for those who partook of the still bad supply suffered as before, and their mortality was three and a half times greater than their neighbors. Here was an experiment on a large scale, such as "no sceptical philosopher would have dared to propose," in which a large number of persons were placed under circumstances exactly alike, except in one particular, namely, in the use of a water charged to a comparatively small extent with organic pollution, and this determined the result—a mortality of one hundred and thirty in the ten thousand, instead of thirty-seven. A similar tale may be told of the cholera visitation of other places in this country. The town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was supplied with comparatively pure water in the year 1849, and it then suffered but little from cholera; whereas in the visitation of 1853, when there was so calamitous a loss of life from this disease, the water supply was made impure by the drainage from the sewers.

These are ample proofs that organic impurity in a drinking water is in fact a violent poison, which, if taken in sufficient amount, produces upon those who use it the disease known as cholera, an attack of this epidemic following the absorption of its specific virus, just as surely as the well-known symptoms follow the exhibition of any of the more commonly met with poisons.

We have already alluded to the public services which Dr. Letheby has rendered in drawing attention to the impurity of the city wells. He has continued his investigations since our last notice of them, and has only found two pumps, those in Glover's Hall-court, and in Guildhall-buildings, which furnish water at all fit for domestic purposes; all the others examined showing an enor-



mous amount of saline and organic impurity. Indeed, from a report which he has just made on the subject, it is difficult to imagine a more dangerous state of existence than is common in many districts of the city. It may be that the water has often been drunk with apparent impunity, and that it has rarely shown any immediate manifestation of its morbid action; but there is always the danger of the impurities of the soil passing unchanged into the water, and being a source of quick and certain injury.

Experience has shown that wells like those are liable at any moment to receive

the leakings from a cesspool or sewer, and thus be the immediate cause of fatal disease. The city wells, in fact, are so many dormant centres of cholera contagion, liable with any accidental cause to break out into active pestilence. Not a day should be lost in removing these fountain-heads of plague, and we most earnestly hope that Dr. Letheby's warning that none of these wells (contaminated as they are with the refuse of drains, and the soakings from graveyards), are fit for public use, will meet with instant attention from the city authorities.

**SOLAR PHOTOGRAPHY.**—At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, 8 Nov., Mr. Warren de la Rue then announced that two drawings of Mars made by him from data collected during several months' observation in the year 1856, had been engraved on steel, and were ready for distribution among the members of the society who might wish for copies. These drawings surpass in execution even the exquisite delineations given by Father Secchi, in his last volume of the *Memoirs of the Roman College*. Some of the later results of Mr. De la Rue's labors in solar photography were also laid before the meeting, and afterwards distributed. These consisted of photographs of spots taken on an enormous scale, showing not only each minute detail of the spot itself, but the surrounding solar surface covered with Nasmyth's "Willow leaves." Mr. De la Rue briefly called attention to these wonderful records of the physical action going on on the surface of that luminary, whence the only motive power that we possess is derived. He looked upon them as instances of the wonderful power and accuracy of which photography is capable, the recording celestial phenomena, and stated his opinion that great though the results already obtained are, the inexhaustible resources and immense value of the application of photography to celestial observation are only dawning upon us.

The difficulties met with in this field of research, in which Mr. De la Rue is at once the pioneer and so celebrated an investigator, were next briefly alluded to. Disappointments from weather, disappointments from unaccountable changes in the chemicals employed, are among the least of the evils. The image of the sun at the focus of his instrument was but one inch and one-tenth in diameter, while in the photographs before the meeting some of the spots alone were almost of that size; the focal image, therefore, had been enlarged, and in this enlargement lay the chief difficulty to be contended with, the rules of refraction of the luminous rays having been found not to hold good

for the actinic rays, which are stated by Mr. De la Rue to extend beyond the visible spectrum for a space equalling in extent the visible spectrum itself. These photographs show that these difficulties, noticed by Mr. De la Rue in his report to the British Association, are in a fair way of being overcome. A valuable discovery has already resulted from this class of observations, and was announced by Mr. De la Rue. This is that the faculæ or brightest parts of the solar photosphere are *above* the general level of its surface.—*London Review*.

#### NOVEL MUSKET FOR SUCCESSIVE FIRING.

—A German mechanic has constructed a musket with a barrel six feet long and without any lock, which is designed to receive forty charges at the same time, to be fired in succession, one after the other, by fuses running through the bullets. A fuse extends from the upper charge to the muzzle, and when the soldier is ready to commence his firing, he lights the fuse, and then has nothing further to do than to aim his piece at one enemy after another, the gun keeping up the fire till the whole forty charges are exhausted. The time between the discharges is regulated at will in the construction of the fuses which pass through the bullets, and experience has shown about two seconds to be the proper time to permit a careful aim to be taken. Thus thirty shots may be fired in a minute, all with accurate aim. The cartridges may be arranged in strings of five, ten, twenty, or forty, as shall be found expedient, and may all be driven into the gun by a single movement.—*London Review*.

MR. THORNTON HUNT is engaged, since his return from America, in editing "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," his father. This work will be one of the books of the season.



From The Saturday Review.  
COMPLIMENTS.

"HARDLY shall you meet with any person, man or woman, so aged or ill-favored, but, if you will venture to commend them for their comeliness—nay, and for their youth, too, though, 'time out of mind' is wrote upon every line of their face—yet they shall take it very well at your hands, and begin to think with themselves that certainly they have some perfections which the generality of the world are not so happy as to be aware of." This, it seems, was the state of the case in South's time, and we suppose there is something in it still. We suppose that we are all pleased with a judicious compliment, though wherein the pleasure lies it is not so easy to ascertain, for the very word "compliment" implies something not entirely to be credited. Indeed, it has been defined as seldom intended to mean any part of what it expresses—never to mean all it expresses. Of course, the person complimented does not take this view; but it is not at all because a man's vanity swallows the whole that he likes a well-turned compliment—he is quite conscious that there is illusion somewhere. In a certain sense, compliments are gone out of fashion. Some of our readers may be in a state to sympathize with the ingenuous young lady, who avowed that she had never had a civil thing said to her, and may disown the subject as not coming home to their business and bosoms; but we submit that they are mistaken. We have all a moral as well as a physical appetite for sugar, which craves its indulgence. The word exists still, and the thing with it, though not in the same acknowledged formularies—not as an inevitable condition of social life, as when our language was surfeited with flattering expressions, and no gentleman could associate with his fellows but in a dialect of extravagant professions. There are people still who cannot live without compliments, and who contrive to get them. And if we do not receive compliments ourselves, we have still not seldom to hear them paid, and even to pay them, and are, in both cases, under circumstances to analyze their nature impartially. It is a consideration which much occupied the lively preacher we have quoted. He attributes it to a certain bewitching fascination in words, which make

them operate with a force beyond what we can naturally give account of. He goes on to say, that though men know themselves utterly without those qualities and perfections ascribed to them, though they know that the flatterer himself knows the falsehood of his own flatteries, yet they swallow the fallacious morsel, love the impostor, and with both arms hug the abuse; and he adduces a very early victim to compliments of this extreme quality—the "empty, shallow, self-opinionated grandee Arab," whose court prophets "sent him in a compliment to be knocked on the head at Ramoth Gilead."

It is a subject on which it is impossible to be logical, or to come to a clear conclusion; for certainly this explanation of man's liking smooth words, though they know their utter falseness, does not agree with the credit they are allowed to gain in our opening illustration. But in the first place, there are compliments and compliments. The compliments that either sex pays the other are no doubt the most grateful, the most legitimate, and have the largest share of reality the word admits of. Next compliments to our exterior, attributing youth or good looks, are in their nature safest to pay, as being most congenial, and least fastidiously inquired into. Further, there are compliments, *par excellence*, which we have to bestow, or to hear bestowed, at hustings, public meetings, wedding breakfasts, funeral sermons, and in friendly reviews. These three stages demand different rates of credulity. Thus a man is quite right to accept at their highest value the compliments of a partial friend or good wife. Then, on the question of good looks, it is permissible surely to hope for the best. There always *may* be a degree of truth in personal compliments as far as we know. We see ourselves in our glass, old and plain it may be, but we can be brought to reflect that we do not see ourselves illuminated by the animation of talk or the glow of feeling. Some unquestionably have looks that their glass never shows them, and why may not we be of the number? Those "time out of mind" lines which show so distinctly in the glare brought to bear upon them, may soften under a less trying ordeal; we cannot be quite sure that our complacent friend is an utter deceiver. All people, then, are more or less open to this form of compliment, and are



not unwise in lending some ear to it. The third class—business-like, outspoken—we shall take leave to consider, until we have experienced in our own person the luscious falsehood, the most difficult of comprehension. The pleasure men find in being complimented wholesale by fellow townsmen and common acquaintance in the face of a large assemblage, we think goes to the heart of the mystery. Men do like it who are quite discerning enough not to derive their satisfaction from implicit belief either in the speakers or their own merits. To be the theme of certain dulcet words, to feel the ears tickled by a temporary relation with high-sounding virtues and lofty deeds, has, we presume, a touch of Elysium in it, though there can be no sober certainty of real appropriation. Words have a power to lay a flattering unction on the senses that no man's judgment can wholly release him from. It has been well said that "conversation between men in time persuades," and the process of persuasion may be rapid when our merits are the theme. Experience tells us that there are people to whom *anything* can be said with a good chance of being believed—who see no incongruity between their deserts and the utmost hyperbole of praise, whose vanity is a vast magnifying and embellishing power, setting them on an unapproachable elevation. The existence of such persons no doubt keeps the art of compliments alive; they furnish precedents of what *may* be said, raise a high standard, and keep invention on the stretch to satisfy an abnormal appetite. But to ordinary constitutions, where, indeed, can the pleasure lie of wholesale praise, profuse, but undiscerning? Where can be the relish of a series of mistakes at our expense, attributing to us all the virtues of which we have but a meagre share, and in the full panoply of which we don't recognize ourselves, while the characteristics on which we value ourselves, *our self*, in fact, is never reached. Yet, undoubtedly, men do like it; and it must lie in the mystery of words. That the air should be filled with something handsome about ourselves, that the sound should be continuous, that a certain oily smoothness of intonation should hang about our name, that indifferent hearers should become familiar with it in such a conjunction, that though we cannot reckon on the hearts,

yet the ears and tongues present should be occupied about us, does minister to gratification.

Compliments are not real praise, we know, but they bear an external resemblance to it. Even real genuine heartfelt praise is not without its mysteries. Why should we be pleased with it, when the conscience and judgment in great part disown it? An analytic mind must always see contradiction—something unreasonable in its own glow of satisfaction—so as to be a good deal ashamed at it; but though compliments are an avowed civility, confessedly spoken because they are the thing, and required by the occasion, yet they gratify. There are people to whom incense of this sort assimilates so naturally that they accept every—the most merely conventional—form of it, treasure up unmeaning commonplaces for repetition, give themselves the trouble to fish for it, turn the worn tinsel into pure gold on the spot, and live in an atmosphere of transparent illusion. There are silly women, not unlike the aunt in Molière, who absurdly fancy every man a lover, who interpret even the most untoward expression into a compliment, and who can, like the *Femme Savant*, make something to the advantage of their delusion out of such disenchantments as "*Je veux être pendu si je vous aime.*" Simple minds are for a long time perplexed by persons under this possession, and, perhaps, never fairly get at the bottom of it, why experiences should be so different—why all the pretty things should drift in one direction, and so far out of their own reach. It really lies in a certain audacity. There are persons, for instance, who, taking it as a matter of course that they are immortal and incapable of decay, will ask their acquaintances to guess their age. Now, age writes itself on every face; everybody who gives himself time can guess another's age to a year or two; but who can set himself to so ungracious a task? If there is not tact to evade the inquiry, a leap in the dark is all that is left us. We see an imperative demand for a compliment, and before judgment sets itself to its careful calculation, we construct an hypothesis and guess ten or fifteen years within the mark we know very well must be reached if we allow ourselves time. Then follows the languid complacent conclusion. "Ah! nobody guesses my age,



every one thinks me so young." Whence it is clear that the question is an habitual one, and that the world has been as complacent as the questioner. We have observed that religious biographies furnish examples of this eager appropriation of civility and compliment. The ordinary language of society is felt to be intoxicating to excitable temperaments. What people whom they class as "the world" receive as matter of course stimulates self-contemplative natures. Thus, we have read of a Glasgow student selling his prize medal, from not being able to bear with Christian humility the presence of so transcendent a distinction. Leigh Richmond, we think it was, who records—with a prayer not to be unduly lifted up—every notice of a sermon of his in the country paper; and young ladies of this school have found themselves obliged to renounce their third-rate accomplishments from the delicious enjoyment afforded them by the civilities of their acquaintance after a performance on the piano or a song very indifferently sung. These people transmute the phrases of time-worn compliment into praise, and while they disown the praise on religious grounds, have yet a certain sense of its fitness to some part of themselves.

But these are exceptional cases. Cooler judgments presently find that their medals, their sermons, and their fantasias are not subjects of lasting interest to other people—that our neighbors do not, in the long run, praise us if we do not give them the cue, and that, if they do, there is not much to frighten our modesty in most compliments. They are but cankered roses, after all. An exquisite compliment is indeed one of the finest achievements of the intellect, and needs a poet, an orator, or a lover who is both in one, for its accomplishment. Witness Shakspeare's celebrated *compliment*—which it assuredly is—to Elizabeth. He knew very well, and knew also that she knew, that she had not been "fancy free" any time the last twenty or thirty years. But it was true to appearances, and may still be received as a token of a certain gallant reverence for the Virgin Queen.

But such first-rate artificers generally let out the great fact about compliments—that their own ingenuity is quite as much in their minds as their professed object. It must always have been a safeguard to the pretty

women immortalized by the poets, that there was an evident intention to go shares in the fame. If the lady found the beauty, the poet furnished the immortality. Shakspeare concludes a sonnet of exquisite and tender compliment with,—

"So long as men can breathe, and eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

And old Drayton, after a great deal of pretty homage, indulges himself in a little self-flattery to this effect, in apostrophizing the house where so much perfection first saw the light:—

"The old man passing by that way,  
To his son in time shall say,  
There was that lady born, which long  
To after ages shall be sung;  
Who, unawares, being passed by,  
Back to that house shall cast his eye,  
Speaking my verses as he goes,  
And with a sigh shut every close."

Thus compliment is distinct from simple praise in this point—that it is an exhibition, acknowledged on all sides, of the speaker's powers. Given a theme—an occasion—something neat is said, something pretty, ingenious, appropriate. We are half sorry that the best wits seem to be giving up the pursuit, and leaving it in the hands of bunglers, who can only give real satisfaction to the vainer sort.

Compliment is distinct, too, from praise, in that its line is generalities. It is inexhaustible on "the ladies," in picking out the show points in classes and communities. It catches the external ideal a man has of himself, and ministers to this conception. It gets out of its depth conspicuously and fatally when it begins to discriminate, compare, define. We have said all public testimonies are necessarily of the nature of compliment, because the speaker must have his own performance on his mind; and in these no modification or qualification is possible—he must go ahead and assume perfection. Speaking dispassionately—not from experience—it always strikes us that a great deal of lavish, highly colored laudation, tending to a characterless, shadowless picture of perfection, cannot be very intoxicating. It can hardly leave more than the poor residuum of satisfaction that such a person, or so many persons, have thought it worth while to say fine things of us—a distinction of which everybody cannot boast, but not without wound-



ing our sensitiveness and even our vanity in the process. Who, for example, ever heard or read a funeral sermon which they would be satisfied should be pronounced over themselves, or that it is possible to imagine the defunct could have listened to with patience? What we desire, living and dead too—if the sounds of our world reach those shades—is, that the distinctive parts of ourselves, “something unfound or found in us alone,” should have been recognized and valued; and this, the rarest, choicest of all homage, is not compliment but appreciation. Compliment should ever bear in mind that comparisons are dangerous, and odious, too; and this is the rock on which it is perhaps most apt to split, and on which the professed sayer of civil things is constantly blundering. If we are to be complimented, while our taste revolts at what is fulsome, we yet demand that the thing shall be handsomely done. We are not satisfied with any sort of subservience, or to be put upon any but the highest level. We are willing, we say, to remain altogether in the shade; but if Mr. So-and-so goes out of his way to extol us, let it be for something choice, piquant, placing us in the aristocracy of good qualities. No one cares to hear himself complimented for sterling qualities, while another is called brilliant. A girl will not thank you for calling her amiable while another is charming; and, as it is unsafe to compare one with another, it is equally so, except under the most deli-

cate handling, to compare a man with himself under different times and circumstances, and yet the man who has to hear himself constantly praised to his face must hear this done almost as often. We will continue with a recent experience to the point. It was our good fortune lately to hear a distinguished speaker address a large audience with his accustomed eloquence, at which a peer long practised in the office presided. All the civilities incident to such occasions had to be spoken, and, with earnest, hearty regard, the chairman set himself to pay a genuine tribute to his friend's powers. “I assure you,” he said, with warm emphasis, “I have frequently listened to my dear friend, but I have never heard him to greater advantage than to-day. He is always eloquent and impressive, but his speech to-day was something more. There was information in it, something new, something I never heard before; I think I may say I never heard him to such advantage.” That modest look of unconsciousness with which the popular orator has to listen to hyperbole of compliment, as though he partly did not hear and partly disowned as he heard, must stand him in good stead under another class of trials incident to the situation—as when, under the gaze of a multitude, he has to receive the information in his turn, that only occasionally and exceptionally he says things that everybody has not heard before.

**SKELETON LEAVES.**—A good method of obtaining these beautiful dissected leaves is frequently asked for. The following is a process which we can recommend from experience. Steep the leaves, seed vessels, or other parts of the plant, which are required to be dissected, in rain water; leave them exposed to its influence until the whole of the soft or pulpy matters are decomposed. The period required for this operation varies much in different leaves, etc., according to their texture; thus, some require but a few weeks, others as many months. When the pulpy parts are completely decomposed, the next operation consists in their removal from the fibro-vascular network with which they were originally connected. This requires much care and patience. There are two ways of accomplishing it: one, which consists in carefully exposing them to a stream of fresh water, using at the same time a brush; and the other, by simply placing them in fresh water, and removing

with care the decomposed portion, in like manner, with a brush. Some difficulty will be found at first in doing this without, at the same time, breaking the fibro-vascular network; but a little practice will soon render it easy of accomplishment. The adoption successively of simply fresh water, and a stream of the same, applied by means of a syringe, will be frequently found desirable. The pulpy portions having been removed, and the fibro-vascular network obtained, the latter must then be bleached. For this purpose prepare a weak solution of chloride of lime, by adding about an ounce of a strong solution of that substance to a quart of distilled water; then soak the skeletons in this solution for some hours; generally three or four will suffice, but when they are very thick a longer period will be necessary. After this operation has been performed wash the skeletons thoroughly in pure water, and lastly dry them by freely exposing them to light and air.—*London Review.*



" ONLY NINE MILES TO THE JUNCTION."

BY H. MILLARD, CO. A, 71ST REG'T N. Y. S. M.

Air — " *The Other Side of Jordan.*"

THE troops of Rhode Island were posted along  
On the road from Annapolis station,  
As the Seventy-First Regiment, one thousand  
strong,

Went on in defence of the nation.

We'd been marching all day in the sun's scorch-  
ing ray,

With two biscuits each as a ration ;

When we asked Governor Sprague to show us  
the way,

And " How many miles to the Junction ? "

*Chorus*—How many miles, how many miles,

How many miles to the Junction ?

When we asked Governor Sprague to  
show us the way,And " How many miles to the Junction  
?"The Rhode Island boys cheered us on out of  
sight,

After giving the following injunction :

" Just keep up your courage — you'll get there  
to-night,

For 'tis only nine miles to the Junction."

They gave us hot coffee, a grasp of the hand,

Which cheered and refreshed our exhaustion,

And we reached in six hours the long-promised  
land,

For 'twas " only nine miles to the Junction."

*Chorus*—Only nine miles, &c.And now as we meet them on Washington's  
streets,

They always do hail us with unction,

And still the old cry some one surely repeats,

'Twas " only nine miles to the Junction."

Three cheers for the warm-hearted Rhode Island  
boys,

May each one be true to his function,

And whenever we meet, let us each other greet,  
With " Only nine miles to the Junction."*Chorus*—Only nine miles, &c.Nine cheers for the flag under which we will  
fight,

If the traitors should dare to assail it ;

One cheer for each mile that we made on that  
night,

When 'twas " only nine miles to the Junction,"

With hearts thus united, our breasts to the foe,  
Once again with delight we will hail it ;

If duty should call us, still onward we'll go,

If even " nine miles to the Junction."

*Chorus*—Only nine miles, &c.—*Rebellion Record.*

" LAURA, LAURA, DON'T SECEDE."

Kiss me, Laura, ere I go,  
Armed and drilled to meet the foe ;  
Gun in hand, and on my back  
A sixteen-pounder haversack,  
I go ; my country calls—adieu !  
To both my darling girl be true ;  
And come success, come scathe and need,  
Laura, Laura, don't secede.

When on the tented field, perhaps,  
With rations short, and shorter naps,  
We wheel, present, advance, retreat,  
Thou'lt have—O Heavens !—at thy feet  
Some one persuadingly present  
Himself and an establishment ;  
Laura, no such trifier heed ;  
Though he glitter, don't secede.

Cling unto thy mother, dear ;  
Let no " Home-Guards " come anear,  
Dancing gewgaws 'fore thine eyes,  
Making light of household ties,  
Prating of thy " woman's rights,"  
Gallanting thee about o' nights,  
Lest the rose should prove a weed  
Basely crimsoned, don't secede.

Good-by, Laura ! No regrets  
If from balls and bayonets  
From " broils and battles " (boils, I mean ;  
For deadlier is the soup-tureen,  
When badly seasoned, than the bore  
Of the loudest cannon that can roar)  
Safe delivered, swiftly I  
Back to ease and thee will fly ;  
United then in word and deed,  
Laura, dear, we'll both secede.

—*Washington Star, Aug. 22.*

## A SONG SUNG IN NORFOLK.

JEFF DAVIS is a brave man,  
He will lead the Southern force ;  
I pity Lincoln's soldiers,  
For I fear they will fare worse ;  
He will show the Union shriekers,  
The Union it is done—  
The secession flag, ere many months,  
Will wave o'er Washington !

Jeff Davis in the White House,  
What glorious news 'twill be !  
Abe Lincoln in an inglorious flight,  
In a baggage car we'll see ;  
With Seward as conductor,  
General Scott as engineer,  
Old Hicks, the traitor governor,  
Following panting in the rear !



From The London Review.  
MASKS AND FACES.

"WHAT are little girls made of?" was a question often put to us of old, in our nursery days, and great surprise and some incredulity was manifested at the enumeration of the various articles which the reply to the question alleged to go to the composition of our fair playmates. "What are full-grown ladies made of?" it would seem, might be asked now. And if a report of a case in the Insolvent Court, which appeared the other day in the papers, be correct, it would appear that the answer which, in many cases, must be given to this new question, would be as startling as that which was received by the other. It was strange enough to our youthful mind to hear of "sugar and spice," coupled in the rhyme, as they were, with "all things nice," as usurping the place of flesh and blood in the female frame. But it is still more astonishing to have it revealed to us that when that frame has become matured, and beams upon us with increased grace and beauty, those more developed charms are owing to an entirely new, and one would have thought less alluring preparation; that sugar and spice have been superseded by gums, scents, essential oils, patent varnish, and other items which can hardly be classified under the head of "all things nice;" and that, so far from having any knowledge of those inward qualities in the fair sex which, however attractive they may be, we do not pretend to behold with our eyes, we are often wholly deceived in what we actually do see. We believe we see a white forehead, and in the somewhat prosaic poetry of fashionable life pronounce it white as alabaster. We are deceived, it is alabaster itself; we gaze with rapture on the rounded symmetry of the form, on the glossy abundance of the wreathed hair, on the even rosy color, never fading into paleness, never purpling into an unbecoming blush, but showing as we fondly imagine, a heart unvexed by anxiety, and a natural ease of manner, free from shyness or *mauvaise honte*. Alas, the symmetry is but wool and steel; half the hair is only so far the wearer's own that she has paid, or is to pay for it; the rosy cheek is a cunning mixture of dyes; the very breath, tempting our kiss as it comes across us "like the sweet south over a bed of violets," is due to the scents

and essential oils furnished by Messrs. Burgoyne, the chemists, to "Madame Rachel Levison, trading under the name of Rachel, enameller of ladies' faces and dealer in cosmetics," who is every now and then petitioning Mr. Commissioner Nichols to relieve her from the little embarrassments which she has inevitably contracted in the carrying on of her apparently lucrative, but really unprofitable, trade.

There can be no doubt of the fact; it was judicially proved in open court, with the addition, that so highly are Madame Levison's labors prized by her "patronesses," that they are in the habit of paying a fee of more than twenty guineas to induce her to exercise her skill upon them. They must have a high idea of the value of her assistance. Nor has she a low notion of it herself, since she disdains to call it "a trade," but describes it as "her profession," classing it, by that dignified title, with the pursuits of the soldier, the lawyer, the physician, and the divine. Perhaps it is entitled to the distinction, since it requires the exercise of at least one virtue, inviolable honor and secrecy. Madame Levison herself is not of the number of those who while doing good in stealth, "blush to find it fame;" but the feelings of "her patronesses," it seems, are different. They would not, perhaps, blush (since their blushes could not possibly be seen, that would only be so much good modesty thrown away) to have their patronage known, but they would divert it for the future into some other channel, and Madame Levison "would be ruined."

The great question that arises to our mind on the consideration of these facts is whether, when properly understood, they ought to heighten or to lower the esteem in which, ever since the days of chivalry the gentlemen of modern Europe have agreed to hold woman. There is much to be said on both sides. Those who take an unfavorable view of Madame Levison's "profession" will dilate upon an adherence to nature, freedom from disguise, dislike of affectation, and a score of other virtues, all undeniably such, but all sadly old-fashioned; those who look at the question in a more friendly light, will refer to that great poet, Peter Pindar, as an authority for the superiority of Art over Nature, and looking on woman, "fresh from the hand of" Madame Levison, in Bond



Street, as a work of art, and high art, too, will pronounce her as such far more attractive than she could be if left to the tell-tale blushes of country-bred simplicity. Nor will this be difficult of proof to a candid mind. Every work of art is the more valuable as it is the more costly; and what high idea must be formed of the cost of the whole woman, when her mere face has cost upwards of twenty guineas. Another circumstance which lends a value to such works, is their real or presumed antiquity, and this attraction will clearly be inseparable from those ladies who frequent Madame Levison's workshop. In most instances, probably, they are very old in reality; but, where this is not the case, they at least raise such a presumption of their being very old, as is nearly equal in value to actual antiquity. Once more: works of art derive an additional estimation if brittle or perishable. This charm belongs in great perfection to those who are the handiwork of Madame Levison; they are perishable, since they continually require renewing; they are brittle as the most delicate china vase. The choicest specimen of Sèvres or Pekin does not require more delicate handling nor more careful moving, than the lady who, if she were suddenly to turn her head, might deface the white enamel of her neck by an unsightly crack. At present we understand that the faces produced by Madame Levison are so far monotonous as being wholly free from lines and specks. Perhaps as maturer years enlarge her experience (the great *artiste* is as yet not twenty-one years of age), she may be able to add lines to her subjects, like those on the celebrated crakling china, when a sudden contortion would produce no ill effect, but only add one more line as an additional ornament to those already existing; at present, however, in what we must call the infancy of the

workman's skill, the beauty of the unbroken surface would be imperilled, if not destroyed, by the slightest hasty movement; and the manufactured lady must be as carefully brought down stairs, delicately dusted, and gently put in her place as the most fragile filagree.

Nor are they only bodily advantages which are derived by the objects of Madame's skill; they imbibe from her labors at least one important and beneficial mental lesson. What can be more useful, more indispensable to all persons in good society than to learn to control their emotions and passions; and what stronger motive to do so can be conceived than is supplied by the reflection that a tear would wash the roses from the cheek; that laughter would split the sides of the face, while blowing the nose might lead to the visible portion of that critical feature coming off in the pocket handkerchief. So highly, indeed, do we estimate Madame Levison's practice, as offering the strongest inducement to the control of the feelings, that, if the lady were sufficiently philanthropic to allow the coarser males to share the benefit of her workmanship, we are not sure whether newspaper editors might not find it greatly to their benefit to seek her assistance, since there are few classes whose members are at times under stronger temptations to yield to influences calculated to disarrange the features. On this point, however, we will offer no positive opinion at this moment; nor, indeed, on the other; but will only say, that if the views of the advocates of Madame Levison's art, to which we have endeavored to give faithful expression, be sound and correct, we hope Mr. Commissioner Nicholls will not be so harsh as long to withhold from an anxious Mayfair the restoration of her free service.

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"*Observations on Excommunication by a Catholic Priest*" is the title of a third pamphlet by Father Passaglia, who argues generally that a man excommunicated by the Church may be received into the bosom of God, and particularly that the writers in the *Civita Cattolica* have no right to declare the eternal perdition of the soul of Count Cavour because he fell within the terms of the Pope's excommunication of those who assisted in the separation of the Marches and of Umbria.—*Examiner*.

THE photograph was put to a novel use lately. A London house wishing to purchase a particular quality of raw silk, samples of which had been received, sent to their correspondent in Japan a photograph of the original package received, showing the style of the skein or hank and the peculiarities of its twisted fibre. The Japanese merchants, seeing the faithful representation of the original, at once declared what the silk was and its place of growth and manufacture.



From All The Year Round.  
DOGS IN THE CATACOMBS.

ROMAN models are a loquacious race, they will not pose to an artist who does not encourage them in full freedom of discourse, and it must be conceded that they talk well and readily. Their conversation is always amusing, often interesting and suggestive. Tales of brigand life, ancient legends, and—when the door is shut, and they think they are not overheard—many odd stories about the authorities, too. They can also tell us much about ourselves that will be new to us. Antonio informs me that all English are mad; we have the fires of purgatory always burning within us. Don't the padre tell him so? This is why we roll about in a tub of water every morning to cool our burning vitals. His hearers know that it is an insult to an Italian to wash him. They only wash dead bodies, but it is well known that all English are mad. Then, Antonio continues, Englishmen keep horses and dogs as mad as themselves, and they ride out dressed in the very color of the flames of purgatory, to run screaming and shouting after poor foxes over the Campagna, notwithstanding that the Holy Father has strictly forbidden that sort of insanity, and placed papal gendarmerie purposely to stop it: but who can stop mad men on mad horses? If they want foxes, he himself could catch them any number for a Paul or two; but they are all mad, and the dogs—it is well known how they became possessed—was not the arch-fiend himself and a whole legion of his angels seen to enter them bodily? He would tell me how it was.

Antonio's story requires that I should digress a little, and say something by way of explanation about the Catacombs. For some years past the pursuit of a particular object of inquiry has let to my passing considerable portion of my time in the Roman Catacombs. Not so much in those best known to visitors and tourists, such as St. Achili e Nereo in the Via Appia, or St. Agnese in the Via Nomentana, where the passages are cleared of rubbish and drained, and in which the custodier accompanies you with a taper, and shows you just as much or as little as may suit his inclination. I have passed a considerable time in these too, but more in those recently discovered and less known ones lying miles away from the Eter-

nal City, where the only available entrance is by a tortuous chimney-like hole almost filled with rubbish, and so insignificant in appearance that it has remained concealed by a few bushes from the time it was last used, some fifteen centuries ago, until to-day.

To descend this aperture in an upright position is, from its size, simply impossible; but you may get down without much difficulty by lying on your chest, and with a lighted taper in one hand, and the other holding a rope that has been made fast to a tree outside, sliding down by degrees feet foremost. For the first few yards the passage is narrowed and choked by the rubbish, and is nearly perpendicular; a little lower down it opens wider, and is more oblique. Father still, you may feel with your feet rough steps cut in the rock, but you may not trust to them, as the soft stone will crumble with your weight. After descending perhaps fifty or seventy feet with some bumping and a few excoriations, you are suddenly pulled up by the remains of an old stone doorway, and you are at the bottom.

Your position, however, seems hardly to be improved, for on passing through the doorway you will find yourself up to the knees in a black stagnant pool of water, through which you will have to pass some yards till you come to the low narrow opening on the farther side, so low as not to allow of your standing upright, and only wide enough to allow of one person walking abreast. Before entering, you instinctively stretch out your taper and take a preliminary peep: it is not reassuring: of its length the thick black darkness that closes over everything at a few yards distant prevents your forming any idea. The sides, however, you can see plainly enough, with their horizontal niches in tiers one above the other, and the very easily recognizable things lying in those niches.

Dismal grim places are these Roman Catacombs. Their black gloom, their depths, the mystery of their countless and impenetrable ramifications; the numberless skeletons lying by the path's side; the strange figures painted on the walls, with their great eyes that seem to watch and follow you as you pass; the certainty that at every breath you are inhaling draughts of deadly malaria, which, bad enough in the open air



above, is infinitely intensified by the confined atmosphere, and the wet spongy rock below ; and above all, the consciousness that you are by yourself, cut off from the rest of the world, some sixty or eighty feet underground, and that if you take a wrong turn out of the hundreds that present themselves, or if you let your light go out, you are likely to be irretrievably lost, as no one will come to look for you, and no sound that you can utter will reach the upper air. All these considerations operate at first to make a visit to one of the recently-opened catacombs absolutely appalling. I say at first, for a very slight degree of use soon begets quite an opposite sensation ; and after two or three visits, especially if made alone and with some definite purpose, the feeling of terror becomes replaced by a peculiar fascination, and an almost unappeasable longing to penetrate farther and farther into the unknown depths. Then the mortal remains lying so quietly in their several niches—martyrs many of them, and surrounded by the most expressive and touching symbols of the faith they died for—soon lose their repulsiveness ; and the grim figures pictured on the walls that have kept their watch there century after century, seem to include you in their protecting influence, while the continual repetition of the Christian hope of the resurrection, pictured and symbolized in every conceivable form and in every available space, imparts an air of sanctity to the place that soon dispels all vain fears and imaginings.

The distance under the Campagna to which these subterranean cemeteries extend has never yet been ascertained. Within the last few years many apparently distinct series of them have been discovered outlying the Eternal City in every direction ; but whether they be really distinct, or whether they communicate with each other, is uncertain, as the ramifications are so countless—not only on one level, but in stories underlying one another—and so many of them are impenetrable on account of having fallen in, or of being filled with water, that no successful attempt has yet been made to follow them to their extremities.

These excavations were originally distinct from each other. It would appear to have been a custom, in the second century, amongst the earliest Christians in Italy, to

celebrate their holidays by visiting the newly decorated and consecrated subterranean cemeteries. On one of these occasions, when a large crowd of persons had entered to celebrate a festival of the Church, it occurred to the ruling authorities that the opportunity might be advantageously used to lessen by so many the troublesome population of the new faith. Accordingly, a number of huge stones were brought, and the entrance built up and rigidly guarded till such time as it was impossible that any of the unfortunate prisoners could be still living.

To guard against a repetition of such an act, various apertures were made to afford secret means of escape. Many of these places of exit still exist, and are notified to the visitor by the faint ray of blue light which occasionally finds its way into the darkness beneath, and to the pedestrian in the Campagna above by the numberless doubtful-looking holes, for the most part filled with rubbish, that are sure to be met with in any direction within the compass of an ordinary walk. Often these secret passages were made to debouch in the private houses of some notable Christian, or into one of the buildings set apart for Christian worship. As in most instances these places have remained consecrated under some form till the present day, it is no uncommon thing to find in the crypts of churches or in the cellars of convents, doorways now walled up, but which once formed entrances to the subterranean labyrinths.

It is to one of these walled-up doorways that Antonio's story principally refers.

On the south-eastern skirts of the modern Roman City, nearly at the top of the Esquiline Hill, stands the church of St. Prassede. Few Christian edifices in Rome possess such interesting associations as this small and unpretending building. The saint to whom it is dedicated was one of the two daughters of a senator of the name of Pudens, mentioned by St. Paul as sending his greetings to Timothy. There is no reason to doubt that the present church is the very house once inhabited by the Christian family, as in the year 330, or thereabouts, the mother of Constantine caused the walls of the building, which, though still standing, was hastening to decay, to be encased in the more massive structure of the new church ; consequently it is no stretch of probability to



assume the truth of the tradition, that within these walls, Paul, Timothy, and (if he were ever at Rome) Peter also, were frequent guests. We will find no theory on the relics shown in the sacristy — such as the handkerchief of one of the young ladies on which St. Peter drew the portrait of our Lord, nor of the two molar teeth which, according to the sacristan, one of the apostles left behind him there. What we have more particularly to do with is the old walled-up doorway, with the huge cross on it, in the dark crypt under the high altar. This crypt was evidently at one time a cellar to the ancient house, into which debouched one of the secret entrances to the Catacombs, affording easy means of escape either from the city above during times of persecution, or from the excavations below, as occasion might require. On the walls may still be seen monuments and inscriptions to persons who must have been buried there during the first three centuries of our era. At one extremity of the crypt will be seen the door in question, now strongly built up, and with a huge cross impressed in the superficial stucco.

For a long period the subterranean excavations behind the crypt had enjoyed the worst of reputations on account of the unearthly noises that were occasionally heard there. The racings, the scamperings, the moaning, and the yellings could (according to the highest and most venerable of the Roman authorities) proceed from no other source than the Evil One and his coadjutors. These noises were not a mere matter of legend. Scarcely a man, woman, or child in the vicinity but had heard them with their own veritable ears; and, according to Antonio, a special service of exorcism had been adopted in the ritual of the church above to meet the occasions as they might arise. Notwithstanding the cloud of witnesses that could testify to these supernatural sounds, the city contained some sceptics, and amongst them none more determined than the excellent Father S., the professor of the Roman College.

Father S. is a man with a European celebrity; it is not generally known that the observatory of the Roman College is one of the best in Europe, and the excellence of its apparatus is mainly owing to the mechanical genius of the worthy padre. One dark wet

Wednesday in November, just at the conclusion of the last morning mass, strange sounds were heard behind the walls of the crypt, and more especially at the back of the walled-up door. Gasps, scampering, yellings, then a cessation; and again a repetition of the same unearthly noises, with increased vehemence. Sometimes they would seem to die away gradually in the extreme distance, and then again come rushing close to the door, as if a whole legion of the enemy were keeping their jubilee there. The approach from the body of the church to the crypt is by an open passage down a wide flight of steps, immediately in front of the high altar, and is arranged so that the walled-up door, and indeed nearly the whole of the subterranean apartment, is visible from the top of the steps. The greater part of the congregation retired somewhat precipitately to the doors on first hearing the mysterious noises. Some, however, of the more venturesome (for the most part women from the Trastevere) might be seen leaning over the balusters, while the officiating priest and his attendant descended to perform the special service appointed for the occasion. At first the ceremony seemed to take effect, inasmuch as the noises certainly became less loud as it proceeded, and there is no knowing how far the enemy might have been pacified, had not an essential part of the service consisted of the rather violent ringing of an unfortunate bell, the sound of which had the immediate effect of increasing the demoniac uproar to such a degree, that the remaining portion of the service was got through as fast as might be, and priests, acolytes, bells and all, sought refuge with rather undignified speed in the sacristy; the greater part of the congregation locating themselves in places near the church doors, convenient for a start when the occasion might arise to resort to one.

In the course of the morning the tidings reached the ears of the sceptical padre of the Roman College, who, whatever doubts he might still entertain, thought, like a practical man, that in going to hear for himself, he might as well take with him a crowbar, pickaxe, and two assistants. Arrived at the scene of the disturbance, he found that not a moment's doubt could exist as to the noises. The scramblings, the scamperings, and the yellings, were loud enough in all conscience.



The sacristan from the body of the church above suggested another exorcism, but the padre preferred the crowbar and the pickaxe, and finding that the workmen he had brought with him had disappeared, he took off his cloak, tucked up his sleeves, and went to work manfully himself, making the vault re-echo with his blows. This operation, while it had the effect of abating the mysterious noises behind, still further thinned the audience above, as by far the greater part of those that had remained peering over the balusters improved their position by retreating to the doors. I say "to the doors," but the expression is not perhaps strictly accurate, as 'after a few moments' subsidence of the disturbance the assembly might be seen creeping cautiously, and by slow degrees, into the body of the church, till some sudden scream, or even a quick motion on the part of those on the top of the steps, would send them in an instant into the street.

The padre continued his blows with unabated energy, and in a few minutes the persons who still remained watching vociferated to the others that the very head and claws of the Evil One were actually to be seen protruding through an aperture in the door, and in one moment more these persons scampered away to the others, exclaiming that a whole troop of the enemy had dashed through the opening, tore the padre to pieces, and were at that moment in full career into the church. Immediately the entire assembly took to flight along the narrow streets of the adjacent suburra, uttering frantic shouts of "Un miracolo!" "Un miracolo!" "Il diavolo e gli suoi angeli!" and (according to Antonio's

account) in full speed behind them, yelling and screaming, came tearing an entire swarm of the legionaries of Satan.

As the chase continued, the flying people became fewer and fewer by taking refuge in their several habitations, and in eight or ten minutes the "legionaries of Satan" had it all to themselves, continuing their career (according to the same unquestionable authority) till they arrived at the place where the English kept their hounds, and, with a tremendous yell, leaping over the gate, disappeared in the kennels.

Antonio's story leaving some physiological questions still unsolved in my dark Protestant mind, I inquired in a quarter likely to be informed of the matter by the padre himself.

I learnt that on the morning in question a party of English left the city by the Lateran gate on a hunting excursion in the Campagna. A fox was found about eight miles distant, but after a sharp run of three miles, fox, dogs, and all disappeared down one of the numerous holes leading to the Catacombs. The occurrence not being an unusual one, the hunt waited for some time expecting them to reappear up some other aperture; but, after remaining a greater part of the day, they returned to the city, to find that the dogs (seven, at least, out of the thirteen that had disappeared) had found their way through the dark and unknown passages, guided solely by their instinct, to the door in the crypt, where they were liberated, as we have seen, by the sceptical ecclesiastic.

**RAIN FOLLOWING THE DISCHARGE OF ORDNANCE.**—Some curious data respecting this phenomenon have been collected by Mr. J. C. Lewis. He states that in October, 1825, he took note of a very copious rain that immediately followed the discharge of ordnance during the celebration of the meeting of the waters of Lake Erie and the Hudson upon the completion of the Erie canal; and in 1841 he published continuous observations on the subject which seemed to establish the fact that the discharge of heavy artillery at contiguous points produces such a concussion that the vapor collects and falls generally in unusual quantities the same day or the day following. The early battles of

the late war between France and Austria were succeeded by such copious rains that even small rivers were not fordable; and during the great battle of Solferino, a storm arose of such fierceness that for the time the conflict ceased. Within the last month or so McClellan's columns on the Upper Potomac fought four different battles on as many days, and there were extensive rains before the close of each day. On July 21st, the battle of Bull Run was fought, and the next day the rain was copious all day and far into the night. A more exact and extensive collection of such data as these may lead to important results, both in theory and practice.—*London Review.*



From Once a Week.

# AN ELECTROTYPE WEDDING.

EVERYBODY has heard, or should have heard, of the kindly ritual called the "Golden Wedding," and of the more frequently performed ceremonial known as the "Silver Wedding." But if any one does not comprehend the meaning of these graceful observances, or the poetry which can be made to surround them, let him procure Miss Frederica Bremer's novel, "The Neighbors," and, when he has read it, let him send a well-expressed and becoming letter of thanks to the writer of these lines, for their having indicated a new pleasure.

The "Golden and Silver Weddings" are foreign inventions. Perhaps their meaning is more thoroughly understood in England than many smart persons imagine—perhaps the observances themselves, divested of the foreign ceremonial, are not neglected in happy old homes. But the folks who have heart for such things do not advertise their happiness, and in these days, unless a festival forms the subject of a penny-a-lining paragraph, it is not taken into account by many observers of national peculiarities. I do not think that an English husband and wife who, having shared the sorrows and joys of half-a-century, and with eyes a little dimmed by years, and a little by the overflowing of affectionate hearts, should revert to the memory of their bridal day, and with thankfulness, and some mingling of smiles and tears, should try to recall its incidents, amid a circle of loving children and grandchildren, would much care to read in the suburban journal that infests their neighborhood a paragraph like this:—

"A GOLDEN WEDDING.—Yesterday we had the distinguished pleasure of witnessing, or 'assisting at,' as our lively neighbors on the other side of the channel would say, one of those interesting festivities which, in the words of the immortal bard of Avon, 'cause our youth to be renewed like the eagle.' The *locus in quo*, if the ladies will forgive us for quoting from a classical author, was the delightful residence of Methusaleh Parr, Esquire, and known as Harmony Lodge, Wandsworth. The occasion was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding with the amiable and accomplished lady who has been his partner during the moiety of a century. The gardens of the lodge were tastefully decorated with garlands, and other

ornaments, from the world-famous establishment of Messrs. Flaunter and Gingle, and under a spacious tent, erected expressly by Mr. Paull, was laid out a handsome collation, at which, sooth to say, the 'troops of friends' who assembled were nothing loath to put in an early appearance, and to refresh the inner man with the delicacies so hospitably provided. When enjoyment had waited on appetite, and, let us hope, health on both, an old friend of the family, a gentleman resident not a hundred miles from Araminta Road, Bermondsey, rose to propose the toast of the day, it is needless for us to add, the United Healths of Mr. and Mrs. Parr. The orator's speech was all that could possibly be desired, and if its touching pathos occasionally brought tears into the bright eyes of many a fair listener, melancholy was speedily dissipated by the sparkling wit with which the speaker relieved his discourse. The toast was honored with the most heartfelt enthusiasm. Mr. Parr, in returning thanks, was much affected, etc. etc."

No, a real Golden Wedding is held without the aid of our friend with the fluent pen. May many and many such a wedding, and *en attendant* (as he would write) many and many a Silver one be celebrated by those who are now contributing interesting paragraphs to the first column of the *Times*. And if they have chosen well, and time is kind to them, there is no reason why the bride and bridegrooms of this our November should not join affectionate hands in November, 1886, and even November, 1911, and on every day in the meantime.

But as it is the fashion of the day to use imitations in lieu of realities, as Mr. \*\*\*\* is accepted as a divine, and Mr. \*\*\*\* as a poet, and Mr. \*\*\*\* as a critic, and Lord \*\*\*\* as a statesman (it is of no use to count these stars, I don't mean anybody in particular, and I hope I am too great a Sham myself to wish to give offence), and as we have false shirt fronts and paper collars, and as we dye our wigs, and smile on everybody whom we detest, and pretend to feel genial at Christmas, and call on friends when we know they are out, and cordially thank bores for sending us their bad books, and rave about the opera which we would give a guinea not to go to, and manœuvre for cards entitling us to be crushed on the third step from the hall when Mrs. St. Bullion is At Home, and send sovereigns to charities whose secretary has the sense to be very careful in advertising



his receipts, and offer mugs and medals to Volunteer shots, now that the shooting is so capitably reported, and stay in London when we would rather go to the sea, and go to Brighton when we would rather stay in London, and deliver lectures when we have nothing to say, and applaud lectures when the teacher has nothing to teach, and rejoice when Biggings, whom we hate, comes into a legacy, which we expected, and do all the rest of the wise and sincere things which wise and sincere cynics (like myself) think it caustic and clever to enumerate,—I say, if we do all this, why should we not borrow the Golden Wedding notion, but adapt it to the tone of the society that comports itself as above depicted? It would only be adding another sham to a very long list, and I think the addition might be rather a pleasant one.

Silver and gold have we none, but we may go in for Electrotpe. Joseph Surface has epigrammatized upon the value “of sentimental French plate,” and Joseph was a wise man, though Sheridan, who was a witty man, thought it necessary, for theatrical purposes, to make him exhibit himself, in the hour of trial, as such an ass as the real Mr. Surface never would have proved. Let us avail ourselves of his hint, I say, and electrotpe the interesting ceremonial so charmingly described by Miss Bremer. Who will come with me to an Electrotpe Wedding? I can take you, but you must dress yourself very nicely. No studs? Ah, but you must get some beautiful studs, or I cannot think of introducing you, and those sleeve links are very paltry. Here is the Burlington Arcade, and here are five shillings for you. A gentleman must wear jewelry; how else is he to be distinguished from the lower orders?

Just in time, I declare. Lunch at three, that noble-looking butler said. Butler, my dear boy, he is as much our friend Lacquerby Veneer’s butler, as you are, but he is very well got up, and wears a benevolent smile, specially invented for the day—generally he is austere polite, while sober. Attention to trifles is sneered at by fools, but is the evidence of true art. Let us go up-stairs. What a nice party, and, like the butler who is not a butler, they have all put on a genial, wedding-day smile. Mr. and Mrs. Lacquerby Veneer were married this day twenty-five years (it was in 1836; do the sum now, it may not be so easy after cham-

pagne), and so they are going to keep an Electrotpe Wedding.

Lorenzo, to discriminate is just, and, Lorenzo, or whatever your name is, my valued and intimate friend, if you are going to laugh in the wrong place, or, indeed, to laugh at all on a sacred and touching occasion like this, you had better go away. Because, though the Veneers ask me to their parties, inasmuch as I am a pleasing man and know some Lords, I am not strong enough with them to run any risks. And I love them, and should be sorry to lose the two *good* dinners which Veneer gives during the season—the others I am unfortunate enough to be unable to accept. So behave yourself properly, and I will introduce you to pretty Miss Flora Veneer, but don’t lose your heart, because you have no money, and *entre nous*, Miss Flora will have none. I know that as a family friend and in confidence, mind, but young Archibald Rolleston, who is spoonifying there, thinks she will have £10,000, and would have a right to think so if the City thought better of Madagascar Central Convertibles. Archy Rolleston is awfully hard up, and his cousin Walter Rolleston, who comes here, knows all about it, and if it were not that of course cousinly affection compels him to keep the secret, Walter could settle Archy’s business with one shrug. There is nothing serious, therefore, and you may go and flirt if you like, but remember Madagascar. It is an island in the Indian ocean, and when there are silver mines in it, and they pay, Lacquerby Veneer will be a rich man, if he has not been obliged to pawn his shares in the meantime.

But here comes papa, rubbing his white hands gently. Handsome rings, Lorenzo, and none of *your* Burlington Arcade rubbish, but real. They were nearly all Testimonials, and that massive gold, real gold chain was a testimonial. He is a good man? Why, of course he is. Do you think I would bring you to the house of any but a good man? But his goodness has no exact bearing on that jewelry, because he belongs to a Testimonial Association—why, of course it’s secret, but I know it as a family friend, and in confidence, mind—and the members present one another with elegant things, and make elegant speeches—you should have seen Veneer cry when they gave him that watch, and sob out that every beat of his



heart was responsive to its ticking. He is a good-looking man; very, I think. Virtue and goodness keep the countenance pleasant, and he is only fifty, at least he says so, though I know somebody who heard him incautiously mention that he was taken as a boy to see Mr. Pitt's funeral, and Pitt died—of course you young fellows don't know when, but it was in 1805, and Lacky Veneer must have been five years old then, if he was taken to see a funeral. But perhaps he told a story, or perhaps he was tipsy, and did not know what he was saying; let us be charitable. He does not look much more than fifty, does he? O, never mind the crow's feet and the hard lines; is that the way to look at a man on his wedding-day? Be charitable, Lorenzo, I tell you; I dare say you will have hard lines and crow's feet when you have been a humbug for thirty or forty years, like Mr. Lacquerby. Let me introduce you. Signor Lorenzo—Mr. Veneer. Only too happy, my dear Mr. Veneer, to be the humble means of making two gentlemen acquainted who ought to know one another. But you are an impostor, Lacquerby, and Mrs. Lacquerby there, is another. Twenty-five years—don't talk such nonsense to us; ten, or if you insist upon it, twelve, not an hour more. Neither of you looks it, and so do not attempt for the first time in your life, to deceive your friends. Ha! ha! Meet again below? Certainly, I trust so, ha! ha! Yes, that is Sir Habakkuk Zephaniah; pray go and speak to him, Mr. Veneer. We'll meet again below.

I don't know what *he* means, Lorenzo, but I mean in the dining-room. Is he not a pleasant fellow? Why did I call you Signor? Because Lorenzo is a ridiculous name, and I am not going to be ridiculous. Who gave you that name? I did. Very well, then, I have a right to give you another. Besides, I have made you an Italian, and the girls will be delighted to know you; only keep up the character, and say and look things which you would not dare to say and look as an Englishman—they won't mind. I'll say you were private secretary to the Queen of Naples, and dismissed because the King was jealous of your good looks, and would have served you Rizzio fashion, only that you hid yourself in a bomb, and were shot into the bay. They'll believe anything a foreigner tells them. Besides they don't know what

a bomb is. Their father does, I believe. Now then, let us speak to Mrs. Lacquerby, if we can get near her; we ought to have done so at first, but we must tell her that we vainly tried to break into the circle of congratulations.

You don't like her, Signor? Will you hold your tongue? You are bound to like her, you are going to have a capital lunch at her table presently. Why don't you like her? Her voice is false, and her smile is false, and she is a humbug. Very rude observations, Signor, and, as I have before had occasion to remark, you ought to be charitable. She always detested Veneer, Signor, and now she despises him. She was made to marry him, instead of a young surgeon in the army, whom she liked, and had to give up because Lacquerby Veneer was a bouncing, bump-tious man, who made her parents think she was marrying Golconda, with California for a country-seat. But she might have learned to like him,—almost any woman can be made to like almost any man, unless the man is an utter humbug. Then she gets to despise him, and that is not so well. She might even have borne that, if his humbug had been a success, and he had been a good fellow with it. But it was not. He has only pretended to succeed, and has, all his life, been struggling to keep up appearances. She ought to have helped him! Of course she ought, and did, although his temper was brutal, and he treated her with vulgar coarseness. She did help him, and is helping him now, and that's the reason she speaks in that speech, and smiles with that smile. She has had to keep the peace with Lacquerby Veneer for five-and-twenty years, and how was she to avoid becoming a humbug, poor thing! You are an uncharitable Italian, Signor, and deserved to be blown out of the bomb. But wait until you have had your lunch, and then you may think better of her.

Want to go? Nonsense. You *must* remain, Lorenzo—do you wish to get me into a scrape, when I have told you, in all the sacred confidence of friendship, that I want to stand well with the Veneers? Besides, I should like to introduce you to Miss Flora. You don't like the look she is giving young Rollestone. Stuff—go and make her give the same sort of look to you, or a kinder. She will, on small provocation, for she is an awful flirt. Don't be afraid of the family—if Flora takes



you under her wing it will be all right—she has a deuce of a temper, and is the only member of the household of whom her father is thoroughly afraid. She scratches the gilt off the gingerbread, *sans cérémonie*, I can tell you, and when he puts her monkey up, that excitable quadrumane bites. You don't care about knowing her. Well, then, look at her sister, the mild beauty, Miss Isabella. Are you religious—I hope you are, Lorenzo—well, by a curious coincidence, so is she. You should hear the disturbance she makes, if her brother Charley there dares to bring out “Bell's Life” on a Sunday, and how she explains to him that he is a heathen without hope in this world or the next, and the still greater disturbance she makes if the carriage is not ready to take her off to afternoon service at S. Polycarp's. You do not like her either? Here, speak to Charley Veneer as he passes. They call him a good fellow, but his father does not think him so, simply because the young fellow has elegant tastes, will not do anything, and spends eight times his allowance. Fathers have flinty hearts. Well, Charles, a great day for the family. Let me introduce my friend, Signor Lorenzo. Ha! ha! very good indeed, Charley. What did he say, Signor. I laughed, but didn't catch it? Asked if you were any relation to Lorenzo de Medicine. Ha! ha! Not a bad shot for a young fellow who reads “Bell's Life.” Resides, it showed a readiness to be friendly. When good feeling prompts the joke a man is heartless indeed who criticizes it—remember that sentiment; it will be very useful if you ever drop to be a freemason or churchwarden, or anything in the after-dinner line.

A bustle, signifying that we are to descend. Let a good many of the party go ahead, and then we shall get near the door, and can escape when you will. Dear, dear, how touching! See, Signor. Besause it is a wedding-day observance, Mr. Lacquerby Veneer takes Mrs. Lacquerby Veneer under his arm, and down they go together, like bridegroom and bride, and will sit side by side I bet, just as they did on the day in 1836, when the girl who had been Rosa Clare early that morning hated James Veneer (the Lacquerby prefix came later, to obliterate some recollections of a composition with creditors), and did not despise him as Rosa Veneer now does. Yet there is a gracious, proud, matronly look at

the other matrons and the maidens, as she goes out. He does not act nearly so well, and yet at the moment he half believes that he is not half a bad fellow. Next comes Sir Habbakuk Zephaniah with Miss Flora—Rollestone offered his arm, but she took the city knight—Archy's cousin has peached, that's clear. Sir Habbakuk is not an elegant person, and his aspirates are capricious—what's that he is saying about leaving his at in the awl? but if he can't put in an H in the right place, he can a young fellow who wants a situation, and he is here because Charley must be taken care of. The Reverend Tinius Mewler follows with Miss Isabella, but that's nothing, Signor, if you are Isabellically inclined; the reverend man knows all about the family, and has his eye elsewhere. Mr. Whistleton and Mrs. Bob Parry—widow and widower—and she'd have him if she could, but she can't, because he knew poor Bob Parry, and the home tyranny suffered by him, and that another friend, Clover (here he comes, making Miss Dolmantle laugh wickedly), said that if Parry took laudanum, the verdict would be Justifiable Parrycide. Clover and Miss Dolly, aforesaid—that is a pretty girl, Signor, and Clover might do worse, and will, for it's his way. Don't say red hair, at least not until she has gone by, for she is a vain little thing, and likes to get men into squabbles about her. Next comes Mr. Katter Feltoe, the great traveller (at least he says he has travelled a great deal, but Professor Knowing doesn't believe a word about those web-footed bisons which Mr. K. F. discovered in Mesopotamia), and he is telling some traveller's story to handsome, large, white, stupid Mrs. Shoulders, who does not care a farthing about it, and does not know whether the Lebanon is in Spain or Seringapatam, but very much wants to get near Mrs. Bob Parry to see whether that noble lace is what it looks. Now we'll go down, as all the good places will be filled up, my Lorenzo.

Have you not had a good lunch, Italian, and is not the table elegant, with its plate, and its flowers, and its glass, and all the pretty things upon it? And the ladies are dressed very well, and laugh very pleasantly, do they not? And the wine is very good—now, don't be a humbug, for I have seen you take four glasses of champagne. I knew all would be done well, and there sits Rosa



Veneer by the side of her lord—they take wine together affably enough (yes, knock the table, Signor, we all will. Ah! bravo! brava! that's right), and, perhaps, she is not thinking of the day when he threw the glass of wine in her face, and swore at her, or why. Do you see what is before them? A wedding-cake, and he puts the knife into her hand that she may cut the first piece—how courteously he hands it.—I wonder whether that is the knife they say he threatened to throw at her on her birthday, eleven years back—pass me that bottle, I want to bow to her. Ha! now for some oratory. Who's the friend of the family?

Sir Habbakuk did it pretty well, Signor, didn't he? Talked about the heart too much, considering that he dropped two out of the five letters, and he should not have thrown his eyes on the ham, just as he spoke of hambition. But it was all very well, and I suppose they have nailed him for Master Charley, by that allusion to the appiness of promoting the hupward path of your friend's children. I rather like Sir Habbakuk Zephaniah, and if he asks me to dinner I shall go.

And now for the reply. Up riseth James Lacquerby Veneer. Not bad, the struggle to speak—not bad, the hydraulic business; can you see whether there is really water there?—touched his eyes sllily with a drop of champagne, perhaps—an artist is known in trifles, as I have said.

Here we *do* want the penny-a-liner. Here really is paragraph talk. Penny-a-lining, *in excelsis*, is the oratory of such as Lacquerby Veneer. Come along, Signor Lorenzo; we have had lunch enough, and we'll have a cigar in the park. You shall read the speech to-morrow—I saw a man taking notes, and I shall have a copy, printed on satin paper, and tied up with the cards of the happy couple; bless you, Veneer will not throw away a chance of getting himself talked about. You shall have my copy; I do not mean to insert it in my album of

reminiscences. I keep that for cards of invitation to the banquets of more awful swells than Veneer. Come along.

Spoke well—thanks, I have a light—spoke well? Certainly. Very neat indeed. I suspect the Reverend Mewler gave him some hints. “Five-and-twenty years tossing on the stormy ocean of life, yet ever anchored to the hearthstone of a happy home. Would gladly have spared his wife all the troubles, and have only shared the joys with her, but she was a strict arithmetician, and insisted on the fulfilment of her bargain. Ever tho first she was to see the haven of hope, but she never allowed the ship to drift. Wished every man such a wife, and had provided two such wives for two happy men, whenever they should descend from the skies and claim them. If his son were but half as fortunate as himself, he should feel his own happiness doubled. Life was not in the sear and yellow leaf; but honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,—those he rejoiced to say were his, and he would not say that he had deserved them, but would say that the dear partner of his life had done so. (Here he cried, I think.) They had never had a dispute, far less a quarrel, and if another five-and-twenty years should be granted them, the only increase of happiness he could desire for that period would be in the prattle of a third generation of Lacquerby Veneers.” Yes, my boy, he spoke very well, and you may give me another cigar, as this don't draw—it's one of those I keep, in a lovely embroidered case, for friends who call.

Yes, that might fairly be called an Electrotype Wedding. There are a good many such festivals. But they bear no proportion at all to the thousands of weddings where the real gold and silver come out, and where the words which are as free to hollow humbugs as to honest men express the real feelings of the heart. God bless the gold and silver, and multiply it. S. B.



From The Press.

### LIGHT THEORIES.

LIGHT travels down to us all the way from the Sun. So we are told. But being of a sceptical and rather heterodoxical turn of mind, we venture to dispute received opinions on this point. Of course, in a certain sense we fully admit that light travels all the way from the solar orb—else we should not see the sun. But this much must be said even of the remotest of the fixed stars which is visible to us by the help of Lord Rosse's huge telescope. We speak of the Daylight,—which now floods the clear autumn skies; and we ask if all that mass of light rays down to us through the abyss of vacancy which separates our planet from the sun? We venture to think that, instead of travelling nearly a hundred millions of miles, the immediate source and fountain of our daylight exists perhaps not more than fifty or a hundred miles from the surface of the earth. Our atmosphere, we presume it is admitted, consists of Air and Ether—the former being necessary to the propagation of Sound, the latter being the special medium of Light. Going beyond this, we hold that the ether is not only the medium for the transmission, but also a cause, and the immediate source to us, of our daylight. The air, composed of gases, comparatively heavy, is densest at the surface of the earth; the ether is purest and probably densest in the higher region, forming the outermost envelope of our planet. It is this ethereal envelope which, vibrating to the electric influence of the sun, produces the floods of light which make day on the surface of the earth.

If this be not true, consider what we are called upon to believe. According to the received opinion, which maintains that all the light of this world comes raying through space from the sun, the entire region of space inclosed within the orbit of the earth must be full of light as brilliant as our noon-day radiance. Nay, much more so: for, if the rays of light travel from the sun in the manner commonly believed, increasing rapidly as the distance from the sun diminishes, then the whole region of space through which the inferior planets Venus and Mercury move ought to be a-blaze with dazzling light. But such, as any one may see, is not the case. If we stand behind a huge pillar

while a Bude light shines full upon the other side of it, we may be in darkness where we stand (and will be so unless there be objects around to reflect back the light to us), but we will see streams of light passing through the air on either side of us. Such streams of light we ought (if the received opinion were correct) to see by night through the telescope, or with the naked eye, passing on either side of the Earth, raying out from the Sun to the more distant planets. But we do not see any such phenomenon. The interplanetary spaces are full, not of light, but of darkness.

Whence, then, comes the light of the earth? We answer,—Mediately from the Sun, immediately from the Earth itself. There is a flux and reflux, an interaction, of influence between the sun and the earth; and this action manifests itself, among other ways, by vibrations in the ether-sphere which surrounds our planet, producing light. There is a certain cosmical influence, which we may call electric, which passes between the sun and earth,—but that influence is not light. It does not become Light till it acts upon the ethereal envelope of the earth, no more than the same influence becomes Heat till it has reached the lower and gaseous portion of our atmosphere. As we rise in a balloon, or ascend the highest mountains, the light is as brilliant as ever, or more so; but heat diminishes, because the atmosphere, the gaseous element without which heat cannot be developed, is growing thinner. The same principle applies to the generation of light. Both light and heat are different phenomena produced by the same cosmical influence acting upon different media. Air is the fuel without which the cosmical influence may be present (as in the upper region of the sky), yet there is no heat. Ether is the luminiferous medium, without which (as in the insterstellar spaces) the cosmical influence may pass and repass, yet there is no light. The ether, then, which surrounds the earth is actually a photosphere—a sea of purest matter, whose vibrations send down upon us the Daylight, and, mingling with the atmosphere below, produce the warmth of the sunshine. As the vibrations are produced by the action of the sun, it is the portion of the ether-sphere next the sun which necessarily vibrates most; and thus Daylight goes round the



Earth's side ever following the sun,—as we see it does, but not for the reason commonly believed. We repeat: an *influence* comes from the sun (or, more strictly, is interchanged between the sun and earth), but that influence is not Light save where it passes through earth's ether-sphere,—and is not Heat till, in addition, it passes through the gaseous atmosphere.

We say the same of all the planets. Ay, and of both sun and planets. Astronomers have begun to speculate very busily, about the photosphere of the sun, and the idea has been hesitatingly thrown out that possibly, underneath all that flaming envelope, people may live and a world exist something like our own. We entertain no doubt about it. We are sorry to see some great names recently indulging in very opposite hypotheses; some of them denying that there is a photosphere around the sun at all,—others giving out that the sun must be a molten liquid mass, or perhaps of substance little more compact than a comet. For our own part, we entertain no doubt that ere long all such ideas will be relegated to the limbo of antiquated and ignoble vanities. We go further. We maintain that EVERY PLANET IS LUMINOUS. Also that, speaking roughly, they are luminous in proportion to their size; or, more correctly, in proportion to their *mass*, and power of attraction. Upon our principle that all matter rays off electricity and light, does not the sun's mere immensity of bulk account for his apparent monopoly of power and light? He is reckoned nearly 1,400,000 times larger than the earth,—certainly he is 355,000 times heavier: if then the Earth and Sun give out light each simply in proportion to its mass, the light of the former compared to that of the latter must be fainter than a rushlight held up in the blaze of the sunshine. Everything is comparative. There is light even at night for animals whose eyes are more absorbent of light than ours; and the stars shine all the day long, although we cannot see them for the far superior blaze of the sun. Even so the planets have each a phosphorescence of their own, although so feeble that hitherto no note has been taken of it.

## II.

But it may be said—"Even granting what you say—even granting that light does not

proceed from the sun all the way out to the planets, and that it is generated in an ether-sphere which surrounds each of them; still the light is not truly theirs,—it is caused by the action of the sun." We have granted that, in a certain sense. We have said that it is mainly due to an influence proceeding from the sun: but we did so with a qualification. We have said that, strictly speaking, it is due not wholly to the influence of the sun, but rather to a mutual interaction between sun and planet. Owing to the immense size of the Sun, his part in the mutual action is 355,000 times greater than that of the Earth: nevertheless the Earth has her influence too, small though it be. And when we come to the larger planets, such as Jupiter and Saturn, the difference, though still enormous, is lessened. What, then, we maintain is, that the Sun owes his apparent (not real) monopoly of generating light, heat, and electricity not (speaking roughly,) to any peculiarity in the constitution of his orb, but simply to his superior size. We maintain that each of the planets as truly (though, from inferior size, more feebly) generates light, heat, and electricity as the sun itself. The volume, or apparent size, of the sun is about five hundred and fifty, and its mass, or actual attractive power, fully seven hundred and fifty times greater than those of all the planets put together. Is not this sufficient to explain the difference? Take a magnet of the largest size—then take another six hundred times less, and sever it into a dozen pieces, and place those pieces at varying distances around the large one: what will be the result? Will not the action of the large magnet upon the others be so overpowering that, to appearance, it will be the sole force in action? Will it not so control the motions of the others that they will seem to have no power of their own? And yet they have identically the same kind of power as the large magnet, only lesser in degree. Even such, we maintain, is the relation between the sun and the planets. Each member of our solar system alike has a power of generating light, heat, and electricity. Each planet, too, acts upon its neighbors (by attraction, etc.) just as the sun does; and they all together act upon the sun. The sun, in fact, could not maintain its brightness without them, any more



than they could have light and heat without the sun.

Thus we see that the sun is not the sole source of Force in our planetary system, and only appears to be so from its superior size. So that the current notion among men of science (which we lately heard elaborately expounded before a learned society) that the sun, being the sole fountain of Force, is yearly exhausting himself, and that in future ages the supply of heat, etc., to the planets will become so greatly diminished, that they will be reduced to the forlorn condition of men shivering and trying to warm themselves at a dying fire—is all moonshine. The life of our planetary system does not all proceed from the sun, but is the result of a mutual action between each and all. The planets give, in proportion as they receive. If the sun gives out the most Force, he also (by all the planets and comets approaching him by turns) receives the most. According to the current theory, if there were one planet less in our system, it would be better for the others, seeing that the sun's force would not be so soon exhausted. According to our view, the result would be a diminution in the Life-power of the whole system.

### III.

But these views of ours, if correct, throw important light on a question which lately was keenly discussed, and which certainly is a very interesting one. We mean the question as to the plurality of worlds. A book has been written by a man of mark, titled "Are there more Worlds than One?" who has answered that question in the negative. According to the writer, Earth holds the supreme place in the planetary system. The Sun exists simply to make Earth comfortable, and the planets around us are so many grand and curious orbs created for our inspection and contemplation. The grand argument by which this theory is supported is the received belief that, since light and heat proceed from the sun in a ratio which diminishes as the square of the distance, the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury, must be so hot that water would boil and some metals be in a state of fusion; whereas the superior or outer planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—must be so cold that human life, or any kind of life existing on our planet, could not maintain itself. Our views, how-

ever, if correct, not only prove the falsity of this position, but tend to establish the very opposite. Thus:—

The most casual observer must be struck with the fact, that the smaller planets are nearest to the sun, and that the large ones and those attended by satellites are the most remote. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, are near the sun; Jupiter is nearly three and a half times more distant than Mars; and Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are respectively about six, thirteen, and twenty-one times more distant than this outmost of the smaller planets. Now, if, as we maintain, the light and heat of each planet are not dependent *merely* upon its distance from the sun, but also upon its own size, it follows that the larger size of the outer planets will in an approximate degree counterbalance their greater distance from the Central Orb. If the current theory were true, the light and heat of the sun must be so diminished before they reach Jupiter as to be only one-twenty-fifth of what they are here; so that the inhabitants of that magnificent planet would experience darkness and cold like that of an Arctic night. If, on the other hand, the view which we propose be the true one, then Jupiter, though fully five times Earth's distance from the sun, being three hundred and forty times greater in mass than the Earth, will compensate the diminished influence of the sun by its own great power of evolving light and heat. So, also, in lesser degree with Saturn and Neptune, large as it is, may be attended by rings and satellites which as yet we have failed to discover, but which will aid in compensating his great distance from the central orb.

Possibly there may be more planets than have yet been discovered,—yet it seems as if the present grand autocracy of the sun could not co-exist if there were many more than we know of. Nor let it be supposed that the Sun, comparatively stable as he is, is free from those variations of condition which the planets undergo. The planets are ever varying their positions relatively to the sun, and thereby influence his condition. For example, if all the planets were to be (as they have been and will be again) at the same time in one line, thus:—

\*   .   .   .   .   \*   \*   \*   \*

SUN   M.   V.   E.   M.   J.   S.   U.   N.

In such a case, the whole stipulating power



of the planets would play only upon one side of the sun, and the other side would probably be as much in darkness as Earth is at night. Indeed, as each planet would then intercept the influences of those further off—just as the moon cuts off from us the action of the sun—would not the great Sun himself suffer in a modified degree the effects of an eclipse?

## IV.

One word in addition. Good reader! you see the moonlight shining all around you in these clear frosty nights with silvery brightness: and savans tell you that this is caused by the sun's rays (those rays which we are told pass all the way hither from the sun, though we can't see them!) being reflected by the surface of the moon. Do you believe it? And if so, what do you think the moon is made of since its surface is so exquisite a reflector? Polished steel?—or quick-silvered glass? Earth is to the Moon what the Moon is to the Earth, only much larger and brighter. Well, then, choose the very clearest, brightest, and most dazzling day in the whole year, and look about you on the illuminated surface of our globe: does it shine as the moon shines? Or ascend a mountain, the higher the better, and look down upon the valleys and woods and fields below you. Do they dazzle you as the moon does? Do not rather the greens and browns of the land and the blue of the sea come up to you faint and pale in hue, and in no respect whatever resembling a splendid blaze of pure white light? Instead of the faint hues which you see being able to penetrate two hundred and forty thousand miles through space to the moon, you feel that another mile further up, or the slightest possible haze, would obscure them altogether. How, then, does this dull earth of ours shine and sparkle radiantly like the moon or our sister planets? Is it by the light which is reflected from our ploughed fields and grassy hills—from our vast dark forests or sandy deserts? By no means. When we look at the moon in these brilliant nights, it is not light reflected from its solid surface that we see,—but from its ethereal surface, vibrating and sparkling under the far-reaching cosmical influence of the sun.

And this brings us to another point. The Moon is so near to us that we can discern

with ease her solid surface of hill and dale, sea-like plains, and yawning craters: but can we see the actual surface of the other planets? We may perhaps get glimpses of the solid body of Mars: but in regard to almost all the other planets, all that we really discern is their shining photospheres. Hence we mistake their bulk. We take them for larger than they really are. Hence, also, we necessarily miscalculate their density. Some of the planets, we are told, are only one-half or even one-eighth of the density of the Earth, and that the Sun himself is composed of substance only one-fourth as solid and as full of cosmical power as the Earth. We do not believe this. Doubtless there may be variety in the constitution of the orbs of our solar system: but not to the startling extent at present believed. Which are the planets said to resemble our own in density? The smallest and nearest to us: in other words those where the illusory effect of the photosphere can lead us astray. Which are the planets said to be much lighter than ours? The large and remote ones, which their magnificent photospheres make to appear of much greater bulk than they really are. The greater the mass of sun or planet, the more distant will be the photosphere from the actual surface of the orb. Of which phenomenon the Sun himself is the most striking example: his vast photosphere, or brilliant crown of light, expanding far beyond his solid nucleus, and leading astronomers to imagine his real diameter greater and his density less than they actually are.

## V.

Let us end with a query. In our article on Comets (Sept. 14),\* we pointed out that Newton's system requires to be supplemented, and that a law of repulsion holds as prominent a place in the ongoing of the universe as does the law of Attraction. We showed that not only comets, but all the planets, are alternately attracted and repelled by the sun—moving, in obedience to this doublefaced principle of the universe, in orbits of various degrees of ellipticity. Is there not, then, some fact connected with this double or polar action which determines the obliquity of the earth's axis to the plane

\* *Living Age* No. 209. Page 207 of the last volume.



of her orbit, and the inclination at one time of the North pole at another of the South towards the great central orb of our system? During one half of Earth's course round the sun, we see the North pole incline to the sun, and in the other half the South pole,—with the periods of the vernal and autumnal equinox as transition-points, where the one pole begins to be repelled and the other attracted. On the 21st of September the south pole begins to incline towards the sun, and reaches its maximum of inclination towards the sun on 21st December; but thereupon, as the Earth reaches her perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, the South pole begins to be repelled. On the 21st of March the two poles are equidistant. Thereafter the North pole is nearest to the sun, and attains its maximum of inclination on 21st of June, immediately before Earth's aphelion,—thereafter falling away, till at the autumnal equinox the poles are again equidistant

from the sun, and the South pole once more becomes nearest to the solar orb. We see, then, that whenever the Earth reaches that part of her course which is most distant from the sun, the North pole begins to fall away from the sun, and the South pole to be gradually attracted towards it; and that when the earth has attained its greatest proximity to the solar orb, the South pole in turn begins to fall away. Do not these phenomena suggest facts in the constitution of our planet, and in its relations to the sun, which hitherto have escaped observation? Demonstrably, is there not some marked difference between the (we shall call it magnetic) condition of the two poles? And is it not solely to the operation of this hitherto unnoticed polar principle, or doublefaced law, of alternate Attraction and Repulsion that we ought to ascribe the variations of the seasons, which are produced by the poles inclining each in turn towards the Sun? R.

It may startle Englishmen, but I most positively and confidently say that England cannot match Upper Austria, I will not say for two hundred miles, but even for twenty. England, doubtless, has the first agriculture in the world; no other land grows as much produce comparatively with the powers of its soil; her cattle of every kind are absolutely unrivalled; and she has parks and country-houses which I in vain looked for here. But Upper Austria exhibits what England does not—a care of cultivation, an excellence of condition in farmhouse, farmyards, and cottages—a uniformity which, as far as I am aware, has no rival. The whole region looks as if it were a model farm, and the houses and buildings seem as if they were just fresh out of the carpenter's and painter's hands. I looked very keenly on both sides of the way, and I could not discover a single thatch which required repair, or a single piece of wood which required repainting, or a single head of land not carefully tilled to its extreme margin, or a single farmhouse that was not in perfect order. That is a sight which Upper Austria may safely challenge England to display. We know very well that it is impossible to go about England without seeing hovels in decay, cottages crying out for repairs, farmyards overflowing with slovenliness, fields presenting a disgraceful contrast to the skill and intelligence which its neighbors prove the country to possess. This is the remarkable point. Taken as a whole, English agriculture stands on a much higher level than the Austrian; but, also taken as a whole, Up-

per Austria shows a universal and uniform care and excellence, on its own basis, which England may envy, but does not imitate.—*Correspondent of the Press, Vienna, 31 Oct.*

THE Expediçao Scientifica, despatched by the Brazil Government to the northern province of Ceará, has returned to Rio de Janeiro, after having devoted two years to exploration and making collections. The appointed historian and ethnographer of the expedition, Senhor Gonçalves Dias, has not returned to Rio. Well used to the equatorial climate of the Amazon district, he has preferred to stay and continue his researches, especially on the Indians of those countries—a task for which he is thoroughly prepared, as he has proved by his work “*Dicionario da Lingua Tupy*,” (Leipzig, 1858). The head of the Expedition, and at the same time its zoölogist and botanist, Prof. Freire Allemão, has been fortunate enough to bring safely home all his collected materials; the natural philosopher and geologist of the party, S. Schüch de Capanema, however, had the mortification to find his meteorological, hypsometrical and geological notes, together with a great many photographic sketches, lost on their transport by water from Granja to Fortaleza. The result of the Expedition will soon be made public to the literary and scientific world.—*Athenæum*.



From The London Review, 23 Nov.  
CONDENSING GASES.

THE severe frost which lately set in, with every prospect of a recurrence from time to time, naturally directs the attention of scientific thinkers to the effects producible by intense artificial cold upon different substances. The most obvious action of cold is to condense gases and vapors to the liquid state, and to cause bodies in the latter condition to assume the solid form, and it has always been a matter of interest with chemists to ascertain whether substances which were ordinarily known as gases at the atmospheric temperature, would, under the influence of extreme cold, obey the same laws as steam, and become converted into either liquids or solids. On this subject some remarkable results have recently been obtained. The first who thoroughly investigated the subject of the liquefaction of gasses was Faraday. Between the years 1823 and 1844, this philosopher succeeded in condensing, by the united action of extreme cold and great pressure, most of the known gases into liquids, leaving, in fact, only six, namely: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbonic oxide, nitric oxide, and coal gas, which resisted the very powerful means which he employed to effect the desired result. The purified gases were first pumped into strong glass tubes, until in some cases a pressure of fifty atmospheres was obtained, the gas being compressed by mechanical means alone into 1-50th of its original bulk. Simultaneously with the action of the force-pump, the tubes containing the highly condensed gases were plunged into powerful freezing mixtures, formed of a mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether, in some instances placed in a vacuum under an air-pump, by which means temperatures were obtained as low as  $-106$  deg. Fahrenheit in the air, and  $-166$  deg. or  $-170$  deg. under the exhausted receiver.

These pressures and temperatures were found amply sufficient to condense all gases with the exception of those above named. Chlorine yielded very easily, becoming reduced to a limped fluid of a clear yellow color; sulphurous acid, and likewise cyanogen, ammonia, arsenuretted hydrogen, hydriodic acid, hydrobromic acid, euchlorine, and carbonic acid, were also condensed to the liquid state by means of the reduction of temperature alone, without any artificial in-

crease in pressure. When pressure was added to extreme cold, further results were obtained. Several other gases, such as fluoride of silicon, phosphuretted hydrogen, fluoride of boron, and nitrous oxide, were obtained liquid, and many of them frozen to solids. By employing a mixture of solid protoxide of nitrogen with bisulphide of carbon, and placing the bath under an exhausted receiver, M. Natterer succeeded in obtaining a temperature as low as  $220$  deg., but even then was unsuccessful in condensing oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen. These three bodies have since been subjected to every imaginable device whereby it was likely that their condensation could be effected, for not only was this desirable on purely scientific grounds, but their physical appearance in the liquid or solid form would be certain to throw considerable light upon their true positions in the scale of elementary bodies; there being good reason to suppose that hydrogen, and perhaps nitrogen, would prove to be metallic bodies: this could only be definitely ascertained by ocular observation. Some of the most recent results in this direction have just been obtained by Dr. Andrews, whose researches on ozone are well known to men of science.

This chemist is engaged at the present time in investigating the changes of physical state which occur when the non-condensable gases are exposed to the combined action of low temperatures and far greater pressures than they have ever before been submitted to. The compressed gases are always obtained in the capillary end of thick glass tubes, so that any change they might undergo could be observed. By making use of the elastic force of the gases evolved in the electrolysis of water as the compressing agent, the author actually succeeded in reducing oxygen gas to 1-300th of its volume at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. Dr. Andrews has since constructed an apparatus capable of effecting the compression by mechanical means, and obtains pressures which are only limited by the capability of the capillary glass tubes to resist them. The gases are furthermore exposed in their highly compressed state to a freezing bath, capable of reducing their temperature to  $-106$  deg. F. By this means atmospheric air was compressed to 1-370th of its original volume, and by the united action of pressure and intense cold it



was reduced to 1-675th, in which state its density was almost as great as that of water. Oxygen gas was reduced by pressure alone to 1-324th of its volume, and by the joint action of pressure and cold to 1-554th; hydrogen, by the united action of pressure and cold to 1-500th; and nitric oxide by pressure to 1-310th, and by pressure and cold to 1-680th. Notwithstanding these enormous pressures, none of the gases gave any signs of liquefaction, even at the greatest condensation. The amount of contraction was nearly proportional to the force employed, till the gases were reduced to from about 1-300th to 1-350th of their volume; but beyond that point they underwent little further diminution of volume from increase of pressure.

The reader will be reminded by these experiments of the efforts of Mr. Perkins to effect similar results; by exposing atmos-

pheric air to the pressure of upwards of 1,100 atmospheres he succeeded in compressing it to such a degree that a small portion of fluid appeared at the end of the compressed column. This fluid, however, did not wholly recover its gaseous state when the pressure was removed, and was therefore most likely water. It had no taste, and did not act upon the skin. Speaking of this experiment and its result, Professor Faraday says that it resembled water, but that if upon repetition it be found to be the product of compressed common air, then its fixed nature shows it to be a result of a very different kind to the ordinary liquefactions by pressure, and necessarily attended by far more important consequences.

We shall await with interest the publication of Dr. Andrews' further researches in this direction.

**SCULPTORS IN FLORENCE.**—The Florence correspondent of the *London Athenæum* says:—

"Among the Florentine sculptors and exhibitors, Hiram Powers, and the Englishman, Charles Francis Fuller, ought to have a prominent place. But the works exhibited by both of them have already been made known to the English public. The former has sent his Fisher Boy and his American, a bust of Proserpine and a portrait bust; the latter, his Castaway, a shipwrecked man on a raft hailing a distant sail, in bronze, and a portrait bust. But instead of writing to you of these, I will take this opportunity of mentioning two unfinished works, one in the studio of either sculptor, which will, I think, in the case of the American, and undoubtedly in the case of the Englishman, by far the younger artist of the two, be the finest work yet produced by either of them.

"In the case of Powers, the author of the Greek Slave, the Fisher Boy, and the America, this is saying a good deal; but, if I mistake not, the Eve Disconsolate, which now stands nearly finished in plaster, will be a greater favorite with the world than any one of his previous works. It is a peculiarity of Powers that, except for portrait busts, he discards the use of clay altogether, shaping his thought out of the plaster immediately, and working this substance with a file to a surface representing, with wonderful success, the tissue of the human skin. The Eve, not quite finished in the lower limbs, stands thus worked, and is as exquisite a statue as it can be when transferred to the marble. With a weight of unspeakable woe on her upturned features, which yet is borne with resignation, and with a total freedom from any melodramatic grimacing, she is pacing forth,

instinct with the twofold majesty of intense sorrow and matchless beauty. 'Why dost thou not speak to me, Mark?' Donatello is reported to have cried, as he looked up at the statue of the Saint on the wall of Or San Michele; and with at least as good reason might be asked of the Eve why she does not advance, so admirably is the idea of movement imparted to the figure. She is walking, and that with an inimitable grace and majesty which is the very poetry of motion, the *pose* and carriage of the beautiful creature suggesting to one the noiseless and majestic movement of the stem of a noble ship.

"It is a great pity that this grand work cannot be in the marble in time for our International Exhibition next year. But the English public may be quite sure of hearing more of Hiram Powers' new work."

**PILFERING** tourists having long since carried away all vestiges of the tombstone placed over the remains of Flora Macdonald, in the Isle of Skye, her grandson, Capt. J. Macdonald has given directions to have a new tombstone, of Italian marble, placed over her grave at Kilmuir. It is to bear the following inscription:—"In the histories of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whose memory this tablet is rendered sacred, and mankind will consider that in Flora Macdonald were united the calm heroic fortitude of a man, together with the unselfish devotion of a woman. Under Providence, she saved Prince Charles Edward Stuart from death on a scaffold, thus preventing the House of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."



From The New Monthly Magazine.  
THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.\*

KAUNITZ said, "It takes a hundred years to make a great man in Austria." Apropos of which *not* a Saturday Reviewer has affirmed that "Joseph II., with all his faults, was undoubtedly a great man;"—and has subjoined the query: "Will the modern Lower Empire live long enough to produce another?" †

It is to the influence of this same Kaunitz,—"who, like an evil spirit, ever attended him"—that Menzel attributes the contradiction apparent in Joseph's character, the intermixture of so much injustice with his most zealous endeavors to do right—for Joseph "evinced an utter want of feeling in his foreign policy" (alluding to Poland), and yet was, in his own dominions, the "greatest enthusiast for popular liberty and the greatest promoter of national prosperity that ever sat upon a throne." ‡ Maria Theresa died in 1780, and Joseph II. no sooner found himself sole sovereign than, as this historian describes it, he began a multitude of reforms,—with headlong enthusiasm attempting at once to uproot every ancient abuse and to force upon his subjects liberty and enlightenment. "Regardless of the power of hereditary prejudice, he arbitrarily upset every existing institution, convinced that he was promoting the real welfare of his subjects." His reforms extended to both church and state, and everywhere met the same opposition. That best of schoolmasters, Experience, but "whose school fees are so heavy," taught him, before he had done, the moral of our old dramatist's adage that

"Things rashly undertaken end as ill,  
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will." §

Taking into account his circumstances, position, and mental endowments, there was no monarch in Europe but this emperor, Schlegel maintains, whose mission it so eminently was to determine the great contest of the age, and with a strong hand to guide the changes now almost inevitable, in such a manner and in such a direction as to ensure the general well-being. While, however,

\* This is the emperor who was patted on the back by Mr. Webster, in his letter to M. Haussman.

† *Saturday Review*, No. 26. (1856.)

‡ Menzel's History of Germany, § cccxxxviii.

§ Beaumont and Fletcher, *The fair Maid of the Inn*, Act I. Sc. 1.

most writers assign Joseph's rashness, his desire to reap the fruit as soon as he had sown the seed, without leaving time for its silent growth, as the main cause of the imperfect success of his measures, Frederick Schlegel submits that, easily as this tendency may be explained by the emperor's position, education, destiny, and character, it does not account altogether for the failure of his plans. To him it appears, that it was Joseph's neglect to win over and guide public opinion, that created the principal obstacles to his measures, and often hindered their success. This neglect "is the more to be lamented, as public opinion soon acquired a power so great and formidable, and almost exclusively governed the age. How many means, too, stood at his command to influence public opinion, to become the pilot of that age, and steer it towards the haven of universal well-being! He, the offspring and heir of Maximilian and Charles the Fifth, the successor of Matthias Corvinus, the emperor of Germany, sovereign of the French and German Netherlands, protector and lord of the most refined and industrious provinces of Italy,—a man, too, of penetrating mind and restless energy and activity; well versed in the useful sciences; familiar with the various countries and peoples of Europe from personal observation; master of so many languages; in personal intercourse so attractive and irresistible; he, we say, ought to have swayed the minds of all men, and have been the saving genius of Europe, by imposing silence on the storms that were menacing her with destruction." \*

The character Archdeacon Coxe gives of this Kaiser is, that he undoubtedly possessed many great and amiable qualities, but that these were counteracted by a restlessness of temper, and a rage for innovation, which were with difficulty controlled even in his youth, by the calm judgment and wary circumspection of his mother, Maria Theresa;—defects aggravated by a spirit of despotism derived from his high birth, and fostered by his confined education. To these the historian of the house of Austria adds an habitual duplicity, and a disregard of the most solemn engagements, which sunk him in the opinion of Europe, and deprived him at once of the love of his subjects, and the

\* Schlegel's *Modern History*, lectures xix., xx., xxi., *passim*.



confidence of his allies. A wise statesman, it is remarked, will always consult the genius and temper of his people, and make even prejudice and superstition subservient to the general good: Joseph, unfortunately for himself and for Europe, acted in direct contradiction to this plain rule, in attempting to abolish deep-rooted institutions, and to extirpate prejudices and opinions which had been consecrated by ages. "He expected that to be the work of a moment which could only be the gradual operation of successive years; he never distinguished what was just and specious in theory, from what was reducible to practice. To use the words of his rival Frederic, 'his head was a confused magazine of despatches, decrees, and projects.' With the most thoughtless precipitation, he made laws before he had removed the obstacles to their execution, or could discover and remedy their defects, and changed them with the same precipitation as they were made. Hence he issued an amazing number of ordinances and rescripts, many of which being ill digested or ambiguous, were seldom carried into execution. Couriers were despatched upon couriers, counteracting preceding orders, and every new edict was modified or limited by additional decrees.

"With these principles, it is no wonder that his reign was a continued scene of agitation and disappointment. He himself bore witness to the folly, the inconsistency, and the impracticability of his schemes, when at the close of his life, he said, 'I would have engraved on my tomb: Here lies a sovereign, who with the best intentions never carried a single project into execution.'"\*

Lord Brougham accounts it in some degree unfortunate for the fame of Joseph, that he came after so able and celebrated a personage as his mother, the *Rex Noster* of then enthusiastic Hungary. Unfortunate, too, it was for him, that the Empress Queen was resolved that her son, even when clothed by the election of the German Diet with the imperial title, should exercise none of its prerogatives during her life; and that so long after he had arrived at man's estate, he should be held in a kind of tutelage by that bold and politic princess. Having,

therefore, finished his studies,—as the noble lord goes on to say, "and perceiving that at home he was destined to remain a mere cipher while she ruled, he went abroad, and travelled into those dominions in Italy nominally his own, but where he had no more concern with the government than the meanest of his subjects; and from thence he visited the rest of the Italian states. An eager, but an indiscriminate thirst of knowledge distinguished him wherever he went; there was no subject which he would not master, no kind of information which he would not amass; nor were any details too minute for him to collect." Lord Brougham admits that nothing can be more praiseworthy than a sovereign thus acquainting himself thoroughly with the concerns of the people over whom he is called to rule; and even that the undistinguishing ardor of his studies can lead to little other harm than the losing time, or preventing the acquisition of important matters by distracting the attention to trifles. But Joseph's activity, complains his critic, was as indiscriminate as his inquiries, and he both did some harm and exposed himself to much ridicule by the conduct which it prompted: he must needs visit the convents and inspect the work of the nuns; nor rest satisfied until he imposed on those whose needle moved less quickly than suited his notions of female industry, the task of making shirts for the soldiery. "So his ambition was equally undistinguishing and unreflecting; nor did he consider that the things which it led him to institute might well be void of all merit in him, though highly important in those whose example he was following to the letter regardless of the spirit." Thus, to give a sufficiently far-fetched illustration, because the Emperor of China encourages agriculture by driving, at some solemn festival, a plow with the hand that holds at other times the celestial sceptre, the Emperor of Germany must needs plow a ridge in the Milanese, where of course a monument was erected to perpetuate this act of princely folly.

But of all his admirations, that which Kaiser Joseph entertained for the great enemy of his house, his mother, and his crown, is styled by Lord Brougham "the most preposterous." During the Seven Years' War, which threatened the existence of all three, he would fain, we are told, "have served a

\* Coxe's History of the House of Austria, vol. iii. ch. cxxx.



campaign under Frederic II. ; and although he might probably have had the decency to station himself on the northern frontier, where Russia was the enemy, yet no one can wonder at the Empress Queen prohibiting her son from taking the recreation of high treason to amuse his leisure hours, and occupying his youth in shaking the throne which he was one day to fill. At length, however, the day arrived which he had so long eagerly panted for, when he was to become personally acquainted with the idol of his devotion. His inflexible parent had, in 1766, prevented them meeting at Torgau ; but three years after they had an interview of some days at Neiss, in Silesia, the important province which Frederic had wrested from the Austrian crown. The veteran monarch has well conveyed an idea of his admirer in one of his historical works, which indeed contains very few sketches of equal merit : ' Il affectait une franchise qui lui semblaît naturelle ; son caractère aimable marquait de la gaieté jointe à la vivacité ; mais avec le désir d'apprendre, il n'avait pas la patience de s'instruire.' " And certainly, Lord Brougham observes, this impatience of the means, proportioned to an eagerness for the end, was the distinguishing feature of Joseph's whole character and conduct through life, from the most important to the most trivial of his various pursuits. \*

While the proposed meeting at Torgau, in 1766, was the topic of European politicians far and wide, we find the Earl of Chesterfield thus discussing it, after his pungent manner, in a letter to his son : " The emperor, by your account, seems very well for an emperor ; who, by being above the other monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only science in which princes are ever instructed ; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures which their ambition exterminates. If a sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure he would make in the catalogue of princes ! I have always owned a great re-

gard for King Log. From the interview at Torgau, between the two monarchs, they will be either a great deal better or worse together ; but I think rather the latter, for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes that he never knew any good come from ' l'abouchement des rois.' The King of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity to analyze his imperial majesty ; and I would bet upon the one head of his black eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian eagle ; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one." \* His lordship adds a wish that he had the direction of both the monarchs, that, under his inspiration, they might together deprive France of Lorraine and Alsace. He was a demonstrative admirer of Frederick the Great ; and had his life been prolonged, we can fancy him eating his words, one by one (with no sour faces the while), about Joseph's homicidal tendencies and training, and recognizing in his imperial majesty that " great accident," a royal deviation into clemency and justice.

Another imperial monarch, by the way, exhibited a similar ardor of admiration for Frederick. This was the Czar Peter—Semiramis Catherine's worser half.

Joseph himself, on the other hand, remembering Catherine and St. Petersburg in 1780, might say with Shakspeare's foolish knight, I was adored once, too. Joseph flattered the Czarina to the far end of her long tether, and humored her to the high tip-top of her bent. She thought him a love of a man. She treated him as every inch a king. When they parted, Catherine was in a flood of tears ; and on Joseph's stooping to kiss her hand, she fairly flung her arms about him, and hugged the Kaiser to her heart. When the Crown Prince of Prussia arrived, with a view to eclipse the departing emperor, and to win her majesty to Prussian rather than Austrian preferences, he found himself snubbed and cold-shouldered, and indeed, before long, was told to be off—lest Russia, otherwise a coldish country, might become too hot to hold him. Joseph had made an impression which remained, and had adroitly approved himself on this occasion, to all comers, master of the situation. In manners and person, as well as political tact, he was every way in advance of the nephew of Old Fritz, whose

\* See Historical Sketches of Statesmen, etc., First Series, vol. ii. pp. 207–223, *passim*. (Edit. 1845.)

\* Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, No. 399; July 11, 1766.



unwieldy figure, awkward demeanor, and chilly reserve, invited nothing but odious comparisons, of which all the odium fell to the new comer's share. Nothing could be less to Catherine's mind, at this juncture, than to carry out the rule which bids courteous 'entertainers

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

She did her very best to keep the Kaiser; and she did her second best to make a clearance, at once and forever, of Frederick William. That she failed in the former, was all the better reason for carrying her point in the latter instance.

Joseph is described by Alison as an ardent reformer, a philanthropic philosopher, deeply imbued with the delusions of perfectibility, and impatient to change everything in the civil, religious, and military administration of his vast states; in the warmth of his benevolence, urging on many reforms neither called for by, nor beneficial to, his subjects.\* Clarendon tells us of his restored master, that "the king had in his nature so little reverence for antiquity, and did in truth so much condemn old orders, forms, and institutions, that the objections of novelty rather advanced than obstructed any proposition. He was a great lover of new inventions, and thought them the effect of wit and spirit, and fit to control the superstitious observation of the dictates of our ancestors."† There was no very close general resemblance (unless in *bonhomie*) between philosophic Kaiser Joseph and our Merry Monarch, but in this weakness for experimental innovations imputed to the latter by his conservative chancellor, the Kaiser had a plenary share. Mrs. Austin, who has some forcible remarks on Joseph's "humane, but rash and premature attempts to force upon a backward people reforms which they were wholly unable to appreciate," pronounces the "tragical history of that illustrious martyr to a passionate, but most autocratic philanthropy, and an over-estimate of the power of men to understand their own interests,"‡ to be pregnant with instruction for all who think that good government can co-exist with popular ignorance and stupidity. The present Duke

of Saxe-Coburg has lately been learning this lesson, and reporting the result. One may apply the moral of La Fontaine's fable:—

"O vous, pasteurs d'humains, et non pas de brebis,  
Rois, qui croyez gagner *par raison* les esprits  
D'une multitude étrangère,  
Ce n'est jamais par là que l'on en vient à bout !  
Il y faut une autre manière."\*

It has been called a melancholy truth, as melancholy as it is certain, that the "abominable enterprise"† of the Partition of Poland, in 1770, is the only one of all the emperor's undertakings that ever succeeded. That partition was arranged at his second meeting with Old Fritz, which took place at Neustadt, the year after their original rendezvous at Neiss.

M. Ferrari, describing "Prussia, now become a monarchy," with its absolute princes, its debauchees, its boudoir philosophers, and its enlightened king,—says of the latter, that he led on the free and federal opposition of the States of Germany to such a height, that the emperor kept falling lower and lower still, and had hard work to hold his own, summoning to his aid the Magyars, Pandours, Croats, and ante-historical races in Maria Theresa's train. "Joseph II. avenges himself only in falling back upon his own monarchy, wherein, as chief of the despotic revolution, he declares himself first officer of the state, as though his subjects were merely stockholders in an immense joint-stock company. At his command, pens of servile independence make a digest of *la monochomachie*, wherein all the 'religious' of all times, all orders, all places, enter an appearance, one after another, like animals of divers races and of opposite habits: some uttering cries by night, others keeping silence, others travelling to and fro; some again *cloister* together; their plumage varies; a host of circumstances produces new diversities among them; and monasteries fall by hundreds before the ordinances by which this imperial pleasantries is dryly enough sustained."‡

It was when Joseph II. had succeeded to the imperial throne and was employing himself in universal reforms, that Wieland produced his "Mirror of Gold"—described by Philarète Chasles as an ingenious piece of

\* History of Europe, vol. ii. ch. ix. § 49.

† Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, vol. iii.

‡ See Mrs. Austin's valuable work on "Germany," comprising her contributions on that subject to the *Edinburgh Review*.

\* Fables de la Fontaine, livre x. 11.

† Lord Brougham.

‡ Ferrari, Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, t. iv. xime partie, ch. iv.



Utopianism, the mistakes and faults of which have been tested and condemned by time, that tests all things, and condemns so many. Wieland "deceived himself, like Joseph II., and like all speculative philosophers who would apply abstract theories to the government of men." M. Chasles declares Wieland's philosophical romance to belong like Plato's Republic and Sir Thomas More's Utopia, to "that class of impossible books which would be the ruin of the world, were the authors of them to get a hearing." Joseph himself, adds the French critic, \* perceived before long that in this world everything is compassed about with difficulties and drawbacks, that the smallest reform is only achieved with much pains, and that fresh abuses, calling for a new set of remedies, spring up beneath the reformer's tread. The *poëte satirique*, therefore, took up his pen anew, and set about girding at Joseph, whom he had previously cheered on; the continuation of the "Mirror of Gold" being a formal gibe at Joseph's premature civilization, introduced, Wieland could now see and say, without art, tact, or common sense.

The difficulty with which the imperial reformer had to contend,—as a reviewer of Thompson's "Austria" has observed,—in his endeavor to give unity, and, in fact, a national character, to his dominions, can only be appreciated by a study of the mass of chaotic elements of which those hereditary dominions were composed. Even at that time, we are reminded, the Germanic Empire had declined into a mere ceremony,—and the cautious house of Habsburg-Lorraine was already preparing to transfer the supreme dignity to Austria. "Joseph began his plan of nationalizing his possessions; and, as was natural in his case, he began from the purely German point of view, and wished to establish unity in a German spirit. The Italians, the Magyars, the Zeckse were dissatisfied. He told them plainly that he was a German, and that they must become German too. The use of the Latin language (the common tongue) was abolished in the courts of law, and German substituted. This created confusion. Claims of martyrdom were set up—the bolder spirits resisted—an *esprit de corps* was generated in large masses." And thus it became a point of

honor and of pride, we are told, to repress even the tendency to Germanize which had previously worked in silence, and with some success: the rival races made themselves more distinct than ever; and after years of endeavor the monarch found that his attempt had resulted only in sowing the seeds of mutual fear and jealousy amongst his common subjects,—and that, in place of the passive union formerly subsisting, it had introduced the elements of repugnance and future separation. And so, adds the intelligent writer we have quoted, "he gave up his work in sorrow and disgust."\*

M. Villemain recognizes the disciple of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century in Joseph II., *ce monarque à la fois philanthrope et despote*, who with imperious zeal protected the ideas of liberty, and yet carried into some of his reforms a something of real intolerance. "In the Brabant affair, for example, as an absolute prince he proved himself a tyrannical one; but he was influenced by the ideas accredited in Europe by French philosophy."† Napoleon once defined Marcus Aurelius "a sort of Joseph II. on a larger scale, a philanthropist and a secretary, holding intercourse with the sophists and ideologues of his time, flattering them, imitating them, and persecuting the Christians, just as Joseph II. did the Catholics of the Netherlands."‡ An old Edinburgh Reviewer, in pursuit of his argument that a peculiar kind of treachery seems hereditary in Austria, after citing a variety of damaging illustrations, adds, that "even the purer reign of Joseph II. is not exempt from it. When in 1787 an insurrection broke out in Belgium, this emperor exclaimed, that 'it was necessary to quench the flames of the rebellion in blood.' Finding afterwards that the resistance was more obstinate than he had anticipated, he apparently grew milder, suppressed his resentment, dissembled, demanded conferences with the insurgents, and promised amnesties and oblivion; but no sooner had the storm blown over, than he recalled his pardon, violated all his engagements, and commenced the system of persecution."§ This was the unkindest cut from

\* *Athenæum*, 1849, No. 1118.

† Villemain, *Tableau du XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, t. iii., légion xii.

‡ See the first volume of M. Villemain's "*Souvenirs Contemporains*" (1854), p. 155.

§ *Edinburgh Review* vol. xl. p. 309.

\* *Etudes sur l'Allemagne*, IV. "Wieland et ses Contemporains."



him who had been teaching them liberalism, and indoctrinating them with reform. He might on that account have upbraided himself in the language of Shakspeare's philosophic and experimentalizing duke, to whom, in certain salient points of political character, Joseph has a mark-worthy resemblance—

"'Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall  
them,

For what I bid them do.\*

His Flemish reforms, as Lord Brougham says, and then his attempts upon the liberties of the Flemings, ended in exciting an open rebellion, which convulsed the Netherlands at the time of his death.

It is generally entertaining, we think, and sometimes instructive, to trace a fragmentary series of incidental centemporary allusions to some remarkable career, in the familiar correspondence, or journals, of an observer of sense and "position in society,"—for instance, in the voluminous letters of Horace Walpole. It is like looking over a file of the *Times*, for leading-article comments on the shifting aspects, from day to day, and from year to year, of some political question. We get the impressions in vogue at the time—with abundance, may be, of inconsistencies, and misapprehensions, and even misrepresentations, not to mention the approved modicum of malice; but we have the subject handled, at any rate, as one of then instant interest and import, with the charm of an unaccomplished sequel, an undefined course yet to run. Let us turn to some of the Walpole letters, then, for current testimony of this sort, such as it is, by a man of wit, noting down the impressions of the hour, and the gossip of the gazettes, as regards Kaiser Joseph the Second. About the earliest allusion occurs in 1766, while Walpole was in Paris, where rumors obtain, he says, "of a coolness, even of quarrels, between this court and the new emperor. . . . It would not surprise me: France, as England has done, will find that the court of Vienna obeys no law, observes no tie, but that of pride. . . . If this young German Cæsar begins already, I know where he will end—at impatience to reign over his mother's estates."† This is not an auspi-

cious commencement of our Horatiana: the young German Cæsar is not in Walpole's good books, to begin with. Years pass on—half a dozen of them; and then we come across this ironical note of admiration: "Pious Maria Theresa! Humane Joseph, the father and idol of his people!"\* This was written 1772, à propos of the Partition of Poland and cognate doings. Again years roll on, without Joseph being discussed or mentioned in the Strawberry Hill despatches. But in 1778 the Kaiser has his turn for another buffet. "I doubt that imperial philosopher, who scattered so many humane apophthegms last year at Paris, is a little too impatient to employ his Austrian talons" (there was talk of war between him and Prussia). "What a farce to visit hospitals, when one thinks of nothing but stocking them with maimed carcasses! What buckets of blood it costs, before a prince takes his place at the table of Fame, that might be earned so much better by benevolence!"† Benevolence, by the by, being *the* asserted characteristic of the imperial philosopher in question. Again (April 18, 1778): "I take the emperor to be the most impatient to be a Cæsar, and his mother I suppose is very ready to employ him at a distance from home." In June, Horace speculates as to Frederick of Prussia's designs—whether he means to maintain his throne as warrior-king of Europe, or cede it "to a young Cæsar. He seems to be aiming at a more artful crown—that of policy; and, in all probability, will attain it; at least, I am not much prejudiced yet in favor of his competitor." *That* was quite evident. Then again in August of the same year, after a little croaking over English degeneracy and mishaps in war: "Cæsar seems to have made as bad a figure as we. After usurping Bavaria, he is forced to beg peace too. They say he is convinced of having been in the wrong, by a renunciation that has been found of the Emperor Albert. It is the first time a hero at the head of two hundred and twenty thousand men was ever convinced by an old parchment! His imperial reason did not deign to listen to law and equity in the dismemberment of Poland; nor would he now, I ween, if Lord Chief Justice Fred-

\* Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 4.

† Walpole's Letters (Cunningham's edition), vol. iv. p. 476.

\* Walpole's Letters (Cunningham's edition), vol. v. p. 414.

† Ibid., vol. vii. p. 48.



erick had not enclosed him with more numerous armies." In the same strain, in March, 1779: "Fame has shut her temple, too, in Germany: yet I think both the Emperor and King of Prussia have some claim on history; the latter by clipping Cæsar's soaring wings, and Cæsar by having kept so old and so able a professor at bay for a whole campaign. Still the professor has carried a great point by having linked his interests with those of the empire. The gratitude of those princes might soon wear out; but it is their interest to maintain a great, though new, power, that can balance the house of Austria."\*

Skipping onwards to August, 1781, we read: "Oh! but the emperor?—why, he is running about and sowing sayings, that are to be cited by Diderot and D'Alembert. However, I am mistaken if he turns out anything but an ape of the King of Prussia." In September, we get a glimpse of Kaiser Joseph in a new character (but then it is through Strawberry Hill glasses—not unfrequently a discoloring and refracting medium): "I have heard of Lady Derby's imperial conquest; nor should I wonder if her mother was immediately to transport her own rays of beauty to Vienna, since there is a monarch that can take up with remnants of charms, that indeed never were very charming." That is gossip for Lady Ossory's delectation, and so is what follows: "I have met Miss Lloyd at Lady Di's. She is superlatively inflated with the odors that flowed from the emperor on her and Lady Clermont. 'We sat round him, and he put us quite at our ease.' 'He would not have put me so,' said I; 'I have seen a good deal of princes in my day, and always found, that if they put themselves at their ease, they did not at all like that I should put myself so.' I demurred, too, to the great admiration: I remember when the Lady Clermonts of that time wept for the departure of the Duke of Lorraine, the late emperor, and yet he proved an oaf. This man announces too much: we shall see."†

Whatever may have been Walpole's experience of royal familiarities, and the shrewdness of his interpretation of them, it cannot be doubted that Joseph II. was exceptionally

benign and free in personal intercourse. The author of "Friends of Bohemia," having occasion in one of his satirical portrait-sketches to remark that in those days (as contrasted with the present) kings were kings by the grace of God, and society was kept down in stiff demarcations; whereas in these days courts have to be circumspect, in the belief that familiarity breeds contempt; adds, in his peculiar way: "Joseph of Austria set a terrible example of *bonhomie* to continental sovereigns; and that free-and-easy style of royalty has destroyed the principle of monarchy in Germany."\* A republican sentiment, which also has a free-and-easy style of its own.

But to return to the Walpole letters. Before entering, however, on the next batch, a preliminary word or two may be offered, touching the feats of Kaiser Joseph as an ecclesiastical reformer, with which they were mainly concerned. Nine-tenths of the estates belonging, in former days to the Church, were confiscated by him between 1784 and 1789; there being this "vital distinction," as Alison calls it, "between the proceedings of this philosophic reformer and those of our Henry VIII.—he did not bestow the confiscated lands on rapacious courtiers or reforming barons, but, with a few trifling exceptions, they were all accumulated into a religious fund (*religionscasse*) in the different provinces, from which provision was thereafter to be made for the spiritual wants and education of the people."† He also, in defiance of all the remonstrances of the pope, ordered the prayers and litanies in the churches to be performed in German, though Latin was still allowed for mass. Moreover, he took measures to prevent Appeals to Rome, and to retain the power of Ordination and Deprivation within the country. But he proceeded, as Lord Brougham says, in so inconsiderate a manner as to raise universal alarm among all classes of the clergy, and even to make the pope undertake a journey from Rome with the view of turning him aside from his projects, by showing their dangerous consequences. "A courteous reception was all the sovereign pontiff received; and after his return to Italy, the emperor rashly abolished the Diocesan Seminaries, reserving only five or six for the

\* Walpole's Letters (Cunningham's edition), vol. vii. pp. 53, 82, 104, 183.

† Ibid., vol. viii. pp. 70, 75, 80.

\* Political Portraits, by E. M. Whitty, p. 102.

† History of Europe, vol. vi. ch. xl. § 24.



whole of his vast dominions; new modelled the limits of the dioceses, and altered the whole law of marriage, granting, for the first time in a Catholic country, the liberty of divorce." \* Courteous as the reception of his holiness may be called, it does not seem, by a German historian's † account, to have been very courteous as a court of Rome understands courtesy. The road into Vienna was, indeed, lined by thousands as the pope (it was Pius VI.) made his entry (1782). But Kaiser Joseph did not honor with his presence the mass celebrated by the Holy Father; nor did he allow any one to have access to his sacred visitor without special permission; and whenever Pius tried to get Joseph into conversation on business matters, the latter declared he understood nothing about them, must first consult his council, and begged that the affair might be conducted in writing. Old Kaunitz, too, instead of kissing the pope's hand when graciously extended to him, grasped it with a prodigious show of cordiality, and shook it as if he really thought Pius VI. a capital fellow, and one of his best friends; and when the pope came to visit him, on the pretext of seeing his picture-gallery, the veteran minister, to keep up the spirit of the thing, received his holiness in a light *robe-de-chambre*, and with as airy, jaunty a demeanor as he could put on. Four weeks was the baffled *Saint Père* at Vienna, and had to go home again, after all, *re infectâ*. It must have been something in the style of Hamlet's valediction that in his heart, he took leave of innovating, intrusive, aggressive Cæsar:—

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!" ‡

Then again Joseph took to removing the images from the churches, to show that he could (it is a Protestant's liberal comment), in trifling as well as graver matters, pursue the course of premature innovation, and that he was ignorant of the great rule of practical wisdom in government, which forbids us to hurt strong and general feelings where no adequate purpose is to be served, how trifling or absurd soever the subject matter may be to which those feelings relate. "The removal of images, however, was far from the most trifling of the

details into which he thrust his improving hand. He wearied out the clergy as well as their flocks with innumerable regulations touching fasts, processions, ceremonies of the Church, everything, as has been well observed, with which the civil power has the least right to meddle, and, it might be added, everything the most beneath a sovereign's regard: so that Frederick used not unhappily to speak of him as his 'brother the Sexton' (*mon frère le Sacristain*)."

\* Lord Brougham's remark is just, that every one must know how such freaks of power, the growth of a little mind, torment and irritate their objects even more than they lower the reputation and weaken the authority of those who commit them.

And all this was done by Joseph *en philosophe*. He provoked the pope and the populace, at different times and on various grounds, strictly on philosophical principles. We can't help thinking of what old Jarvis says of his young master, when reporting progress to the uncle, in Goldsmith's play: "Faith, begging your honor's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool." † Many an observer must have always felt sure of the self-same thing in Joseph's time, and in Joseph's own case,—whenever a strong infusion of philosophy tintured the last new rescript from the throne.

*Revenons à notre Strawberry Hill.* "We hear with some surprise," Walpole writes to Mann, in January, 1782, "of the emperor's very rapid suffocation of nunneries. Do not the monks regret their helpmates, and tremble for themselves? If Cæsar could tremble, I should ask if Cæsar had no apprehension for himself. Are all the Jesuits extinct that despatched poor Ganganelli? Is not the Vatican hung with sackcloth?" Ganganelli, Walpole's pet Pontiff (Clement XIV.), was the immediate predecessor of Pius VI., whom Menzel calls the Jesuits' tool. Hence Walpole's significant queries. Again, in a letter to Mason (Feb. 7, 1782); "If you love im-

\* Historical Sketches, vol. ii. p. 218.

† Menzel, vol. iii. ch. 238.

‡ Hamlet, III. 4.

\* Brougham, Statesmen of Time of George III., vol. ii.

† The Good-Natured Man, Act I. Sc. I.



perial logic, pray read the emperor's re-script on the suppression of Popery; it is a model of reasoning that may be applied to the restoration of Popery here, for it shows that everything *tient uniquement de la volonté libre et arbitraire des princes de la terre*—did you ever see so happy an union as that of *libre* and *arbitraire*? In another, to Parson Cole (Feb. 14), after some allusions to their political differences and mutual toleration: "The emperor seems to be of *our* party; but, if I like his notions, I do not admire his judgment, which is too precipitate to *be* judgment." And a following one (Feb. 22) explains the allusion: "The act of the emperor to which I alluded, is the general destruction of convents in Flanders, and, I suppose, in his German dominions too. The pope suppressed the carnival, as mourning, and proposes a journey to Vienna to implore mercy. This is a little different from the time when the pontiffs trampled on the necks of emperors, and called it trampling *super aspidem et draconem*." The same week Horace writes to Mann, at Florence: "You say that the emperor had consented to receive the pope, from whom he has taken at least a third of his tiara. We had heard that Cæsar added, that his holiness' visit would be to no manner of purpose. Perhaps the monarch would not dislike to return the *super aspidem et basilicum calcabis*—yet he may find an aspic under his feet. There is more than metaphoric poison still left in the vipers of the Church."\*

Our next excerpt, from a letter to Cole, dated March 9, 1782, is extra noteworthy. "I do not know whether the emperor will atone to you for demolishing the cross, by attacking the crescent. The papers say he has declared war with the Turks. He seems to me to be a mountebank who professes curing all diseases. As power is only panacea, the remedy, methinks, is worse than the disease. . . . I do not approve of convents: but, if Cæsar wants to make soldiers of monks, I detest his reformation, and think that men had better not procreate than commit murder,—but what avail abstracted speculations? Human passions wear the dresses of the times, and carry on the same views, though in different habits."—We must pass on to February, 1783, to get another such

\* Walpole's Letters, vol. viii. pp. 143, 151, 154, 161, 166.

hit at the Kaiser. A postscript to Lady Ossory, of that date, informs her of Walpole's having just seen in the *Public Advertiser* a passage in a letter from the emperor to the pope, which, says he, "informs me how little the delegates of heaven have occasion to *read*. Cæsar tells St. Peter, 'that *he* possesses in his own breast a voice which tells what, as legislator and protector of Religion, he ought to pursue or desist from; and that voice, with the assistance of divine grace, and the honest and just character which he feels in himself, can never lead him into error.' There! Madam, there is imperial infallibility to some purpose! Henry VIII. undoubtedly felt the same inspiration when he became head of our Church. . . . That inward voice, which the Greeks called *Gastromuthos*, prattles to every monarch before he can speak himself, and did so to Henry VI. in his cradle, though he lived to lose everything."—The next is to Sir Horace Mann, in April of the same year: "The emperor destroys convents and humbles the pope; the Czarina preaches toleration, but protects the Jesuits; and these two philosophic sovereigns intend to divide Constantinople, after sacrificing half a million of lives! In one age, religion commits massacres; in another, philosophy. Oh! what a farce are human affairs!" That was Walpole's favorite text, when homiletically disposed.

In 1784, when Joseph quarrelled with the Dutch for the navigation of the Scheldt, Walpole writes to his friend at Florence: "Your Lord Paramount seems to be taking large strides towards Holland,"—and afterwards again, "Newspapers tell me your Lord Paramount is going to annihilate that fictitious state, Holland. I shall not be surprised if he, France, and Prussia divide it, like Poland, in order to settle the Republic! perhaps may create a kingdom for the Prince of Orange out of the Hague and five miles round." In a subsequent epistle (Nov. 8): "I shall not wonder if Cæsar, after ravaging, or dividing, or seizing half Europe, should grow devout, and give it some novel religion of his own manufacture." Anon the papers tell Horace the Dutch are drowning their country to save it: he does not know much, he writes to Mann (Dec. 2), "of the war between the Austrian Eagle and the Frogs, though they say it grows very



serious. The latter began the attack by a deluge"—which means, their opening the dykes. "Your holy neighbor, no doubt, rejoices that the Huguenot commerce is thought a preferable morsel to the temporalities of the Church, which I suspect to have been a weighty ingredient in Cæsar's late reformations, as they were in Luther's [of whom, by the way, Walpole could never speak well]. Nor will he squander them as Henry the Eighth did, on his courtiers." Nor *did* he, as we have seen Allison remarking; but Walpole implies that Joseph would appropriate them to himself, or spend them on war,—which he did *not*.

Early next year, the same letter-writer tells the same recipient (Feb. 2, 1785): "The great scene that Europe expected is said to be laid aside, and that France has signified to the Dutch that they must submit to the emperor, and that they will—happy news for one or two hundred thousand of the living! Whether the mass of murder will be diminished in future by that arrangement is another question. The revival of the kingdom of Austrian Lombardy—which, says Walpole in a foot-note, is what the emperor meditated—looks as if the eagle's eastern wing would expand itself as well as the western." Again (July 25): "Though three millions sterling from the plunder of convents is a plump bellyful, I don't believe the Austrian Eagle will stop there, nor be satisfied with private property: . . . He has shown that he thinks nothing *holy* but the holy Roman empire. . . . One can care little about the upshot of such squables. Were I to form a wish, it would be in favor of the pontiff rather than of the emperor; *as churchmen make conquests by sense and art, not by force and bloodshed, like princes.*"\* The italics are Walpole's own.

He underscored that sentiment of hypothetical preference, because he had a strong feeling on the subject. This he shows by reiterating it, in a letter to Lady Ossory (August 10, 1785): "Cæsar is said to have already realized three millions sterling by the suppression of monarchism; and by that wealth he will purchase a deluge of blood! *Such reformers* make one regret Popery! . . . I have been told that when this Aus-

trian bird of prey set about his reform, the nobility of Flanders presented a memorial to him, observing that most of the monastic had not been royal foundations, and therefore they hoped from his imperial equity that he would restore to the respective families the lands which their ancestors had given away from their posterity to the Church. Cæsar made no reply, for he could make none that had common sense—but he did not seize an acre or a ducat the less." To her Ladyship again (Sept. 17), à propos of her lord's shooting campaign in Northampshire: "Joseph II., who is as keen a sportsman as Lord Ossory, is going to shoot in Holland; Lord Rodney, who is just arrived from Spa, brings, that forty thousand men are on their march. Others add, that this imperial murderer is in danger from a swelling in his side—I hope he will die soon! His death would save two hundred thousand lives to Europe at least." The same good wishes again next month (Oct. 27): "When General Johnstone returned [from Vienna] a fortnight ago, I told him I hoped he had left everybody well in Germany but the emperor." To Mann (Oct. 30): "You may be sure I am glad that Cæsar is baffled. I neither honor nor esteem him. If he is preferring his nephew to his brother, it is using the latter as ill as the rest of the world." (This refers to the election of King of the Romans.)—To the Earl of Strafford, in August, 1786: "We shall be crammed, I suppose, with panegyrics and epitaphs on the King of Prussia; I am content that he can now have an epitaph. But, alas! the emperor will write one for him probably in blood! and while he shuts up convents for the sake of population, will be stuffing hospitals with maimed soldiers, besides making thousands of widows!" (To which is appended a sort of historical parallel from the reign of Henry V.)—The Brabant business in 1787 adds fresh fuel to Walpole's flaming wrath. "Have you seen, Madam," he asks Lady Ossory (Sept. 6), "the horrible mandate of the emperor to General Murray? Think of that insect's threatening to sacrifice thousands of his fellow pismires to what he calls *his dignity*! the dignity of a mite, that supposing itself as superior as an earwig, meditates preventing hosts of its own species from enjoying the happiness and the moment of existence that has been allotted to them in an innumerable succession of

\* Walpole's Letters, vol. viii. pp. 174, 337, 360, 506, 518, 520, 529, 530, 539, 575.



ages! But while scorn, contempt, and hatred kindle against the imperial insect, admiration crowds in for the brave pismires who so pathetically deprecate their doom, yet seem resigned to it. I think I never read anything more noble, more touching, than the Remonstrance of the Deputies to Prince Kaunitz."—In June, 1787, we have Walpole hitting out at "two such bloody-minded vultures, cock and hen, as Catherine and Joseph. . . . Oh! I wish Catherine and Joseph were brought to Westminster Hall and worried by Sheridan!" Richard Brinsley had just delivered his Begum speech.—Again, in September: "I am glad that those gigantic incendiaries, the Russian Empress and Austrian Emperor, are so hampered, disappointed, mortified; nay, I prefer to them"—this is to the Countess of Ossary—"the — of Babylon and Pagan Turks, who were living quietly and honestly on the cheats and robberies of their predecessors and forefathers, and disturbed nobody." With one other piece of invective we will conclude these Horatian amenities. It is from a letter in December, 1789, to the same lady of title and taste: "I was in town on Wednesday, and was told that the emperor had made a truce for two months with the Flemings, which was likely to be followed by a peace. I am glad that they will be relieved, and that *He* is baffled and mortified. There is a wide difference between Joseph and Louis [the Sixteenth], as between their present situations. The latter, without being an aggressor, was willing to amend a very bad government, and has been treated like a

Sicilian Dionysius, and has seen numbers of his innocent subjects massacred, etc. Joseph, with the flippancy of a French prater, has violated oaths and laws, and plundered, in order to support an unjust war of ambition, while he is the tool of the northern Semiramis, whom I call by a name that sounds quite Russian, *Catherine Slay-Czar*."\*

There is hardly any recognizing in Walpole's Cæsar the kindly, simple, modest unpretending, well-meaning Kaiser Joseph of whom we read in ordinary history and essay.—But he happened to fall within Lord Orford's select circle of cherished aversions—an entrance into which was greatly facilitated in the case of royalty; and so it came to pass that for long years his name was consistently and systematically blackened by one of the best of good haters.

About two months after the last quoted extract was written, Kaiser Joseph was a dead man. He had worn himself out by incessant exertions, mental and bodily. His last hours gave evidence of an affectionate warmth of feeling, and he is said, on good church authority, to have made an edifying end. He expired, very tranquilly, on the 20th of February, 1790, in his forty-ninth year. He was handsomely made—with a pair of eyes engagingly expressive and "beautifully blue." Hence the saying, "imperial blue," according to Menzel, to denote that color in other besides imperial eyes.

\* Walpole's Letters, vol. ix. pp. 8, 12, 26, 28, 65, 108, 122, 128, 144, 146, 240.

SHAKSPEARE'S GARDENS are saved to the public forever! New Place was not sold yesterday, as advertised, by auction, but was disposed of on the 22d inst. by private contract. The purchase-money was £1,400. Half of that sum has been already subscribed; and there cannot be the slightest doubt but that the other half will be immediately forthcoming, and that Mr. Halliwell, who has, in the mean time, secured the property, will have no reason to do other than congratulate himself on his assuming what we may well call this national agency. Mr. Sheridan, M.P., and Mr. G. L. Prendergast, author of a "Concordance to Milton," have each subscribed £100, and Mr. Payne Collier and other gentlemen have expressed their readiness to contribute to the good end in view. In affording this intelligence, we feel it would be altogether incomplete and unsatisfac-

tory if we did not add that this "Holy Land" of England, as we have ventured to call it, will be conveyed, under trust, to the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. Henceforth it is the honorable mission of that municipality to guard this hallowed ground. They are nominally the proprietors, on the reasonable condition that *never* shall a building be erected in the gardens, and that to the latter the public shall be freely and gratuitously admitted forever. It is impossible, so far, that anything could be more complete and satisfactory than this arrangement, the accomplishment of which is most creditable to Mr. Halliwell. It only remains for the public to supply the remainder of the purchase-money, and thus have the privilege of sharing in a worthy deed—one of moment enough to almost stir the honored dust that lies close by in Stratford Church.—*Athenæum*, 30 Oct.



## A POET'S GRAVE.

QUINNAHUNG NECK (Hunt's Point), a spot well meet for such occupancy, is the last resting-place of the mortal remains of Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "Culprit Fay," and "The American Flag." His own gentle Bronx runs near the grave, and naught intrudes on the luxury of silence and solitude, save the sighing of the zephyrs and the lullaby of the ocean. Here he was wont to wander in the days of childhood; here the spring-tide of his years was passed. Autumn and winter he had none, so short was his career. In anticipation of such a scene, he seems thus to have attuned his heart to melody:—

"Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow  
Ruffles his hoary top in the fresh breezes,  
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,  
Or the fine frost-work which young Winter  
freezes,  
When first his power, in infant pastime trying,  
Congeals sad Autumn's tears, on branches lying."

A square pillar marks the poet's grave, bearing the following inscription:—

Sacred  
To the Memory  
of  
JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, M.D.  
Who died September the 21st,  
1825,  
Aged 25 years.

The following lines on the death of Drake are from the pen of Fitzgreen Halleck:—

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days.  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep;  
And long, where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven,  
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who wake each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow;  
And though I've oft essayed it,  
I feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee  
Nor thoughts nor words are free.  
The grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.  
—Protestant Churchman.

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed  
Or wist what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port methought alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
At last, at last, unite them there!

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been things remain.

Though hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,  
It may be in yon smoke, concealed  
Our comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
E'en now possess the peaceful field;

For though the tired wave, idly breaking,  
Seems here no tedious inch to gain,  
Far back through creek and inlet making,  
Came, silent flooding in, the main—

And not through eastern windows only  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!  
But westward, look! the land is bright.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 919.—11 January, 1862.

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ERRATUM.—No. 918, p. 18, seventh line from the last—instead of 86° 56', read 80° 56'.

## NEW BOOKS.

The Rebellion Record: a Diary of American Events; edited by Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." Tenth Monthly Part. Containing Portraits of Generals Blenker and Rosecranz. New York: G. P. Putnam.

A Letter on National Currency. By Eleazer Lord. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

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## THE PICKET.

SLOW across the blue Potomac fades the dim  
November light,  
And the darkness like a mantle folds the tented  
field from sight ;  
Through the shadowed wood beside me breaks  
the wind with quivering moan,  
Floating, sighing,  
Falling, dying,  
As I hold my watch alone.

Forward, backward, stern and fearless, till the  
moonbeam's dancing ray  
Breaks in many a gleaming arrow from my  
bay'net's point away ;  
So I pace the picket lonely—but, apart from  
mortal sight,  
Watch I'm keeping,  
With the sleeping  
Loved ones far away to-night.

On the morrow comes Thanksgiving, when,  
from households far and wide,  
Round their home the children gather—seek  
once more the old fireside ;  
Fill once more the vacant places that they left  
so long ago,  
Self-relying,  
Proudly trying  
All life's unknown joy and woe.

On the morrow comes Thanksgiving, not as  
long ago it came :  
Bright, without a shade of sorrow lingering on  
its good old name ;  
War has waved his crimson banner, and be-  
neath its blood stains rest  
All his glory,  
Dim and gory,  
Laid on many a lifeless breast.

Wife and child and aged mother wake at morn  
to bend the knee,  
And around the hearthstone glowing supplicate  
their God for me ;  
Near my vacant chair they gather, blending  
tears amid their prayers—  
God will hear them,  
And anear them,  
Will my spirit kneel with theirs !

Nor is darkness all around us ;—we can thank  
our God for might ;  
For the strength which he has given, still to  
struggle for the right ;  
For the soul so grandly beating in the nation's  
onward way,  
For the spirit  
We inherit,  
On this new Thanksgiving day !

\* \* \* \* \*

Still the blue Potomac ripples like a silver  
thread below,  
And amid the sullen darkness rises high the  
campfire's glow—

So I pace the picket lonely, while, apart from  
mortal sight,  
Watch I'm keeping  
With the sleeping  
Loved ones far at home to-night.  
*South Quincy, Nov., 1861. —Boston Pilot.*

## LOSING AND LIVING.

FOREVER the sun is pouring his gold  
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow ;  
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,  
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.  
To withhold his largess of precious light  
Is to bury himself in eternal night :  
To give  
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all ;  
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses ;  
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,  
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.  
No choice for the rose but glory or doom—  
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom :  
To deny  
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,  
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean ;  
The heart sends blood to the brain of com-  
mand,  
The brain to the heart its lightning motion :  
And ever and ever we yield our breath—  
Till the mirror is dry and images death :  
To live  
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide  
To help the need of a human brother :  
He doubles the life of his life-long ride  
Who gives his fortunate place to another ;  
And a thousand million lives are his  
Who carries the world in his sympathies :  
To deny  
Is to die.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,  
And your ships sail home with tons of treas-  
ure ;  
Care not for comfort, all hardship brave,  
And evening and age shall sup with pleas-  
ure ;  
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,  
And roses shall come to the cheek again :  
To give  
Is to live.

What is our life ? Is it wealth or strength ?  
If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it,  
We shall find it a hundred-fold, at length,  
While they shall forever lose who refuse it ;  
And nations that save their union and peace  
At the cost of right, their woe shall increase :  
They save  
A grave.

—Congregationalist.



From The North British Review.

*Pensées de Pascal, publiées dans leur Texte Authentique ; avec un Commentaire Suivi, et une Étude Littéraire.* Par Ernest Havet, Ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale, Maître de Conférences à cette Ecole, Agrégé de la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris, 1852.

*Studies on Pascal.* By the late Alexander Vinet, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas Smith, A.M. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1859.

ONCE and again there has occurred a resurrection of some great mind upon the European necropolis: the instances are more than a very few; and some of them have been marked by peculiar circumstances. To such an instance we have now to ask the reader's attention: it is that of PASCAL—not indeed quite a recent event in the daily sense of the word, for it is not of this year, nor of last year; but yet it is recent if the time that has elapsed since its occurrence be put in comparison with the length of that period—almost two centuries—during which an unreal, or a disguised Pascal, has stood before the world on the pedestal which the genuine Pascal ought from the first to have occupied.

We have said that more than a very few instances of a literary resurrection, resembling the one now in view, have taken place in our European necropolis; and yet none that is quite of the same kind. Aristotle rested in his sepulchre for centuries, entombed—strange to think of it!—embalmed, in Arabic; from which Oriental swaddling he came forth to domineer over the world of mind, in his own Greek, during other long centuries. And so Herodotus, as to his authenticity—as to his historic vitality, has, in these last times, risen from the dead. As lately as Gibbon's time the "Father of History" was often contemptuously spoken of, as a teller of stories, a collector of fables for children; but since that age of ill-considered scepticism, this affluent Greek, with his easy Ionic graces, has stepped forward—steady has been his tread; and he now lives among us anew, as "an authority." Instances similar might soon fill a page. Passing by men of second-rate fame, think of Bacon—one might even put on this list his wonderful namesake Roger;—but take the illustrious

Lord Bacon: little was he read, little was he thought of, seldom was he named, until the morning hour of our now young, modern physical sciences! It is within the recollection of some now living that the *Novum Organon*, and the *De Augmentis* have come to take a prominent and an undisputed place in the canonical philosophic literature of Europe. If we should not affirm the same of John Milton, yet may we say it of *Paradise Lost*, which, after a long dose, started into life at the call of Addison, in the *Saturday Spectators*.

Blaise Pascal, author of the *Lettres de Louis de Montalte*, has indeed lived on, in the open day; but as to Pascal, the author of the *Pensées*, it is not so much *sepulture* as *pillory* that he has endured these two hundred years. The author of the *Thoughts*—the genuine and the fiery utterances of this soul, so profound, so calm, and yet so intense—this mind, hard and geometric, yet warm and sensitive beyond bounds—this mind, by structure sceptical, and yet unboundedly believing—this mind, rigid and exact as that of Aristotle—rich and lofty and deep as that of Plato—this true Pascal, after he had first been martyred by his ill-judging and timid friends, was then quartered by the Philistines of the *Encyclopedia*; and while he has been admired for qualities he had not, he has been defrauded of his just praise. The *real* Pascal has at length been rescued, as from his friends, so from his enemies.

We may presume that to some of our readers the circumstances of this long obscuration, and of this recent recovery of the genuine *Thoughts* of Pascal, are not unknown. On this supposition, we shall be the more brief in relating them. We must also suppose that, in outline at least, the tragical history of the society of Port Royal—which has once and again been brought into view before the English public—is well known, and is duly remembered. A recollection of that sad history is indeed needed in framing as good an apology as the case admits of, for the timid and unwarrantable conduct of his friends, the first editors of the *Pensées*.

The leading facts, concerning the literary history of Pascal's posthumous writings, are given at length by the editor of the edition which is now before us. Briefly stated, they



are these: Pascal, from the moment of his abandonment of his secular studies, or soon afterwards, and of his dedication of his great powers of mind exclusively to religious purposes, had entertained—so it has been supposed—the project of composing, in the most rigidly logical manner, a treatise in proof, first of Theism, and then of the Christian Revelation. Full of the grandeur of this purpose—great indeed in his view of it, and of the extent and the difficulty of the task—he postponed to a distant time that sort of *ordering* of the various subjects before him which must have preceded a formal commencement of it. To a time of leisure, and of recovered health perhaps—to years which, in his thirtieth year, were yet in his prospect—he reserved this preliminary labor.

Meantime, to prevent the loss of any valuable materials, and to secure the daily products of his teeming mind, and at the same time, perhaps, to preclude the supposition on the part of survivors that these loose materials were *all*, or nearly all, that he had intended to make them, it was his habit to entrust to any chance fragments of paper the thoughts of each passing moment. Loose materials indeed—fragmentary, and elliptical, and *enigmatical*, and often interlined, and blotted, and sometimes quite illegible—were these scraps. Nevertheless, if Pascal's *Thoughts* were scraps *in form*—if they were scraps to the *eye*, they possessed a golden continuity of their own—they had an intrinsic oneness; there was in them a coherence, a unity of intention, which belonged to them as being the out-beamings of a mind great in its own tranquil luminousness—translucent and incandescent itself throughout its substance. So is it that these sparks have all the same splendor: and so does the iron, when it is struck at a white heat, fill the space around the anvil with flaming diamonds.

The mass of writings accumulated in this manner, in the course of some ten years, was great;—it was a pile of manuscripts that came into the hands of Pascal's literary executors. But who were these? They were the trembling expectants of every wrong which the malice of Jesuitism, and the stolid fanaticism of the court—its tool, might please to inflict. This—the cruel position of the heads of the Jansenist sect, at that time—must, in justice, be kept in view for

mitigating the heavy blame which, at the first moment, one is inclined to throw upon them. But the course pursued at that critical moment in the religious fate of France, by those excellent men—Nicole, Arnauld, and others, involved consequences which they did not—which they could not have foreseen; and it is partly in regard to these consequences, fatal as they have been, that we are now proposing to bring the facts under the reader's notice. If any one should ask, What is the present religious condition of our nearest neighbors?—an answer to that question must carry us up from one generation of men to the next above it; nor will it be possible to stop, in pursuing the line of moral causation, until we reach the time when the bloodshedding of the Reign of Terror finds its true explication in the bloodshedding of the St. Bartholomew. A strict connection, an unbroken thread of influences—some of them, indeed, highly attenuated, and yet real—give a continuity to this series of events. And dare any one now affirm that this same thread is snapped, and that, from the time of the founding of the revolutionary empire, onward, all things in France—its religion and its irreligion together—have taken a fresh start, and that thus the things of to-day have no hold upon the past? We may not profess to think this; nor may we believe that the great evolution of the French mind, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has yet been sealed, as if for oblivion, and that it will never repeat itself in that country.

We return, then, for a moment to the circumstances that attended the first publication of this remarkable collection—the *Thoughts* of Pascal. In relating them, we regard as trustworthy the summary of facts prefixed by M. Ernest Havet to his edition, and most of which are attested in other recent publications.

Rough-cast and fragmentary as these *Thoughts* must appear, if we are looking at Pascal's autograph—morsels as they are, bits, rendered illegible often by interlineations, and by many erasures, and by the reinsertion of words and phrases that had been expunged—they are not, in truth, as to their literary quality, as rough as they seem:—this, their *appearance* would give a false idea of them as *compositions*. Pascal was a most severe critic of his own style: slow



was he in satisfying himself (so have the best writers always been); exact was he in his requirements, as to his choice of words; and still more severe was he in the adjustment of his thoughts; for he combined, in a remarkable manner, the rigid geometric temper—abstemious in terms, inexorable in the excision of whatever he thought superfluous—with a freedom, a spirit, and even a *license* of speech, which had much of the dramatic cast. It is this freedom which *now* imparts so much freshness to the *Thoughts*, but which alarmed his scrupulous friends of Port Royal, who misused a frigid discretion in drawing the pen through every startling word and phrase that made their nice ears to tingle. So it is, therefore, that what some of us, years ago, were used to think a rather heavy book, reads *now*, in these recent recensions, almost like Moliere, and too often like Rouchefoucauld. It is amusing to trace the instances—hundreds of such instances there are—in which the pious Nicole, and others, his coadjutors, have disguised the bright and witty author of the *Provincial Letters*, by putting upon him the broad brim and the straight-cut drab coat of Port Royal Quakerism!

Although so spirited and so free, Pascal wrote on morals and religion in as severe a manner as if he were framing the demonstration of a geometric theorem. It was his aim so to write, says his modern editor, as that there should not be a word too much—not a word wanting; no false graces—no conventional utterances; nothing so said as that the *author* should appear rather than the *man*. He did not hesitate to repeat a word in a sentence, if it was the most proper word for the occasion; and he would at any time do this, rather than, merely for avoiding a repetition, introduce a word that was less proper. In his compositions, everything of ornament—*luxé*—was cut off; and if, as a writer, Pascal is *elegant*, this word must be understood in the sense in which mathematicians apply it sometimes to a demonstration. He turns upon and works his thought—*tourmente son idée*—in such manner as shall bring it out, clear of mistake; and, in doing this, he pays attention, not merely to the choice of terms, but to the *order* in which they are presented. Nothing was more important in his view than *order*; nor anything more difficult: to this end he labored—he

spared no labor; he would revise and correct what he had written eight or ten times over, where every one but himself would have said it was admirably expressed at the first. If, in fact, Pascal has written little, and nothing of a much extended kind, this was not merely—so thinks his editor—because health and strength for doing so failed him, but because the rigorousness of the criticism to which he subjected his compositions was such that the execution of any work on a large scale would have been, to him, a task and a labor exceeding the powers of human nature. It has often been said that, if Pascal had completed the *Thoughts*,—that is to say, had brought his materials into form, as a finished composition—it would have been a work of matchless excellence. There may, however, be reason to doubt whether a *finished work*—ever and again commenced anew, could have come from under his hand; and there is room also, with another of his editors, to say that, admirable writer as he is when he finishes anything, he is still more to be admired in any instance in which he was cut short.

At the time of Pascal's death, in 1662, the establishment at Port Royal, and the Jansenist body, was in doubtful conflict with their powerful and ruthless enemies, the Jesuits. His papers came into the hands of his friends of Port Royal, who appear to have hesitated long as to the expediency, or the safety to themselves, of giving them publicity. It was not until seven years afterwards, in 1669, that what is called the Port Royal edition of the *Pensées* appeared; and, during this lapse of time, the worthy and learned persons of that body had, at their leisure, not only *deciphered* the autograph, which was a very difficult task, but they had, at their discretion, and with too little regard to the limits of their responsibility in the execution of such a task—editing the products of a mind of immeasurably greater compass than their own—foregone or suppressed much; and this perhaps they may think themselves at liberty to do; but they had dared to substitute words, phrases, sentences of their own, in place of the flashing, the burning words and phrases of their departed friend. Almost every one of those dramatic turns of expression which, in truth, are the *natural* out-speakings of a mind and soul so teeming with life, so sharp, so robust, are either



smoothed over, or are simply struck out! Feeble wisdom indeed was this! The fearless Montalte, wielding his own two-edged terrible weapon of logic and of satire, had once saved Port Royal. Was it not an error, then, not to allow the same champion, wielding the same weapon again, and as if starting from the grave to save Port Royal anew!

The Port Royal editor, Stephen Perier, in his preface, speaking of the huge disorderly collection of papers which came into the hands of his friends, says of them—and we may well believe it—that—*tout cela était si imparfait et si mal écrit, qu'on a eu toutes les peines du monde à le déchiffrer.* This being the case, these good men might have felt themselves excused in declining the all but impracticable task of preparing such a mass for the press; but, assuredly, if published at all, the *Thoughts* should have truly represented the mind of their departed friend. It was, however, well that *they*, to whom Pascal's handwriting was familiar, did actually achieve the task of completing a legible copy, without the aid of which—for it is still in existence—it may be doubted, says M. Havet, if, *at this time*, it would have been possible to read the autograph at all. At first, the Port Royal editors had intended, as they say, to give the best continuity they could to the fragments, by supplying what was wanting in form and in order, by clearing up obscure passages; and, in fact, by—writing a book, such as they *imagined* Pascal himself would have written, if he had lived to complete his own intention! Happily, from so audacious an attempt these worthy divines were soon turned aside; and it was well it was so, for it is not every man that can get himself into the steel armor of Richard Cœur de Lion, and wield his battle-axe, and bestride a Flanders stallion with advantage. This method of dealing with the *Pensées*, and another also having been rejected, these editors determined, as they tell us, to give to the public such of these fragments only as seemed the most intelligible and the most finished, “just such as they found them”—*telles qu'on les a trouvées*—“without adding anything, or altering anything” *sans y rien ajouter ni changer.* These are queer words for men of honor to employ, the *facts* being—what they are!

These editors, says M. Havet, have given

—generally speaking, or very loosely speaking, *The Thoughts*; but it has been with alterations in detail of all sorts, and some which seriously affect the very meaning of Pascal: the editors, Arnauld and Nicole, especially, had their scruples; his personal friends had their exceptions; and beyond this, the functionaries to whose approval the work was necessarily submitted, demanded that some things should be changed. But above all, care was to be taken that no advantage whatever should be put into the hands of the enemies of Port Royal, under favor of Pascal's name. It was at length to M. Cousin that the world was to owe the important service of dispersing the thick cloud of all these mystifications and of this cowardly prudence, which had so long veiled the real Pascal from view. This distinguished man, prompted, probably, by literary curiosity only, had given some time to an examination of the genuine autograph, collating it, by the aid of the copy, with the printed editions, earlier and later; and in consequence of the strange discoveries which he then made, a careful collation of the whole of this manuscript, treasured as it had been in the King's Library, \* was undertaken by a competent literary person.

M. Cousin, in making a general report of the differences between the autograph and the editions, says:—

“Some of the alterations affect the actual meaning, and these are the most serious; but they were (probably) compulsory (or were deemed indispensable): others affect the form, and these are, as to their motive, the most inexplicable, and they are the most numerous too—alterations of words, alterations in the term of expression, alterations of phrases; suppressions, substitutions, additions; compositions which are arbitrary and absurd—sometimes of a paragraph, sometimes of an entire chapter; and these effected by the means of phrases and of paragraphs foreign altogether to the context, and inconsistent among themselves; and, what is worse, a dislocation quite arbitrary and absolutely inconceivable (as to its motive) of chapters which, in the manuscript of Pascal, are strictly consecutive—part following part in a manner which had been the fruit of labor and deep thought.”—*Avant-propos de M. Cousin.*

Inconceivable, in truth, in many instances, as to the motives which prompted these *em-*

\* Now the Imperial.



endations, are the various readings of the Port Royal editions. Incredible, almost, as to the principles assumed to warrant them, are the misrepresentations, or the falsifications, which have thus been brought to light. Like breeds like;—was it so that the same slimy casuistry which Pascal had pursued to the death in the *Provincials*, had taken possession of the leaders of Jansenism, and that so Jesuitism had got its revenge in poisoning the consciences of its adversaries? One need not doubt that these good men *believed* they were doing only what “a sound discretion” warranted—and it has been a so-called “sound discretion” that has burned scores of heretics.

The present editor excuses himself from the task—intolerable and unprofitable—of indicating these variations throughout: he says, there is not a page free from something of the kind; but in his notes, which for the most part are pertinent and serviceable, he has brought under notice those differences which materially disfigure, either Pascal’s *Thought*, or his style. Alterations of the latter kind appear to be attributable chiefly to the impertinence of the Duke de Roannez, who had labored at the task of rewriting the *Thoughts* on an improved plan! and in a better style! It is instructive to think of such an instance of boundless coxcombry! Finding himself unable to accomplish what he had so modestly intended, this noble person did what he could—en mettant à chaque instant ses expressions à la place de celles de Pascal! Inasmuch as the *Thoughts* of this great mind are the property of modern literature, as well as the pride of France, it is a work deserving of a European vote of thanks, thus to have given us at length, Blaize Pascal in the place of—the Duke de Roannez!

Other editors followed the same track, in bringing forward, either portions of the *Thoughts*, or some of Pascal’s minor pieces: among these was the “Père des Molets.” But, in 1776, an editor very differently minded came forward, and gave to the world an edition of the *Thoughts*, or rather a selection of them, with notes, indicating very plainly the intention of the annotator. In what way, or rather, by means of what misunderstanding of this Christian writer’s purpose, the leaders of the atheism of that time might avail themselves of his doctrine and

principles, it will be our part, a little further on, to show. The edition of Condorcet, taken up and patronized by Voltaire, who also added his notes, was printed (as would seem) in London. Condorcet, luminous and geometric as he was, did something in attempting to redeem the collection from the desperate confusion and disorder of the Port Royal editions. His edition was not, however, more than what might be called, in usual phrase, “the Flowers of Pascal;”—all the more strictly theological passages were omitted, and those only were produced which fell in with his design in bringing out a work of this strange kind. As to the spurious and the falsified passages of the Port Royal edition, Condorcet adopted them without inquiry. In 1779 M. Bossuet gave to the world a complete edition of Pascal’s works. This edition included several pieces which had not before appeared, or which had not been duly edited; but, as to the *Thoughts* it followed on the same path, reproducing the vitiated portions of the Port Royal edition.

It was in 1842 that M. Cousin—as we have said—amazed everybody by announcing the fact, that, while believing they were in possession of Pascal’s *Thoughts*, these, in truth, had never been given to the world. The autograph, as was known, was preserved in the Imperial Library, where it had been deposited at the time when rescued from the fire which destroyed the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prez, in 1794. In the National Library this collection was always open to every eye; and yet—so it is affirmed—neither the philosophers who disputed among themselves as to Pascal’s principles, nor the literary men who studied his style, nor even the men who, year after year, had taken upon themselves to superintend new editions of his works, had troubled themselves to examine these manuscripts. M. Cousin could not be so easily satisfied:—he collated the editions, as well with the Port Royal manuscript copy, as with the printed editions: he brought forward samples of the variations; and he made known his opinion, that an edition of the *Thoughts* was a labor to which some one, who should be competent to the task, must give his time. By various citations, exhibiting the gravity and extent of the variations from the original text, he demonstrated that, although the author of the *Provincial Letters* had always



been regarded as a fearless writer, uttering strong things, in bold language, the author of the *Thoughts* was a far more intrepid writer,—more violent even, and in every way more startling, than the writer who hitherto had been regarded as bold enough. The world—the world of French literary intelligence, was awakened by this discovery: the charms of the style of this standard writer, and the inimitable touch of a master's hand, revealed now at length, excited a vivid feeling; and this feeling could not fail quickly to bring about what was needed—a careful perusal of the autograph, and a trustworthy edition of the *Thoughts*—a restoration of this mass; or, what we have ventured to call—a resurrection of the real Pascal.

It is thus that the present editor sums up his report of this strange entombment, and of the return to life of his author:—

“The text of the *Thoughts* has, in fact, undergone three successive revelations:—in the first, the Port Royal editions—the spring, the vigor of the writer, was almost entirely suppressed;—in the second, the extracts brought forward by Des Molets, and which were repeated in the editions of Condorcet and of Bossuet, there was perceptible, in degree, and sparingly, something of the temerity, as well of Pascal the Jansenist, the sectarist, as of Pascal the philosopher and the sceptic; so that a surmise was suggested as to that which at length was to become manifest. The third, and the last of these revelations, has left nothing more to be wished for. The *Thought* of this daring writer, in all its startling audacity, and his style too, in all its freedom and its vivacity, is in view. The date of this revelation, of which M. Cousin was the instrument, will ever be memorable in the history of French literature.”—*Etude*, p. 54.

M. Cousin, who had made the discovery, had produced samples: he had shown what was to be done; but had not himself undertaken the heavy task which remained to be achieved. In 1844. M. Prosper Faugère brought out, in two octavo volumes, an edition of the *Thoughts*, and of other small pieces, to which he pledged himself as being faithful, complete, and authentic. This laborious editor attempted to bring the scattered materials before him into what he imagined to be their true order, as intended by Pascal; but probably this was attempted on

insufficient grounds.\* But M. Havet, not himself believing that Pascal had actually digested *any* plan, as if for a complete treatise, has not attempted to make search, in the confused mass, for the indications of what he thinks never had existence. He has therefore fallen back upon the arrangements of his predecessors; not as if these were better, or that one was better than another; but because, in his view, they are all alike unauthentic and unimportant. The arrangement of the edition of Bossuet, to which the readers of Pascal are accustomed, is followed in this edition, with some few exceptions, which need not be here specified.

We have now said what may suffice for putting before those of our readers who are not already acquainted with them, the actual facts of this, perhaps, unexampled instance of the literary substitution of a factitious for a genuine image of a mind—and this, a mind of the highest order. The instance is in itself fraught with instructive inferences, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader. Presuming, then, that *our* readers *are* of the thoughtful class, we may leave them to pursue such meditations at their leisure, and at this moment turn towards subjects of a wider meaning. Pascal's mind, seen as we *now* see it, in conflict with the great problems of all time, gives an exhibition of the true nature of those problems, as they display their relation to the vigorous evolution of the mind of France in the seventeenth century. This evolution was preliminary to that of the next following century, which itself has shaken the European commonwealth; nor must it be thought to have reached its ultimate consequence, even at this late time. The *beginning* of this end takes date from the appearance of the *Essays* of Montaigne, in 1580; and therefore this “time of the end,” as to the religious destiny of France, wants now about twenty years to make up its three centuries.

In giving this prominence—as the leader of the modern French thought in religion—to Montaigne, we follow the guidance of our subject. If Pascal has already been rescued

\* This edition, 1844, found its way into England at the time, and it may be in the recollection of some of our readers, as it is in our own; albeit a copy is not now before us.



from the hands of his Jansenist editors, there is something still to be done in rescuing him, as to the *Pensées*, from the *Essays* of his master. At an early time in his course, and, as appears, before the hour of his conversion, Pascal had read, and had—might one say so—sadden his soul in the mind of Montaigne; and thus it is that, in almost countless instances, when putting a thought on paper, what he was doing—whether consciously or unconsciously—was noting and repeating for his own future use, a something then floating in his mind, which now proves itself to be, either in substance, or perhaps in very words, a citation from the *Essays* of Montaigne. These are not instances of plagiarism in any proper sense of the word. The notes were made by Pascal for his own use in future; and he cared not to recollect precisely whence they had come to him. The present editor adduces many instances of these formal and informal coincidences; and the reader who will take the pains to do so, availing himself of M. Havet's aid, and having also the quaint *Essays* in hand, may come to know what is Pascal in Pascal, and what is Montaigne. But in truth, the two minds, little as we may have been used to think it, were *consecutive* minds. There was a principle of connection—there was a sequence of occult causation between them; and thus it is that the great writer to whom, on the Christian side, it has become trite to make a confident appeal—"Was not Pascal a Christian?"—was, in an intellectual sense, the son and heir of the writer who has often been named, and denounced too, as the father of the modern French infidelity—the very writer behind whom Bayle, in making up his apology for his own freedoms, says, *Après tout, oseroit-on dire que mon Dictionnaire approche de la license des Essais de Montaigne, soit à l'égard du Pyrrhonisme, soit à l'égard des saletés?* \*—*Dict.* p. 3025. It is not apart from a careful distinction made and insisted upon, that we should risk the *apparent* paradox of naming, in causative order, Montaigne, Pascal, Bossuet, Condorcet, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, with Voltaire as chairman of the committee of Unbelief.

\* After all, will they venture to say that my Dictionary comes near to the license of Montaigne's *Essays*, whether as to Pyrrhonism, or to indecency?

This needful distinction, in rescue of Pascal, we may suggest as we go on: it is such as might lead to useful reflections in these times!

But a word as to Montaigne. This bold thinker, and humane and upright man, who was neither Huguenot nor atheist, flung himself off with heat from the ferocious fanaticism of his times. Cruelty and bigotry he abhorred; and, subject to such restraints only as his public position imposed upon him, he spoke and wrote as he thought. In so thinking, speaking, and writing, he distanced himself, intellectually and morally, yet not ecclesiastically, from the men of his time—in fact, from all the world of the sixteenth century. Looking at the social system and at the manners of his countrymen, as from the vantage-ground of a needful perspective, he fell naturally into the habit of dissecting everything—of stripping off every mask—of working himself well up to the core of every subject—of probing, analyzing, opening out all things, whether sacred or profane. It can be no wonder that the young and ardent author of the *Provincial Letters*, himself so searching a practitioner with the knife in morbid anatomy, should take to himself a teacher, such as was the author of the *Essays*. Or, if this might be a wonder, it must cease to be so accounted when, as now, we come near to this same Pascal, in the perusal of his genuine thoughts. This, then, is the order of intellectual causation:—Montaigne leads the way, a sincere Catholic, but Pyrrhonist; Pascal follows in the next century, not only Catholic, but a devout Christian, and yet a Pyrrhonist also. But—may we say it?—he leaves the royal banner of genuine religious thought, theistic and Christian, floating loosely in the winds! Alas! his co-religionists of Port Royal—*Catholic* in the sense of spiritual slavery, and *Christian* in the sense of devout feeling and of compromise—knew not their vocation: they heard not the voice of Heaven; they lowered the colors of their chief, and these, available as they were for sinister purposes in their torn condition, were hoisted with acclamations upon the wall of Atheism! Thus, then, come we up to the verge of the pit out of which, in the next hour, issued a roaring storm of blood and fire—all the ingredients of hell flung up to the skies, and thence descending, to deluge the earth.



Pascal did much—and he did it with profound skill—in the way of barring the inference which the world would be quick to draw from his Pyrrhonism, which was at once *constitutional* with him, and *geometric*: it was a matter of temperament, and it was also a result of mathematical logic. But what he did in this way, or for this purpose, was left in an inorganic state; and thus it failed of effecting its purpose according to his own intention. It was as if a man, for the protection of his house and goods, had put into the hands of his servants sword-blades without handles, and rifle-barrels without stocks!

Then, beside this—the impracticable condition of Pascal's weapons, defensive and offensive—he wrought under a condition which has ever been fatal to success in those, who conscientious as they may have been—and he was inexorably, immovably, profoundly conscientious in all things (witness his temporary disagreement with his Port Royal friends)—have so stood forth as champions of Christianity:—in the fewest words expressed, Pascal earnestly desired to save the gospel—*salvâ ecclesiâ*. So it has been with a succession of great and honest men, from Augustine to our times. What availed that noble work, the *Civitas Dei*, in stemming the torrent of superstition and confusion which so soon after deluged Africa and the western world? Little or nothing. Read the African Salvian, and find your answer. Respectfully we would here say, Think of this, whoever it may be now, in this crisis of Christian belief, in whose secret unconfessed purposes this same maxim or principle may crouch—save Christianity—*salvâ ecclesiâ*.

There is extremely little of Romanism in Pascal. But although in theology he himself outdoes Calvin's Calvinism, there is in him a profound dread of the Calvinistic schism; and, just as the Donatists kept Augustine true to the Church, and induced him to be the champion of its corruptions, so did the Huguenots drive Pascal in upon the Church of Rome—its corruptions notwithstanding.

We should say something, perhaps, of Pascal's personal history; but this is one of a few instances in which the greatness of the mind throws into a position of comparative non-importance the facts of personal history.

In his case, this history was quite uneventful: nor is it of a kind to be signally instructive. As a leader in science, and as a profound mathematician, his course came early to an end: he did indeed secure a place for himself in the annals of philosophy; yet he did little more than give evidence of a depth and sagacity which, if it had been devoted through many years to secular science, would undoubtedly have given him a name second to few or none among its chiefs in modern times. It is in its reflected influence upon his religious course that this great scientific reputation has chiefly become noticeable.

The memoir of her brother, as given to the world by his devoted sister, Mme. Perier (Gilberte Pascal), is rather a eulogy than a biography; and, while it mentions leading facts of the personal history, it leaves the reader to seek elsewhere for information concerning some of the most important occurrences thereto belonging. Nothing is related by his sister of the circumstances to which Pascal's conversion has been attributed (as incidental cause); nor do we find in this memoir any statements of his connection with Port Royal, or of his controversy with the Jesuits. This connection, which made him to a great extent the *sectarist*, we should think it wearisome, at this time, to bring into prominence; and as to that controversy, the fruit of which was the *Provincial Letters*,\* it would be beside our purpose, just now, to bestow much space upon it.

This great soul came into the world (June 19, 1623) consorted with a material organization of a very peculiar kind. Such was the body—or such the brain or nervous system—that it could never consist with that easy equipoise between mind and body to which the term—health properly applies. There could be no health, there could be no buoyant enjoyment of either mental or corporeal existence, in the instance of one whose mind—a Titan mind—was ever struggling and beating against the walls of its cell, as if determined to get out, or to break and shatter everything that was in the way of its liberty. Then the miseries which the living man was thus destined to endure were

\* It is unlucky that this customary rendering of the French "*Lettres Ecrites a un Provincial par un de ses Amis*," conveys a wrong idea, as if the letters were a provincial product, instead of the contrary.



vastly aggravated by the enormities of the asceticism which he practised; and yet, were not these very enormities—was not this hideous asceticism itself—a product of the life-long quarrel between the lodger and the lodgings?

The notes of the surgeons who made a *post-mortem* examination of the mortal remains are extant. This document contains particulars of this sort: "The stomach and the liver were withered—shrivelled; the intestines were in a gangrenous state." These derangements had no doubt been induced, in the course of years, by the incredibly absurd ascetic practices in which Pascal had persisted—spite of the remonstrances of his physicians and his family. So it is that the *post-mortem* of a man who kills himself at forty or fifty, by drams of gin, offers to the dissector nearly the same revolting appearances as those that are the product of a life of religious infatuation! As to the head, the appearances were indeed singular. We do not profess to be qualified to say whether they are of a kind that is in an extreme degree rare. There were no traces of sutures, except the sagittal; the cranium was, therefore, in a manner a solid unyielding case or osseous helmet! As to the frontal suture, instead of the ordinary dove-tailing which takes place in childhood—we believe, about the eighth year, at which time the brain has reached its final dimensions—the natural closing up of it had been prevented by the want of elasticity in the rest of the cranium, resulting from the absence of the temporal sutures; and then the wide gap had become filled in with a calculus, or non-natural deposit, perceptible to the touch on the scalp, and which probably obtruded also upon the *dura mater* within, and so would be the cause of intense suffering through life. As to the coronal suture, there was not a trace of it! The brain was of unusual size and density—such, in fact, as to keep the sagittal suture open, in default of the relief afforded ordinarily by the other sutures. But, as a sufficient explanation of Pascal's death, and of the miseries of his later years, there were found within the cranium, and at the part opposite to the ventricles, two depressions, filled with coagulated blood in a corrupt state, and which had produced a gangrenous spot on the *dura mater*. Thus are some born to anguish, beyond the reach of

remedial art; and so was it with this great and burning spirit; and so did Pascal's frequent saying realize itself in him—*La maladie est l'état naturel des chrétiens!* It may well be believed that in his case the suffering to which he was born had induced a state of mind and temper commingling philosophic fortitude with Christian principle, and then therewith the ascetic mood; which state of mind expressed itself in many of the stern paradoxes, and the ultra-rational maxims, which abound in, and which, we must confess, disfigure, the mass of Thoughts now before us.

Pascal's paradoxes in morals, his harsh and gloomy views of human life, and the enormities of his personal mortification, what were they but outward expressions of the organic anguish which it was his lot to endure year after year? Thus speaks his modern eulogist:—

"Pascal would not permit himself to be conscious of the relish of his food; he prohibited all seasonings and spices, however much he might wish for and need them; and he actually died because he forced the diseased stomach to receive at each meal a certain amount of aliment—neither more nor less, whatever might be his appetite at the time, or his utter want of appetite. He wore a girdle armed with iron spikes, which he was accustomed to drive in upon his body (his fleshless ribs) as often as he thought himself in need of such admonitions. What folly! and yet how sad is such a spectacle! how disheartening is it! And then, as to his virtues—they were in a sense virtues out of joint. His purity—what was it? He was annoyed and offended if any in his hearing might chance to say that they had just seen a beautiful woman! He rebuked a mother who permitted her own children to give her their kisses! Toward a loving sister, who devoted herself to his comfort, he assumed an artificial harshness of manner, *for the express purpose*, as he acknowledged, of revolting her sisterly affection! This is the man whose wont it was to describe man as a compound of greatness and of wretchedness! Thus, indeed, did Pascal truly describe himself—great always, and miserable always! Let us then cease," says this editor, "to think of these miseries, and fix our attention upon this grandeur—grandeur, not of the intellect only, but of the heart also."—*Notes*. p. 29.

In estimating, at their just value, Pascal's labors on the side of Christianity, and in coming to think equitably of the causes which



lessened so much the actual product of these labors, it is necessary to understand the degree to which a mind so powerful and so penetrating had suffered damage—*first*, from the misfortune of his physical conformation; *next*, from his too great admiration of Epicurus and of Montaigne; *then* from his Jansenist sectarianism; *then* from his devotion to the Papacy, which in him was at once a logical and a religious inconsequence, or incoherence. If he had not, in these several modes, lost or forfeited his proper advantage, it is just conceivable that the influence of his writings upon the mind of France, in that age, would have been of lasting and beneficial consequence. At the least, he might have precluded the possibility of what actually happened, when a sinister use was made of his reputation by the encyclopedists of the next century. Moreover, the position he assumed on the noted occasion of the “miracle of the holy thorn” becomes explicable (or it is in some measure explicable) when we find that he was not able to rise superior to the most abject infatuations of the ascetic practice. These extravagances are, of course, spoken of with admiration by his devoted sister. To reject every gratification of the senses, to refuse every pleasure, to abstain from everything that might be called superfluous, was, we are told, the one maxim or sovereign rule of Pascal’s life. And yet this Bible reader had the New Testament by heart; and so well acquainted with it was he, says his sister, that if, in his hearing, by chance any passage was quoted incorrectly, he never failed to correct the error, saying “*That is not Holy Scripture.*” Thus cognizant of the Heaven-given principles and rules of virtue, and thus knowing how that rule was exemplified in the practice of Christ and his ministers, he could so grievously misunderstand all! Paul had said, “I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed (divinely instructed) both to be full, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need.” In the face of Scripture, in defiance of the divine example and precepts, this strong logical mind could persuade itself to enact the fakir after the most outrageous fashion! With an incessant vigilance toward the senses and the appetites, he absolutely refused them the smallest satisfaction. He had acquired a wonderful skill, his sister says, in turning away his

consciousness. If in any instance the diet which his maladies compelled him to use was agreeable to the palate, he would not *taste* it—he *swallowed* it only! Never did he utter any such an exclamation as this—“This is very nice.”

Of a piece with these severities, and with these pitiable perversions of the nobler moral sense, are very many of the iron-like cynical conclusions and the startling paradoxes which are scattered up and down among the *Thoughts*, as they now stand; and when the reader comes upon passages of this class, he will do well to recollect that what so much offends common sense in the writings of one like Pascal—deep thinking and severely logical as he was, should be put on one side, or should be thrown on to the heap of his ascetic mistakes. Compensated, in the equitable balance of the Christian moralist, were these damaging errors by the practice of virtues which are always admirable. His alms-deeds reached the utmost extent of his resources; he gave to the poor, daily, all he could give; his humility, his patience under an extremity of suffering, and especially his denial of that ambition which never fails to be present in powerful minds, gave evidence of the intensity, and of the sincerity of the surrender he had made of himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of God and of his fellows.

Some however of those instances of extravagance or of paradox which occur in his sister’s narrative, or among the *Thoughts*, are traceable to a very different source; for they are the product of the geometric hardness of his mode of thinking:—they are violences offered to common sense at the demand of that logic which sometimes he followed wherever it might lead him. An explanation similar to this is perhaps the best apology which the case admits of, in the instance of some of Jonathan Edwards’ astounding affirmations in his *Essay on Virtue* and other writings. Common sense forgotten—Scripture out of view—and then the most enormous of all imaginable conclusions may be boldly drawn from what?—from “*our premises!*” Alas for virtue, for piety—for theism, for humanity, for everything fair and precious—when some awful conclusion is coming down upon us—by right of logic, like an express train in the dark, with its glaring red eyes, and we—on the rails!



Pascal did not hesitate to tell his loving sister that she was guilty toward God—was chargeable with a crime—if she loved her brother with any personal affection; and here, on a page before us (324), this geometrician says, “It is an *injustice* for any one to become attached to me (in the way of personal regard or affection) although this attachment be free on their part, and be to them a source of pleasure. It is so because I cannot be *the end* of any one. I possess nothing that can satisfy any one. Am I not about to die? and so the object of their affection dies! As I should be blameworthy if, in any case, I made what was false to be believed, although I did it sweetly, persuasively, and that the belief itself was pleasurable to those who entertained it, so, in like manner, am I blameworthy if I make myself loved, or if I induce any of those about me to attach themselves to me.” In what sense was the writer of a *Thought* like this, accustomed to read the narrative of Christ’s behavior in the family circle at Bethany? But what is Scripture when opposed to an unanswerable syllogism! It is, as we may see in a thousand instances, it is—as a bundle of straws! Volumes of absurd *certainities*—of nonsense demonstrations, have sprung from the unlucky usage of applying terms proper only to mathematical reasoning to moral and theological problems. What meaning can cleave to the word—*infinite* in many of its usual applications?—as much as to such phrases as these—*infinite blue, infinite yellow, infinite sweet or sour or bitter*. Pascal’s reasoning was of this sort: God, who is infinite, has a rightful claim to the *whole of my love* (as if love were a *quantity*); therefore to set off any portion of *this* love, which is *finite*, can be nothing better than a *robbery*—it is so much love *misappropriated*. If Pascal had been a husband and a father, and happy as such, he would have come to know that love is—not a ponderable mass, but a sunshine, which suffers no diminution in diffusion.

It is quite needful, in attempting to bring Pascal into his due place on the field of Christian argument, to set off from the instance not a small amount of over-statement, and of paradox, and of cynical asperity, which were his disadvantage—*first*, as a geometrician who trusted far too much to his rules, as if they could be applicable to

moral problems; *secondly*, as an ascetic, and a cœlebs, after the fashion of the most fanatical species of Romanism; *thirdly*, as the inheritor of a life-long anguish; and, *fourthly*, as the partisan of a persecuted sect—the Jansenists.

In advancing these necessary cautions, we shall, as we think, have acquitted our duty toward Pascal in drawing the reader’s attention to his genuine *Thoughts*. Enough, then, of what relates to the man; and we now turn to the theologian—the theist and the Christian philosopher; or, in a word, we look to this great mind, regarding it as the property of the modern religious community.

Pascal can scarcely be allowed to claim a place in the catena of masters in abstract philosophy, or intellectual science. Certainly he has no claim to stand at the head of that science, which, if he had aimed at it, might have been his position, at least in the order of time; for he was anterior by a little to Descartes, and by more than a little to Malebranche and to Spinoza. But, in truth, his aim was loftier than that of a philosophic ambition; there are no traces in his writings of any design to inaugurate a philosophy; there is nothing which should place him on a level with either Bacon or Descartes. The relation in which he stood to *philosophy*—at least within the circuit of French literature—was of quite another kind; and it may be of some consequence to understand what this relation was. The seventeenth century—as in Germany and in England, so in France—had been indeed the age of *intellectual*, as the sixteenth was that of *religious* vivification; all things had broken over their bounds, both in theology and in philosophy:—a future, new in its first elements, had opened in front of the thinking world, as elsewhere, so in France. But wherever the two powers—*theology* and *philosophy*—are moving onward, each in the plenitude of its force, and on parallel lines, they tend—whether intentionally so or not—each to shove its companion to the wall, or to push it off from the commanding *centre* of the main road. Either it is theology that leaves philosophy to take care of itself, or else it is philosophy that leaves theology to do the like, for itself. In England—(but this is a wide subject, from which we must abstain)—in England political and ecclesias-



tical conditions held the high road *in trust*, and secured fair play between the two. But it was not so in France. The fatal triumph of the papistical fanaticism, and the brutality of the infatuated government of Louis XIV., finally successful in 1685, bereft what might have been a genuine theology of all room of free development. The consequence was certain to follow. A pantheistic philosophy, which the Jesuits were not able to control, and upon which the court did not keep its wakeful eye, crept into existence in France; and, at length, it fairly possessed itself, unopposed, of the highway of thought. Many of the great writers of that time, intending no such thing, or intending the very contrary—and such were Malebranche and Descartes (perhaps even Spinoza)—levelled the ground:—the preliminary railway work was done; the rough places were made smooth; the hills were made low, or tunnelled; the hollow places were filled in. Bayle came up to wheel in the rubbish, and so was the tramway of Atheism made ready for D'Holbach, Condillac, Helvetius, St. Lambert, Voltaire, and the suite of those who made proclamation before their admiring countrymen that “the Beyond” is a fable—the invention of priests, and that Eternal Fate alone rules the universe. Under this iron sceptre virtue and vice, good and evil, are but pairs of words—intending the same thing: crimes and virtues are alike good, when they are alike profitable.

Whereabouts, then, should have come in—if it could have come in at all, in France—the redeeming, or the *withstanding* influence of a writer such as was Pascal? This influence should have come in, and, under favoring conditions, it might have come in, *to hold the ground*; to keep the road open for theology—that is to say, for Christian Belief—solidly established by a course of reasoning against which the atheistic sophistry would not so easily have prevailed. At an early time in his literary course Pascal had achieved a triumphant success, in his demolition of the Jesuit casuistry. And then, in winning this success as a polemic, he had *also*, by the rare vigor and the fresh purity of his style, come to be regarded as a model, and, indeed, as an *authority*, as a master of the French language. This, his well-earned repute—a sidelong advantage as

it was in respect of his great argument—gave him a *status* and a power of which none of the writers, his contemporaries, were at all able to deprive him. Almost might he be regarded as the originator of the French language in its modern form. Such as he made it, and such as he left it, it has, in the main, continued to the present time. There is no English writer of the same time who stands now in the same position, as to modern English, which Pascal still occupies in relation to modern French.

Then, at the same time, this Christian lay theologian, and this conspicuously popular writer, had won a place for himself in the then rapidly developing physical science of Europe. His early mathematical treatises, and the successful experiments which were made at his suggestion, in proof of the weight of the atmosphere, had had the effect of setting him on high in science in the view of the European commonwealth. It would not be easy—we do not know that it would be possible—to name a comparable instance of a man his equal in this peculiar sense, that (while he was yet young, too), he stood before the world, as a writer, unrivalled in literature, and as a master of the powers of language and of argument. Great also was he among the great in the mathematical and the physical sciences, and quite unrivalled as a polemic and a reasoner, on the field of Christian and ethical controversy. We may not say as much as this on behalf of Bacon, or of Newton, or of Locke, or, indeed, of any one else among our English magnates.\*

\* “Il y avait un homme qui, à douze ans, avec des *barres* et des *ronds*, avait créé les Mathématiques; qui, à seize, avait fait le plus savant traité des coniques qu'on eût vu depuis l'antiquité; qui, à dix-neuf, réduisit en machine une science qui existe tout entière dans l'entendement; qui, à vingt-trois ans, démontra les phénomènes de la pesanteur de l'air et détruisit une des grandes erreurs de l'ancienne physique; qui, à cet âge—où les autres hommes commencent à peine de naître, ayant achevé de parcourir le cercle des sciences humaines, s'aperçut de leur néant, et tourna ses pensées vers la religion, qui, depuis ce moment jusqu'à sa mort, arrivée dans sa trente-neuvième année, toujours infirme et souffrant, fixa la langue que parlèrent Bossuet et Racine, donna le modèle de la plus parfaite plaisanterie comme du raisonnement le plus fort; enfin qui, dans les courts intervalles de ses maux, résolut par abstraction un des plus hauts problèmes de géométrie, et jeta sur le papier des pensées qui tiennent autant du Dieu que de l'homme: cet affrayant génie se nommait *Blaise Pascal*.” We should gladly have cited several pages of Chateaubriand's eloquent eulogy of Pascal. The reader will perhaps recollect the passage in *Le Génie du Christianisme*, p. 370, small edition of Paris, 1858.



How then was it that, thus endowed, and thus in the actual command of means and forces so peculiar, Pascal nevertheless failed to accomplish what might have been thought to be his destiny? How was it that, instead of heading the mind of France *for good*, at that critical moment, when the balance between Christianity and Atheism, was trembling on the turn, the products of this profound mind—true in substance, forcible in manner, fresh, and breathing life—fell out of regard almost; and then only came into much notice, when they were hoisted on high and exhibited in triumph by the apostles of impiety, and the pioneers of revolutionary horrors? Such a course of things as this, does it not ask explanation?

Several lesser or incidental causes contributed to bring about this contradictory result. Pascal not only killed himself at an early age—his work half done—by his misjudging ascetic practices; but, in the same way, he greatly impaired the influence he might otherwise have exercised in ruling the philosophic mind of France, by the extravagance, and indeed the servile and stolid style, of the superstitions to which he was addicted. The frivolous abstinences, and the small observances which he imposed upon himself—and which, no doubt, enhanced his repute among the sectarists of Port Royal—if they had not widened the wide interval between himself and the Calvinistic (or call them, in a modern sense, the Protestant) community in France, which was equally rigid, and not much less superstitious in their own way, could not fail to give disgust to the expanding intelligence of the many, who then, and still more so in the next generation, were schooling themselves in free thought. Men of this order would resent the proposal to follow the guidance of a man, whatever his powers of mind might be, who was used to drive pricks into his side for breaking the naughtiness of intellectual pride, when he found himself attracting attention in scientific circles! Those whom he might otherwise have influenced—holding them to the truth—had just then learned to think and to feel and to reason in converse with the illustrious minds of Greece and Rome. Should such men submit themselves to the mindless puerilities of monastic Fakirism? So it was, in part, that Pascal had forfeited his right to rule the mind of France:

it was not for a morsel of meat that he thus sold his birthright; but for the folly of refusing it, or of refusing to taste it when it was actually in his mouth.

Another, and an incidental cause of his failing to effect what otherwise he might have effected in this way, was the incomplete state in which he left his *Thoughts* in relation to the first principles of Theism. It was a consequence of this incompleteness that he came to be cited and appealed to as a universal sceptic—a declared Pyrrhonist, and the author of all unbelief.

Then we are brought round to what has already been referred to—the pitiable and miscalculating caution of his Port Royal friends, who, after keeping the invaluable treasure of his manuscripts in the dark for seven years, brought forward, at last, a mangled mass, from which had been removed, by their unfaithful fingers, almost everything of force and of fire, and of bold truthfulness too, which if it had been left to recommend the collection at its first appearance, would not have failed to move the mind of France in an effective manner. So might it have been that the *Thoughts*, found to be of a piece, in spirit and style, with the *Provincial Letters*, and well sustaining the high reputation of their author, might have stood as a munition on the field of Christian theology in France, within which multitudes might have found safety—yes, and salvation.

But the *principal* cause of Pascal's failing to accomplish a redemption of this kind for his country, was not indeed *his* fault, or the fault of his friends. What can either a preacher or a writer do, unless there be within his call an audience—a public that is already prepared by their sympathies to obey his challenge, and to yield him their plaudits, and to stand by his side, and to show a front of strength for his defence? If there be heard anywhere a voice, as of one "crying in the wilderness," there must also be within hearing a multitude, able and willing to repair to the scene. Pascal, had he raised his voice never so loudly, could not *then* have gathered a people around him. A depopulated wilderness (in a religious sense), right hand and left hand and in front, had been created, by the mad fanaticism and the debasing superstition of the Church and of the monarchy—one in cruelty and folly. The Jansenist party at that time, with which Pas-



cal had identified himself, was not large enough, in a popular sense, for this purpose. Many of the clergy did, indeed, openly or secretly, favor Augustinian doctrine; but by the people the party was seen to stand in a false position: false toward the Papacy, which it bowed to and bearded; false toward evangelic doctrine—the Augustinian doctrine, which, whether in Jansen's books or not in them, was not—everybody felt it—was not the congenial and the *congruous* doctrine of the Romish Church. This sectarian theology was substantially, if not Geneva, yet quite near at hand to Calvinism. Those therefore who would gladly have embraced it if the Reformed Church had been tolerated in France, could think of Romish Jansenism as nothing but a compromising and a damaged, and an embarrassed Protestantism; whose professors, for consistency's sake, should have walked forth from the communion of Rome. A compromising religious community ought not to wonder, or to think itself ill-treated, if it fails to carry with it the cordial sympathies of a nation. It is not in human nature to do justice to those who are thought not to be doing justice to their own convictions. But might not Pascal have gathered to himself a willing, listening audience from the Reformed Church—the Calvinist ministers and people of France? He, a Romanist! A sufficient reply to such a question—if indeed it could be seriously propounded—is to be found in the simple fact, that the horrors of 1559, and the hellish murders of the St. Bartholomew in 1572, were still, we may say, fresh in the recollection of the men of Pascal's time. Seventy years are too few for bringing to oblivion the traditions of such a time of woe, conserved as these traditions were in the memories of thousands of families throughout France. It is just such an interval of time as this that separates the now living aged men in that country from the years of the guillotine; and if there were now a party in France that could be regarded as the representatives of the butchers of that time, and who appeared as their apologists, the intensities of revengeful hatred would, no doubt, show themselves alive toward them to this moment. Pascal—firm son of the Papacy as he was—how could *he* be listened to by the descendants, the sons and the grandsons, of the men that were slaughtered in that night?

The one man among Pascal's contemporaries who, if we think only of his force of mind and his greatness of soul, might have stepped forward to rescue Theism and Christianity from the then germinating atheistic philosophy of France, was the Bishop of Meaux; but Bossuet—eminent and fervent Christian as he was—always felt and thought and wrote as the *Churchman*. Churchman he was in so decisive and unexceptive a manner, that, in him, the bold *entireness* of his convictions on that side neither required nor admitted any sort of compromise, any concession, any ambiguous expression of a half doubt upon any subject, or upon any subject dear to him. But this florid Churchism, and this assured belief—belief from nature, from earliest boyhood, or the cradle, or the womb—was a constitutional prohibition against his ever thinking or speaking as a philosopher—using the term in its best and genuine sense. Mad. de Staël somewhere says, "Celui qui n'a pas souffert que sait il?"\* One might put a parallel question, and ask, "He who has never doubted, what does he know?" Pascal was born to doubt, or, we should rather say, born to sift all commonly accepted notions, and to reach the very bottom of every subject. Let the reader turn, at hazard, from the pages of Bossuet to those of Pascal, and he will see at once what we mean in affirming that it was Pascal, not the illustrious Bishop of Meaux, who, if he had had an open course before him, and a few more years of life, might have stopped the way, and might have turned the torrent, and might have rescued genuine philosophic thought from the sophists and the atheists of the next century, who,—it is with sorrow one thinks of it,—misunderstanding his scepticism, vaunted his great reputation as a gain on their side, and so proclaimed him father of unbelief.

What, then, was this misunderstood scepticism? what was Pascal's Pyrrhonism? Was it so, indeed, that this solidly constructed intellect could find no firm footing in all the regions of thought? Did Pascal, indeed, hold his religious belief with a trembling hand? This is just now our question.

The consecutive *Thoughts* (in eleven paragraphs) which make up the first chapter (so to call it) or "Article" in this collection, if

\* What does he know who has never suffered?



they are well understood, might suffice for giving us the true answer to this question; and if these impressive passages—sublime indeed as they are—were rendered into the terms of recent metaphysical argument, they might serve to bring Pascal to his place at the head of that philosophy which has aimed to trace the limits of religious thought. If this position were assigned to this great mind, then there might be claimed for him the advantage of affirming this limit in relation to the sciences universally—mathematical science not excepted—that they all have their limits, anterior and posterior, and which are impassable by the human reason; and that, while occupied with the things of a mid-region—that of *relations*—they must all alike (the physical, the mathematical, and the theological) be willing to accept *a bare belief* concerning the Absolute and the Infinite, *as actual*, although standing forever beyond the cognizance of human reason. Pascal's Pyrrhonism, then, in the fewest words expressed, is his peremptory rejection of any alleged achievements of philosophy beyond the boundaries of that *mid-land*, or region of Relations, whereupon the human reason may usefully and properly employ itself. But then he affirms (further on) the *certainty* of the conclusions, as well of Theism as of Christianity, *within that region*. In this sense, Christian belief is *as sure* as are the surest parts of the sciences: in the nature of things, it cannot be more so, and it is not less so.

How then did it come about that the atheistic sophists of the following age made their boast of Pascal's authority, as if it were on their side? It has come in this way: *first*, inasmuch as he put his *Thoughts* on paper in a fragmentary manner, boldly, freely, and *incautiously*—if he had foreseen what was to be the fate of his papers. In a hundred places he professes his Pyrrhonism in simple terms; he says, nakedly,—le Pyrrhonism, c'est le vrai—intending always, as is manifest to every intelligent reader of the mass of these *Thoughts*, just this—that all human reasonings, all speculation, carried *across the border*, is infirm, is inconclusive, and—ought to be rejected. This is Pascal's manner—this his usage, in speaking, as he did, to *himself*. The exception which he made for saving the *genuine* part of the physical sciences, and, with these, also The-

ism and Revealed Religion, is never very far off from such professions of scepticism; but then it is not always quite close at hand. He had no prescience of the encyclopedists; and therefore it is that these writers, after they had, to their own satisfaction, rejected—unrefuted, his reserve for religious belief—for Christianity specially, blazoned those passages in which they found his Pyrrhonism professed in unqualified terms!

To cite the passages in full, and in the author's own words, would be very gratifying alike to the transcriber and to the reader; but this may not here be done: it is the *substance* only of many passages that we must now rudely report, inserting, as we go, a few of the most significant, or the most striking expressions. A task indeed it would be worthily to *translate* these intense thoughts. We can make no profession of ability to do any such thing. In passing, we may note the circumstance, that the eleven paragraphs of this "Article Premier" abound with instances of the omissions, and of the substitutions, and of the *corrections*, that were effected by the first editors—Pascal's Port Royal friends.

"'Let man,' says Pascal, 'contemplate Nature in its majesty, its height, its amplitude. (He here writes as if he accepted the Ptolemaic hypothesis.) Let him be amazed in recollecting that the circuit of the sun in the heavens, vast as it is, is itself only a delicate point when compared with the vaster circuit that is accomplished by the stars. Let imagination go beyond the range of sight, and then learn that this visible universe is but a spot in the ample bosom of Nature.\* No idea can come near to this immensity. Stretch imagination as we may, we do nothing more than produce atoms, as compared with the reality of things—nous n'enfantons que des atomes. (This reality) is a sphere infinite, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere.† Man returning to his home, where he is lodged—this dungeon—I mean the universe (the visible, or stellar universe)—let him learn to think correctly of the relative importance (or extent) of the earth—of kingdoms, cities, and himself! What is man, in the midst of the infinite? But now there is another prospect, and it is not less astound-

\* Pascal, says the editor avait mis d'abord—*n'est qu'un atome dans l'immensité, puis, dans l'amplitude.*

† This expression, which has been so often repeated, is of uncertain origin: it is not Pascal's own; he received it probably from Montaigne.



ing—it is the infinite beneath him! Let him look to the smallest of the things which come under his notice—a mite: \* it has limbs—veins in those limbs, blood—globules in that blood—humors, and a serum too. Let thought exhaust itself in pursuing this track. You believe that you have at length reached the smallest of all existences: nay, I will here open before you another abyss. Within the enclosure of this atom I will show you, not merely the visible universe, but the very immensity of Nature: in this abyss an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, its animals, and then its mites; and so with this mite, without end—without rest! Whoever gives his mind to thoughts such as these will be terrified at himself—trembling where Nature has placed him—suspended as if it were between infinitude and nothingness. What, in truth, is man in the midst of Nature? A nothing in respect of the infinite; a universe—un tout—in respect of the Nothing. Never can he comprehend the extremes (either way). The end of things, and their principle, are forever hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy; equally incapable is he of seeing the Nothing whence he is derived, and the infinite in which he is swallowed up. What then can he do, but contemplate certain phenomena—a *middle of things*—in eternal despair of knowing either their principle or their end? All things have come up from the Nothing, and are carried forward towards the Infinite. Who is it, then, that shall follow this astounding course? The Author of these wonders comprehends them; none but he can do so—tout autre ne le peut faire.”

There is much in this of what will be reckoned as rhetoric only; nevertheless it conveys what Pascal intends to build his philosophic doctrine upon; and he goes on to do so:—

“From not having thought of these (two) infinities (the infinite of vastness, and the infinitely small), men have rashly entered upon the examination of Nature, as if they were themselves in any proportion with her (as if the human reason were, or could be, intelligently cognizant of the Infinite). Strange it is that men have sought to comprehend the principles of things, and so to come to the knowledge of all things, by a presumption which is as infinite as is their object. Certain it is that a design (or purpose and expectation) of this sort implies, if not a presumption that is infinite, a capacity that is as infinite as Nature.”

\* *Ciron*. Modern physiologists deny to this animalcule blood-vessels and a circulation.

Pascal then affirms this infinity in both directions as bounding—as surrounding—the sciences, *all of them*—geometry not excepted:—

“Car qui doute que la géométrie, par exemple, a une infinité d’infinities de propositions à exposer? Elles sont aussi infinies dans la multitude et la délicatesse de leur principes; car qui ne voit que ceux qu’on propose pour les derniers ne se soutiennent pas d’eux-mêmes, et qu’ils sont appuyés sur d’autres qui en ayant d’autres pour appui ne souffrent jamais de dernier?”

A step beyond this might well be taken, by means of this reference to geometry, in illustration of Pascal’s *real meaning* in his profession of Pyrrhonism. Not only has any given position in geometry—take our stand where we please in Euclid—an infinite *in front of it*, as to the conclusions, *in future*, which may be derived from it, and an infinite in the rear also, as to the principles whence itself is derived—this is not all; for, supposing we had gone back to what might be accepted as *ultimate geometric axioms*, or principles, these principles, concerning the relations of extension (and so of number), only stand where they stand to point the finger over the shoulder towards the dark abyss of metaphysical first principles; and *these* are indeed placed hopelessly beyond the powers and compass of the human reason. Thus it is, therefore, that while the infinite *in front* of our actual geometry may invite endless progress—for none can say that he has reached the boundary—it is otherwise as to the dark infinite *in the rear*, or that metaphysic abyss in respect of which a reasonable and a modest Pyrrhonism will profess its rejection of any alleged certainties. Take this instance, and apply it to theology; and then, as we think, Pascal’s *scepticism* will be seen to come into its true place in relation to what has so recently been attempted; namely, to fix, or to set forth in view, the “Limits of Religious Thought.” Much of our modern modes of argument on speculative Theism takes a hitch precisely at this turn; and we judge it to be of some importance to bring the weight of so great a mind to bear upon the subject. “He, being dead, yet speaketh” in these resurrectionary *Thoughts*. He goes on thus (we briefly report his meaning).



"Of these two Infinites of the sciences, that of vastness—*celui de grandeur*—is the most obvious—*bien plus sensible*; and so it is that there are few indeed who pretend to know all things.\* . . . But the infinitely small is much less obvious, and thus our philosophers have been more forward in professing to reach it; and it is here that they all have stumbled—*achoppé*; and on this ground, modes of speaking such as the following have come into ordinary use: 'The principles of things'—'the principles of philosophy'—and other expressions in an equal degree pompous (*boastful—fastueux*) though not apparently so much so as their other professions, to know all things, which blinds the eyes. It is quite natural that we should believe ourselves more able to reach the centre of things, than to embrace the circumference; but, in truth, it does not demand less capacity to reach the Nothing, than it does to reach the All: this capacity must be infinite in either case; and it seems to me that any one who had come to comprehend the ultimate principles of things, might also arrive at a knowledge of the Infinite. The one depends on the other, and leads the way to it also; the extremities touch and unite, because distant, and they meet in God—and only in God. Let us then know our boundary. That which we have of being hides from us the knowledge of first principles, which spring out of the Nothing; and, on the other hand, the little which we have of being hides from our view the Infinite."

Here, then, is Pascal's scepticism, or rather his *unbelief*:—he rejects as a vain pretension every boasted conquest of science which assumes to have broken over the border of that mid-region, that *milieu des choses*—which is the domain that has been granted, or *let-off*, to human reason. But he believes in all that may be established, in modes proper to the subject, *within* this circuit; and as to the Infinite beyond it, he admits, as in mathematical, so in speculative and theological philosophy, a belief in or *concerning* the Infinite, but he denies the power of the human mind to know or to comprehend it. Bornés en tout génie, cet état qui tient le milieu entre deux extrêmes se trouve en toutes nos puissances. If, as in a passage which we here cite, this profound thinker gives expression to the same doctrine, unaccompanied by an exception made on behalf of genuine science, and of a

genuine religious belief, we need not go far anywhere among his *Thoughts* in search of his thorough faith in things and principles which may truly be ascertained. Let us hear him further on, when he gives the fullest expression to his Pyrrhonism:—

"Here, then, is our true position: it is such as to render us incapable of knowing certainly, and incapable also of *certain* ignorance. We float upon a vast mid-space, always in doubt and tossed—driven from side to side. Whatever end it may be to which we think we may attach ourselves and be fixed, it shakes and leaves us; or, if we attempt to follow it, it is gone from our hold—it slides away, and is off, never to be overtaken. Nothing stops its course for us. This is our condition by nature; nevertheless it is utterly contrary to our inclinations. We burn with desire to find somewhere a solid footing, and an immovable eternal basis, whereupon to erect a tower that shall reach up to the Infinite; but the entire foundation we have chosen cracks, and the ground opens beneath us, even down to the abyss."

Pascal's own words must give us here his conclusion:—

"Ne cherchons donc point d'assurance et de fermeté. Notre raison est toujours déçue par l'inconstance des apparences; rien ne peut fixer le fini entre les deux infinis qui l'enferment et le fuient."—P. 13.

In all this profession of the hopeless uncertainties in the midst of which the human reason finds itself placed, Pascal had an argumentative purpose in view, which, in fact, he never loses sight of; and his determination to make sure of this purpose—in *favor of religious belief*—impels him to push his affirmations of Pyrrhonism up to the very borders of exaggeration, or of paradox. Of this tendency, a dozen instances might soon be produced; but to multiply such instances would tend to no good. We may, however, commend to the philosophic reader the *Thoughts*—apparently broken up into fragments, and yet truly consecutive—in the course of which, he gives evidence of his power of analysis and of abstraction, in the regions of intellectual philosophy—if indeed he had chosen there to employ himself; but he had determined otherwise, and therefore he brings his powers of illustration—his *rhetorical* ability, as well as the rigor of the analytic faculty—to bear upon a purpose which was foreign to philosophy, and indeed

\* Thus Democritus — Δέγω τὰδε περὶ τῶν σμύπτων.



distasteful to those who think of nothing beyond it. Pascal, if he had thought good so to do, might perhaps have originated a philosophy of mind which would well have coalesced with Bacon's philosophy of the physical sciences; and thus might he have excluded from the field, as well Descartes as Malebranche;—perhaps he might have cut away the ground on which, a century later, the encyclopedists reared their atheism.

Many passages there are in the portion of the volume now before us, which, by their depth and force, tempt quotation; but we abstain. Much is there which meets sophisms that are current at the present moment:—these, which are as old as human nature, or as old as its intellectual perversions, all pass in review before this apprehensive and discriminative mind; and each, in its turn, receives its fitting rebuke. Pascal rebukes sophistry as from a *moral* position. Bacon specifies the Idols of the Intellect as from the lofty position of unimpassioned “pure delight.”

“Those who the most condemn mankind, and who labor to bring man to the level of the brute, nevertheless are eager to win for themselves the admiration, and the confidence too, of their fellows: thus do they contradict themselves; and an irresistible impulse of nature within them—the love of glory—gives an evidence of the greatness of man, which is far more conclusive than is the reasoning by means of which they would prove his baseness. . . . Man! he is but a reed—the feeblest of things!—yes, but he is a thinking reed! There would be no need that the universe should rise in arms to crush him! a breath—a drop of water—is enough to kill him. But now, even if it were the universe that had crushed him, man would still be more noble than it, which has slain him; for he knows that he dies—he knows the advantage which the universe (in this respect) has over him;—but as to the universe, it knows nothing of this.”—P. 20.

Yet Pascal, himself free in thought and speech as he was, almost to fierceness—bold, reckless of the offence which the feeble might take at his language, speaks of men, such as he deems them to be, in a style not far removed from that of La Rochefoucauld; and so it was that Voltaire asked leave to “take the part of humanity against this sublime misanthrope.” Pascal was not the misanthrope; but he was always the invalid and the sufferer, and he looks out upon the world

as from his bed of bodily anguish. Between the misanthrope and the miserable there is a partition; it is thin, but it is real. This fact should never be lost sight of by the reader of the *Thoughts*. Too often does the cynic come forward from out of these depths of meditation. Besides this, the power of satire, which made him terrible to the Jesuits, and his peculiar faculty of driving the knife in between the joints of the harness, impelled him often to utter almost savage *bons-môts*, when such occurred to him; and yet he says, “The utterer of *bons-môts* is but an indifferent character.” This, at least, was not true of himself.

We come, then, to ask, What indeed was Pascal's *ultimate intention*? and, further—On what ground was it that he made his faith—his Theism and his Christianity, to rest? One may divine the nature of this ulterior purpose from expressions such as these, which, as they are of critical quality as to what follows, we give as they stand. P. 61:—

“J'écrirai ici mes pensées sans ordre, et non pas peut-être dans une confusion sans dessein: c'est le véritable ordre, et qui marquera toujours mon objet par le désordre même. Je ferais trop d'honneur à mon sujet si je le traitais avec ordre, puisque je veux montrer qu'il en est incapable.”\*

This *immediate* object was to demonstrate and illustrate the uncertainty of all our reasonings on speculative ground; and thence to infer the necessity of other grounds of confidence. So he says, in his sharp manner, “Se moquer de la philosophie, c'est vraiment philosopher.” But this was not to be the *end* of such mockery. Philosophy leaves us bewildered; we can have no certainty as to *principles*—hors la foi et la révélation. On what then do *these* rest? The grounds on which Pascal raised the structure of his own religious belief must be sought for in and among the disjointed paragraphs that occupy the middle part of the thick volume before us—about three hundred pages. We condense the result of this research as much as possible.

The two facts of human nature—each in-

\* Nevertheless he attached the highest importance to *order* in the disposition of his thoughts. Qu'on ne dire pas que je n'ai rien dit de nouveau: la disposition des matières est nouvelle. The winner at chess is he who puts his pieces in winning order.



contestible, whether or no we are conscious of it, or admit it to be true—are, The greatness (*grandeur*) of man on the one hand, and his misery and his helplessness on the other hand. In respect of these two facts there is no room for reasonable scepticism, though there may be room for stupid indifference, or for infatuated pride. Religious faith takes its rise then in the recognition of these two facts. Look to yourself, therefore. If, indeed, you do not know or acknowledge the greatness of human nature, you lower yourself to the level of the brutes—indeed, to a lower level; for they fill out their destiny—they obey and satisfy the law of their nature. Not so man, if he descends to that level; for he then becomes a hideous contradiction—a scandal in creation. But if, on the other hand, you are unconscious of your helplessness and misery—if you profess yourself a god, equal to all things, then this arrogance convicts itself of folly in a thousand modes of failure, humiliation, disappointment, ruin.

But if now, conscious of the illimitable greatness of the human destinies, and desiring to realize what may be your birthright, as man, you feel also your impotence, your moral disorder—if you are straying this way and that way, as in the dark, then you feel the need of a religion. The religion that you need must at once recognize the greatness of man, and it must meet him on the ground of his misery and ruin. Among all the religions that have ever been propounded to mankind, there is but one that satisfies both of these two conditions. Christianity—or say rather the religion of the Bible—rests itself upon these two admitted and indisputable principles, these facts; That man is born for communion with God, and for immortality; and that, left to himself, he will sink lower and lower in sensuality and folly, powerless for his own recovery, and yet slow to abandon forever the hope of it.

Would you then bring yourself to belief, and touch the ground of confidence and hope? Draw near to Christ. When near to him, in converse with him, you rise to the life immortal; and you thus rise, and thus recover your standing—you regain moral force, and yet walk on a path of humility and of self-abasement. If you reject these conditions, you are still ignorant of yourself.

It is thus that Pascal opens the ground of religious certainty. The Pyrrhonism, of which he makes such frequent profession in these *Thoughts* takes no hold whatever of these principles of Faith. If man does not so far know himself as to know that he is great, and that he is helpless, then *reasoning*—demonstrations—evidence—be these evidences what they may—will not meet his case; they will take effect upon him only for an hour—they will leave him what he was—an unbeliever. But on the supposition that these first principles—or facts rather—are admitted, then—although it is in a disjointed form—Pascal goes over the ground of what are called the Christian Evidences, in a manner which, at that time, must have had a force and novelty that are barely claimable for it at this time. No valuable purpose would now, and in this place, be secured by bringing forward these arguments, even though they are recommended often by the force and vivacity of this great writer's style. Some of these insulated instances do indeed tempt quotation. For the following, short as it is, a place may be claimed on the score, not only of the beauty of the thought, but of its bearing upon the first-named of the principles above stated. The thought is so intimately *one* with the language conveying it, that *translation* would seem barely possible:—

“Tous les corps, le firmament, les étoiles, la terre et ses royaumes, ne valent pas le moindre des esprits : car il connaît tout cela, et soi ; et les corps, rien. Tous les corps ensemble, et tous les esprits ensemble, et toutes leurs productions, ne valent pas le moindre mouvement de charité ; cela est d'un ordre infiniment plus élevé. De tous les corps ensemble, on ne saurait en faire réussir une petite pensée : cela est impossible, et d'un autre ordre. De tous les corps et esprits, on n'en saurait tirer un mouvement de vraie charité : cela est impossible, et d'un autre ordre, surnaturel.”—P. 226.

It is within the circuit of *Christian* thought, and it is nowhere else, that expressions such as these have ever had a place, or could ever arise, or could be suggested, or could recommend themselves to approval as substantially true. In terms or manner, language of this sort may, at first sight, seem to touch upon exaggeration; but the more we dwell upon it, the more does it approve itself to reason. But if so, then it is Christianity that indeed



encounters the problems of existence, and that solves them; and here is its proof, as coming from God.

It is at this place (Article 23) in this collection of Pascal's *Thoughts*, that we come to the critical subject of miracles; and at this point we challenge the reader's attention; for there is here presented an instance full of instruction, which is applicable—we boldly say so—to the now passing evolution of religious opinion regarding this very subject, among ourselves. Already we have referred to that state of mind which leads good men—and which has led so many such—to make a secret treaty with their consciences, to this effect; namely, that, in whatever efforts they make for saving Christianity, they will place in the very forefront of their labors this, the most sacred of all principles, or universal axioms—*salvâ ecclesiâ*! And what is this “ecclesia,” for the preservation of which all things in heaven and earth must be compromised, or put in peril? What is this most dear Church, in regard for which—let a little freedom of speech be here indulged, for we have caught the liberty from Pascal himself—what is it for the sake of which our faith in God himself and his Christ, and our hope of immortality, and our hope for our brethren of mankind everywhere—what is it for the sake of which God and man, and the universe material, and the universe spiritual, must be put in pawn? This awful reality, assumed to be more real than all other (supposed) realities—this inestimable jewel which is heavy enough to turn the scale against the universe and its Creator, is—not the Church universal—it is not the general assembly and Church of the first-born of God, on earth and on high—it is nothing that is itself great, bright, fair, pure, or worthy to be loved and died for: it is nothing better than a sectarian pet! it is some uncouth symbol—it is a god of the conventicle—it is an idol of the den; it is a score or more of syllables, to which we have chosen to pin our self-idolatry, our arrogance, our despotic temper—in a word, our pride of party, and our sour temper.

Pascal's pawn was not quite of this sort; but it was not of a much worthier sort. We should read his personal history to know how it was—how it could be, that a mind like his, of the highest order, had so got

itself entangled in a thrall of cobwebs as to hazard the faith of the Gospel upon the genuineness of a Holy Thorn! Miserable overthrow was this of a robust intellect! Shall we learn nothing from such an instance? Equity would demand that, as counteractive to the mortifying facts now in view, we should read anew the *Provincial Letters*, so that, in the course of such a perusal, we might recover our feeling of respect for Pascal's understanding. How keen was he in the pursuit of sophisms! how fearless in his exposure of frauds and illusions! how quick of sight, even as the hawk, that drops from the height of heaven upon its prey in the grass! or as is the eagle, strong of wing, and as relentless in the clutch of its talons—its victim well held, it soars aloft, sure to rend the trembling creature bone from bone when, at its leisure, it reaches its distant crag. Such was this terrible foe of the Jesuit fathers. All Europe, and not France only, at that time admired the spectacle when this writer, with a shuddering Jesuit in his talons, bore away his prey at his ease. And this is the Pascal that puts in jeopardy our faith as theists, and as Christians—risks all upon our faith in a Holy Thorn! Hear him:—

“Voici une relique sacrée. Voici une épine de la couronne du Sauveur du monde, en qui le prince de ce monde n'a point puissance.”—P. 291.

The story of the Holy Thorn of Port Royal, and of the train of miracles therewith connected, has been told often enough: nor have we space, or time, or patience, to tell it again; but the condition under which these alleged miracles were wrought should be understood. The reader of this (call it chapter) of the *Thoughts* which contains Pascal's statement of the argument concerning the Christian miracles, if such a reader might chance to know nothing of the mortifying incidents among which he had compromised himself, would marvel to find him pursuing so tortuous, and almost unintelligible a course. How is it that a thinker of this order runs off the lines, swerves on this side and that side, when, so far as such a reader knows, there is nothing in view but the genuine evangelic miracles? Yes, but there was in Pascal's prospect, not to say the voluminous miracles of the Romish Calendar!—enormous folios of them—but spe-



cially, there was the recent Jansenist, anti-Jesuit miracle of the Holy Thorn: and therefore it is that this great mind beats about, and gives to his argument so intricate, and so subtle, and so *Jesuitical* a character, that we rise from the perusal of *these* Thoughts with a mingled feeling of disappointment and of resentment. This paltering with the truth of God, with the Gospel, with whatever is indeed sacred, comes from the predetermination—the foregone purpose, to save—what is it?—une relique sacrée—une épine de la couronne du Sauveur du monde!

It does not appear that a question or doubt concerning the *genuineness* of this “sacred relic” had presented itself at all to Pascal’s mind; nevertheless he—a Pyrrhonist by temperament, and a severe geometrician, and a keen questioner of ancient notions (as that concerning the received doctrine of a vacuum) was yet unboundedly credulous in some directions. Let us fancy what treatment any holy relic would have received at the hands of the writer of the *Provincials*, if only such an instrument of cure had been in the custody of the “Society.” In the most merciless style would he have come down upon any article of Church-craft of which the enemies of Port Royal were making a similar use, for their own purposes.

There is no need that we should here concern ourselves with the facts, whether real or alleged, relating to the cure of Pascal’s niece; for a preliminary question comes to be considered. Grant the fact of the cure; then, if it be a miracle in the proper sense of the term, it must be admitted not only to vindicate Port Royal as oppressed by the reverend fathers of the Society, but also to place before us a dilemma of this sort—the hand of God, put forth in this instance on behalf of his persecuted servants, implies the authenticity of this Thorn; or, if not so, then let us note the consequences that ensue—if not so, a miracle is wrought, itself resting upon what, *if not genuine*, was a gross delusion, and which must have had its origin in a villanous fraud! Nothing less than this can be supposed. Will intelligent Romanists at this time come forward, and coolly profess their belief in the genuineness of the scores of holy thorns that have been preserved in the reliquaries of Europe and of Asia? Think for a moment of the *historic*

*conditions* which attach to the supposed preservation of the actual crown of thorns at the first, and of its conservation through the turmoil of sixteen hundred years! But suppose we are willing to grant these stupendous improbabilities, then let us see into what an abyss of perplexities those must plunge themselves who will persist, as did Pascal, in connecting their attachment to the highest truths with their belief of the authenticity of such things as holy thorns! This piercing spirit refused to look down into that abyss. Did this refusal spring from an instinctive apprehension that he should descry, in the dark gulf, a terrific phantom—the papal infallibility, self-slain by its own contradictions? This might be. He could not be *ignorant* of the irresistible arguments of his Protestant countrymen, and of those of Germany, on this very ground. May we imagine that, in tremulous distress, in this instance, and as if in anticipation of the advice that is now urged upon the young doubting clergy of England, he cast far from him all misgivings? \* How stood the case of the Holy Thorn? He calls it a sacred relic: it was authenticated by traditions, and by diplomas from the highest powers in the Church. Be it so; but what comes next? It can never be known how *many* thorns might have belonged to the crown that was worn in patience by Him who “was wounded for our transgressions.” But assuredly, among the implements of the Passion, even if every one of them had been preserved to these times, there ought not to appear a *fifth holy nail*! Yet Pascal’s Church, and Pascal’s popes, have sanctioned the pretensions of holy nails—how many? is it *five or seven or ten*? and each of these

\* We cite at this place a *Thought* which has a singular pertinence in relation to some recent treatment of religious doubts:—“Le monde ordinaire a le pouvoir de ne pas songer à ce qu’il ne veut pas songer. Ne pensez pas aux passages du Messie, disait le Juif à son fils. Ainsi font les nôtres souvent. Ainsi se conservent les fausses religions; et la vraie même, à l’égard de beaucoup de gens. Mais il y en a qui n’ont pas le pouvoir de s’empêcher ainsi de songer, et qui songent d’autant plus qu’on leur défend. Ceux-là se défont des fausses religions; et de la vraie même, s’ils ne trouvent des discours solides.”—P. 363.

The editor’s note upon this passage ought to be subjoined; and it well deserves to be considered:—“Ne veut pas songer. C’est comme s’il eût dit, le monde ordinaire n’est pas philosophe. On n’est ni philosophe ni critique quand on peut s’empêcher de songer; et il y a des hommes distingués, et même de grands hommes, qui sont dans ce cas.”



sacred relics has established its own title by a long series of miracles. Did not Pascal know these things? He must have known them; but he *would not* think of them—he would not allow himself to pursue a line of thought which he *felt*, if he would not whisper it to himself, must have carried him over the line—must have ranked him with Huguenots and Lutherans. Thus it was that, in smothering an ominous suspicion, this apostle of theistic and Christian belief for France left himself in a position where (and we should hardly blame them) the keen spirits of the next age thought themselves to be warranted in speaking of him as a believer in God, in Christ, and—in holy thorns! Surely so ghastly an instance as this should take its effect upon some among ourselves even now; ay, upon all who love the truth—and with it a pet superstition of their own.

Painful subject! Let us dismiss it then, and return to converse with a mind and a soul unmatched in his age, and unmatched since, if the unusual compass of its qualifications be duly considered. Pascal's *work* was this—to make proof of the powers of the human intellect—*first rectified by its faith in the greatest truths*; to ascertain their reality; and to do this *otherwise* than in the mode of formal expression, and of syllogistic catenation. He arrived at truth, not while perambulating college halls, not while loitering in academic groves, but in exploring caverns. If these are figures, they yet carry a meaning that may be opened out. "Those of old time" had taught us all *they* could teach from chairs of philosophy: they had made it certain, over and over, that the premises they begin with, lead inevitably to the conclusions which they end with. This was philosophy! this was logic! Pascal broke away from all this antique trifling in contempt and anger, and he took his own course. It was time it should be taken by some one. Despite of its apparent *inconsequence*, and of its openness to technical exception as a *petitio principii*, and as reasoning in "a vicious circle," Pascal says—for this is the upshot of this mass of *Thoughts*—"Believe in God, and you will find him; lay hold of Christ, and you will know that he is 'the only-begotten of the Father;' live the life immortal, and you will cease to doubt of the reality of the spiritual economy." This is bold advice: Is it wise, right,

and safe to be followed? A question that will be variously answered at this now passing moment. The answer it receives in any case, will be discriminative of minds and spirits. The pedants of philosophy will laugh such advice to scorn. They will say, to follow such advice is to rend the Aristotelian method to rags. We answer—let it then be rent to rags. Meantime ninety-nine in every hundred of unsophisticated minds, if ever they come to take a firm hold of faith, theistic and Christian, will have reached it in this manner—we mean, in Pascal's manner, such as it is set forth in these profound *Thoughts*. We venture a step further and say—let the implication of saying it be what it may—that minds that are the most patient in thought, and that are the best cultured and the best furnished, will travel on *this* road; and on it they will have found the *sabbatismos* of the religious life.

No mind—none known to us by its products—surpassed Pascal's in that penetrative intensity which carried him to the depths of that abyss of meditation toward which great souls have ever gravitated; but the power to gravitate measures the power to rise—the centrifugal force is as the centripetal. With Pascal, from constitution, bodily and mental, the latter was more often in act than the former; but at moments, and as if with a sudden fiery energy, he soared—he stretched the wing upward and outward so as to reach the azure where sunshine is perpetual; yet he does not abide in the upper skies. His *office* is of another sort. Give him now your hand—fear nothing—he has a clew in his grasp: he will lead you through ways few have trodden, even in and among the roots of the mountains; he will find a path there where the "everlasting hills" rest upon their bases. He will be a guide in steeps which "the eagle's eye hath not seen;" and, more than this, he will be to you a trusty Greatheart in bringing you through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and he is familiar with the phantom tyrant of the place—the Apollon of universal doubt. Thus far Pascal goes: he reaches truth by the underground passage; he finds God his Saviour *at his need*, in the dark cavern. But he will not go with you many steps beyond the exit of the valley: for himself, he barely knows the road toward the flowery meadows of the



Beulah. Immortality, every moment in his resolve, was seldom, with its effulgence, in his view. His ear was not list to catch the distant sounds which were heard by another of his contemporaries, when "all the bells in the city rang again for joy."

As a geometrician, Pascal will vindicate the validity of the course he pursues in reaching the ground of an assured theistic and Christian faith; for he says, You must do in theology what you are compelled to do in geometry. You must start with your definitions and your axioms ready-made, of which you can give no account in a metaphysic sense: in endeavoring to step back from Euclid, you plunge over head into a slough. Instead of attempting any such course, accept these definitions—assent to these axioms, and then *work out from them*. Assume them to be all right, and by their aid go on to realize a vast complicity of *relative truths*; then make trial of these remote results in all possible modes; put your conclusions to the proof at innumerable points; test your first principles in that only way in which they may be tested—by the perfect coherence and unailing consistency of all the results, be they as many or as complicated as you please. Geometry is proved to be true in its inscrutable principles by the inter-related consistency of its remotest consequences. So is it in Theism; so is it in Christianity. Acquaint yourself with God—learn of Christ; and although *every* problem will not be solved in so doing, yet all that are solved in the working out of principles are found to be relatively coherent and consistent, and therefore they are true in human nature.

It would be an illusion to suppose that, in the two centuries that have elapsed since Pascal wrote, the theistic and Christian argument has so far drifted away from the ground it then occupied, that it can be of little or no moment—otherwise than as a question of literary history—to know what was the belief of the foremost minds of that age. Some may incline to say, the belief of *those* times will not be the belief of *these* times. This supposition is true only in respect of the objects proper to historical and literary criticism. It is not true either of theistic principles, or of the *substance* of the Christian argument. Let any one who thinks otherwise, look into the writings—we will

not say of the theologians or divines by *profession* of that age, but of the most distinguished laymen—Pascal's contemporaries—or their *immediate* successors—whose treatment of religious questions may be regarded as, in degree, more free and spontaneous than can be that of clergymen: at least it may be said that their Christian belief is liable to no sinister or illiberal suspicion. It would not be difficult to mention twenty names—suitable for such a purpose: let these nine suffice; and nine comparable to these, on the *opposite* side of this argument, are nowhere to be found. Pascal himself heads the nine (we omit Descartes without forgetting him); the *second* place is due to Bacon; the *third* to Locke; the *fourth* to Grotius; the *fifth* to Leibnitz; the *sixth* to Milton; the *seventh* to (Sir Thomas) Browne; the *eighth* to Boyle; the *ninth* to Newton; as diversely constituted and as diversely trained as can be imagined: these nine minds might, in truth, be taken as *representative* of the several orders or species of intelligence. So constituted, and so trained, individually, they show, in their various modes of treating the most momentous questions, that these questions touch *the ultimate results* of thought. On this ground, there cannot but be a substantial sameness, unaffected by ephemeral fashions of opinion. The problems in debate have to do with universals, on the field of abstraction; and they touch the primary conditions of human nature, which is the same, as well in its actual state and its wants, as in its faculties. Aspects of subjects, and sets of phrases, as these are affected by passing controversies, may change from time to time: this is all.

There is one grave problem in the world of Thought, which, although it may sleep throughout the term of one generation, is sure to be woke up anew among men of the following; and then the same ground is trodden, or run over, as before; and the results, on both sides of the debate, are substantially the same, so far as minds of the upper class are drawn into the eddy. The problem concerning Theism and Christianity—as *one* subject, not two—whenever it is discussed, acts upon minds with irresistible force as a *discriminative energy*: it parts off the crowd of minds to the right hand and to the left hand, as if with a self-acting adjudicative sovereignty. The instance now be-



fore us—that of Pascal, is peculiarly remarkable in this very way, because, *now* that we have a genuine exhibition of his inmost soul in view, the process of this sort of silent adjudication, or this *passing over* from one side to the other side, may be inspected and may be watched in its course. We may here see the inner man—the mind, the reason, the soul, taking its cautionary position, from one stepping-stone to the next. It was not merely a pious and virtuous man—a man of pure instincts and of blameless life, who would naturally go over to the side of religion and of moral order. So it might be, in a sense; but it was more than this—or something different from this. A determinative principle in the human economy is here involved. Is the universe true or false? Is human existence a reality, or is it an illusion? Is there a solid ground of action and of progress open in front of the instincts and the energies of the human mind; or is it a quagmire, illimitable and bottomless, that mocks the audacity of man, and that must engulf him at last?

The great minds whose names we have just now associated with that of Pascal—differ as they might in temperament and in powers—agreed more than they differed on this very ground: they all—and along with them, the great and productive minds of all ages—thought, spoke, wrote, acted, witnessed, on the confident and the confiding persuasion, that the universe—material and immaterial alike, is real, is not fantastic—that the human mind may safely step forward, and may risk everything on the belief of the unfaltering truthfulness of the constitution of the world. These leading minds, moving on their several paths, trusted themselves to the harmony of the universe, notwithstanding its many discords; they believed in the SOVEREIGN REALITY that challenged them to do the work of life. Whatever these spirits achieved, it was a product of their confidence in the steadfast veracity of HIM whose voice they heard in every call of duty. These, and such like minds, go over to the positive—the right-hand side, in the great controversy of all times—the ultimate problem.

But if the universe be true to itself, and not illusory, and if the primary convictions of the human mind be trustworthy, then it must follow that the peculiar conformation of mind (or *temper*) which develops itself in universal disbelief or Pyrrhonic paralysis, and which utters itself only in the tones of exception and suspicion, and which becomes monotonous in its contradictions, is—a disease of the individual intellect. *Exceptive-*

*ness* can never be the normal condition of the human reason; at the best, it can only plead for itself as a needful function in reserve, which may be called for once and again, to come forward with knife and caustic. Those who are exceptive *always* come round, by a decree of fate, to except against their own exceptions, to deny their own denials, to doubt their own doubts; and, in the end, after feasting themselves to satiety upon husks and chaff, they lie down in their meadow—to chew the cud.

Not so the illustrious and the *productive* minds of all ages. These, as often as the Eternal Problem comes up anew to be debated, pass over, sooner or later, to the right-hand side of the field; and there they abide in their places under the marshalling of positive principles. So was it with Pascal; he was born on the left-hand side of the field, but he lived, he taught, he suffered, he died, on the right-hand side of that field; and it is there that now we find him.

There may be slender reason for supposing that the intelligence of France, at this time, will fall back upon Pascal, otherwise than as a model in style. Far down the stream of secularization has the mind of France now drifted; and who is he that shall be able to bring it back? Several highly accomplished men have labored to do so; but without success—or with so little success that the result, either on the broad surface of its literature, or in the daily colloquial utterance of its mind, is inappreciable. France, with the brilliancy of its resplendent language, and with the splendor and the finish of its material civilization, and with the terrors of its martial array—France (would it were *proud*, more than it is *vain*!)—France, in the front position in Europe, is itself emphatically “of the earth, earthy.” France “minds the things that are seen and temporal;” or in so far as it pays homage to the things that are unseen and eternal, it is only as these powers of the spiritual world are presented to it in the ceremonies and the solemnities—we do not care to say of the Church of Rome, but of a congeries of superstitions, the rise of which in an infirm age ought to be their sufficient condemnation, and which the *men* of France have long been used to look at with scorn. France, if ever it is to be reclaimed, will not be brought back by Foreign Protestant intermeddling:—it will not be converted by importations; nor will it be schooled by Teutonic mystifications: the time for such things is gone by. If France is to be reclaimed, it will be by the witness-bearing of men—her own sons—whom God shall raise up from her midst—purposed and resolved to preach and to suffer, as martyrs.



## PART III.—CHAPTER X.

WHEN Nettie opened the door of the sleeping house, with the great key she had carried with her in her early dreadful expedition, there was still nobody stirring in the unconscious cottage. She paused at the door, with the four men behind her carrying shoulder-high that terrible motionless burden. Where was she to lay it? In her own room, where she had not slept that night, little Freddy was still sleeping. In another was the widow, overcome by watching and fretful anxiety. The other fatherless creatures lay in the little dressing-room. Nowhere but in the parlor, from which Fred not so very long ago had driven his disgusted brother—the only place she had where Nettie's own feminine niceties could find expression, and where the accessories of her own daily life and work were all accumulated. She lingered even at that dread moment with a pang of natural reluctance to associate that little sanctuary with the horror and misery of this bringing-home; but when every feeling gave way to the pressure of necessity, that superficial one was not like to resist it. Her companions were not aware that she had hesitated even for that moment. She seemed to them to glide softly, steadfastly, without any faltering, before them into the little silent womanly room, where her night's work was folded tidily upon the table, and her tiny thimble and scissors laid beside it. What a heart-rending contrast lay between those domestic traces and that dreadful muffled figure, covered from the light of day with Nettie's shawl, which was now laid down there, Nettie did not pause to think of. She stood still for a moment, gazing at it with a sob of excitement and agitation swelling into her throat; scarcely grief—perhaps that was not possible—but the intensest remorseful pity over the lost life. The rude fellows beside her stood silent, not without a certain pang of tenderness and sympathy in their half-savage hearts. She took her little purse out and emptied it of its few silver coins among them. They trod softly, but their heavy footsteps were heard, notwithstanding, through all the little house. Nettie could already hear the alarmed stirring up-stairs of the master and mistress of the cottage; and, knowing what explanations she must give, and all the dreadful business

before her, made haste to get her strange companions away before Mrs. Smith came down-stairs. One of them, however, as he followed his comrades out of the room, from some confused instinct of help and pity, asked whether he should not fetch a doctor? The question struck the resolute little girl with a pang sharper than this morning's horror had yet given her. Had she perhaps neglected the first duty of all, the possibility of restoration? She went back, without answering him, to lift the shawl from that dreadful face, and satisfy herself whether she had done that last irremediable wrong to Fred. As she met the dreadful stare of those dead eyes, all the revulsion of feeling which comes to the hearts of the living in presence of the dead overpowered Nettie. She gave a little cry of inarticulate momentary anguish. The soul of that confused and tremulous outcry was Pardon! pardon! What love was ever so true, what tenderness so constant and unfailing, that did not instinctively utter that cry when the watched life had ended, and pardon could no longer come from those sealed lips? Nettie had not loved that shamed and ruined man—she had done him the offices of affection, and endured and sometimes scorned him. She stood remorseful by his side in that first dread hour, which had changed Fred's shabby presence into something awful; and her generous soul burst forth in that cry of penitence which every human creature owes its brother. The tender-hearted bargeman who asked leave to fetch a doctor, drew near her with a kindred instinct—"Don't take on, miss—there's the crowner yet—and a deal to look to," said the kind rough fellow, who knew Nettie. The words recalled her to herself—but with the softened feelings of the moment a certain longing for somebody to stand by her in this unlooked-for extremity came over the forlorn courageous creature, who never yet, amid all her labors, had encountered an emergency like this. She laid the shawl reverently back over that dead face, and sent a message to the doctor with lips that trembled in spite of herself. "Tell him what has happened, and say he is to come as soon as he can," said Nettie; "for I do not understand all that has to be done. Tell him I sent you; and now go—please go before they all come down-stairs." But when Nettie turned in again, after



closing the door, into that house so entirely changed in character by the solemn inmate who had entered it, she was confronted by the amazed and troubled apparition of Mrs. Smith, half-dressed, and full of wonder and indignation. A gasping exclamation of "Miss!" was all that good woman could utter. She had with her own eyes perceived some of the "roughs" of Carlingford emerging from her respectable door under Nettie's grave supervision, and yet could not in her heart, notwithstanding appearances, think any harm of Nettie; while, at the same time, a hundred alarms for the safety of her household gods shook her soul. Nettie turned towards her steadily, with her face pallid and her brilliant eyes heavy. "Hush," she said; "Susan knows nothing yet. Let her have her rest while she can. We have been watching for him all night, and poor Susan is sleeping, and does not know."

"Know what?—what has happened?—he's been and killed himself? Oh, miss, don't you go for to say so!" cried Mrs. Smith, in natural dismay and terror.

"No," cried Nettie, with a long sigh that relieved her breast, "not so bad as that, thank Heaven; but hush, hush! I cannot go and tell Susan just yet—not just yet. Oh, give me a moment to get breath! For he is dead! I tell you, *hush!*" cried Nettie, seizing the woman's hand, and wringing it, in the extremity of her terror for alarming Susan. "Don't you understand me? She is a widow, and she does not know—her husband is dead, and she does not know. Have you no pity for her in your own heart?"

"Lord ha' mercy! but wait till I call Smith," cried the alarmed landlady, shrinking, yet eager to know the horribly interesting details of that tragedy. She ran breathless up-stairs on that errand, while Nettie went back to the door of the parlor, resolutely locked it, and took away the key. "Nobody shall go gazing and talking over him, and making a wonder of poor Fred," said Nettie to herself, shaking off from her long eyelashes the tear which came out of the compunction of her heart. "Poor Fred!" She sat down on one of the chairs of the little hall beside that closed door. The children and their mother up-stairs still slept unsuspecting; and their young guardian, with a world of thoughts rising

in her mind, sat still and pondered. The past was suddenly cut off from the future by this dreadful unthought-of event. She had come to a dead pause in that life, which to every spectator was so strangely out of accordance with her youth, but which was to herself such simple and plain necessity as to permit no questioning. She was brought suddenly to a standstill at this terrible moment, and sat turning her dauntless little face to the new trial before her, pale, but undismayed. Nettie did not deceive herself even in her thoughts. She saw, with the intuitive foresight of a keen observer, her sister's violent momentary grief, her indolent acceptance of the position after awhile, the selfish reserve of repining and discontent which Susan would establish in the memory of poor Fred: she saw how, with fuller certainty than ever, because now more naturally, she herself, her mind, her laborious hands, her little fortune, would belong to the fatherless family. She did not sigh over the prospect, or falter; but she exercised no self-delusion on the subject. There was nobody but she to do it—nobody but she, in her tender maidenhood, to manage all the vulgar tragical business which must, this very day, confirm to the knowledge of the little surrounding world the event which had happened—nobody but herself to tell the tale to the widow, to bear all the burdens of the time. Nettie did not think over these particulars with self-pity, or wonder over her hard lot. She did not imagine herself to have chosen this lot at all. There was nobody else to do it—that was the simple secret of her strength.

But this interval of forlorn repose was a very brief one. Smith came down putting on his coat, and looking scared and bewildered; his wife, eager, curious, and excited, closely following. Nettie rose when they approached her to forestall their questions.

"My brother-in-law is dead," she said. "He fell into the canal last night and was drowned. I went out to look for him, and—and found him, poor fellow! Oh don't, cry out or make a noise: remember Susan does not know! Now, dear Mrs. Smith, I know you are kind—I know you will not vex me just at this moment. I have had him laid *there* till his brother comes. Oh, don't say it's dreadful! Do you think I cannot see how dreadful it is? but we must



not think about that, only what has to be done. When Dr. Edward comes, I will wake my sister; but just for this moment, oh, have patience! I had no place to put him except *there*."

"But, Lord bless us, he mightn't be clean gone: he might be recovered, poor gentleman! Smith can run for Dr. Marjoribanks; he's nearer nor Dr. Rider," cried the curious excited landlady, with her hand upon the locked door.

Nettie made no answer. She took them into the room in solemn silence, and showed them the stark and ghastly figure, for which all possibilities had been over in the dark midnight waters hours ago. The earliest gleam of sunshine came shining in at that moment through the window which last night Nettie had opened that Fred might see the light in it and be guided home. It seemed to strike like a reproach upon that quick-throbbing, impatient heart, which felt as a sin against the dead its own lack of natural grief and affection. She went hurriedly to draw down the blinds and close out the unwelcome light. "Now he is gone, nobody shall slight or scorn him," said Nettie to herself, with hot tears; and she turned the wondering dismayed couple—already awakening out of their first horror to think of the injury done to their house and "lodgings," and all the notoriety of an inquest—out of the room, and locked the door upon the unwilling owners, whom nothing but her resolute face prevented from bursting forth in selfish but natural lamentations over their own secondary share in so disastrous an event. Nettie sat down again, a silent little sentinel by the closed door, without her shawl, and with her tiny chilled feet on the cold tiles. Nettie sat silent, too much occupied even to ascertain the causes of her personal discomfort. She had indeed enough to think of; and while her little girlish figure, so dainty, so light, so unlike her fortunes, remained in that unusual stillness, her mind and heart were palpitating with thoughts—all kinds of thoughts; not only considerations worthy the solemnity and horror of the moment, but every kind of trivial and secondary necessity passed through that restless soul, all throbbing with life and action, more self-conscious than usual from the fact of its outward stillness. A hundred rapid conclusions and

calculations about the funeral, the mourning, the change of domestic habits involved, darted through Nettie's mind. It was a relief to her to leap forward into these after-matters. The immediate necessity before her—the dreadful errand on which she must presently go to her sister's bedside—the burst of wailing and reproachful grief which all alone Nettie would have to encounter and subdue, were not to be thought of. She bent down her little head into her hands, and once more shed back that hair which, never relieved out of its braids through all this long night, began to droop over her pale cheeks; and a quick sigh of impatience, of energy restrained, of such powerlessness as her courageous capable soul, in the very excess of its courage and capacity, felt in its approaching conflict with the feeble, foolish creature, who never could be stimulated out of her own narrow possibilities, burst from Nettie's breast. But the sigh was as much physical as mental—the long-drawn breath of mingled weariness and restlessness—the instinct to be doing, and the exhaustion of long labor and emotion, blended together. Thus she waited while the cold spring morning brightened, and Mrs. Smith went about her early domestic business, returning often into the little back parlor with the mullioned window, of which domestic Gothic treatment had made a condemned cell, to re-express her anxieties and horrors. Nettie had an instinctive consciousness even of Mrs. Smith's grievance. She knew this dismal association would ruin "the lodgings;" and as she realized, in the restless activity of her thoughts, that bond upon her to remain at St. Roque's, felt at the same time a longing rise within her to escape and flee away.

All these crowding and breathless thoughts were a few minutes after reduced to absolute momentary stillness. It was by a step outside coming hastily with rapid purpose along the silent way. Nettie rose up to meet Edward Rider; not as the angry lover still fiercely resentful of that rejection, which was no rejection, but only a bare and simple statement of necessity; not as the suitor of Miss Marjoribanks; simply as the only creature in the world who could help her, or to whom she would delegate any portion of her own hard but inevitable work. She opened the door before he had time to knock, and



held out her hand to him silently, quite un-awares betraying her recognition of his step—her comfort in his presence. That meeting flushed the doctor's anxious face with a mingled shame and triumph not expressible in words, but left Nettie as pale, as pre-occupied, as much absorbed in her thoughts and duties as before.

"Dr. Edward, I should not have sent for you if I could have done it all myself," said Nettie; "but I knew you would think it right to be here now. And I have Susan and the children to look to. I commit this to you."

"Do they know?" said the doctor, taking the key she gave him, and holding fast, with an instinct of compassion almost more strong than love, the little hand which never trembled.

"I will tell Susan, now that you have come—I could not before," said Nettie, with another sigh. "Poor Susan! I was glad to let her sleep."

"But there is no one to think whether you sleep or not," cried Edward Rider. "And those eyes have watched all night. Nettie, Nettie, could not you have sent for me sooner? A word would have brought me at any moment."

"You were not wanted till now," said Nettie, not without a touch of womanly pride. "I have always been able to do my own work, Dr. Edward. But, now, don't let us quarrel any more," she said, after a pause. "You were angry once and I don't wonder. Never mind all that, but let us be friends; and don't let all the people and strangers and men who don't belong to us," cried Nettie once more, with hot tears in her eyes, "be hard upon poor Fred!"

The next moment she had vanished upstairs and left the doctor alone, standing in the little cold hall with the key in his hand, and Mrs. Smith's troubled countenance beholding him from far. Edward Rider paused before he entered upon his dismal share of this morning's work. Death itself did not suffice to endear Fred Rider to his brother. But he stood still, with a certain self-reproach, to withdraw his thoughts, if he could, from Nettie, and to subdue the thrill—the most living touch of life—which this meeting had stirred within him, before he entered that miserable chamber of death.

## CHAPTER XI.

THAT dreadful day ebbed over slowly—tedious, yet so full of events and dismal business that it looked like a year rather than a day. The necessary investigations were got through without any special call upon Nettie. She spent the most of the day up-stairs with Susan, whose wild refusal to believe at first, and sullen stupor afterwards, were little different from the picture which Nettie's imagination had already made. The children received the news with wondering stares and questions. That they did not understand it was little, but that they scarcely were interested after the first movement of curiosity, disappointed and wounded the impatient heart, which unconsciously chafed at its own total inability to convey the feelings natural to such a terrible occasion, into any bosom but its own. Nettie's perpetual activity had hitherto saved her from this disgust and disappointment. She had been bitterly intolerant by moments of Fred's disgraceful content and satisfaction with his own indulgences, but had never paused to fret over what she could not help, nor contrast her own high youthful honor and sense of duty with the dull insensibility around her. But to-day had rapt the heroic little girl into a different atmosphere from that she had been breathing hitherto. To-day she was aware that her work had been so far taken out of her hands, and acknowledged in her heart that it was best it should be so. She heard the heavy feet of men coming and going, but was not obliged to descend into immediate conflict with all the circumstances of so horrible a crisis. It was a new sensation to Nettie. A year ago, perhaps, she would not have relinquished even that dreadful business to any one;—to-day, the thought of having some one else who did it for her, and took comfort in relieving her burdened hands, fell with singular soothing power upon the heart which had come to a knowledge of its own weakness in these last tedious months; and as Nettie sat up-stairs with all the remorseful thoughts of nature in her softened heart, the impossibility of impressing her own emotions upon those around her struck her with a deeper sense of impatience, disappointment, and disgust than ever before. When she went softly into the darkened room where Susan lay in



her gloomy bed, divided between wailings over the injuries which poor Fred had suffered, the harshness that had driven him out of doors, and the want of his brother or somebody to take care of him, which had brought the poor fellow to such an end—and complaints of the wrong done to herself, the “want of feeling” shown by her sister, the neglect with which she was treated, Nettie gazed at the sobbing creature with eyes unconsciously wondering, yet but half-surprised. She knew very well beforehand that this was how her dreadful tidings would be received; yet out of her own softened, awed, compunctious heart—her pity too deep for tears over that lost life—Nettie looked with the unbelief of nature at the widowed woman, the creature who had loved him, and been his wife—yet who could only think of somebody else to be blamed, and of herself injured, at that terrible moment when the companion of her life was violently withdrawn from her. And to go out of that obstinately darkened refuge of fretful sorrow, into the room where the blind had been drawn up the moment her back was turned, and where these three tearless children, totally unimpressed by the information which they had received as a piece of news with mingled curiosity and scepticism, occupied themselves with their usual sports, or listened keenly, with sharp remarks, to the sounds below, which only the utmost stretch of Nettie’s authority could keep them from descending to investigate, afforded a wonderful reverse to the picture, which startled her in her momentary clear-sightedness. The contrast between her own feelings—she who had no bonds of natural affection to Fred, and to whom he had been, by times, a very irksome burden—and theirs, who were his very own, and belonged to him, appeared to Nettie as no such contrast had ever appeared before. *Her* heart alone was heavy with regret over the ruined man—the now forever unredeemable life: she only, to whom his death was no loss, but even, if she could have permitted that cruel thought to intervene, a gain and relief, recognized with a pang of compassion almost as sharp as grief, that grievous miserable fate. When, a few minutes after, the noise of the children’s play rose to an outburst, Nettie flushed into a momentary effusion of temper, and silenced the heartless imps with a voice and look

which they dared not venture to resist. Her rebuke was, however, interrupted by a sudden call from their mother. “How can you have the heart? O Nettie, Nettie! I knew you had no feeling!—you never had any feeling since you were a baby—but how can you speak so to his poor children, now that he’s left them on the cold world?” cried Susan, sobbing from her bed. If Nettie sprang to her feet in sudden heat and disgust, and peremptorily closed the doors intervening between the children and their mother, nobody will much wonder at that movement of impatience. Perhaps Nettie’s eyes had never been so entirely opened to the hopeless character of the charge she had taken upon her, as in the temporary seclusion of that day.

And meanwhile, down-stairs, Edward Rider was superintending all the arrangements of the time for Nettie’s sake. Not because it was his brother who lay there, no longer a burden to any man; nor because natural duty pointed him out as the natural guardian of the orphaned family. The doctor, indeed, would have done his duty in such a hard case, however it had been required of him; but the circumstances were different now: the melancholy bustle, the shame, the consciousness that everybody knew what manner of existence this lost life had been, the exposure, the publicity—all that would have wrung with a hundred sharp wounds a spirit so susceptible to public comments—came with a dulled force upon the doctor’s mind to-day. When the people about saw the grave and seemly composure with which he went about this dismal business, without those starts and flushes of grievous irritation and shame which the very mention of his brother had once brought upon him, they believed, and honored him in the belief, that death had awakened the ancient fraternal kindness in Edward Rider’s heart. But it was not fraternal kindness that smoothed off the rude edges of that burden; it was the consciousness of doing Nettie’s work for her, taking her place, sparing that creature, over whom his heart yearned, the hardest and painfulest business she had yet been involved in. We cannot take credit for the doctor which he did not deserve. He forgave Fred when he saw his motionless figure, never more to do evil or offend in this world, laid in pitiful solitude in that room,



which still was Nettie's room, and which even in death he grudged to his brother. But Edward's distinct apprehension of right and wrong, and Fred's deserts in this world, were not altered by that diviner compunction which had moved Nettie. He forgave, but did not forget, nor defend with remorseful tenderness his brother's memory. Not for Fred's sake, but Nettie's, he held his place in the troubled cottage, and assumed the position of head of the family. Hard certainties of experience prevented the doctor's unimagined mind from respecting here the ideal anguish of sudden widowhood and bereavement. This was a conclusion noways unnatural or surprising for such a life as Fred's—and Edward knew, with that contemptuous hardness into which incessant personal contact with the world drives most men, that neither the wife nor the children were capable of deep or permanent feeling. "They will only hang upon *her* all the heavier," he said to himself, bitterly; and for her, with repentant love, Edward Rider exerted himself. In all the house no heart, but Nettie's alone, acknowledged an ache of pity for Fred and his ruined life. "Mrs. Rider, to be sure, will feel at first—it's only natural," said Mrs. Smith; "but there wasn't nothing else to be looked for; and if it were not hard-hearted to say it, and him lying in his coffin, they'll be a deal better off without him nor with him. But Smith and me, we have ourselves to look to, and it's a terrible blow, is this, to a house as was always as respectable as ere a one in Carlingford. The lodgings is ruined! The very marks of the feet, if it was nothing else!" cried the afflicted landlady, contemplating the scratched tiles in the hall with actual tears of vexation and regret. But this was the true state of the case to every unconcerned spectator. Only Nettie, on whom the burden had fallen, and was yet to fall heaviest, felt the eyes which were hot and heavy with watching, grow dim with tears of unspeakable compassion. From the fulness of her youth and strength—strength so burdened, youth so dauntless and dutiful—Nettie gazed with a pity too deep for words at the awful spectacle of that existence lost. That the lifeless thing in the room below could have been a man, and yet have come and gone so disastrously through the world, was terrible to think of,

to that living laboring creature, in the depth of her own strange toils and responsibilities. Her heart ached over that wretched, miserable fate. Neither toil nor anguish was to be compared to the dread loss of a life, sustained by that departed soul.

#### CHAPTER XII.

IN a few days all this solemn crisis was over, and life went on again in its ordinary tame current, closing over the dishonored grave where Fred found his rest, henceforward nameless in the world that had suffered his existence as a cumberer of the ground for so many years. Had he been the prop of his house and the light of their eyes, life would have gone on again after that interruption, all the same, with a persistency which nothing can impair. As it was, the diminished household resumed its ordinary course of existence, after a very few days, with little more than outward marks of what had befallen them. It is true that Nettie sat down with a repugnance which she scarcely could either overcome or conceal, to dispense the domestic provisions at the table which shortly before had borne so dread a burden. But nobody thought of that except Nettie; and but for the black dresses and Susan's cap, Fred was as if he had never been.

About a week after the funeral, the doctor went solemnly to visit them in one of those lengthening spring afternoons. Dr. Rider was undeniably nervous and excited about this interview. He had been at home under pretence of having luncheon, but in reality to make a solemn toilette, and wind himself up to the courage necessary for a settlement of affairs. As he dashed with agitated haste down Grange Lane, he saw Miss Wodchouse and her sister Lucy coming from St. Roque's, where very probably they, too, had been making a visit of condolence to Nettie; and a little nearer that scene of all his cogitations and troubles appeared, a much less welcome sight, Miss Marjoribanks, whom all Carlingford, a month ago, had declared Dr. Rider to be "paying his addresses" to. The guilty doctor took off his hat to that stout and sensible wayfarer, with a pang of self-disgust which avenged Nettie. Along the very road where that little Titania, eager and rapid, had gone upon her dauntless way so often, to see that comely, well-dressed



figure, handsome, sprightly, clever—but with such a world of bright youth, tenderness, loveliness, everything that touches the heart of man, between the two! No harm to Miss Marjoribanks; only shame to the doctor, who, out of angry love, pique, and mortification, to vex Nettie, had pretended to transfer the homage due to the fairy princess to that handsome and judicious woman. The experiment had failed as entirely as it deserved to do; and here was Edward Rider, coming back wiser and humbler, content to put that question over again, and stand once more his chance of what his pride had called a rejection, perhaps content to make still greater sacrifices, if the truth were known, and to do anything Nettie asked him, if Nettie would but condescend to ask or enter into terms at all.

He drew up before St. Roque's with a dash, which was much more of agitation than display, and, throwing the reins at the head of his little groom, leaped out like a man who did not see where he was going. He saw Mr. Wentworth, however, coming out of the church, and turning round amazed to look what vehicle had come to so sudden a standstill there. All the world seemed to be on the road to St. Roque's Cottage that spring afternoon. The doctor made a surly gesture of recognition as he passed the curate, who gazed at him in calm astonishment from the church porch. No other intruder appeared between him and the Cottage. He hurried along past the willow-trees with their drooping tassels, surrounded by a certain maze of excitement and agitation. As he went up to the door, it occurred to him suddenly how Nettie had recognized his step that dread morning of Fred's death. The thought came like a stimulus and encouragement to the doctor. He went in with a brighter look, a heart more hopeful. She had opened the door to him before he could knock, held out to him that tiny morsel of a hand which labored so hard and constantly, said—what did Nettie say? how many times had the doctor conned it over as he went between his patients?—"You were angry once, and, indeed, I don't wonder." The doctor went boldly in under the cordial of these simple words. If she did not wonder that he was angry once, could she think of saying over again that same conclusion which had cast him into such wrathful despair? He

went in to try his fortune a second time, secure of his temper at least. *That* could never fail, nor sin against Nettie again.

Edward Rider went in, expectant somehow, even against his reason, to find an altered world in that house from which Fred had gone. He knew better, to be sure, but nature beguiled the young man out of his wisdom. When he went into the parlor his eyes were opened. Upon the sofa—that same sofa where Fred had lain, all slovenly and mean in his idleness, with his pipe, polluting Nettie's sole retirement—Mrs. Fred lay now in her sombre black dress, with the white cap circling her faded face. She had her white handkerchief in her hand, and was carefully arranged upon the sofa, with a chair placed near for sympathizers. At the table, working rapidly as usual, sat Nettie. Sometimes she turned a momentary glance of mingled curiosity and wonder upon her sister. Evidently she did not interfere with this development of sorrow. Nettie had enough to do besides with her needlework, and to enjoin a moderate amount of quietness upon Freddy and his little sister, who were building wooden bricks into houses and castles on the floor by her side. When the doctor entered the room he saw how it was with instantaneous insight. Mrs. Fred was sitting in state, in the pomp of woe, to receive all the compassionate people who might come to condole with her. Nettie, half impatient, half glad that her sister could amuse herself so, sat in busy toleration, putting up with it, carrying on her own work through it all—and still, as always, those bonds of her own making closed hard and tenacious upon the prop of the house. Even the chance of speaking with her by herself died off into extreme distance. Young Rider, who came in with the full conviction that anger could never more rise in his heart against Nettie, grew pale with passion, resentment, and impatience before he had been a minute in the room. Always the same! Not relieved out of her bondage—closer bound and prisoned than ever! He took, with an impatient involuntary commotion, the chair placed beside the sofa, and sat down in it abruptly with the briefest salutations. His hopes and anticipations all went bitterly back upon his heart. The very rustle of Nettie's arm as she spread out that little black frock upon the table, and put on its melancholy trim-



gings, exasperated afresh the man who five minutes ago did not believe it possible that he ever could feel an impulse of displeasure against her again.

"I cannot say that I expected to see you, Mr. Edward," said Mrs. Fred, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes; "indeed, when I remember the last time you were here, I wonder you could think of coming near us. But now my poor dear Fred is gone, we have nobody to protect us—and of course you don't mind how you hurt my feelings. If you had done your duty by my poor fellow when he was living, he might never—never—"

Here Mrs. Fred paused, choked by spiteful tears.

"Dr. Edward, don't mind what Susan says," said Nettie. "It is very kind of you to come, after everything—If you would only tell the people not to take any notice, but just to let us go on as usual. They all want to be kind, you know—they keep coming, and asking what they can do; and you understand very well there is nothing to do," said Nettie, with a little pride. "We are just as we were before—nothing is changed: one does not like to be unkind, but nobody needs to do anything. We shall get along all the same."

"So it seems, indeed," said Dr. Rider, with irrepressible bitterness; "all the same! But, indeed, I came specially to ask what my sister-in-law meant to do," continued the doctor, bent on one last appeal. "Now that you are left to yourself, Mrs. Rider, what do you think of doing? Of course you must have some plans about the children and your future life?"

Mrs. Fred looked up at him with momentary alarm and dismay. She did not know what the question meant, but a certain vague terror seized her. It seemed to imply somehow that she was now to be left to her own resources. She gave a certain gasp of appeal to "Nettie!" and took refuge once more in her handkerchief. The doctor was desperate—he had no mercy in him.

"Nettie! always Nettie!" cried the young man. "And is it true, Nettie—is it all the same? Are you always to go on toiling for the miserable comforts of other people? What is to become of us? Have you sold yourself to this fate?"

Nettie laid down the little black frock out

of her laborious hands. "You have been up all night, Dr. Edward," she said, with a certain tenderness, looking at his agitated face; "you are tired out and sick at the heart. I know it makes you say things you would not say; but after all, you know, except poor Fred, whom none of you think of, everything is the very same. I cannot make it different—nothing can make it different. There is Susan plain enough to be seen—and there are the children. Sometimes it has come into my mind," said Nettie, "that as I shall never be able to afford a *very* good education for the children, it would be better to take them out to the colony again, where they might get on better than here. But it is a dreadful long voyage; and we have no near friends there, or anywhere else: and," concluded the steadfast creature, who had dropped these last words from her lips sentence by sentence, as if eager to impress upon her own mind the arguments against that proceeding—"and," said Nettie, with wistful pathetic honesty, not able to deny the real cause of the reluctance altogether, "I don't seem to have the heart for it now."

Dr. Rider started up from his chair. He went to Nettie's side with a sudden thrill of agitation and passion. He clasped the hand with which Nettie was smoothing out that little frock, and crushed the delicate fingers in his inconsiderate grasp. "Nettie! if you must carry them always upon your shoulders, cannot we do it together, at least?" cried the doctor, carried away beyond every boundary of sense or prudence. He got down on his knees beside the table, not kneeling to her, but only compelling her attention—demanding to see the answer of her eyes, the quiver of her mouth. For that moment Nettie's defences too fell before this unlooked-for outburst of a love that had forgotten prudence. Her mouth quivered, her eyes filled. If it were possible—if it were only possible!—They had both forgotten the spectators who gazed with curious eyes, all unaware how deeply their own fate was involved; and that fate was still trembling in the breathless interval, when a vulgar finger touched those delicate balances of possibility, and the crisis was over, perhaps never to return.

"Nettie!" cried Mrs. Fred, "if Edward Rider has no respect for me, nor for my poor Fred—my poor, dear, injured husband, that



helped to bring him up, and gave up his practice to him, and died, as I might say, by his neglect—Nettie! how can you be so cruel to your sister? How can you go taking his hand, and looking as if he were your lover? You never had any feeling for me, though everybody thinks so much of you. And now I know what I have to expect. The moment my poor dear Fred's head is laid in the grave—as soon as ever you have me in your own hands, and nobody to protect me!—O my Fred! my Fred!—as soon as you are gone, this is how they are using your poor helpless family!—and soon, soon I shall die, too, and you will not be encumbered with *me*!”

Long before this sobbing speech was concluded, Dr. Rider had risen to his feet, and was pacing through the little room with hasty steps of disgust and rage, and an agitation which overwhelmed all his attempts to master it; while Nettie sat supporting her head in her hands, pressing her fingers upon her hot eyes, beholding that fair impossible vision break and disappear from before her. Nettie's heart groaned within her, and beat against the delicate bosom which, in its tender weakness, was mighty as a giant's. She made no answer to her sister's outcry, nor attempted to comfort the hysterical sobbing into which Susan fell. Nettie gave up the hopeless business without being deceived by those selfish demonstrations. She was not even fortunate enough to be able to persuade herself into admiring love and enthusiasm for those to whom necessity obliged her to give up her own life. She said nothing; she knew that the sobs would subside, the end would be gained, the insignificant soul lapse into comfort, and with a sigh of compulsory resignation Nettie yielded once more to her fate.

“Dr. Edward, do not think of me any more,” she said, resolutely, rising and going out to the door with him, in her simplicity and courage. “You see very well it is impossible. I know you see it as well as I do. If we could be friends as we once were, I should be very, very glad, but I don't think it is possible just now. Don't say anything. We both know how it is, and neither of us can help it. If we could get not to think of each other, that would be best,” said Nettie, with another sigh; “but in the mean time

let us say good-by, and speak of it no more.”

If the doctor did not take his dismissal exactly so—if Nettie's identification of her own sentiments with his, did lead to a warmer tenderness in that farewell, which could not be final while such a bond united them, it was at least with an absolute conviction of the impossibility of any closer union that they parted. The doctor sprang into his drag and dashed away to his patients, plunging into the work which he had somewhat neglected during that exciting day. He was not without some comfort as he went about his business with Care behind him, but that very comfort embittered the pang of the compulsory submission. To think he must leave her there with those burdens upon her delicate shoulders—to believe her his, yet not his, the victim of an unnatural bondage—drove Edward Rider desperate as he devoured the way. A hundred times in an hour he made up his mind to hasten back again and snatch her forcibly out of that thralldom, and yet a hundred times had to fall back consuming his heart with fiery irritation, and chafing at all that seemed duty and necessity to Nettie. As he was proceeding on his troubled way it occurred to him to meet—surely everybody in Carlingford was out of doors this particular afternoon!—that prosperous wife, Mrs. John Brown, who had once been Bessie Christian. She was a very pale apparition now to the doctor, engrossed as he was with an influence much more imperious and enthralling than hers had ever been; but the sight of her, on this day of all others, was not without its effect upon Edward Rider. Had not she too been burdened with responsibilities which the doctor would not venture to take upon his shoulders, but which another man, more daring, *had* taken, and rendered bearable? As the thought of that possibility occurred to him, a sudden vision of Mrs. Fred's faded figure flashed across his eyes. In the excitement of the moment he touched too sharply with his whip that horse which had suffered the penalty of most of his vagaries of temper and imagination for some time past. The long-suffering beast was aggravated out of patience by that unexpected irritation. It was all that the doctor could do for the next ten minutes to keep his seat and



his command over the exasperated animal, whose sudden frenzy terrified Mrs. Brown, and drove her to take refuge in the nearest shop. How little the Carlingford public who paused at a respectful distance to look on, guessed those emotions which moved the doctor as they watched him subduing his rebellious horse with vigorous arm and passionate looks! Bessie, with a little palpitation at her heart, could not refrain from a passing wonder whether the sight of herself had anything to do with that sudden conflict. Mrs. Brown knew little about St. Roque's Cottage, but had heard of Miss Marjoribanks, who it was not to be supposed could hold a very absolute sway over the doctor. Meanwhile Dr. Rider struggled with his horse with all the intensity of determination with which he would have struggled against his fate had that been practicable. With teeth set and eyes that blazed with sudden rage and resolution, he subdued the unruly brute, and forced it to acknowledge his mastery. When he drove the vanquished animal, all quivering with pain and passion, on its further course, the struggle had refreshed his mind a little. Ah, if life and adverse fortune could but be vanquished so!—but all Edward Rider's resolution and courage died into hopeless disgust before the recollection of Mrs. Fred upon that sofa. Even with Nettie at one hand, that peevish phantom on the other, those heartless imps in insolent possession of the wonderful little guardian who would not forsake them, made up a picture which made the doctor's heart sick. No! Nettie was right. It was impossible. Love, patience, charity, after all, are but human qualities, when they have to be held against daily disgusts, irritations, and miseries. The doctor knew as well as Nettie did that he could not bear it. He knew even, as perhaps Nettie did not know, that her own image would suffer from the association; and that a man so faulty and imperfect as himself could not long refrain from resenting upon his wife the dismal restraints of such a burden. With a self-disgust which was most cutting of all, Edward Rider felt that he should descend to that injustice; and that not even Nettie herself would be safe against the effusions of his impatience and indignation. All through the course of this exciting episode in his life, his own foresight and knowledge of himself

had been torture to the doctor, and had brought him in addition to all other trials, silent agonies of self-contempt which nobody could guess. But he could not alter his nature. He went through his day's work very wretched and dejected, yet with an ineffable touch of secret comfort behind all, which sometimes would look him in the face for a moment like a passing sunbeam, yet sometimes seemed to exasperate beyond bearing the tantalizing misery of his fate. A more agitated, disturbed, passionate, and self-consuming man than the doctor was not in Carlingford, nor within a hundred miles; yet it was not perfect wretchedness after all.

Nettie, on her part, went back to Mrs. Fred in the parlor, after she had parted from Edward Rider, with feelings somewhat different from the doctor's. Perhaps she, too, had indulged a certain pang of expectation as to what might follow after Fred was gone, in the new world that should be after that change; for Nettie, with all her wisdom of experience, was still too young not to believe that circumstances did change everything now and then, even dispositions and hearts. But before Dr. Rider knew it—before he had even wound up his courage to the pitch of asking what was now to happen to them—the little Australian had made up her mind to that which was inevitable. The same Susan whose ceaseless discontents and selfish love had driven Nettie across the seas to look for Fred, was now reposing on that sofa in her widow's cap, altogether unchanged, as helpless and unabandonable, as dependent, as much a fool as ever. The superior wretchedness of Fred's presence and life had partially veiled Susan's character since they came to Carlingford. Now she had the field to herself again, and Nettie recognized at once the familiar picture. From the moment when Susan in her mourning came downstairs, Nettie acknowledged the weakness of circumstances, the pertinacity of nature. What could she do?—she gave up the scarcely formed germ of hope that had begun to appear in her breast. She made up her mind silently to what must be. No agonies of martyrdom could have made Nettie desert her post and abandon these helpless souls. They could do nothing for themselves, old or young of them; and who was there to do it all? she asked herself, with that perpetual reference to necessity which was



Nettie's sole process of reasoning on the subject. Thus considered, the arguments were short and telling, the conclusion unmistakable. Here was this visible piece of business—four helpless creatures to be supported and provided and thrust through life somehow—with nobody in the world but Nettie to do it; to bring them daily bread and hourly tendance, to keep them alive, and shelter their helplessness with refuge and protection. She drew up her tiny Titania figure, and put back her silken flood of hair, and stood upright to the full extent of her little stature when she recognized the truth. Nobody could share with her that warfare which was hard to flesh and blood. She stood up to her post all alone, and saw how vain any attempt would be to share it with another. There was nothing to be said on the subject—no possibility of help. She was almost glad when that interview, which she foresaw, was over, and when Edward had recognized as well as herself the necessities of the matter. She went back again out of the little hall where, for one moment and no more, the lights of youth and love had flushed over Nettie, suffusing her paleness with rose-blushes. Now it was all over. The romance was ended, the hero gone, and life had begun anew.

"I can't say I ever liked this place," sighed Mrs. Fred, when the lamp was lit that evening, and Nettie had come down-stairs again after seeing the children in bed. "It was always dull and dreary to me. If we hadn't been so far out of Carlingford, things might have been very different. My poor Fred! instead of taking care of him, all the dangers that ever could be were put in his way."

This sentence was concluded by some weeping, of which, however, Nettie did not take any notice. Making mourning by lamp-light is hard work, as all poor seamstresses know. Nettie had no tears in the eyes that were fixed intently upon the little coat which was to complete Freddy's outfit; and she did not even look up from that urgent occupation to deprecate Susan's tears.

"I tell you, Nettie, I never could bear this place," said Mrs. Fred; "and now, whenever I move, the dreadful thoughts that come into my mind are enough to kill me. You always were strong from a baby, and of course it is not to be expected that you can understand what my feelings are. And Mrs.

Smith is anything but kind, or indeed civil, sometimes; and I don't think I could live through another of these cold English winters. I am sure I never could keep alive through another winter, now my poor Fred's gone."

"Well?" asked Nettie, with involuntary harshness in her voice.

"I don't care for myself," sobbed Mrs. Fred, "but it's dreadful to see you so unfeeling, and to think what would become of his poor children if anything were to happen to me. I do believe you would marry Edward Rider if it were not for me, and go and wrong the poor children, and leave them destitute. Nobody has the feeling for them that a mother has; but if I live another winter in England, I know I shall die."

"You have thought of dying a great many times," said Nettie, "but it has never come to anything. Never mind that just now. What do you want? Do you want me to take you back to the colony all these thousands of miles after so many expenses as there have been already?—or what is it you want me to do?"

"You always speak of expenses, Nettie: you are very poor-spirited, though people think so much of you," said Susan; "and don't you think it is natural I should wish to go home, now my poor Fred has been taken away from me? And you confessed it would be best for the children. We know scarcely anybody here, and the very sight of *that* Edward that was so cruel to my poor Fred—"

"Susan, don't be a fool," said Nettie; "you know better in your heart. If you will tell me plainly what you want, I shall listen to you; but if not, I will go up-stairs and put away Freddy's things. Only one thing I may tell you at once; you may leave Carlingford if you please, but I shall not. I cannot take you back again to have you ill all the way, and the children threatening to fall overboard twenty times in a day. I did it once, but I will not do it again."

"You *will* not?" cried Susan. "Ah, I know what you mean; I know very well what you mean. You think Edward Rider—"

Nettie rose up and faced her sister with a little gasp of resolution which frightened Mrs. Fred. "I don't intend to have anything said about Edward Rider," said Nettie; "he has nothing to do with it one way or another. I tell you what I told him, that



I have not the heart to carry you all back again; and I cannot afford it either; and if you want anything more, Susan," added the peremptory creature, flashing forth into something of her old spirit, "I sha'n't go—and that is surely enough."

With which words Nettie went off like a little sprite to put away Freddy's coat, newly completed, along with the other articles of his wardrobe, at which she had been working all day. In that momentary impulse of decision and self-will, a few notes of a song came unawares from Nettie's lip, as she glanced, light and rapid as a fairy, up-stairs. She stopped a minute after with a sigh. Were Nettie's singing days over? She had at least come at last to find her life hard, and to acknowledge that this necessity which was laid upon her was grievous by times to flesh and blood; but not the less for that did she arrange Freddy's little garments daintily in the drawers, and pause, before she went down-stairs again, to cover him up in his little bed.

Susan still sat pondering and crying over the fire. Her tears were a great resource to Mrs. Fred. They occupied her when she had nothing else to occupy herself with; and when she cast a weeping glance up from her handkerchief to see Nettie draw her chair again to the table, and lay down a little pile of pinafores and tuckers which required supervision, Susan wept still more, and said it was well to be Nettie, who never was overcome by her feelings. Thus the evening passed dully enough. Just then, perhaps, Nettie was not a very conversable companion. Such interviews as that of this day linger in the heads of the interlocutors, and perhaps produce more notable effects afterwards than at the moment. Nettie was not thinking about it. She was simply going over it again, finding out the tones and meanings which, in the haste and excitement of their occurrence, did not have their full force. The fulness of detail that lingers about such pictures, which are not half apprehended till they have been gone over again and again, is marvellous. The pinafores went unconsciously through Nettie's fingers. She was scarcely aware of Susan crying by the fire. Though it had been in some degree a final and almost hopeless parting, there was comfort behind the cloud to Nettie as well as to the doctor.

She had forgotten all about the discussion with which the evening began before Susan spoke again.

"Richard Chatham came home with the last mail," said Susan, making a feeble effort to renew the fight. "He sent me a letter last week, you know. I dare say he will come to see us. Richard Chatham from Melbourne, Nettie. I dare say he will not stay out of the colony long."

Nettie, who was lost in her own thoughts, made no reply.

"I dare say," repeated Mrs. Fred, "he will be going out again in a month or two. I do not believe he could bear this dreadful English winter any more than I could. I dare say he'd be glad to take care of us out—if you should change your mind about going, Nettie."

Nettie gave her sister a glance of resolution and impatience—a swift glance upward from her work, enough to show she marked and understood—but still did not speak.

"Richard Chatham was always very good-natured: it would be such a good thing for us to go in the same ship—if you should happen to change your mind about going, Nettie," said Mrs. Fred, rising to retire to her room. "I am going to bed to try to get a little sleep. Such wretched nights as I have would kill anybody. I should not wonder if Richard Chatham came some of these days to see us. Poor fellow! he had always a great fancy for *our* family; and it would be *such* a thing for us, Nettie, if you should change your mind about going, to go in the same ship!"

With which Parthian shot Mrs. Fred made her way up-stairs and retired from the field. Nettie woke with a startled consciousness out of her dreams, to perceive that here was the process of iteration begun which drives the wisest to do the will of fools. She woke up to it for a moment, and, raising her drooping head, watched her sister make her way with her handkerchief in her hand, and the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her shoulders, to the door. Susan stole a glance round before she disappeared, to catch the startled glance of that resolute little face, only half woke up, but wholly determined. Though Mrs. Fred dared not say another word at that moment, she disappeared full of the conviction that her arrow had told, and that the endless persist-



once with which she herself, a woman and a fool, was gifted, need only be duly exercised to win the day. When Susan was gone, that parting arrow did quiver for a moment in Nettie's heart; but the brave little girl had, for that one night, a protection which her sister wist not of. After the door closed, Nettie fell back once more into that hour of existence which expanded and opened out the more for every new approach which memory made to it. Sweet nature, gentle youth, and the magician greater than either, came round her in a potent circle and defended Nettie. The woman was better off than the man in this hour of their separation, yet union. He chafed at the consolation which was but visionary; she, perhaps, in that visionary, ineffable solacement found a happiness greater than any reality could ever give.

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was some months after the time of this conversation when a man, unlike the usual aspect of man in Carlingford, appeared at the inn with a carpet-bag, and asked his way to St. Roque's Cottage. Beards were not common in those days: nobody grew one in Carlingford except Mr. Lake, who, in his joint capacity of portrait-painter and drawing-master, represented the erratic and lawless followers of Art to the imagination of the respectable town. But the stranger who made his sudden appearance at the George wore such a forest of hair on the lower part of his burly countenance as obliterated all ordinary landmarks in that region, and by comparison made Mr. Lake's dainty little moustache and *etceteras* sink into utter propriety and respectableness. The rest of the figure corresponded with this luxuriant feature; the man was large and burly, a trifle too stout for a perfect athlete, but powerful and vigorous almost beyond anything then known in Carlingford. It was now summer, and warm weather, and the dress of the new-comer was as unusual as the other particulars of his appearance. In his broad straw hat and linen coat he stood cool and large in the shady hall of the George, with glimpses of white English linen appearing under his forest of beard, and round his brown sun-scorched wrists. A very small stretch of imagination was necessary to thrust pistols into his belt and a

cutlass into his hand, and reveal him as the settler-adventurer of a half-savage disturbed country, equally ready to work or to fight, and more at home in the shifts and expedients of the wilderness than among the bonds of civilization; yet always retaining, as English adventurers will, certain dainty personal particulars—such, for instance, as that prejudice in favor of clean linen, which only the highest civilization can cultivate into perfection. He went off down Grange Lane with the swing and poise of a Hercules, when the admiring waiters directed him to the Cottage. Miss Wodehouse, who was standing at the door with Lucy, in the long gray cloak and close bonnet lately adopted by the sisterhood of mercy, which had timidly, under the auspices of the perpetual curate, set itself a going at St. Roque's, looked after the savage man with an instinct of gentle curiosity, wondering where he was going and where he came from. To tell the truth, that tender-hearted soul could with more comfort to herself have stepped down a little on the road to St. Roque's, and watched whether that extraordinary figure was in search of Nettie—a suspicion which immediately occurred to her—than she could set out upon the district-visiting, to which Lucy now led her forth. But Miss Wodehouse had tremulously taken example by the late rector, whose abrupt retirement from the duties for which he did not feel himself qualified, the good people in Carlingford had scarcely stopped discussing. Miss Wodehouse, deeply impressed in her gentle mind by the incidents of that time, had considered it her duty to reclaim if possible—she who had no circle of college dons to retire into—her own life from its habits of quiet indolence. She consented to go with Lucy into all the charitable affairs of Carlingford. She stood silent with a pitying face and believed in all the pretences of beggary which Lucy saw through by natural insight. But it was no more her natural element than the long gray cloak was a natural garment for that spotless, dove-colored woman. Her eyes turned wistfully after the stranger with suppressed impulses of gentle curiosity and gossip. She knew very well he did not belong to Carlingford. She knew nobody in Grange Lane or the neighborhood to whom he could belong. She wanted very much



to stop and inquire at the stable-boy of the George, their own gardener's son, who and what this new-comer was, and turned back to look after him before she turned out of George Street following Lucy with lively anxiety to know whether he was going to St. Roque's. Perhaps the labors of a sisterhood of mercy require a special organization even of the kind female soul. Miss Wodehouse, the most tender-hearted of human creatures, did not rise to that development; and, with a little pang of unsatisfied wonder, saw the unaccustomed Hercules disappear in the distance without being able to make out whither he was bound.

Nobody, however, who had been privileged to share the advantages of Mrs. Fred Rider's conversation for some time back, could be at a loss to guess who this messenger from the wilderness was. It was Richard Chatham come at last—he with whose name Nettie had been bored and punctured through and through from the first day of his introduction into Susan's talk till now. Mrs. Fred had used largely in the interval that all-potent torture of the "continual dropping;"—used it so perpetually as, though without producing any visible effect upon Nettie's resolution, to introduce often a certain sickness and disgust with everything into that steadfast soul. Nor did she content herself with her own exertions, but skilfully managed to introduce the idea into the minds of the children—ready as all children are, for change and novelty. Nettie had led a hard enough life for these three months. She could not meet Edward Rider, nor he her, with a calm pretence of friendship; and Susan, always insolent and spiteful, and now mistress of the position, filled the doctor with an amount of angry irritation which his longings for Nettie's society could not quite subdue. That perpetual barrier between them dismayed both. Meetings which always ended in pain were best avoided, except at those intervals when longing love could not, even under that penalty, refuse itself the gratification; but the dismal life which was lighted up only by those unfrequent, agitating, exasperating encounters, and which flowed on through a hundred petty toilsome duties to the fretful accompaniment of Susan's iterations and the novel persecution now carried on by the children, was naturally irksome to the high-spirited

and impatient nature which, now no longer heart-whole or fancy-free, did not find it so easy to carry its own way triumphantly through those heavy clogs of helplessness and folly. In the days when Miss Wodehouse pitied and wondered, Nettie had required no sympathy; she had carried on her course victorious, more entirely conscious of the supreme gratification of having her own way, than of the utter self-sacrifice which she made to Fred and his family. But now the time predicted by Miss Wodehouse had arrived. Nettie's own personal happiness had come to be at stake, and had been unhesitatingly given up. But the knowledge of that renunciation dwelt with Nettie. Not all the natural generosity of her mind—not that still stronger argument which she used so often, the mere necessity and inevitableness of the case, could blind her eyes to the fact that she *had* given up her own happiness; and bitter flashes of thought would intervene, notwithstanding even the self-contempt and reproach with which she became aware of them. That doubtful, complicated matter, most hard and difficult of mortal problems, pressed hard upon Nettie's mind and heart. In former days, when she scornfully denied it to be self-sacrifice, and labored on, always indomitable, unconscious that what she did was anything more than the simplest duty and necessity, all was well with the dauntless, all-enterprising soul; but growing knowledge of her own heart, of other hearts, cast dark, perplexing shades upon Nettie, as upon all other wayfarers in these complex paths. The effect upon her mind was different from the effect to be expected according to modern sentimental ethics. Nettie had never doubted of the true duty, the true necessity, of her position, till she became conscious of her vast sacrifice. Then a hundred doubts appalled her. Was she so entirely *right* as she had supposed? Was it best to relieve the helpless hands of Fred and Susan of their natural duties, and bear these burdens for them, and disable herself when her time came from the nobler natural yoke in which her full womanly influence might have told to an extent impossible to it now? These questions made Nettie's head, which knew no fanciful pangs, ache with painful thought, and confused her heart and dimmed her lights when she most needed



them to burn brightly. While, at the very time when these doubts assailed her, her sister's repetitions and the rising discontent and agitations of the children, came in to overcloud the whole business in a mist of sick impatience and disgust. Return to Australia was never out of Susan's mind, never absent from her pertinacious foolish lips. Little Freddy harped upon it all day long, and so did his brother and sister. Nettie said nothing, but retired with exasperated weariness upon her own thoughts—sometimes thinking, tired of the conflict, why not give in to them? why not complete the offering, and remove once for all into the region of impossibility, that contradictory longing for another life that still stirred by times in her heart? She had never given expression to this weary inclination to make an end of it, which sometimes assailed her fatigued soul; but this was the condition in which Richard Chatham's visit found her, when that Bushman, breathing of the wilds and the winds, came down the quiet suburban road to St. Roque's, and filling the whole little parlor with his beard and his presence, came stumbling into the confined room, where Mrs. Fred still lay on the sofa, and Nettie pursued her endless work.

"Sorry to hear of the poor doctor's accident," said the Australian, to whom Fred bore that title. "But he always was a bit of a rover; though it's sad when it comes to that. And so you are thinking of a return to the old colony? Can't do better, I should say—there aint room in this blessed old country for anything but tax-gatherers and gossips. I can't find enough air to breathe for my part—and what there is, is taxed—leastways the light is, which is all the same. Well, Mrs. Rider! say the word, ma'am, and Am at your disposal. I'm not particular for a month or two, so as I get home before next summer; and if you'll only tell me your time, I'll make mine suit, and do the best I can for you all. Miss Nettie's afraid of the voyage, is she? That's a new line for her, I believe. Something taken her fancy in this horrid old box of a place, eh? Ha! ha! but I'll be head-nurse and courier to the party, Miss Nettie, if you trust yourselves to me."

"We don't mean to go back, thank you," said Nettie. "It is only a fancy of Susan. Nobody ever dreamt of going back. It is

much too expensive and troublesome to be done so easily. Now we are here, we mean to stay."

The Bushman looked a little startled, and his lips formed into a whistle of astonishment, which Nettie's resolute little face kept inaudible. "Taken your fancy very much, eh, Miss Nettie?" said the jocular savage, who fancied raillery of one kind or other the proper style of conversation to address to a young lady. Nettie gave that big hero a flashing sudden glance which silenced him. Mr. Chatham once more formed an inaudible whew! with his lips, and looked at Mrs. Fred.

"But *your* heart inclines to the old colony, Miss Susan?—I beg your pardon—didn't remember what I was saying at that moment. Somehow you look so much as you used to do, barring the cap," said the Australian, "that one forgets all that has happened. You incline to cross the seas again, Mrs. Rider, without thinking of the expense?—and very sensible too. There never was a place like this blessed old country for swallowing up a man's money. You'll save as much in a year in the colony as will take you across."

"That is what I always say;—but of course my wishes are little thought of," said Mrs. Fred, with a sigh; "of course, it's Nettie we have to look to now. If she does not choose, to be sure, it does not matter what I wish. Ah! if I don't look different, I feel different—things are changed *now*."

The Bushman gave a puzzled glance, first at one sister and then at the other. It occurred to him that Fred had not been so much of a strength and protection to his family as this speech implied, and that Nettie had been the person whom Mrs. Rider had to "look to" even before they left that colony for which she now sighed. But Mrs. Fred, in her sorrow and her white cap, was an interesting figure to the eyes which were not much accustomed to look upon woman-kind. He had no doubt hers was a hard case. Nettie sat opposite, very busy, silent, and resolute, flashing dangerous sudden glances occasionally at her languid sister and their big visitor. It was confusing to meet these brilliant, impatient, wrathful eyes, though they were wonderfully bright, they put out the wild man of the woods, and made him feel uncomfortable. He turned



with relief to those milder orbs which Mrs. Fred buried in her handkerchief. Poor little oppressed woman, dependent upon that little arbitrary sister! The sincerest pity awoke in the Bushman's heart.

"Well!" he said, good-humoredly, "I hope you'll come to be of one mind when Miss Nettie thinks it over again; and you have only to drop me a line to let me know, when your plans are formed; and it will go hard with me, but I'll make mine suit them one way or another. All that I can do for you in the way of outfit or securing your passages—or even, if you would allow me—"

Here the good fellow paused, afraid to venture any further. Nettie looked up in a sudden blaze, and transfixed him with her eye.

"We have enough for everything we want, thank you," said Nettie, looking through and through his guilty benevolent intentions, and bringing a flush of confusion to his honest cheeks. "When I say I cannot afford anything, I don't mean to ask anybody's assistance, Mr. Chatham. We can do very well by ourselves. If it came to be best for the children—or if Susan keeps on wishing it, and gets her own way, as she generally does," said Nettie, with heightened color, dropping her eyes, and going on at double speed with her work, "I daresay we shall manage it as we did before. But that is my concern. Nobody in the world has anything to do with it but me."

"O Nettie, dear, you're giving in at last!—do say you'll go! and Mr. Chatham promises he'll take care of us on the way," cried Mrs. Fred, clasping her hands. They were thin hands, and looked delicate in contrast with her black dress. She was very interesting, pathetic, and tender, to the rough eyes of the Bushranger. He thought that imperative little creature opposite, with her brilliant glances, her small head drooping under those heavy braids of hair, her tiny figure and rapid fingers, looked like a little cruel sprite oppressing the melancholy soul. When Nettie rose from the table, goaded into sudden intolerance by that appeal, the climax of the "continual dropping," and threw her work indignantly on the table, and called Freddy to come directly, and get

dressed for his walk, the impression made by her supposed arbitrary and imperious behavior was not diminished. She went out disdainful, making no reply, and left those two to a private conference. Then Mrs. Fred unbosomed her bereaved heart to that sympathetic stranger. She told him how different everything was now—how hard it was to be dependent, even on one's sister—how far otherwise things might have been, if poor dear Fred had been more prudent: one way or other, all her lifethrough, Susan had been an injured woman. All her desire was to take the children back to the colony before she died. "If Nettie would but yield!" sighed Mrs. Fred, clasping her hands.

"Nettie must yield!" cried the Bushranger, full of emotion; and Susan cried a little, and told him how much the poor dear children wished it; and knew in her fool's heart that she had driven Nettie to the extremest bounds of patience, and that a little more persistence and iteration would gain the day.

In the mean time Nettie went out with Freddy,—the other two being at school,—and took him across the fields for his afternoon walk. The little fellow talked of Australia all the way, with a childish treachery and betrayal of her cause which went to Nettie's heart. She walked by his side, hearing without listening, throbbing all over with secret disgust, impatience, and despair. She, too, perceived well enough the approaching crisis. She saw that once more all her own resolution—the purpose of her heart—would be overborne by the hopeless pertinacity of the unconceivable, unreasoning fool. She did not call her sister hard names—she recognized the quality without giving it its appropriate title—and recognized also, with a bitterness of resistance, yet a sense of the inevitable, not to be described, the certain issue of the unequal contest. What chance had the generous little heart, the hasty temper, the quick and vivacious spirit, against that unwearying, unreasoning pertinacity? Once more she must arise, and go forth to the end of the world; and the sacrifice must be final now.



From The Examiner, 30 Nov.

[This paper has from the beginning been unfriendly to the United States. It is in politics a follower of Earl Russell.]

# THE RIGHT OF SEARCH AND THE WRONG.

ALTHOUGH many hours have not elapsed since the tidings reached this country of the almost incredible act of ignorant violence perpetrated by the commander of an American sloop-of-war, against a British mail packet on an intercolonial station, the public mind has already given proofs that its equanimity has not been materially disturbed, and that it has such confidence in the worth of right and the inherent weakness of wrong, as to lay aside easily all apprehension that national mischief or misery can arise from such a cause. With the facts of the case our readers are doubtless familiar. The *San Jacinto*, recently employed on the African station, arrived on the 2d inst. at the Havannah, where Messrs. Slidell and Mason, the Confederate agents, with their secretaries, were waiting to take their passage on board the *Trent* steamer to St. Thomas, with a view of thence proceeding to England. The notoriety of their presence and of their purpose is, we believe, indisputable. Captain Wilkes, it may be presumed, had general instructions from his Government to exercise the Right of Search conceded by the law of nations to all belligerent powers, in order to intercept contraband of war, and to reclaim and capture persons acting in the character of rebels or deserters, engaged in procuring aid and succor for the enemy. Chancellor Kent lays down that "The principal restriction which the law of nations imposes on the trade of neutrals is the prohibition to furnish the belligerent parties with warlike stores, and other articles which are directly auxiliary to warlike purposes. Such goods are denominated contraband of war." And it has always been held that despatches from the enemy come within the terms of this definition. Quotations from judicial decisions and the works of eminent text-writers might be multiplied on this point: one may suffice. In his well-known work on Contraband, Mr. Pratt observes "that assistance may be rendered to an enemy by a neutral, in many other ways than by the conveyance of stores or munitions to a hostile port,—particularly by the communication of information and

orders from the belligerent's Government to its officers abroad. The conveyance of despatches is especially prohibited to neutrals."

Messrs. Slidell and Mason took care to let it be known at the Havannah that they were the bearers of Confederate despatches to Europe; and no jurist will dispute that upon acquiring information of the fact, Captain Wilkes would have been fully justified, and in the faithful discharge of his duty, bound to look after any neutral ship which he deemed likely to have such despatches on board. A great deal of irrelevant learning has been displayed by certain of our contemporaries on this part of the subject. Lord Stowell's judgment in the case of the *Atalanta*, and that in the case of the *Caroline*, have been cited to show that despatches from the accredited plenipotentiary of an established Government are not contraband of war, when they relate only to the affairs of that Government, and do not touch upon the questions upon armed controversy. But this cannot be supposed to be analogous to the case before us. The documents or letters, of which Messrs. Slidell and Mason were believed to be the bearers, might fairly be presumed to have been concerned with the means of conducting the contest between the North and the South, and a Federal cruiser had an unquestionable right to examine them wherever found, and to search for them in neutral ships until he found them. Another and equally important right must also be conceded to the armed vessels of the Union; namely, that of claiming as prisoners persons engaged in the public service of the enemy, over whom, as rebels, allegiance may be legally asserted. This latter right has been exercised by all countries with regard to deserters and insurgents; and we have no particular interest in desiring its further limitation. But that it is limited within precise and definite bounds, no well-informed person will deny. In the declaration of the Prince Regent, of January, 1813, it is expressly stated that, while on the one hand English cruisers do not search vessels in order to find disaffected subjects on board, their commanders are enjoined to claim such persons if found in neutral ships during a search made "*bona fide*" for articles contraband of war. The American Government of the time demurred



to even this guarded proposition, because it feared the loss of English sailors sailing on board its fleet; and it would be historically inconsistent in that Government now to set up a doctrine of personal search, which it repudiated then, and has never since admitted. It must be confessed, however, that on our part it would be equally inconsistent to deny the doctrine now for the sake of which we then went to war, and which, from that day to the present, we have never publicly renounced. But we trust no discussion of the question will arise in the present instance. The folly and precipitancy of Captain Wilkes has narrowed the controversy within much closer bounds.

When upon her voyage from the Havana the *Trent* was stopped in unmannerly and unmanly fashion by the firing first of a round shot and then of a shell athwart her bows from the *San Jacinto*, Lieutenant Fairfax was sent on board to demand—not the suspected despatches which he had a right to claim, but—the list of passengers on board the British steamer, which he had no right to claim at all. On being refused the light, the American lieutenant committed the second and more serious blunder of formally demanding four passengers by name, in order that he might remove them as prisoners of war. He thus left undone the thing which he ought to have done, and did those things which he ought not to have done. On Captain Moir's refusal to give up the four gentlemen named, three boats' crews, on a signal given, were despatched from the Federal sloop; the *Trent* was boarded cutlass in hand; and the Confederate agents captured and removed by force.

The *San Jacinto* sailed away with her lawless prize; and the British Admiralty agent on board the *Trent* has returned to England to lay the circumstances before our Government. We apprehend that upon the law of the case Lord Palmerston and his colleagues are relieved from all difficulty by the inconceivably stupid misconduct of Captain Wilkes and those under his command. He seems neither to have understood the nature of the Right of Search, nor the nature of the wrong he was perpetrating by its abuse. He did not ask for the despatches, which he had a right to ask for, but he did ask for the surrender of four individuals, which in the first instance he had no right to ask for. Had he named both in the same breath, there might be room for legal argument; but if the facts be as set forth in the protest of the Admiralty agent, no room whatever is left for discussion. An infinitely more important point, however, remains, on which it is hoped the matter will speedily be set at rest. On being refused

the prisoners whom he sought, the proper course for Captain Wilkes would have been to have taken the *Trent* into the nearest port as his prize, and to have demanded an adjudication in his favor by a competent tribunal. Instead of so doing, he thought fit to usurp the functions of international judicature, and attempted to cut short the discussion of nice questions of international jurisprudence by the waive of his lieutenant's hand and the flash of his seamen's cutlasses. No civilized Government can be supposed capable of defending Corsair practice like this. Were it tolerated for an hour, there would be an end to peace and freedom of the seas. In justice and courtesy, however, we are bound to take for granted that the piratical acts in question were committed without authority, and that they will be promptly disavowed by the Cabinet at Washington.

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From The Spectator, 30 Nov.

[The *Spectator* has generally been moderate, judicious, and friendly to the American Government during the Rebellion.]

#### PEACE OR WAR.

THERE are men whom no cause can dignify, and of such are American statesmen. With a mighty war on their hands, in which they are not yet victors, and a cause to defend so sacred that freemen would endure all but dishonor rather than impede its success, with the future of a continent hanging upon their judgment, and that of free government involved in their self-restraint, they have chosen to do an act which, while it makes victory doubtful, compels their friends to rejoice in the chances of a defeat. Whatever the legal decision in the case of the *Trent*, whether Captain Wilkes committed an outrage, or outrageously seized a right, American statesmen must stand convicted of preferring a pique to a principle, the gratification of national spleen to the assertion of human right. We can scarcely wonder, as we go over the facts, that men should be found who believe Mr. Seward a traitor ready to plunge into a dangerous war, in order to purchase a shameful peace. These points, however, are left, unhappily, for Americans to decide. If they are willing to forfeit their heritage for the pleasure of insulting an ancient rival, it is not for us to complain, though we cannot escape our share in the universal loss. It is the position of England, rather than the fate of America, which we have to discuss, and hampered as the subject undoubtedly is in a mesh of divided feelings and conflicting duties, the



course of this country seems to us only too clear and patent.

The facts are of course before all our readers. Early in November two commissioners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, deputed by the South to obtain assistance from England and France, ran the blockade of Charleston, reached the Havannah, and embarked on board the British steam-packet *Trent*. As they passed through the Bahama Channel, the *San Jacinto*, a heavily armed American frigate, fired a shot across the steamer's bows, and then pitched a shell at her, which exploded a few yards to leeward. The captain of the steam-packet, thus roughly saluted, stopped, and the *Trent* was boarded by the lieutenant of the frigate and ninety men with bare cutlasses. The officer demanded the surrender of the commissioners and their suite, which was of course refused. The *Trent*, however, is an unarmed vessel; the lieutenant explained that his orders were to employ force, and, after a formal protest from the Admiralty Agent in charge of the mails, the commissioners were forcibly carried away, and the *Trent* proceeded on her voyage. There is no conflict of statement as to the facts, none of the exaggeration so frequent in such narratives, and no room, therefore, to doubt that four American passengers have been forcibly carried away from a British steamer. The news excited extreme indignation in England, and it was expected that Mr. Adams would at once receive his dismissal. Her Majesty's Government, however, pursued a more temperate, and therefore a more dignified course. It was, in the first place, almost essential to await the action of the British Minister in Washington. Unless the captain of the *San Jacinto* purposely delayed his return, the President would receive the intelligence on or about the 16th November, and Lord Lyons might have acted at once, without waiting orders from home. Moreover, it was by no means certain that the affair was beyond all doubt a premeditated outrage. The employment of force against a British vessel invariably excites the anger of Englishmen, but it is not of itself a proof of anything more than American contempt for the courtesies of civilized men. International law must be obeyed as well as respected, and the Government referred the affair to the law officers of the crown, with a resolve, whatever the nation's sense of humiliation, to abide by their opinion as fully as in a private dispute. That opinion was given on Thursday, the nation waiting the while with the cold restraint which in England announces that anger is growing white, and it was distinctly against the Americans. The act was pronounced illegal, and, however deep their regret at

the consequences which may follow the opinion, it will be confirmed by all intelligent men. The right of a belligerent power to search neutrals, though disputed and fought over for a century, remains, nevertheless, a recognized part of international law. Had the captain of the *San Jacinto* contented himself with stopping the *Trent*, searching her, and procuring the condemnation of any despatches not addressed to a neutral power, his act, however discourteous, would have formed no ground of complaint. But there exists no law which justifies the seizure of unarmed passengers as contraband of war. The pretension advanced by the British Government to arrest its subjects on foreign vessels, under the Impressment Act, was resisted by the United States, does not apply to powers at war, and is now superseded by a totally different *custom*; viz., that no nation can be required, except under treaty, to deliver up persons accused only of political crime. That, as it seems to us, was morally, though not, perhaps, legally, the position of the Southern commissioners. Any property of theirs on board having a distinct bearing on the war might have been justifiably condemned, but the commissioners themselves were under the British flag, beyond the reach of force. They were not combatants, had no official position which the Federal Government had ever recognized, and, if claimed as rebels, could not be given up without the violation of a great principle and the loss of national honor.

We need not say with what keen regret we feel driven to this conclusion, for it involves steps tending directly to aid the worst cause Englishmen were ever asked to support. Any dispute between the American Government and Great Britain tends directly to encourage the South, while a war would, there is reason to fear, almost at once secure Southern objects. The North is already almost outmatched, and with the blockade broken, naval expeditions wholly prevented, and the Southern finances at once restored, she must either make a peace which would leave slavery flourishing, or, emancipating and arming the slaves, commence a revolutionary war. That we in such a contest should be on the side of the wrong, is a bitter humiliation, but our duty is none the less clear. Almost any other insult might have been borne for the sake of the cause at stake. We have already passed over in silence the impressment of British minors, the stoppage of British vessels, a hundred official speeches which, except in America, would have furnished just cause for complaint. But if, after an impartial legal decision we give up this point, if we allow the claim of America to seize men whose real offence is



that they are rebels against the Republic, our right to receive refugees, which we have defended so often when they fled from a European despotism, will be destroyed, and England will cease to be as Schiller's grand line described her, "the rock where man from wrong a refuge finds." For the same reason, the reparation to be demanded must include the restoration of Messrs. Mason and Slidell under the British flag. A formal apology, an expression of strong regret, even a reference to some impartial arbitration as to the international law might satisfy the national honor, and certainly would induce us to pass over an act the punishment of which will involve the triumph of evil men. But there is something at stake as sacred as the national honor, and that is our right to receive all men not accused of civil crime, and it can be satisfied only by the release of the commissioners, with whom in themselves we sympathize much as we should with brigands. The nation is bound in view of the consequences to act with the most self-restrained caution, to leave no loop-hole for legal doubt, to put all irritation and prejudice and even national pride sternly and gravely aside, but to enforce its right even though it should be by war. There is no need for strong language, or silly haste. We go to establish a right, not to punish a foe; not assail an antagonist, but to enforce the law.

There is still a hope, though a faint one, that extremities may be averted. It is, we fear, only too true, that a faction within the States look to a war with Great Britain as their easiest road of escape from a struggle they have not the brain to control. There is, we fear, another who would hail a foreign war, because it left as the only alternatives peace or emancipation. But it is impossible to believe that American statesmen, feeble as they have seemed to Englishmen throughout the past war, can intend to produce a war which they know terminates their last hope. The stupid talk of the New York papers about a national war re-uniting the South with the North, has no credence with American politicians. They know perfectly well that the South never meant to return, that no terms short of supremacy would induce them, while unconquered, to rejoin a race they detest. Nor can Mr. Seward, except when soothing a mob, believe that a war would produce compensation for the loss of the South in the annexation of Canada. Canada is as strong as the South, as much protected in winter by climate as the South in the spring, and filled with a race who, with many discontents, have no love for Yankee dominion, no wish to forfeit their share in the empire on which the sun never

sets. It is impossible, unless the politicians of Washington are even worse than we believe them to be, that they can *want* what all sane men must believe a national calamity. They are much more likely to have been influenced by reckless hate of the South, or that bad disposition to extort a moment's applause by an appearance of pluck which is the curse of American rulers, or even by the strange vanity which on Wednesday tempted Americans in London to declare England afraid of war with so grand a nation. The demand for reparation will cure that error, as a great shock sobers a drunkard; and there is still, therefore, hope that the President may adopt a dignified course, declare his advisers in the wrong, or even merging for one moment the chief of a party in the head of a nation maintain himself to be in the right, but declare that in the interest of the commonwealth he yields to a wrong rather than give to rebels a chance of final success. The bragging wretches who guide politics in the States, and whose speeches fill the best friends of the North with a feeling of angry disgust, are not the real rulers of the nation; and the silent millions, who after Sumter reversed the national course, may once again prove that they retain that sense of a nation's honor which the politicians they tolerate appear to have lost in the struggle for place and power. This, however, is our only hope. The captain of the San Jacinto is too old and too distinguished an officer to have acted without instructions, and Englishmen too determined to be contented with a soothing despatch. That English action should help to make a slave empire possible is an almost unbearable calamity; but before God the responsibility rests with the criminal who acts, and not with the judge who condemns. Only let us be sure that we are judges, and not counsel for the prosecution; that national pride and long-accumulated disgust do but strengthen the resolve to see right enforced without irritation as without dismay.

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From The Spectator, 30 Nov.

#### THE LAW OF THE SAN JACINTO CASE.

THE opinion of the law-officers of the crown appears to decide the illegal nature of the procedure of Captain Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, in taking any thing or person out of a neutral trader without regular argument or condemnation in a prize court. The right of the Federal Government was limited to visiting and searching the mail-packet. "If any men or things believed to be contraband of war had been found on board of her, the



proper course was to take her into a prize court, which would have heard evidence and argument on both sides, and would have decided the case according to precedents and authorities." It is obvious that this decision assumes at once, and doubtless correctly, that the right of stopping the vessel arose only under the laws of "contraband of war," and could not be supported on the principle which England maintained in the war of 1812, that any belligerent power might search neutral trading ships for British citizens, with the intention of impressing them for service in our own navy. In the case of the American frigate Chesapeake, which has been referred to, we disavowed our own officer, but expressly on the principle that the right of search could not be extended to vessels of war. In various other cases, however, we had expressly maintained the right of searching American vessels, even on their own coast, for English seamen or deserters; and the *Leander*, in 1806, caused extreme irritation to the American people, by rigidly searching all the American traders from New York for English seamen. Nor have we ever relinquished this right. Was it, then, possible that the proceedings of the San Jacinto could be authorized on any similar ground? We believe not; for the right to search our ships at all is only given by the recognized laws of war. If there be no war, there is, as the Americans have always strenuously maintained, no right of search. But if there be a war, as the United States now admit, for they claim the benefit of the laws of contraband, then these southern gentlemen cannot be said to owe the allegiance of citizens to *both* belligerent powers at once, the Federal Government, *as well as* the Confederate Government. We maintained, in 1806, the right to search neutral vessels for our own seamen, in order to employ them against France, not the right to search neutral vessels for French citizens. But in this case, the Southerners stand in relation to the Government at Washington as French citizens then stood in relation to our Government, not as English citizens did. If we are *bonâ fide* neutral, we can no more admit that those who take part with the South really owe allegiance to the North, than we can that those who take part with the North really owe allegiance to the South. If the United States take the benefit of our neutrality, they can no more ask us to regard Messrs. Slidell and Mason as their citizens, than we could have asked them in 1806, to regard Frenchmen as our citizens. If we are "neutrals," then there must be two belligerents, and Southerners must owe *primâ-faciè* obedience to one, and not to both

belligerents. If this is not so, there is no war, and, consequently, no right of search.

It seems clear, then, that if anything justified the act of the San Jacinto at all, it was that law of "contraband of war," which obliges us to regard Messrs. Slidell and Mason as the citizens and agents of the South, and *prevents* us from regarding them as mere deserters from the North, as we might, for instance, regard a runaway Boston seaman. And if this be admitted, as it must be, then it is clear that the Federal commander has been guilty of a false procedure in not taking the case into a prize court for decision. The law of all such cases is certainly far too questionable to be decided off hand by a naval lieutenant.

But the question still remains one of considerable interest, whether, if the proper procedure in the case of "contraband of war" had been adopted by Captain Wilkes, there would have been any ground for a judicial tribunal to decide that the Southern commissioners were contraband or "semi-contraband of war." We firmly believe, on a careful review of the leading cases bearing on the subject that there was not. No doubt there is full authority for assuming that any *military* officer still engaged in the service of the belligerent state, and proceeding on any mission in such service, is contraband of war. Nay, it has even been laid down by Sir William Scott in the case of *Orozembo*, that mere civilians sent by the belligerent Government to a *colony* belonging to the same power, would probably be deemed contraband of war. "It appears to me," he says, "*on principle*, to be but reasonable that, whenever it is of sufficient importance to the enemy that such persons should be sent out on the public service, at the public expense, it should afford equal ground of forfeiture against the vessel that may be let out for a purpose so *intimately connected with the hostile operations*." But, then, what is the ground of this assumption? It is that any colony belonging to a belligerent power is necessarily and directly interested in supporting that power by every means at its command. In the case of the *Atalanta*, the same authority laid it down that for either belligerent having colonies "it is an object of great importance to preserve the connection between the mother country and her colonies, and to interrupt that connection on the part of the other belligerent is one of the most energetic operations of war. The importance of keeping up that communication for the concentration of troops, and for various military purposes, is manifest; and I may add for the supply of civil assistance also, and support, because the infliction of



civil distress for the purpose of compelling surrender forms no inconsiderable part of the operations of war." If, then, a neutral ship renders such facilities of communication as these, which the belligerent is striving to cut off, the neutral takes a part and violates its neutrality.

But where the communication is not between a belligerent country and its own colonies, which are its natural allies, but between that country and a neutral power, no such *primâ-facie* objection exists at all. Sir W. Scott has laid this down very strongly: "The neutral country," he said, in the case of the Carolina, "*has a right to preserve its relations with the enemy, and you are not at liberty to conclude that any communication between them can partake in any degree of the nature of hostility against you. The enemy may have his hostile projects attempted with the neutral state; but your reliance is on the integrity of that neutral state, that it will not favor nor participate in such designs, but, as far as its own councils and actions are concerned, will oppose them.*" This seems to us to lay down the clear principle that mere communication passing between either belligerent and a neutral power, cannot be assumed to be noxious to the other belligerent. And no principle can cover more completely the case before us. It is true that some international authorities state that a belligerent may "stop an ambassador on his passage," though "when he has arrived he is entitled to peculiar privileges;" but this, besides being a very uncertain dictum, does not appear to apply to an emissary in a neutral ship, but rather to such an emissary in an enemy's ship. The clear principle of the case is that which we have laid down, that all communications between either belligerent and a neutral power must be regarded as harmless, and interpreted on the assumption of the good faith of the neutral, unless direct evidence of assistance in the shape of transport of munitions of war, or of a military man engaged in the military service of the belligerent, can be produced. The good faith of the neutral is assumed without substantial evidence of favor in the shape of a definite military service. Nor can it be pretended for a moment that to carry Messrs. Slidell and Mason to England is in any way more a service of this nature than to bring Mr. Adams or any member of the legation from Washington. Indeed, as we do not yet recognize the South as an independent power, we do not and cannot recognize the official character of these gentlemen. They are to us mere private and civilian adherents of the Southern cause. On the whole, then, it seems perfectly clear that, except by the laws of war, the Federal Government could not

have stopped the Trent at all; that by the laws of war, the regular argument of the case in a prize court must have been the preliminary step; and, finally, that had this procedure been adopted, no fair tribunal would have condemned the vessel for the presence of Messrs. Slidell and Mason on board.

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From The Spectator, 30 Nov.

#### OUR NAVAL POSITION IN THE EVENT OF WAR.

THE American Government, in all their contests with English diplomatists, have relied upon two advantages—their monopoly of the cotton supply, and their power of destroying our sea-borne trade. A strange chain of circumstances has turned the first weapon against themselves, and it may be well to examine, with something more of preciseness than has hitherto been required, the value of the second resource. The American fleet, it is admitted, is incompetent to cope with our own, though, national vanity has, we suspect, blinded Americans to the degree to which this incompetence extends. It is not too much to say that the disposable American fleet, so far as men-of-war are concerned, would be justified in avoiding the attack of our American squadrons. The Federal Government is proud, and justly, of the skill and the energy displayed in landing an army upon the coast of South Carolina, and the papers are never tired of recounting the number of vessels at their command. But ability for transport service does not of itself imply readiness for active war. According to the American Almanac for 1861, the Government possessed at the beginning of this year ten sailing ships of the line, all above twenty-five hundred tons, and ten frigates, all above seventeen hundred, twenty sloops above five hundred, and three smaller brigs. They had at the same time eight steamers of very large size, six of the weight of the San Jacinto, and fifteen smaller vessels, mounting six guns apiece. They have added a few steamers since the war commenced, but most of these must be transports, wholly unequal to a sea-fight with first-class steam men-of-war. Even if all these vessels, were equipped and ready for service, they would not suffice to protect the six or seven separate points on the Federal coasts which lie invitingly open to an attack, far less to keep up the Southern blockade, and defend their own ports. This fleet, moreover, has no reserve producible in good time, and great as American energy may be, it cannot improvise men-of-war, especially at a moment when their whole system of finance must inevitably go to pieces.



Enthusiasm may call up armies, and we shall not be suspected of believing Bull's Run a test of American prowess on shore, or of thinking an army a mob because captain and soldier consider they ought to shake hands when they meet. Conscript armies survive a similar social equality, and to this day a French officer plays billiards with the private whom he would shoot for remarking on an order on service. But nothing but money will make navies, and with all trade stopped, half a million of men in the field, and two wars on hand, money will not be plentiful with the American Government. Then the present concentration of the American fleet, though it increases the means of defending the seaboard, leaves the rich and important foreign trade singularly unprotected. The Americans have no squadron in the Mediterranean, and none in the Pacific, no force in Indian seas, and a very feeble one, if any, within the China waters. We have, besides the regular fleets at all these points, a supplementary and most powerful fleet in China, collected for the last war, and not yet altogether dispersed, and the fleet of the Indian navy, which, though not equal to a contest with a great European power, is strong in numbers, accustomed to all waters east of Suez, and quite competent to render American trade between the Pacific and Western Asia all but impossible.

The national fleet is not, however, the reliance of American statesmen. They look back to 1812, and recall the feats of their privateers with an exultation which we believe misguides their judgment. It is, we admit, quite certain that they can obtain privateers. The maritime scoundrelism of the world will be only too happy to take out letters of marque under the American flag, and prey in quasi-vessels of war on the rich British commerce. The courage and energy of honest American seamen will be forced in great part into the same direction, and every port in the North not at once blockaded will send forth a swarm of vessels fitted with men whose powers of fighting must no more be underrated than their capacity for plunder. Nevertheless, admitting all this and much more, the Americans, we are convinced, place far too great a reliance on this ancient device. The successes of 1812 occurred before steam was invented, and steam is very fatal to privateering. The ocean guerilla of 1812 could, for example, enter the Mediterranean, attack vessels bound for Constantinople, and trust to his heels to escape the huge tubs which then served as vessels of war. What is he to do against vessels which, carrying the armament of old seventy-gun frigates, can move for five days in succession at eleven miles an hour? And be it

remembered steamers cannot be used except in very rare cases as privateers. Not to mention their cost—an important element in the question—the Americans have no coal.

In Europe they have no depôt, and the European country which refilled them would simply be cut off from its own supply. In Asia every pound of coal is already in the possession of the British, and their depôts, without an exception, out of the risk of attack. The great stores at Aden are covered by the guns of the strongest fortifications in the world. The depôts at Trincomalee, Singapore, Labuan, and Hong Kong, can readily be protected by the fleet, and the great Asiatic source of supply, the coal-field of Raneegunge, could not be menaced without an army of fifty thousand men. Coal is procurable all over Asia for English ships, and for them alone. American clippers sail fast, but what are clippers to do against an auxiliary steam power which can move in the very teeth of the wind? The only great danger in South and East would be to the Australian gold ships, but they can be attacked only from San Francisco, a port it is quite possible to blockade, and gold will bear carriage by the overland route, a traffic which can only be arrested in the south of Asia by privateers which can move at twelve miles an hour; and beyond Ceylon cannot be arrested at all. The Atlantic trade no doubt would be in serious peril, but even there the danger from privateers has been greatly diminished by steam. The patrol of the seas is much easier, and the chance of escape for any vessel reduced to her sails has become almost infinitesimally small. The privateers, heavily manned and armed, are in no position to carry large quantities of coal, and each separate chase would either reduce them to sailing ships, or compel them to put back to port after each successive adventure. We do not mean to deny that our trade would suffer severely—perhaps extremely severely. It has quadrupled in extent since 1812, and though the enlarged size of the vessels increases their safety, it also increases the risk which must fall on individual owners. Convoy, too, has become, except in the case of gold ships, almost an impossibility. An immense extent of property must be sacrificed in any case, and the sum of human suffering grievously increased, but we contend that the *proportion* of loss will be very much less than in 1812, and far too slight to leave the Americans much hope of victory through British exhaustion. Granting that in every other respect America is as well armed now as she was in 1812, the growth of the power of steam is wholly upon our side.



In other parts of the same paper, the *Spectator* says:—

The event of the week has been the arrest of the Southern Commissioners, on board the British steam-packet Trent, by the American frigate San Jacinto. The first rumor of the incident, which occurred in the Bahama Channel on 8th November, reached London by telegraph on 27th November, and although the short bulletin was distrusted, caused an immediate fall in the funds. The details reached town in the evening, and created a strong excitement, which was, however, repressed by the necessity of awaiting a legal decision. The point was involved in some difficulty owing to the precedents of 1812, but on Thursday afternoon the law officers gave their final opinion against the seizure. Unarmed passengers are not, and cannot be, treated as contraband of war. The Government is therefore set free to act, and it is understood that they will demand the restoration of the arrested gentlemen, and an apology, under penalty of further proceedings too grave to be lightly discussed. The feeling of the people would, it is evident, support them in still more peremptory measures. The public throughout the country are calling for war, and the irritation which New York bluster has for some months produced, threatened for a moment to overbear the needful respect for international law. It is creditable to the English people that, touched on their sorest point—the right of their flag to protect all whom it covers—they are content to await the tardy effect of a calm but decisive remonstrance. Mr. Adams has not been dismissed, and the responsibility of destroying the Union, retarding civilization, and bringing upon the world once more the horrors of national war, has been transferred to the President by a final demand for redress. . . .

It may be well, while we are on this subject, [national defences], to glance at our position as possible belligerents. The lookout is not cheering just now, what with the unspeakable stupidity of the United States, which we have no patience to comment on, and the increasing certainty that our neighbor over the water will soon have the balance of another loan in his power, with which, if it shall so please him, to play at settling the affairs of the rest of the world. Just now, in short, the question of our defences is one of the very highest moment, and fortunately, for once in a way, we do really seem to be before the world.

From The Economist, 30 Nov.

[The *Economist* is now a Government paper, but has generally been moderate and conservative in the interests of commerce and manufactures.]

### OUR DUTY.

THE forcible seizure of certain Confederate gentlemen on board a regular English packet by a Federal man-of-war is an act contrary to the usage of civilized nations, which the Federal Government must be called on to disavow,—and is, if it be not promptly apologized for and disowned, a *casus belli* that a stern duty will not permit us to disregard. The subject may be easily perplexed by needless verbiage; but the essential considerations may be simply stated, and in few words.

The duty of self-exculpation, at the outset, lies with the Federal Government. An armed vessel of theirs has taken from an unarmed vessel of ours, under irritating circumstances, certain passengers whom our ship had received on board at the port of a neutral nation, in the usual course of business, and with no fraudulent intent. Those passengers claimed our protection, and appealed to the inviolable sanctity of the British flag. They claimed the right of asylum which we have boasted that we offer on our ships and our soil to the weaker party of all countries; they asked no aid and no favor from us; they simply sought the ordinary safeguard of our laws and the common assurance of our hospitality. It is no light matter that a foreign Government should presume to touch with the tip of a finger men in such circumstances. The honor of England is tarnished by the ill-treatment of our guests; the security of our commerce is impaired by the violation of our vessel. The Americans *may* be able to justify their conduct; but they have done an act of very serious consequences, and needing very conclusive exculpation.

What, then, are their reasons? Their real and true reason very likely was that they wished to apprehend certain persons whom they call, and who are in the eye of their law, rebels. The passion—the fury—of a great civil conflict among a half-instructed people whose political passions know no restraint, has become so intense and eager that for the sake of capturing their adversaries the Federalists were ready to brave every consequence and risk every danger. But this true and real ground they cannot avow. It is precisely because of the intensity of the evil passions incident to civil war that the right of asylum upon neutral soil is so invaluable to political refugees all over the world, and it is this safe asylum which England has ever and will ever afford



them without exception and without distinction. As we should not permit the Austrian Government to take Mazzini from the packet between Dover and Calais—as we should not permit the French Emperor to harm Louis Blanc between Dublin and Holyhead,—so we must protect those so-called American rebels *on our ship* between St. Thomas and the Havana.

As the vital reason cannot be alleged, the Federal Government will have to advance legal and technical defences, which may be variously amplified and worded, but which are reducible in substance to these two.

First, it will be alleged that the captured persons were “contraband of war.” This barbarous term is properly applicable to any munitions or implements of war; to any soldiers or sailors on active service; to any despatches from the belligerent Government to its subordinates; and implies that these men and articles are liable to seizure for contravening the peculiar laws of war, just as smuggled goods are likewise liable to it for contravening the common laws of commerce. The ground of this doctrine is the ground of necessity. It is said to be the right and the duty of every belligerent to finish the war in which he is engaged as promptly as he can. For this purpose, therefore, it is his duty to preclude his enemy from obtaining supplies of men and ammunition, from writing letters which might aid him in obtaining them, from the import of arms and men, and from the export of such documents and despatches as may strengthen him and may prolong the war.

The limit of this right is the limit of its reason. It is bounded by its necessity. Neutral nations, and the Americans above all, have been active and anxious for many years to enclose it within rigid bounds. If it were not stringently confined, all trade might be stopped; for all trade strengthens the trader, and the more commerce any belligerent enjoys, the longer he will be able to protract the war. Defined regulations have, therefore, been agreed on by the mutual consent of nations, and we have only to ask whether the act of the captain of the *San Jacinto* be within those rules.

Beyond all question it is not. The captain of a man-of-war has no power to adjudicate on such questions as the present. Naval officers on remote stations, with passions and without books, are not fit to adjudicate on important and anxious questions. The worst rule regularly adjudicated upon by a competent court of law would be better than the best administered by a sea-captain. It is certain that the act of the Federal commander was one which *he* at all events had no right to do.

And if the case had been brought before a regular prize court, even an American prize court, it would have been doubtless decided that the act now done was illegal. When the news first arrived, it was argued that as the Federals would have a right to intercept a despatch of the Confederates, they would also have a right to intercept an envoy, who was only an “animated despatch.” But this ingenious suggestion fails for two reasons. First, the American Government would have no right to seize a despatch which was addressed to a neutral. The design of the rule which allows the capture of despatches is the prevention of the military measures of one belligerent by another. This design is presumably promoted by the capture of despatches from the belligerent Government to its subordinates, or from those subordinates to the belligerent Government, for these probably relate more or less to the conduct of the war. But it is not presumably promoted by the capture of a despatch from a belligerent to a neutral. “The presumption,” says Kent, the first American, perhaps the first existing, authority on the subject, “is, that the neutral preserves its integrity.” “The neutral country has a right to preserve its relations with the enemy, and it does not necessarily follow that the communications are of a hostile nature.” If England were at war by any unfortunate chance with Holland, what insignificant proportion of the despatches of the English Government to other nations would have a material bearing on the fortunes of the war? We should not be asking their aid, nor would they be requesting us to accept of it.

The whole foundation of the alleged analogy of the envoy to the despatch therefore fails; for the Federal Government would in this case, on the authority of their own lawyers, have possessed no right to intercept a despatch. But even supposing it had, there is a material difference between a man and a document. The document proves its own contents; you can say by reading it whether it was or was not designed to facilitate the success of the war in progress. *But the errand of a man is the secret of his brain.* In some sense, political refugees have always treason in their hearts. Mazzini might be said to be a professional envoy, and if that were a ground for seizing him, he might be seized anywhere or at any time. In the present case, it has not been proved, and very likely is not true, that the Confederate envoys were authorized to solicit military aid from Europe. They were probably commissioned to procure, if possible, from France or England a recognition of the national independence; but that recognition would have given them no military



advantage, and the arrival or non-arrival of particular envoys has very little tendency to accelerate or retard events of that kind and magnitude.

On this ground, no judge has ever decided that an envoy could be seized, even in circumstances where written despatches might be intercepted. The object of the man is almost always, as here, uncertain—that of the letters manifest; and it is too much, therefore, for the Americans to contend that they could arrest an envoy where they could not even seize a despatch.

If this first technical ground of justification fail the Americans, the second is yet more shadowy and unsubstantial. We have, at various times, claimed to impress our *own* seamen on board foreign vessels, on the ground that we had a right to claim the military aid of all our subjects whenever or wherever they may be found by us. But it would be a monstrous insult to common sense to say that these envoys were impressed by the Federal captain to serve in the Northern fleet against their countrymen in the South. They are infinitely more likely to be hanged as rebels than to be trusted as auxiliaries. The defence, too, would be inconsistent with the entire bearing of the Federal captain, who throughout acted as if he were apprehending rebels, not as if he were impressing seamen.

These are the only two technical justifications of the American outrage, and, as they both fail, it is left without excuse and without defence. It appears that the Americans seized certain foreigners claiming English protection and in an English asylum; and we should be shrinking from the sacred duties of hospitality, and abandoning one of the highest privileges of a great nation, if we permitted such an act.

Why the Americans have so acted, it is impossible to say. At times we acknowledge we have inclined to the belief that there was a deliberate intention to insult this country. We remembered the antecedents of Mr. Seward; his language as to Canada; his circular to the several States, requesting them to fortify themselves on the North, and, therefore, against England; we thought of the many recent occasions in which a studious distinction has been drawn between the French and ourselves, in which they have been treated with studious respect, and we *at least* with rudeness; we called to mind the ignorance, not so much of the conspicuous American politicians as of the low "President-makers" and pothouse patrons on whom they depend; we fancied that some vague scheme of remedying shame *within*, by insult *without* might float in turbid minds. But we will hope not. The

highest authorities in this country we understand hope not. They believe that this insane outrage was caused rather by enmity to the South than by insolence to us.

Our duty is clear. We must demand moderately, but firmly, apology for the insult, and reparation to the injured. We must require that the gentlemen who have been seized should be at once set at liberty, and that regret should be expressed for the dishonor of our national flag and for the violation of the sacred right of asylum;—and we must intimate that if they refuse we have no alternative save *war*. The calamity is great, but the obligation is greater.

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From The Press, 30 Nov.

[This paper is the Tory partisan organ, and its first object would be to make capital for that party.]

#### CLIMAX OF AMERICAN ARROGANCE.

AMERICAN arrogance has made itself sufficiently conspicuous of late years: we presume it has now reached its climax. Not a climax, indeed, which it prescribes for itself—for there seems to be no limit to Yankee presumption, if unresisted,—but imposed by the uproused indignation of a people that have borne with the presumption of the American Government to the utmost, as they would with that of a petulant younger brother. The stopping of one of Her Majesty's mail-packets by the actual discharge of shot and shell, and the seizure and carrying away as prisoners of four passengers from under the very folds of the British flag, and despite the formal protest of an officer holding Her Majesty's commission, is a flagrant and iniquitous violation of rights, to which no Government, however tolerant, can submit. Not in our times has any act of a foreign power excited such an outburst of popular indignation throughout the kingdom. At Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester, London, the sentiment has been unanimous; and the fall of the funds indicate the gravity attached to the crisis. It is not a mere infraction of abstract rights—it is not simply an insult and wrong done to the impersonal majesty of the state. It is a wrong which has taken the form of tyranny and oppression. It is a tyrannous act of which the four men torn from under the protection of our flag are the victims. These men, if the Government of the Northern States dare to be as wicked in act as in proclaimed intention, will be hung among the shouts of the mob, and of the military rabble which calls itself an army at Washington.



The *Times* and the *Globe* have quoted old maxims and precedents of international law to palliate, if not excuse, this high-handed act. They might as well quote precedents from the Wars of the Roses. The Treaty of Paris in 1856 nullified all those precedents. By that treaty England formally renounced the right of searching neutral ships during war; and that right has now no place in the international law of Europe. Moreover, never at any time did the right of search apply to vessels sailing between two wholly neutral ports. It applied only to vessels sailing to or from the ports of a belligerent power. No more. This would be sufficient—but it is not all. The aggressor in this case is self-condemned; for the right of search has not been recognized in any shape by the American Government. They even went to war with England when, in former times, we claimed to assert it. War is the last of all alternatives. To go to war with a power for asserting the right of search is the most formal, expressive, and solemn of all modes of denying and denouncing such a right. How, then, can the American Government now claim to exercise that right which they themselves went to war to oppose, and which has been formally renounced by all the Governments of Europe, including the power against which the Americans have now presumed to exercise it?

One hope is left. The act of the captain of the *San Jacinto* may be repudiated by his Government. He stated, indeed, that he was “acting under orders,”—but whose orders? The landing at Havannah of the commissioners of the Confederate Government could hardly have been known at Washington in time for the transmission of special orders to the captain of the *San Jacinto*. If, then, he was really acting under orders, it must have been simply those of some superior naval officer commanding in those seas. If such be the case, the Federal Government is not yet responsible. In any case a representation from Her Majesty's Government must in the first instance be made to the Cabinet of Washington demanding redress,—leaving to that Government an opportunity to repudiate the act and restore to the British flag the passengers (now prisoners) taken by violence from under its protection. We are not sanguine in our expectations as to the result of such an application. But it must be made, and an answer obtained, before Her Majesty's Government can or will proceed to further measures. It is true that the American Government in similar circumstances would not have shown equal reason and moderation. Only five years ago, they summarily dismissed our

Minister at Washington on the mere suspicion of his having connived at a slight violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act. He disowned the acts of his agents, little culpable as these were; but the American Government would not even accept his repudiation of them, and summarily sent him his passports. By the law of retaliation—by simply adopting towards the Cabinet of Washington the course which it has followed towards us, Her Majesty's Government might at once dismiss the American Minister and sweep the Federal navy from the seas. But it does not comport with the dignity and character of the British Government to take such a course. The honor of England is of too old and too high standing to need recourse to an exceptional mode of procedure. The case has already been laid before the law-officers of the crown, and their decision is directly opposed to the action of the Federal Government. Without abandoning the other and wider points of the question, they declare that the American captain had no right to assume the powers of the Admiralty courts. If he had carried the mail-packet into port, and left the passengers and papers to be dealt with by the proper tribunals, that would have raised another question,—of which, as superfluous, they say nothing,—but he had no right whatever to seize and carry off four passengers on his own responsibility. The seizure of the passengers, therefore, is a violation of the law of nations. Upon this decision will be grounded the application which Her Majesty's government will make to the Government at Washington. The least that can be claimed is a formal apology and the release of the prisoners. What the answer to that communication is likely to be, we forbear to conjecture.

One thing, however, is apparent. There is an end to all our special sympathies for the Federal Government. Popular feeling, which was already wavering, will turn more in favor of the South. The despotic conduct of President Lincoln and his Cabinet—despotic beyond example even amongst the existing despotic governments of Europe—and freely exercised over our fellow-subjects resident in the Northern States, had already alienated much of the sympathy of the middle classes in this country. But by this outrage will be alienated also the sympathy of the masses. Indeed, it is the Demos in this country that feels the natural indignation most. Statesmen, and men of calm judgment, are little carried away by their feelings: but with the masses, feeling is supreme. And it is precisely to popular sentiment that such a case most appeals. We read that every man on board the mail-steamer, whatever his nationality, was so-roused with in-



dignation at the tyrannous capture of the four passengers, that, unarmed and defenceless as they were, they would have resisted by main force the demands of the American ship-of-war. Much the same feeling has been excited in this country. When Mr. Slidell was carried off by the American marines into the boat,—to captivity, possibly to an ignominious death,—he turned and exclaimed to the captain of the British ship, the bearer of her Majesty's commission, that "the responsibility of whatever might befall lay upon him and the British Government." The appeal will find an echo in the breasts of tens of thousands in this country. The narrative of Mr. Slidell's courageous and high-spirited daughter opposing herself to the bayonets of the American marines, and refusing to be torn from her father, is just such an incident as will rouse sympathy and indignation in classes of our people who would be indifferent to the violation of international rights in the abstract, or to an insult offered to the impersonal majesty of the state. It comes home to every one, and emphasizes the demands of justice by the impulsive action of popular sympathy.

It is reported that Her Majesty's government have ordered a military force of ten thousand men to be in readiness to proceed to Canada. If it be so, the Government are right. There are some men who can never see an inch before their nose; and when the Government last summer ordered four thousand men to reinforce—or rather to raise to its usual amount—our military force in the British provinces of North America, those men and journals raised an outcry against it. Contemplating the probabilities of the future, we thought the Government was right,—and we said so. Probably we shall hear some such outcry again; but the nation will not join in it. We have not forgotten Mr. Seward's exhortation to his countrymen to heal their differences by an attack upon Canada, nor that Mr. Seward is now the chief Minister in the Federal Cabinet. What means, too, Mr. Seward's recent order for the fortification of the sea-coast, which the Confederates have no navy to assail,—and of the shores of the Lakes, where the only foe can be England? We cannot indeed believe that the Federal Government, despite all its unfriendly feeling and menacing bluster, is so mad as to desire a war with this country—a war which would at once suffice to establish the independence of the Southern States, to raise the blockade, give us plenty of cotton, and sweep the Federal navy from the seas. We cannot believe anything so incredible. But no one as yet can foresee the action of a Government and people so regardless of law and so reckless of conse-

quences. And in this uncertainty, Her Majesty's Government—however profoundly desirous, as we feel assured they are, to avoid extremities by the exercise of the utmost forbearance—would desert their responsibilities as guardians of the state if they were to neglect due measures of precaution against the contingencies of the immediate future.

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From The Saturday Review, 30 Nov.

[This paper is eminently aristocratic, and has generally been unfriendly to America as democratic and vulgar.]

#### THE SEIZURE OF THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS.

WE may be reasonably proud of the manner in which the news of the seizure of the Confederate Commissioners, while under the protection of the British flag, has been received in England. There has been the most serious determination to uphold our rights, and the keenest jealousy of our national honor; but there has been an honest wish to abide patiently by the rules of law, and to accept the law from those whose official duty it is to advise the Government at such a crisis. We only want to know what England ought to do in justice to others and to herself. If she has to put up with an act offensive in manner, but legal in character, she will know how to bear the burden with dignity. If she has a claim to make the refusal of which may lead to war, she is sure to fight hard and stoutly enough when the time for fighting comes.

The best way to put the question of law is this. If the commissioners are asserted to have been liable to seizure, as what is technically termed contraband, then the *Trent* itself had committed a breach of neutrality, and might have been condemned as lawful prize by a competent tribunal. The only case known to international law in which the conveyance of persons can thus affect the character of the carrying vessel is that of the conveyance of military persons concerned in the actual operations of the enemy. The reason why this is a breach of neutrality is plain. It is of the greatest service to a belligerent that its military officers should be transported safely to the place where they are intended to serve. A vessel that renders this service as clearly takes part in a war as if it were endeavoring to land shot and shell in a port of a belligerent. On the other hand, the private subjects of a belligerent state may always be safely carried on board a neutral vessel. It is part of her ordinary carrying trade, from which she is no more to be debarred in time of war than from the carriage of silks or cottons to an open



port of a belligerent. It is true that the commissioners were something more than private citizens of the belligerent power. They were envoys despatched on a special mission to neutral powers. But this only throws over them an additional protection. If a neutral flag will shelter a private man, much more will it shelter a man who is invested with a degree of ambassadorial sanctity, and makes a special appeal to its protection by the very character of his office. There is also a further point if the carriage of the commissioners is to be treated as an infraction of neutrality analogous to that of carrying munitions of war. The vessel and all persons and things on board it, held to be contraband, ought to have been carried into the jurisdiction of a regular court of prize, and the question ought there to have been submitted to the scrutiny of a strict legal investigation. International law would be a nullity if every commander of a man-of-war were to constitute himself in the first instance a plenary judge, and condemn as contraband whatever he might like to seize on.

The case for the Americans is so weak if the seizure of the commissioners is justified on any other ground than that of the vessel being tainted with a belligerent character by carriage of contraband, that the points scarcely deserve discussion. The Americans cannot say that these commissioners are not belligerents but rebels, for it is for the neutral to impress the belligerent character on one or both of two contending parties in a civil war; and we have exercised our right, and declared that the South, so far as we are concerned, is a belligerent power. Even if we had not done so, we should not dream of surrendering political rebels to any power on earth. Nor is there any real analogy between the position of the American captors and that which we assumed in exercising the right of search in order to reclaim our military and naval deserters. Perhaps this demand was a stretch of the powers of a belligerent, but at any rate the cases are quite different. We claimed our men because, by the nature of the engagement they had formed, they belonged in a special way to the English crown. These commissioners are not bound in a special way to the American Government. By the mere fact of recognizing the belligerent rights of their Government, we have treated them, not as rebels, but as combatants on a fair ground. Still less can they be seized as ambassadors of the enemy. A belligerent may seize his enemy's ambassador on his own ground, but certainly not on neutral ground. There is no more justification for Captain Wilkes carrying off Mr. Slidell as an enemy's ambassador from an English ship, than there would

be in the commander of the *Nashville* trying to kidnap Mr. Adams in London.

Lawyers, therefore, cannot be surprised to hear that the opinion of the legal advisers of the crown is very decided against the validity of the right exercised by the American captain. There can be little doubt that the Cabinet will act in conformity with the opinion of its advisers, and we may be quite sure that the country will abide by its decision; and if the Queen's Government demands—what it is natural it should demand—the restoration of the captured commissioners, and the disavowal by the American Cabinet of the act of Captain Wilkes, we shall all of us be perfectly ready to see that the demand is not made in vain. But we none of us wish that the demand should be put in any but a conciliatory way. We remember that we have ridden roughshod over neutrals in our time, and that we have done acts as belligerents which, if legal ingenuity has justified them, the common sense of modern times would condemn. There are also many reasons to incline us to hope that the American Government will not hesitate to disavow their official. We can scarcely believe that this act has been out of set purpose to insult England. The captain of the *Nashville* is said to have been aware that the envoys were to be seized; but nevertheless there is some slight ground for supposing that the stoppage of the *Trent* may, after all, have been unauthorized by the American Government. The *San Jacinto* had been at the Havannah as late as the 4th of this month, and she stopped the *Trent* on the 8th. It is difficult to believe that she could have communicated in the mean time with the Government at Washington, and she could scarcely have had orders from it previously to her touching at the Havannah, if it be true that she came to Cuba on the 2nd, straight from the coast of Africa. During the two days of her stay at the Havannah (the interval between the 2nd and 4th), she learned that the Confederate commissioners were waiting for a passage by the *Trent*, and the measure taken in consequence must have been concerted or determined upon immediately afterwards. Of course, it is possible that she may have received orders through the American Consul at Havannah; or she may have instantly conveyed the intelligence to the commodore of one of the blockading squadrons, and been instructed by that officer to intercept the English packet. On the other hand, it may be that Captain Wilkes took upon himself to act on the information he had obtained, and went straight to lurk in the Bahama Channel. To insinuate this of an officer of any other service than the American would be not so much unjust as stupid. But the



proofs of insubordination on the part of military servants of the United States have recently stared us in the face. Putting aside General Fremont, who is not a regular officer, we cannot forget that, just before the civil war broke out, General Harney deliberately set aside at St. Juan, a convention solemnly agreed to by the Government he served, and perpetrated an outrage which furnished an indisputable *casus belli* against his own employers. It is not easy to overrate the temptations to which the excited state of feeling among the Northerners exposes an ambitious officer. He may fairly count on being sustained by public opinion against the Government, if he ventures on any act which is at once violent, striking, and anti-British. General Harney was mildly rebuked, and quietly removed; yet at this very moment the fire-eating American correspondent of one of the London newspapers declares General Scott a public enemy for not having preferred him to McClellan.

Mr. Seward's conceptions of policy since his accession to office are known to have been so wildly extravagant that there is scarcely any conceivable piece of folly from which we can confidently exonerate him without inquiry. Yet, unless all judgment has left him, he can hardly have given such orders as Captain Wilkes has acted upon, if orders he had. The Secretary of State formed the project of uniting South and North in an attack on Canada; yet in his most eccentric dreams, we cannot suppose him capable of believing that the South would join the North in a war with Great Britain provoked by the capture of its own commissioners. Until, too, the contrary is proved, we are bound to assume that every serious act of a powerful Government is intended in some way to promote its own advantage. What could be the object of the United States in thus capturing the Confederate commissioners? To prevent their eloquence, doubtless, from carrying away European audiences, and their persuasions from taking effect on European Governments. But, by violating the deck of the *Trent*, they have endowed these gentlemen with more hortatory power than Peter the Hermit, and more diplomatic persuasiveness than Talleyrand. Though Mr. Mason had spoken with the tongue of an angel, he could not have stirred all the meetings that could have been called in all England to a tithe of the depth to which every English family was moved by Thursday morning's news; nor could Mr. Slidell have urged anything at the Tuileries, or his colleague in Downing Street, which could be compared for effectiveness to the intelligence which carries with it an intimation that the Government of the United States is ready at any moment to offer an insult to England.

From The Saturday Review, 30 Nov.

#### AMERICAN BELLIGERENTS.

THE attack on the *Trent*, even if it could be brought within the limits of international law, would entirely alter the feelings of Englishmen towards the Government of the Northern States. Even had it been strictly legal, it would not the less have been unnecessary, discourteous, and an exaggerated application of a vexatious power. The efficiency of the blockade will henceforth be more rigidly scrutinized, and the Federalists must abide the result of the uniformly unfriendly spirit which they have exhibited, from the first commencement of the quarrel, toward an unoffending nation. Any discussion of the actual progress of the war will, for the time, be dull and unattractive, but it is worth while to notice the most successful enterprise which has yet been accomplished by the North.

The Federal Government has shown itself at last to be thoroughly in earnest. The expedition to Port Royal attacks the Confederates in their most vulnerable quarter, by raising a hostile flag in the midst of a dense slave population. It is stated that the adjacent plantations have been laid waste and abandoned; but even if the owners prevent the negroes from communicating with the enemy, South Carolina and Georgia will long be kept in a state of intolerable alarm. In a military sense, the Confederate army on the Potomac can scarcely be said to be taken in the rear, for none of its supplies are derived from the coast, and the distances are too great for any operations to be undertaken which could affect the campaign in Virginia; yet it is highly probable that the Cotton States will become less willing to maintain the Border war when they find themselves threatened at home. The expectation of a decisive engagement in the neighborhood of Washington seems to be gradually fading away, but if the Confederate forces are seriously weakened, General McClellan will probably be encouraged to make an offensive movement. The policy of the naval demonstration cannot be justly appreciated as long as the real intentions of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward are unknown, perhaps even to themselves. As a general rule, it is advisable to use every practicable means of annoying an enemy, for the purpose of making an unavoidable war short, sharp, and decisive. But in a civil contest, where it is the object to coerce malcontents into loyalty, it becomes necessary to regard the conditions of future amity, and it is expedient to abstain from injuries which can neither be repaired nor forgiven. It is an old commonplace that it is better to put adversaries to death than to mulet them of



their property. Dead men cannot avenge themselves, and their survivors may forget them; but confiscation is an ever-open sore. The only terms which have ever been suggested for the restoration of the Union involve strict guarantees for the security of Southern property and institutions. An attempt to introduce forcible emancipation into the heart of the South will be regarded, not only as a robbery, but as an unpardonable outrage. The planters will feel that the worst of dangers is coincident with the heaviest of losses, and they will assuredly never forgive the authors of their sufferings and their terrors. The domestic misery which hangs over the slave-owner is a formidable weapon, and the wounds it will inflict are incurable.

The menace which is held out by the occupation of Port Royal might have been effective if the submission of the South had been possible; but although there was originally no just or plausible cause of war, the mutual injuries which have been inflicted, and the vast armaments on both sides, are now sufficient arguments against an immediate peace. The success of the naval expedition is the first blow which has been dealt against the South, and it cannot be expected that the party which has for the most part been victorious should give way at the first serious check. The old allies of the Northern Democrats may perhaps hope that party feeling may be aroused against the open triumph of Republican principles, or even of Abolitionist doctrines; and at all events, whatever danger may impend over the Slave States, they cannot, in the present state of the struggle, afford to give way. It is not impossible that the Government at Washington may have begun to approximate to the opinion which has long been general in England. While the multitude is amused with the alternative of endless war or of complete victory, responsible statesmen may have learned to confine their expectations to the conquest or retention of those territories which may be thought naturally to belong to the North. The frontier of the United States is already advanced beyond the line of demarcation which separates free labor from slavery. Maryland is, by the alliance of the Union party with the military commanders, for the present ostensibly loyal; while the District of Columbia and the city of Washington have, by a political accident, become the Federal head-quarters. The highland country of Western Virginia has attempted to detach itself from the seceding state, and in Kentucky and Missouri the belligerents are in presence with apparently balanced forces. The war is, by its own nature, more and more resolving itself into a struggle for

the possession of the Border districts; and if the Government no longer expects to recover the Gulf States, there is less reason for keeping terms with slave-owners, who, in ceasing to be enemies, will become aliens and strangers. It is always desirable that the real prospects and possibilities of a struggle should be understood, for the issues of war must be settled before compromise or mediation can be attempted; but, at present, the prospect of an accommodation seems extremely remote. Neither of the belligerent governments is at liberty to surrender a disputed territory until the wishes of the local population have been distinctly ascertained. Both in the North and the South, in spite of the theories of politicians, the States enjoy a large amount of political independence. The people of Kentucky or of Missouri will not be disposed of by distant governments, so long as they are themselves divided by a fierce domestic contest. While the Federalists can scarcely hope or wish to extend their dominion to Richmond, the Virginians are not likely to submit without compulsion to the forcible disruption of their state. The proposed neutrality of Kentucky, which has proved to be untenable as well as illegal, represented the conflict of sympathies which is now finding a vent in civil war. Missouri itself is fighting out the quarrel which it long since commenced in Kansas, and if the tide of war rolls southward, a similar crisis will find the same solution in Tennessee. Until one of the combatants has established a superiority on all the long line of the Border, it seems as if the termination of the war was independent of the wishes of both the central governments.

In fighting for its frontier, the Federal Government is, perhaps, taking the best means of preserving the internal unity of the North. The twenty Free States, inseparably united, would still be among the greatest powers of the world; nor is it certain that the real strength of the Union would be diminished by the secession. With a practically boundless territory, and with a courageous and energetic population, the Northern Union would receive in exchange for its lost provinces an exemption from all the internal complications which were incessantly arising from slavery. The chief danger of the disruption consisted in the precedent which it involved. The universal excitement in the North after the fall of Fort Sumter at once modified the habitual love for state independence, and gave the whole population a common feeling, which has since been deepened in the prosecution of a great national enterprise. From the first commencement of the war there was an end of the risk that Pennsylvania or Western



New York would pass out of the Union in connection with the Border States. A central Federation excluding New England and the vast regions of the North-west would have been far more fatal to the Union than any possible Southern secession. The exaggerated horror of rebellion which has been expressed by orators and journalists finds its best excuse in their natural fear of an insurrection which has never occurred. It might be thought that enough had now been done to secure for a considerable time the unity of the North, but the Government deems it necessary to arouse another common sentiment by cultivating the popular animosity against England. The search of the *Trent* will be received with vociferous applause in every part of the Federal States, and the universal irritation which will necessarily be expressed by all Englishmen will in its turn be used as a justification for further encroachments and affronts.

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From The London Review, 30 Nov.

[This paper (which must not be confounded with the quarterly, of the same title) was, in the beginning of the Rebellion, very unfriendly to us, but has lately, upon further knowledge, come to a better mind.]

#### INTERNATIONAL LAW AND INTERNATIONAL EXASPERATION.

WE have witnessed with supreme satisfaction the behavior of the better portion of the English people and the wiser portion of the English press under the natural excitement and irritation produced by the first news of the affair of the *Trent* and the *San Jacinto*. Of course everywhere there must be foolish and ill-informed persons, and we are not surprised to find the Liverpool Stock Exchange and the *Morning Herald* taking a leading part in a display of unreasoning absurdity. But, on the whole, the public mind of England and its public instructors have conducted themselves in this conjuncture in a manner worthy of their reputation and their responsibilities. Of course no country can be altogether without a class of journals which live by sensation paragraphs, but the real leaders of public opinion have shown their sense both of duty and power by endeavoring, in a moment of popular passion, to reason with and inform instead of truckling to and inflaming public indignation. We may well be proud of the contrast between the tone in which this question has been discussed at the outset by the *Times*, and the temper in which a similar event would have been treated by the New York press. The better portion of the English people wish to have in their

public journals intelligent teachers and not ignorant parasites. A people is indeed free who, in the moment of irritation, can listen to the voice of reason and justice. Such a nation is fit to govern the world, for it shows that it knows how to govern itself. In our judgment the *Times* has rendered a signal public service by its wise and prudent moderation. By a timely appeal to the sense of justice and the love of law inherent in the English mind, it has saved the country from the disgrace of an ignorant outburst of unjustifiable indignation. These are the triumphs of which a great journal may be justly proud. It is well to have a giant's power when it is thus employed. Happy the nation which can bear with patience the restraint of law, and which can endure from its teachers and its governors the language of truth!

The first impression produced on the public mind by the intelligence of the affair of the *Trent* and the *San Jacinto* was no doubt of a most painful and disagreeable character. It is not too much to say that on Wednesday afternoon all unlearned London was crying out for war and vengeance. But a little time for reflection and information has moderated what proves after all to have been a somewhat ignorant impatience. The truth is that the present generation has been so far removed from experience of the practical evils of war—for, indeed, the Russian quarrel was shut up in an out-of-the-way corner of the world—that it is only the careful students of history and law who possess a real knowledge of what is and what is not permitted to belligerent nations. Yet an ignorance of the simple and elementary propositions of international law is likely, as between this country and the rival combatants in America, to produce a state of exasperation in the public mind which may result in most serious consequences.

The office of a journalist—at least, of a journalist who rightly appreciates his responsibilities—is to inform the judgment, and not to inflame the passions of the public he pretends to instruct. If we attempt to perform that task in regard to this affair of the *Trent* it is especially because we think it unworthy of a great and powerful nation to give itself up to a passion of anger in a case where it is possible that we may have nothing of which we can justly complain.

In the contest between the Federal and the Confederate States of America, England has very wisely assumed the position of a neutral. A neutral nation—especially in the case of a country which has a great maritime commerce—enjoys great advantages from the carrying trade which it naturally engrosses during the war. On the other hand,



it is subject to certain inconveniences which it is impossible to escape, because they are imposed upon it by the settled, and well-established principles of the law of nations, and against which it is especially idle for England to declaim, because she has always taken the most prominent part in maintaining and enforcing them. The truth is that England has been so incessantly a belligerent power in all the great contests of the world that her individual experience of the duties of a neutral is very scanty and recent. We may be disposed to regret the principles we have established against ourselves, and to exclaim, "*Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam*;" but we cannot in decency refuse to abide by the laws we have made.

Lord Stowell, in the case of the *Maria*, speaking of the pretensions of a neutral convoy to protect itself by the flag of the man-of-war with which it sails, says:—

"I am not ignorant that amongst the loose doctrines which modern fancy, under the various denominations of philosophy and philanthropy, and I know not what, have thrown upon the world, it has been within these few years advanced, or rather insinuated, that it might possibly be well if such a security (i.e. of the man-of-war's flag) were accepted. Upon such unauthorized speculations it is not necessary for me to descant. The law and practice of nations (I include particularly the practice of Sweden, when it happens to be belligerent), gives them no sort of countenance; and, until that law and practice are new modelled, in such a way as may surrender the known and ancient rights of some nations to the present convenience of other nations (which nations may, perhaps, *remember to forget them when they happen to be themselves belligerent*), no reverence is due to them, they are the elements of that system which, if it is consistent has for its real purpose an entire abolition of capture in war."

It does not become us, after this, to "remember to forget" the language which we employed, and the practice we pursued, when we were ourselves belligerents, nor to compromise the rights which, when we become belligerents again, it may be our interest once more to assert.

One of the great but inevitable evils to which a neutral country is subject, is the liability of its mercantile marine to the right of visitation and search (and in some cases, of capture), by the ships of war of both the belligerent powers. The captain of the *Trent* seems to have been ignorant that the commander of the *San Jacinto* had a clear and unquestionable right to visit and search

the steam-packet. This is a principle for which the English Government has at all times successfully struggled, and as a belligerent has most unequivocally affirmed. We cannot with any decency now pretend to question, as neutrals, a right which as belligerents we have loudly proclaimed and stoutly insisted upon. The principles which regulate the right of search in time of war are laid down by Chancellor Kent with his usual accuracy and precision.

"Kent, *Commentaries*, p. 153.

"In order to enforce the rights of belligerent nations against the delinquencies of neutrals, and to ascertain the real as well as assumed character of all vessels on the high seas, the law of nations arms them with the practical power of visitation and search. The duty of self-preservation gives to belligerent nations this right. It is founded on necessity, and is strictly and exclusively a war right, and does not rightfully exist in time of peace, unless conceded by treaty. All writers upon the law of nations, and the highest authorities, acknowledge the right in time of war as resting on sound principles of public jurisprudence, and upon the institutes and practice of all great maritime powers. And if upon making the search the vessel be found employed in contraband trade, or in carrying enemy's property, or troops, or despatches, she is liable to be taken and brought in for adjudication before a prize court. Neutral nations have frequently been disposed to question and resist the exercise of this right. This was particularly the case with the Baltic Confederacy during the American war, and with the convention of the Baltic powers in 1801. The right of search was denied, and the flag of the state was declared to be a substitute for all documentary and other proof, and to exclude all right of search. Those powers armed for the purpose of defending these neutral pretensions, and England did not hesitate to consider it as an attempt to introduce by force a new code of maritime law inconsistent with her belligerent rights, and hostile to her interests, and one which would go to extinguish the right of maritime capture. The attempt was speedily frustrated and abandoned, and the right of search has since that time been considered incontrovertible. . . . Every belligerent power has a right to insist on the only security known to the law of nations on this subject, independent of any special covenant, and that is the right of personal visitation and search to be exercised by those who have an interest in making it. The penalty for the violent contravention of this right is the confiscation of the property so withheld from visitation; and



the infliction of the penalty is conformable to the settled practice of nations as well as to the principles of the municipal jurisprudence of most countries in Europe. There may be cases in which the master of a neutral ship may be authorized by the natural right of self-preservation to defend himself against extreme violence threatened by a cruiser grossly abusing his commission; but except in extreme cases, a merchant vessel has no right to say for itself, and an armed vessel has no right to say for it, that it will not submit to visitation or search, or be carried into a proximate port for judicial inquiry. Upon these principles a fleet of Swedish merchant ships sailing under a convoy of a Swedish ship of war, and under instructions from the Swedish Government to resist by force the right of search claimed by British lawfully commissioned cruisers, was condemned. The resistance of the convoying ship was a resistance of the whole convoy, and justly subjected the whole to confiscation."

The limitations to this right are ascertained with equal precision:—

"The exercise of the right of visitation and search must be conducted with due care and regard to the rights and safety of the vessels. If the neutral has acted with candor and good faith, and the inquiry has been wrongly pursued, the belligerent cruiser is responsible to the neutral in costs and damages to be assessed by the prize court which sustains the judicial examination. *The mere exercise of the right of search involves the cruiser in no trespass, for it is strictly lawful; but if he proceeds to capture the vessel as prize, and sends her in for adjudication, and there be no probable cause, he is responsible.* It is not the search, but the subsequent capture, which is treated in such a tortious act."

It has been said that the Americans themselves have been in the habit of resisting the right as against themselves which they have just exercised. But this is a mistake. Persons inaccurately acquainted with the questions of international law have confounded the very distinct rights of visitation and search in time of war and in time of peace. We did at one time insist on a right of visitation in order to search for slaves on board American vessels in time of peace. The Americans always resisted, and denied the right of search in time of peace, and in the opinion of most lawyers on good grounds. But neither the Americans, nor any other nation in the world, have ever questioned the right of a belligerent to search a neutral vessel. Our pretensions have always car-

ried the right of search, both in peace and in war, much further than the Americans have been willing to admit. But the case of the *Trent* and the *San Jacinto* is clearly within even the restricted right which the Americans have always conceded.

Now, this being clear and unquestionable law—law, as it will be observed, founded mainly on English decisions—it is evident that Captain Moir was quite in the wrong to oppose any obstacles, by refusing to show his list of passengers or otherwise, to the visitation and search of the captain of the *San Jacinto*. As a neutral merchantman, the captain of the *Trent* had nothing to do but to submit cheerfully to being stopped and searched by the captain of the belligerent man-of-war. The resistance which Captain Moir, from a misapprehension of his rights, offered, or attempted to offer, might have seriously compromised his rights in case the *San Jacinto* had thought fit to carry the *Trent* into an American port to be adjudicated upon in an American prize court. For in the celebrated case of the Swedish convoy referred to in the passages we have quoted from Kent, Lord Stowell decided that the resistance on the part of the convoying vessel of war to the search by the British cruiser was a ground for the condemnation of the whole convoy, which was involved in that resistance. And further, that it was not necessary that an actual resistance should have taken place, but that a threat of resistance, which yielded to superior force, was enough to condemn the vessels. It is highly desirable that the Government should take some steps to make the captains of our merchant vessels acquainted with the real state of the law, and to warn them of the danger of resisting demands, the justice of which cannot be disputed.

So far, then, it is quite clear that in firing a shot across the bows of the *Trent*—the ordinary method by which a man-of-war compels a vessel to bring to—and in proceeding to search the steam-packet, the *San Jacinto* was guilty of nothing of which we have any right to complain. Indeed, if the American captain had there and then carried the *Trent* into the port of New York, there to be adjudicated upon in a prize court, he would have done only what he was strictly entitled to do. And if it had turned out that the nature of the cargo and the character of the ship did not justify the capture, the only remedy, as is pointed out by Kent, would be the costs and damages which would be assigned by the prize court for the captured vessel.

It has been suggested that the seizure of the commissioners, even if lawful, on account of their hostile character, was not properly



conducted, and that the *San Jacinto* ought to have carried the *Trent* into some American port for judicial condemnation. We confess it seems to us hardly to lie in our mouth to raise such an objection. The injury to British property and the inconvenience to British subjects, would have been far greater if the American captain had insisted on taking the *Trent* to New York instead of allowing her to continue her voyage to Southampton. The vessel and cargo would probably have been condemned. The British owners would have irreparably lost their property, and the British passengers would have suffered enormous inconvenience. That the *San Jacinto* might have legally carried the *Trent* into New York is certainly true, but it seems to us equally clear that we cannot make a grievance of her having abstained to do so injurious an act. Indeed, conceding as we must, that the American captain had a right to stop the *Trent*, he seems to have done as little injury to British interests as the nature of the transaction admitted.

But there still remains behind another and a very important question; viz., as to the lawfulness of the seizure of the Southern commissioners; and this question, it must be confessed, does not admit of a solution by any means so clear and decisive as that of which we have just disposed. There has been a long-standing quarrel between the lawyers and statesmen of England and the United States as to the extent of the right of capture exercised as against neutrals—the English, as usual, contending for the most extensive rights of the belligerents, and the Americans, always up to this time insisting on the largest privileges for the neutrals. The different views entertained by the two countries up to this day is thus explained in a note to Kent's commentaries:—

“The Government of the United States admits the right of visitation and search by belligerent Government vessels of their private merchant vessels for enemy's property, contraband of war, or men in the land or naval service of the enemy. But it does not understand the law of nations to authorize the right of search for subjects or seamen. England, on the other hand, asserts the right to look for her subjects on the high seas, into whatever service they may wander, and will not renounce it.”

The English have always maintained, and the Americans have always denied, the right of a belligerent ship to search for and take its own subjects out of a neutral vessel. If the Federal Government choose to regard the Southern commissioners as their own

subjects, then they could only justify their act by insisting on the doctrine which their Government have always denied. And the English Government can only complain of the transaction by repudiating the view of the law for which we have always contended; and for the maintenance of which, indeed, in 1812, we went to war with the United States. This certainly would not be a creditable position for either Government to occupy. But it is not on this ground, probably, that the Americans will rest their defence. There is another principle to which they may possibly appeal with success. It is quite clear that the neutral flag cannot be used to cover either property or persons who are devoted to the purpose of promoting the hostile views and preparations of one of the belligerents.

It is admitted, even by those who have contended most strenuously for the privileges of the neutral flag, that it cannot protect either goods which are contraband of war, or persons engaged in the land or naval service of one of the belligerents, or emissaries carrying instructions or despatches. The question is whether the principle, which makes such persons and goods liable to capture even under a neutral flag, applies to individuals in the position of the Southern commissioners. It may be said on the one hand that they are not occupied in the land or naval service of the belligerent, and that no despatches were in fact found upon them. But, on the other hand, it may be argued with much force, that their very title and occupation connects them sufficiently closely with the forwarding of hostile operations to justify their capture.

Whether the Southern commissioners who had just run the blockade were actually occupied in the business of the war against the United States, is a question of fact rather than of law, the decision of which would probably be materially influenced by the nature of the tribunal which had to adjudicate on it. But, in truth, the great difficulty in the way of the captors has been in fact removed by the confession of the individuals captured. From the moment that Messrs. Slidell and his friends acknowledged themselves to be commissioners, i. e., emissaries from one of the belligerent parties, their seizure became lawful. In ordinary cases the proof is made by the discovery of despatches on the party seized. But if the character of the persons is clearly established, as in this case, by their own confession, all need for proof by despatches is superseded. It certainly would be a strange doctrine, that while you are at liberty to seize the despatches, you are bound to set free the messenger, who probably carries their contents in his



memory. A man may carry instructions in his head just as well as in written papers. And such a man is, in fact, neither more nor less than a living despatch. It is difficult, certainly, to understand how, if the despatch is contraband, the emissary can be innocent. And if you can by any means clearly establish that he is the bearer of instructions, it signifies not whether they exist in documents, or in his own breast. It is this proof which the commissioners, by their own confession, have supplied. It has been objected that the captain of the *Trent* might have been ignorant of the contraband character of his passengers. In the first place, as a fact, this is highly improbable. But in the second place, it is wholly immaterial. A captain who carries secret contraband is not absolved from condemnation, by ignorance of the character of his cargo. If a captain carries gunpowder in a barrel labelled soft soap, it will be liable to seizure. And if he should ship on board a seeming Quaker gentleman, who in fact turns out to be a belligerent emissary, he must answer for it.

We have said enough to show that it is doubtful whether there is anything in this transaction of which we have a right to complain. At all events it is not such a case of outrage as to absolve us from the duty of discussing it with temper and moderation. The preservation of our friendly relations with the United States is a matter of infinite importance, and not to be perilled by petulance or passion. We in this country have been sufficiently in the habit of censuring the blustering and bullying of American orators and the American press. We hope that in this juncture we shall not imitate their bad example. As belligerents we have always enforced with strictness our rights against neutrals. As neutrals we cannot fairly refuse to submit to the law we have ourselves laid down. A proud and powerful nation can afford to be calm without fearing the imputation of want of spirit, and to be just without the suspicion of cowardice.

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From The London Review, 30 Nov.

#### THE CASE OF THE "NASHVILLE."

WE have dealt at length in another article with the case of the *Trent* and the *San Jacinto*. We have endeavored to expound the law of nations as applicable to that transaction, and to deprecate any unreasonable irritation in this country at an inconvenience which legitimately flows from our position as neutrals. It is not improbable that when the news of the affair of the *Nashville* reaches New York, the exasperation which the success of the Southern

cruiser will cause will be at least as great as the intelligence of the stoppage of the *Trent* caused, at the first moment, in this country. Neutrals have something to suffer from belligerent rights, and belligerents have something to concede to neutral obligations. We fear, however, that the people and the press of New York are not likely to imitate the good sense and moderation which have been generally exhibited here in the discussion of an affair at first sight of an highly offensive character.

We have no doubt that the "sensational press" of New York and the Republican platforms will resound with denunciations of Great Britain for harboring the *Nashville* in its ports; and that with the same ignorance and folly which have led some English journals to characterize the acts of the *San Jacinto* as piratical, the American journalists and orators will apply the same term to the capture effected by the Southern cruiser. We have endeavored at some length to set out the reasons which ought to soothe the English exasperation at the affair of the *Trent*. And as for the important end of the preservation of friendly relations between England and the Federal Government, it is equally desirable that the latter should be satisfied that it has no just grounds of complaint, we shall endeavor to point out the entire baselessness of the grounds on which it has been alleged that the English Government are bound to refuse a refuge to the *Nashville*.

As here in England it has been confidently alleged that the *Nashville* might be treated as a pirate in consequence of a defect in her commission, there is little doubt that this text will be largely insisted upon on the other side of the Atlantic. Now this point may be very shortly and summarily disposed of. We shall not stop to inquire whether the *Nashville* was or was not a public vessel of war, nor even whether she had a commission, either for the ship herself, or a personal commission for the captain. And for this simple reason. It is wholly immaterial whether she was a public or a private ship, and equally so whether she or her captain had or had not a commission. When belligerents are at war, any ship of one side, whether public or private, may make captures upon any ship on the other side, whether with or without a commission. It is a common error to suppose that a privateer without a letter of marque is liable to be treated as a pirate. That is not so. The only object and effect of a letter of marque is to give the privateer a title to the booty which he captures. But for that permission from his own sovereign everything which he takes is taken for his sovereign. But the



want of a commission does not affect his character in his relations either to the opposite belligerent, or to neutrals. If there is any irregularity in his proceedings it is a thing of which his own sovereign, and his own sovereign alone, has a right to complain. The law on this point is just as clear and precise as that which we have quoted in the case of the *Trent*. We refer to the same authority.

*Kent, Commentaries, Vol, 1, p. 95.*

"The subject has been repeatedly discussed in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the doctrine of the law of nations is considered to be that private citizens cannot acquire a title to hostile property unless seized under a commission, but that they may still lawfully seize hostile property in their own defence. If they depredate upon the enemy without a commission, they act upon their peril, and are liable to be punished by their own sovereign, *but the enemy are not warranted to consider them as criminals, and, as respects the enemy, they violate no rights by capture.* Such hostilities without a commission are, however, contrary to usage, and exceedingly irregular and dangerous, and they would probably expose the party to the unchecked severity of the enemy; but they are not acts of piracy unless committed in times of peace. Vattel, indeed, says (B. 3, cap. 15, sec. 226) that private ships of war without a regular commission are not entitled to be treated like captures made in a formal war. The observation is rather loose, and the weight of authority undoubtedly is, that *non-commissioned vessels of a belligerent nation may at all times capture hostile ships without being deemed by the law of nations pirates. They are lawful combatants*; but they have no interest in the prizes they may take, and the property will remain subject to condemnation in favor of the Government of the capture as *droits of the Admiralty.*"

And this doctrine is borne out to the full by a celebrated judgment in the Supreme Court of the United States.

*The Nereide, 9 Cranch's Reports, p. 449.*

"Nor is it true, as has been asserted in argument, that a non-commissioned armed ship has no right to capture an enemy's ship, except in her own defence. The act of capture without such pretext, so far from being piracy, would be strictly justifiable on the law of nations, however it might stand upon the municipal law of the capturing ship. Vattel has been quoted to the contrary, but on a careful examination it will be found that his text does not warrant the doctrine. If the subject capture without a commission

he can acquire no property to himself in the prize, and if the act be contrary to the regulations of his own sovereign, he may be liable to municipal penalties for his conduct. But as to the enemy he violates no rights by the capture. Such, on an accurate consideration, will be found to be the doctrine of Puffendorf and Grotius and Bynkershock, and they stand confirmed by a memorable decision of the Lords of Appeal in 1759."

This being so, it is plain that neither we as neutrals, nor, indeed, the Federal Government as belligerents, have anything to do with the authority which the captain of the *Nashville* might or might not hold from his Government. If he captured his prize by lawful authority, he captured it for his own benefit; if he captured it without such authority, he captured it for his own Government. In neither case have we any concern with the question. All that we have to do is, by the exercise of an impartial vigilance, to prevent either party from making use of our territory for the purpose of hostile preparations or attacks on the other belligerent. We might, if we pleased, absolutely exclude both parties from our ports, upon whatever pretext they came here; or we may, without so extreme a measure, limit the use which shall be made by both sides of the refuge we accord them, so long as we extend to either party the same measure. The Foreign Enlistment Act has defined the acts which are prohibited to be done within our territory, either by our own subjects or by those of other countries, in respect of equipping or furnishing armaments to be employed against other states. The following sections are applicable to any attempt which might be made to fit or improve the warlike fittings of vessels in our ports to be employed in hostilities against another state:—

"That if any person, within any part of the United Kingdom, or in any part of His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, shall, without the leave and license of His Majesty for that purpose first had and obtained as aforesaid, equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or attempt or endeavor to equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or procure to be equipped, furnished, fitted out, or armed, or shall knowingly aid, assist, or be concerned, in the equipping, furnishing, fitting out, or arming of any ship or vessel, with intent or in order that such ship or vessel, shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince, state, or potentate, or of any foreign colony, province, or part of any province, or people, or of any person or persons exercising, or assuming to exercise any power of government in or over any foreign state, colony, or province, or part of any province, or people, as



a transport or storeship, or with intent to cruise or commit hostilities against any prince, state, or potentate, or against the subjects or citizens of any prince, state, or potentate, or against the persons exercising, or assuming to exercise, the powers of government, in any colony, province, or part of any province or country, or against the inhabitants of any foreign colony, province, or part of any province or country, with whom His Majesty shall not then be at war; or shall, within the United Kingdom, or any of His Majesty's dominions, or in any settlement, colony, territory, island, or place belonging or subject to His Majesty, issue or deliver any commission for any ship or vessel, to the intent that such ship or vessel shall be employed as aforesaid, every person so offending shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction thereof, upon any information or indictment, be punished by fine or imprisonment, or either of them, at the discretion of the court in which such offender shall be convicted; and every ship or vessel, with the tackle, apparel, and furniture, together with all the materials, arms, ammunition, and stores, which may belong to, or be on board any such ship or vessel, shall be forfeited.

"That if any person in any part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or in any part of His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, without the leave and license of His Majesty for that purpose, first had and obtained as aforesaid, shall, by adding to the number of the guns of such vessel, or by changing those on board for other guns, or by the addition of any equipment for war, increase or augment, or procure to be increased or augmented, or shall be knowingly concerned in increasing or augmenting the warlike force of any ship or vessel of war or cruiser, or other armed vessel which at the time of her arrival in any part of the United Kingdom, or any of His Majesty's domin-

ions, was a ship of war, cruiser, or armed vessel in the service of any foreign prince, state, or potentate, or of any person or persons exercising, or assuming to exercise, any powers of government in or over any province, or part of any province, or people belonging to the subjects of any such prince, state, or potentate, or to the inhabitants of any colony, province, or part of any province, or country under the control of any person or persons so exercising, or assuming to exercise, the powers of Government, every such person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon being convicted thereof upon any information or indictment, be punished by fine and imprisonment, or either of them, at the discretion of the court before which such offender shall be convicted."

We are informed that our Government has given the captain of the *Nashville* full notice that he is expected, in the refitting of his ship, to observe the terms of this enactment. And so long as the Government of this country observes with fidelity the obligations thus laid down, it will have done all which the Federal Government can reasonably require, and, in fact, all that our character of neutrality permits us to do. We trust, therefore, that the Northern States of America will have the good sense to see that the case of the *Nashville* affords them no possible ground of complaint, or even of dissatisfaction, against England. We have thought it worth while (even at the risk of appearing tedious) to endeavor to dispel some of the popular errors on these important questions. If the information we have endeavored to supply tends in the slightest degree to remove a spirit of irritation so much to be deprecated between two great and friendly nations, then our object will have been amply served.



# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 920.—18 January, 1862.

Yet a little while, dear readers, bear with the long list of articles on the question of adding another War to the Rebellion. This matter may be practical as long as any one of you shall live.

In a few weeks,—perhaps only one or two more,—we shall be able to give you the usual supply of literature and light reading: and shall gladly leave it to our posterity to prove that *British Statesmen probably encouraged the Rebellion before it broke out.*

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## NUNQUAM NOVUS.

I LOVE to know that they are olden,  
Through silent centuries have strolled,  
The legends sung when days are golden,  
The tales to simple childhood told ;

That they were born in distant countries,  
Have faced the sun, and braved the wind,  
These ancient and devoted sentries,  
Who watch the slumber of the mind.

The frog who was so fond of flattery,  
The frog who would a-wooing go,  
He strutted on the plains of Tartary  
Some fifteen hundred years ago.

• Puss in her Boots in Indian jungle  
Was coaxing crafty chieftain's child  
When Time was young, and loved to mingle  
With races primitive and wild.

Joe Miller, who, when days are murky,  
Our childish hearts with jokes can please,  
Droll Cogia delighted Turkey  
Six hundred years ago with these.

Athenæus the Greek relates them  
In China of Confucius told ;  
The lads adore, no lassie hates them ;  
Without them life were dull and cold.

The cat of Whittington was gifted  
With ninety lives in lieu of nine,  
For years two thousand she's been lifted  
Through glittering ways and streets divine.

Long, long before this mighty city  
Invented feasts or boasted mayors,  
The bells had rung prophetic ditty  
In Whittington's astonished ears.

Long, too, ere Gessler with his wreakings  
Of wrath had sworn Tell's pride to still  
If th' apple were not pierced, the Vikings  
Of Norseland had rehearsed his skill.

The howl of Gelert's hound hath echoed  
In lands away, in times afar ;  
We hear it in the oldest record,  
The Sanscrit Veda—even there !

Jack killed the giants, and his namesake  
Clomb bean-stalks, and the rude wolf's roar  
Bid Riding Hood fly, for the dame's sake,  
When Scandinavia greeted Thor !

Such were the travels and adventures  
Of this brave god and his brother-gods,  
Ghosts of the mythologic frontiers—  
Grim haunters of mysterious roads.

How Legend loathes to change its habit !  
Tom Thumb has never grown an inch,  
Though he was born in flowery Tibet,  
When Father Time made pleasant lunch

Of fruit that scented shores of fable !  
And scanty were the acres stripped  
By that scythe, terrible and able !  
That fields unreckoned since hath reaped.

The Brahmins' stern untrammelled history  
Traditions of the Buddhists wild,  
How flowing with poetic mystery,  
How grateful to the craving child.

'Tis not for little boys to wander  
To politics ; when they have grown,  
They'll laugh to know that Goosey Gander  
Was a squib at greedy church-rates thrown.

Should steady John or studious Georgey  
Become a curate (God forbid !)  
They will cry " What ! traduce the clergy ;"  
And yet much good, Jack Sprat, you did !

Though, should they learn that Humpty  
Dumpty,  
Arose what time great Wolsey fell,  
They may say, " Life is vain and empty,  
The selfish prelate's shame was well."

Jack Horner, who despatched in corner  
The Christmas-pie, was lashed with scorn  
For preaching Faith, yet playing fawner,  
Before despotic Charles was born.

He lived in Bath. What poet fretful  
Would not his grandest lyrics give,  
Amid its dales and woods delightful,  
For one pacific week to live.

My song is like the world—it opens  
With poetry, but abruptly ends  
With politics ; the dark night deepens ;  
Rest wooes the head that weary bends.  
—*Chambers's Journal*.

C.

## CHURCH-DECKING AT CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WOULD that our scrupulous sires had dared to  
leave

Less scanty measure of those graceful rites  
And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;  
Giving the memory help when she could weave  
A crown for Hope ! I dread the boasted  
lights

That all too often are but fiery blights,  
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve,  
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort  
bring,

The counter spirit, found in some gay church  
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch  
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,  
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,  
Strains only offered to the genial spring.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

# THE AMERICAN ATHENS.

BY J. G. KOHL.

OF all the cities of the American Union, Boston is the one that has most fully retained the character of an English locality. This is visible upon the first glance at its physiognomy and the style of building. The city is spread out over several islands and peninsulas, in the innermost nook of Massachusetts Bay. The heart of Boston is concentrated on a single small peninsula, at which all the advantages of position, such as depth of water, accessibility from the sea and other port conveniences, are so combined, that this spot necessarily became the centre of life, the Exchange, landing-place, and market.

The ground in this central spot rises toward the middle, and formerly terminated in a triple-peaked elevation (the Three Mountains), which induced the earliest immigrants to settle here. At the present time these three points have disappeared, to a great extent, through the spread of building; but for all that, the elevation is perceptible for some distance, and the centre of Boston seems to tower over the rest of the city like an acropolis. From this centre numerous streets run to the circumference of the island, while others have been drawn parallel with it, just like Moscow is built round the Kremlin. All this is in itself somewhat European, and hence there are in Boston streets running up and down hill; at some spots even a drag is used for the wheels of carts. The streets, too, are crooked and angular—a perfect blessing in America, where they generally run with a despairing straightness, like our German everlasting poplar alleys. At some corners of Boston—which is not like other American cities, divided chess-board-wise into blocks—you actually find surprises: there are real groups of houses. The city has a character of its own, and in some parts offers a study for the architect, things usually unknown in America.

The limitation of the city to a confined spot, and the irregularity of the building style, may partly be the cause that the city reminds us of Europe. But that the city assumed so thorough an English type may be explained by the circumstance that Boston received an entirely English population.

In 1640, or ten years after its formation, it had five thousand English denizens, at a period when New York was still a small Dutch country town, under the name of New Amsterdam. Possibly, too, the circumstance that it was the nearest seaport to England may have contributed to keep up old English traditions here. The country round Boston bears a remarkable likeness to an English landscape, and hence, no doubt, the state obtained the name of New England; but as in various parts of New England you may fancy yourself in Kent, so, when strolling about the streets of Boston, you may imagine yourself in the middle of London. In both cities the houses are built with equal simplicity, and do not assume that pomp of marble pilasters and decoration noticeable at New York and elsewhere. The doors and windows, the color and shape, are precisely such as you find in London. In Boston, too, there is a number of small green squares; and, amid the turmoil of business, many a quiet "cul de sac," cut off from the rest of the street system.

Externals of this nature generally find their counterpart in the manners and spirit of the inhabitants, and hence I believe that Boston is still more English and European than any other city of the Union. This is visible in many things; for instance, in the fact that the police system and public surveillance are more after the European style than anywhere else in America. Even though it may not be "quite so bad" as in London, it strikes visitors from the West and South, and hence they are apt to abuse Massachusetts as a police-ridden state. Even in the fact that the flag of the Revolution was first raised in Boston,—and hence the city is generally called "The Cradle of American Freedom,"—we may find a further proof that the population was penetrated with the true Anglo-Saxon temperament.

This is specially perceptible in the scientific and social life of Boston, which suits Europeans better than the behavior in other American towns. Boston, in proportion to the number of its population, has more public and private libraries and scientific societies than any other metropolis of the Union; and, at the same time, a great number of well-organized establishments for the sick, the poor, the blind, and the insane, which



are regarded as models in the United States. Boston has, consequently, a fair claim to the title of the "American Athens." There are upwards of one hundred printing-offices, from which a vast number of periodicals issue. The best and oldest of these is the *North American Review*, supplied with articles by such men as Prescott, Everett, Channing, Bancroft, etc. Among the Boston periodicals there has existed for some time past one devoted to heraldry, the only one of the sort in the Union, which, perhaps, as a sign of the aristocratic temper of the Bostonians, evidences a deeply rooted Anglicanism.

The Historical Society of Boston is the oldest of that nature in the country. Since the commencement of the present century it has published a number of interesting memoirs, and the history of no portion of the Union has been so zealously and thoroughly investigated as that of New England. The "Lowell Institute," established and endowed by a rich townsman, is an institution which works more efficaciously for the extension of knowledge and education than any other of the same character in America. It offers such handsome rewards for industry and talent, that even the greatest scientific authorities of England—for instance, Lyell—have at times found it worth while to visit Boston, and lecture in the hall of the Lowell Institution. In one of its suburbs—Cambridge—Boston possesses Harvard College, the best and oldest university in America, and it has also in the heart of the city a medical school. The city library, in its present reformed condition, surpasses in size and utility most of such establishments to be found in Germany.

At Boston, too, private persons possess collections most interesting for science and art, which prove the existence of a higher feeling among the inhabitants of the city. During my short stay there I discovered and visited a considerable number. For instance, I met with a linen-draper, who first showed me his stores near the water-side, then took me in his carriage to his suburbanum, where I found, in a wing expressly built for its reception, a library containing all the first editions of the rarest works about the discovery and settlement of America, which are now worth their weight in gold. This worthy Boston tradesman was a very zealous mem-

ber of the Historical Society, and has already published several memoirs upon his speciality (the earliest history of the American settlements). I was also taken to the villa of another tradesman, who made it the business of his life to make the most perfect collection of editions of the Bible. His collection is the only one of the sort in America, and, at the time I saw it, consisted of no less than twelve hundred Bibles, in every sort of edition and shape, published in all the languages and countries of the world, among them being the greatest typographical rarities. I was also enabled to inspect a splendid collection of copperplate engravings, equally belonging to a tradesman: it consisted of many thousand plates, belonging to all schools, countries, and epochs. The owner has recently presented it to Cambridge University where it is now being arranged by a German connoisseur.

One evening I was invited to the house of a Boston tradesman, where I found, to my surprise, another variety of artistic collections. It was a partly historical, partly ethnographical, museum, which the owner has arranged in a suite of most elegant rooms, and which he allowed us to inspect after tea. His speciality lay in weapons and coats of mail, and the walls were covered with magnificent specimens bought up in all parts of Europe, regardless of cost. He possesses all the weapons employed before the invention of gunpowder; while in an adjoining room were all the blood-letting tools of Japan. In another was a similar collection from China and several other countries. Never in my life have I seen so many different forms of knives, hatchets, battle-axes, and lances collected together as at this house.

At the same time, the company assembled on that evening was of great interest. Among others we were honored by the presence of Fanny Kemble, who, as is well known, belongs to the United States since her marriage with an American. The fact that this most intellectual of artistes has selected Boston as her abode, will also bear good testimony to the character of the city. During my stay in Boston she was giving readings from Shakspeare, and I heard her in the "Merchant of Venice." The readings took place in a magnificent hall, capable of containing two thousand persons, and



it was quite full. I have frequently heard Tieck, Devrient, and many others of our best dramatic readers, but I am bound to say that Fanny Kemble is the best of all I ever heard. She is graceful in her movements, and possesses a well-formed chest and an energetic, almost masculine, organ. On the evening I heard her she was hoarse, in consequence of a cold, and, by her own statement, weak and languid; but for all that managed so admirably that nothing of the sort was perceptible. She developed all the male and female parts in the play—especially the Jew's—so characteristically and clearly, that I could not help fancying I had the whole thing before me, brilliantly designed on Gobelin tapestry. She accompanied her reading with lively gesticulations, but did not lay more stress on them than is usual in an ordinary reading. The Boston public were silent and delighted, and it is on account of this public that I insert my remarks about Fanny Kemble. I was charmed with the praise which this excellent English lady bestowed on our German actors during a conversation I had with her. She told me that she preferred to see Shakspeare acted on a German stage, especially by Devrient. And this, she added, was the opinion of her father, Charles Kemble. The circumstance that his wife was a native of Vienna may have contributed, however, to make Charles Kemble better acquainted with the character of the German stage.

Of course it was not in my power to inspect all the collections of Boston, and I need scarcely add that I found magnificent libraries in the houses of a Prescott, a Ticknor, an Everett, etc. In Boston a good deal of the good old English maxim has been kept up, that every one buys a book he requires. A great quantity of rare and handsome books wander from all parts of Europe annually to these libraries. In the same way as the Emperor Nicholas had his military agents in every state, the Americans have their literary agents, who eagerly buy up our books. In London I was acquainted with a gentleman permanently residing there, who was a formidable rival to the British Museum, and found his chief customers among the Boston amateurs, though he had others in New York and elsewhere.

When they desire to satisfy any special craving, the Americans are not a whit be-

hind the English in not shunning expense or outlay. Thus I was introduced at Philadelphia to a book-collector, whose speciality was Shakspeare. He had specimens of every valuable edition of the poet's works. Only one of the oldest and rarest editions, of which but three copies exist, was missing from his shelves, and when he heard that one of these would shortly be put up for sale in London, he sent a special agent over with secret instructions and *carte blanche*. He succeeded, though I am afraid to say at what an outlay of dollars, and the expensive book was shipped across the water. When it arrived at Philadelphia, the overjoyed owner invited all the friends of Shakspeare in the city, and gave them a brilliant party, at which the jewel—an old rusty folio—was displayed under a brilliant light upon a gold embroidered velvet cushion. Interminable toasts and speeches were given, and finally the volume was incorporated in the library, where it occupied but a very small space.

In other American cities I saw various remarkable collections of rarities—as, for instance, Mr. Lennox's, at New York, who has a mania for bringing together all the books, documents, and pamphlets referring to the history of America. Mr. Peter Fern, of Washington, has a similar one; but I will not stop to describe it, but return to Boston, which is to some extent the metropolis of such collections.

Alexander von Humboldt's library has been made known to the world in a copper-plate, but I must confess that I could draw a much more attractive picture of some of the studies of the Boston savans. In their arrangement, in the picturesque setting out of the books and curiosities, in the writing-tables, and chairs, as ingenious as they are comfortable, in the wealth of pictures and busts found in these rooms, generally lighted from above, you find a combination of the English desire for comfort and the American yearning after external splendor. The Americans are the only people in the world who possess not merely merchant princes, but also author princes.

I visited several of these distinguished men in their spacious and elegant studies. One morning I was taken to the house of the celebrated Edward Everett, one of the great men of Boston, who, first as preacher, then as professor of Greek, and lastly as au-



thor and speaker, has attained so prominent a position in the Union, and is still an active and busied man in spite of sixty odd years having passed over his head. Any remarkable book a man may have written, or any sort of notoriety that brings him before the public, can be employed in America as political capital, and lead to position and influence in the state. The preacher and professor, Everett, who for a season edited the *North American Review*, and very cleverly praised and defended in its pages the manners and constitution of his country, soon after became, in consequence of his writings, member of Congress, a leader of the old Whig party, governor of Massachusetts, and lastly a diplomatist and American ambassador to England. Like many American politicians who have held the latter office, he was frequently proposed as candidate for the presidency, but did not reach the chair, because the old Whigs had lost much of their former influence. On the final dissolution of his party, Everett devoted himself to the sciences and *belles lettres*. At the time when I formed his acquaintance, he was engaged in delivering a public lecture in all the cities of the Union on the character of Washington. The great man's qualities naturally had a brilliant light thrown on them, and in comparison with our renowned monarchs, such as Frederick the Great, Joseph II., and Napoleon I., the latter came off second best. Everett had learnt his lecture by heart, and delivered it with great emphasis and considerable success, though I confess that when I heard it I could not conscientiously bestow such praise on it as did the patriotic Americans. In order that the lecture might not lose the charm of novelty, all the American papers were requested to give no short-hand report of it: hence it remained unknown in each city until the lecturer had publicly delivered it. Everett saved up his earnings for a patriotic object; namely, the purchase of Washington's estate of Mount Vernon, for which purpose a ladies' committee had been formed. In 1857, Everett had collected more than forty thousand dollars towards this object. There is hardly another country besides America in which such a sum could be collected by reading a lecture of a few pages, however effective it might be. Moreover, the whole affair is characteristic of the land, and that is why I have related it.

Boston has ever been not only the birth-place but the gathering-ground of celebrated men. In politics it frequently rivalled Virginia, while in the production of poets and literary men it stands far above all other cities of the Union. Starting from Benjamin Franklin, who was born on one of the small islands in Boston harbor, down to Everett and his contemporaries, there has never been a deficiency of great and remarkable men in the city. Hancock, who drew up with Jefferson the Constitution of the United States, lived in Boston, and the most distinguished of the few Presidents the North has produced—the two Adamses—belonged to Boston, where they began and closed their career. Daniel Webster, the greatest American orator of recent times, received his education in Boston, and spent all that portion of his life there when he was not engaged at Washington. There are, in fact, entire families in Boston, as, for instance, the Winthrops, Bigelows, etc., which have been rich in talented persons ever since the foundation of the city.

When I visited Boston in 1857, the circle of celebrated, influential, and respected men was not small, and I had opportunity to form the acquaintance of several of them. Unfortunately, I knocked to no purpose at the door of the liberal and gifted Theodore Parker, whose house is ever open to Germans. The noble, equally liberal, and high-hearted Channing, whose pious, philanthropic, and philosophic writings I had admired from my earliest youth, and who had labored here as the apostle of the Unitarians, I only found represented by a son, who does honor to his great father's memory. The Websters and Adamses had also been dead for some years, though I formed the acquaintance of several of their personal friends, who told me numerous anecdotes about them.

I am sorry to say, too, I missed seeing George Ticknor, the great historian of Spanish literature, a true child of Boston, where he was born and educated, and where he spends his time in study when he is not travelling in Europe, which was unfortunately the case at the period of my visit. I saw nothing of him but his splendid Spanish library, which he exclusively collected for the purpose of his classical work, which has been translated into almost every language.

As a compensation, Prescott, who was



summoned away some time ago, to the regret of all his friends, was at home to receive me, and he was one of the most amiable men I ever met. I saw him both at his own house and in society, and greedily took advantage of every opportunity that offered for approaching him. As he was descended from an old New England family, and was educated, and lived, and worked almost entirely in Boston—he had only visited Europe once, and had travelled but little in the United States—I could consider him as a true child of Boston, and as an example of the best style of education that city is enabled to offer. He was a man of extremely dignified and agreeable manners, and a thorough gentleman in his behavior. I met but few Americans so distinguished by elegance and politeness, and when I first met him, and before knowing his name, I took him for a diplomatist. He had not the slightest trace of the dust of books and learning, and although he had been hard at work all day, when he emerged into daylight he was a perfect man of the world. I found in him a great resemblance both in manner and features with that amiable Frenchman Mignet. He was at that time long past his sixtieth birthday, and yet his delicate, nobly chiselled face possessed such a youthful charm that he could fascinate young ladies. In society his much-regretted weakness of sight was hardly perceptible, and at dinner he made such good use of his limited vision, that he could help himself without attracting the slightest attention. He frequently remarked that this weakness of sight, which others lamented so greatly, was the chief cause of his devoting himself to historical studies. Still it impeded his studies greatly, for he was obliged to send persons, at a terrible expense, to copy the documents he required in the archives of Spain. He could only employ these documents and other references—partially, at any rate—through readers. He was obliged to prepare much in his mind and then dictate it, without the help of his hand and fingers, which, as every author knows, offer such aid to the head, and, as it were, assist in thinking. At times he could only write by the help of a machine that guided his hand. I say purposely “at times,” for every now and then the sight of his own eyes became so excellent and strong that he could undertake personally the me-

chanical part of his labor. Still, literature is indebted to Prescott’s semi-blindness for his elaborate historical works on Peru, Mexico, Isabella, and Philip II., for had he kept the sight of both eyes he would have continued the career he had already begun as barrister, and in all probability have ended as a politician and a statesman.

Another somewhat younger literary talent Boston was proud of at that period, was Motley, the historian, who in many respects may be placed side by side with Prescott. Like him, he also belongs to a wealthy and respected Boston family; and like him too, he has devoted himself to history, through pure love. His union with the Muse is no *marriage de convenance*, but he entered into it through a hearty affection. The subject that Motley selected, “The History of the Netherlands in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries,” had a special interest for his countrymen. At that period Holland was remarkably influential all over the New World, and, *inter alia*, laid the foundations of New York State. This state and its still somewhat Dutch inhabitants consequently regard the Netherlands to some extent as the mother-country, and their history as a portion of their own. They feel as much interested in it as the French do in the history of the Franks in Germany. Moreover, they like to compare an event like the insurrection of the Netherlands against Spain with their own revolt against England. Motley, therefore, selected a very popular theme. After learning something of the world as attaché to the American Embassy at Petersburg, he travelled in Germany, and stayed for several years at Dresden, the Hague, and other European cities, in order to employ the libraries for his purpose. Nine years ago he read to a small circle of friends in Dresden, myself among the number, extracts from his historical work; for instance, his description of the execution of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, and then returned to America, where he published it. This work was a great success; and when I met Motley again at Boston, he had just been crowned with laurel. He was a handsome man, in the prime of life, with dark curly hair. Unluckily, he did not like his country sufficiently well to remain in it, and returned quickly to Europe, during my visit to Boston. Perhaps he had lived too long



upon our continent, and had not the patience to go through the process of re-Americanizing, to which an American who has long been absent is bound to subject himself. He proceeded to London, where he resided several years, continuing his studies, and always a welcome guest in fashionable society, until the recent troubles forced him to return home.

We might fairly speak of a thorough historical school of Boston, for nearly all the recent remarkable historians of America have issued from this school. Among these I may specially mention George Bancroft, who has selected the history of his native land as his special study. His career has a great likeness to that of Everett; like him, he went to Göttingen when a young man, and acquired his tendency for historic research from Heeren, Eichhorn, and Schlosser. Like Everett, he began his career as a professor at Cambridge University, and like him, also, his talent and the growing popularity of his books led him up to important offices and posts under government. He was for a time secretary to the navy at Washington, then American ambassador in England, and at last, as he was not successful in politics, like Everett, he retired from public life into the calmer atmosphere of his study, where he has remained for several years, dividing his time between literary work and pleasant society: During the winter he now resides at New York, and during the summer at a charming villa near that pretty little watering-place, Newport, on Narragansett Bay, where he pays a visit now and then, though, to his old Boston. I had the good fortune to visit this active and energetic historian at both his winter and summer abode. At New York, he passes the whole winter shut up in his splendid library, like a bee in his honey-cell. In the midst of the turmoil of business, his lamp may be seen glimmering at an early hour, and he lights it himself, as he does his fire, in order not to spoil the temper of his lazy American helps for the day.

I am forced to remark that the result of my observations is that this zeal and this "help yourself," are no rarity among American men of letters. Thus I always remember with pleasure old Senator Benton, whose "History of the American Congress," although an excellently written work, and a

thorough mine in which to study the politics, parties, and prominent men of America, is, unfortunately, but little known on this side the water. This brave old Roman Benton, of Missouri, a man otherwise greatly attacked for his vanity and eccentricities, I remember seeing one morning at six lighting his fire, boiling his coffee, and then devoting the morning hours to his History.

This Benton was at that period above seventy years of age, and long a grandfather. He wrote his History with so firm and current a hand, that the copy went almost uncorrected from his table to the printing-office, and within a few months entire volumes could be worked off. And yet he could only devote his morning and late evening hours to the task, for so long as the sun was up he thought it his duty to take part in the debates of Congress and quarrel in the committee-rooms. At times, he broke his labors entirely off, because he considered it necessary to take a trip to Missouri, and agitate for some political purpose or the other. One evening, it happened that his entire library, with all the manuscripts it contained, fell a prey to the flames. He had temporarily taken up his quarters in a small wooden house in the vicinity of the capital, which caught fire.

These fires are an almost regular and constantly menacing calamity to American authors, their libraries, and manuscripts. During my short stay in the United States I heard of a whole series of cases in which valuable literary undertakings were completely interrupted by fire. Senator Benton, on the occasion to which I refer, lost his entire library, a large portion of manuscript ready for the press, and a heap of materials, extracts, and references, which he had collected for a new volume of his History. As I was on rather intimate terms with him and his family, and, as an author myself, felt a special compassion for him, I visited him a few days after to offer him my sympathy. As it happened, President Pierce came up at the same moment and for the same object. We found the aged man, to our surprise and admiration, not in the slightest degree affected or excited. He had removed from the ruins to the house of his son-in-law, the celebrated traveller Fremont, had had a new table put together, and was busy rewriting his manuscript. With Anglo-Saxon coolness and a pleasant



face, which reminded me of the stoic referred to by Montaigne, who did not allow himself to be disturbed in his speech when a dog tore a piece out of the calf of his leg, he told us the story of the burning of his books. Mr. Benton allowed that a quarto volume of his work, with all the materials belonging to it, was entirely destroyed, but he said, with a smile, while tossing a little grandchild on his knee, "It is no use crying over spilled milk." He had begun his work afresh on the next day, and retained in his head most of what he had written down. He hoped that he should be able to collect once more the necessary materials—partly, at any rate—and he expected that the printing would not be delayed for many days.

This man, in his present position—and there could not be a more lamentable one for an author—appeared to me like an old Roman. And, in truth, old Senator Benton had something thoroughly Roman in his features, just as you might expect to find on an ancient coin. And all this was the more remarkable to me, because I discovered such an internal value in a man who in the external world afforded such scope for jibes. In Congress I saw him twice play the part of a quarrelsome and impotent old man. At times—especially when he marched into the field to support the claims of his son-in-law Fremont, or any other distinguished members of his family of whom he was proud, and whom he thought he must take under his wing, like a patriarch of old—he grew so excited, that the President several times tried in vain to stop him. Once I saw him leave Congress cursing and gesticulating, and loudly declaring that he would never again appear in that assembly. When, too, he rode up and down the main street of Washington, with his grandson on a little pony by his side, and keeping as close as possible to the pavement, that he might be bowed to by the ladies and gentlemen, they certainly saluted, but afterwards ridiculed the "great man." Hence it caused me special pleasure, I repeat, to recognize in so peculiar a man an inner worth, and find the opportunity to say something in his praise. After all, there were heroes among the wearers of full-botomed wigs and pig-tails.

Since then, the inexorable subduer of all heroes has removed old Senator Benton forever from his terrestrial activity. He was

enabled stoically to withstand the fire, but death, which caught him up four years ago, did not allow him to complete his work. Still, the fragments of it that lie before us contain extraordinarily useful matter for the history of the Union from the beginning of this century, and I therefore recommend them strongly to public writers at the present moment, when everybody wishes to know everything about America. But I will now return to Boston.

In the hot summer, when Longfellow, Agassiz, and other distinguished men of Boston, fly to the rock of Nahant, Bancroft, as I said, seeks shelter on the airy beach of Newport; and I remember, with great pleasure, the interesting trip I took thither for the purpose of spending a couple of days with the historian. The pleasant little town of Newport, which a hundred years back was a promising rival of New York, is now only known as the most fashionable watering-place in the Union. Most of the upper ten, as well as the politicians and diplomats of Washington, congregate here in July and August. Splendid steamers, some coming from New York through Long Island Sound, others from Boston, through the archipelago of Narragansett Bay, bring up hundreds of people daily. On one of these green islands in the bay, Newport is built, surrounded by a number of villas and gardens, which stretch out along the beach. And one of these hospitable villas belongs to the celebrated historian, who in that character, and as *ex-minister* and statesman, is reverently regarded as one of the "lions" of Newport.

When I entered his house, at a late hour, I found him surrounded by the ladies of his family, to whom he was reading a newly finished chapter of his history from the manuscript. He invited me to listen, and told me that it was his constant practice to read his works in this fashion in the domestic circle, and take the opinion of his hearers, but, above all, of his amiable and highly educated wife. This, he said to me, was the best way of discovering any lack of clearness or roughness of style, and after this trial he made his final corrections.

Newport is also known, to those versed in American antiquities, as the spot where an old octagonal building still stands, which the Danish savans believe to have been erected



long prior to Columbus, and which they consider was built by the old Norman seafarers and heroes who visited America about the year 1000. This monument was very interesting to me to visit in the company of the historian of the United States, even though the townspeople regard it as the foundation of an old windmill, that belonged to a former inhabitant of Newport. Bancroft was of opinion that the good people of Newport were more likely to hit the truth than the scientific men of Copenhagen. I, too, after an inspection, *in situ*, consider the opinion of the latter so little founded that it is hardly worth contradicting. As is well known, to the south of New England, in the middle of a swamp on Taunton River, there is a huge rock covered with all sorts of grooves and marks, which the Danish savans regard as a Runic inscription, also emanating from the Normans. The Danes have even gone so far as to decipher the word "Thorfiun," as the name of one of the Norman heroes, while others believe that they are marks and memoranda made by an Indian hand; while others, again, are of opinion that the grooves and scratches are produced by natural causes.

Bancroft described to me the difficulties he experienced in reaching this rock—at one moment wading through the water, at another forcing his way through scrub. He was, however, unable to convince himself of the truth of any one of the above three hypotheses, and hence in his history of the United States, he could only say that the much-discussed Taunton River inscription did not afford a certainty of the presence of the Normans in these parts. But I must hasten back to Boston, where I have many an excellent friend awaiting me.

First of all rises before my mental eye the image of that noble senator, Charles Sumner, one of the most honored men of Boston, whom I visited not only here in his birth-place, where he spends his leisure hours with his mother and relatives, but also at Washington, where he was delivering his bold and fiery speeches against slavery. While at the capital, I heard him deliver that magnificent speech which—although it lasted for several hours, was listened to in speechless silence by the whole Senate, even by the Southern members who were boiling over with fury—and entailed on this noble man the brutal attack from one of the chivalry of the South,

which laid him on a bed of sickness for weeks, where he hovered between life and death.

How painful and sad it was to see this tall and stately man, felled like a pine-tree, and writhing in agony on his couch! His noble face, in which his lofty intellect and towering mind spoke out, was swollen and lacerated, as if he had been under the claws of a bear. English, Germans, French, Spaniards, and Italians, were the first to hurry to him on the day of the outrage, to display their sympathy and respect, and lay a crown of honor on his bleeding temples. With this great man, after his return from Europe, and several kindred spirits, I used to spend pleasant evenings *en petit comité* in Boston, and felt delighted at the opportunity of discussing with them the great questions of the day. Not so pleasant, though equally remarkable, were my feelings when I returned home at night from such an intellectual and sympathizing circle, and was compelled to listen to the expectorations of a Colonel B—, of Carolina, who lodged in the same hotel. He made it a point to lie in ambush for me every night, to smoke a cigar, drink a glass of grog and take the opportunity of explaining to me his views about the North. Although he had travelled in France and Germany, associated with the nobility, and belonged to the Southern aristocracy, the colonel was so full of prejudices against the North, that he walked about among the New Englanders of Boston like a snarling sheep-dog among a flock of lambs. He pished and pshawed, even abused loudly and bitterly all he saw, both the men—the accursed Yankees, their narrow-hearted views, their stiff regulations, their unpolished manners—as well as things, such as the northern sky, the scenery, the towns, villages, and country-houses. All that Boston or a Bostonian had or possessed seemed to him infected with abolitionism. He would even look on, with a sarcastic smile, when, during our conversation, I stroked a pretty little spaniel belonging to a Boston lady. He could not endure this Boston animal, and if ever it came within his reach he was sure to give it a harmless kick. Nothing was right with him of course, least of all the Boston newspapers, in which he pointed out to me articles every evening, which, according to his opinion, were horrible, perfidious, atheistical, full of gall and poison, although I could not discover any-



thing of the sort in them when he read them aloud to me with many gesticulations. To the people who surrounded us he generally behaved politely, because, as I said, he was a Southern gentleman, and did not let it be seen how his heart heaved and boiled. But if any one took up the cudgels with him, merely expressed an opinion that had the remotest connection with the slavery question, or smelled of abolitionism, he would break out into the most enthusiastic diatribes in defence of the peculiar institution. His glances would become passionate, and his tone insulting. He appeared evidently bent on war, and I was often surprised that the Yankees put up with so much from him, and let him escape with a whole skin. In the South, had a Northerner gone to one-tenth of the same excess, it would have been enough to hand him over to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch.

If I asked him why he had come to this North, which he so heartily despised, he would reply that, unhappily, his physicians had found it necessary to send him into this exile for the sake of his health, and he had long had an intention of visiting, on the northern lakes, the poor Indians who were so shamefully maltreated by the Yankees. The sufferings of these unhappy tribes, who perished beneath the heel of the oppressor, and pined away in their shameful fetters, had long touched his heart. He could never think of them without emotion, and he now intended to go as far as the cataracts of St. Anthony to give the Sioux a feast, and offer them some relief from their shameful martyrdom. I remembered that I had once before noticed the same compassion for the Indians in a Southern slave-owner, and consequently that it is, in all probability, traditional among these people, to answer the reproaches cast on them for slaveholding by accusing their hostile brethren of ill-treating the Indians. Although I in no way shared my Southern friend's views about slavery and abolition, but was generally in the opposition, as a foreigner I did not seem to him so utterly repulsive as these God-forgotten Yankees. At first, at any rate, he believed that he should not be washing a blackamoor white with me. If I only would visit the South, he expressed his opinion I should be speedily converted, and grow enthusiastic for his side. Hence he condescended to argue with

and instruct me, while he gnashed his teeth at his northern countrymen when they dared to address him on the vexed question. Towards the end, however, I began to perceive that he was giving me up as incorrigible, and extended his enmity to me as well. We at length parted, not exactly as sympathetic souls, and when I now think of my Southerner stalking about Boston like a tornado in a human shape, I do not understand how it was that I did not then see civil war *ante fores* in that country.\*

It may be imagined what a relief, joy, and comfort it was for me, after the stormy evenings I spent with the Southerner, to be invited the following day to a dinner-table, where I found all the men with whom I sympathized, and whom I respected, assembled. The old Flemish painters, in their fruit and flower pieces, and in what is called "still life," have striven to represent the roast meats, wine flasks, crystal glasses, grapes, and oranges which decorated the tables of their rich contemporaries. But how can I depict such a dinner at Boston, where a Longfellow took the chair, an Agassiz acted as croupier, a Prescott was my left, a Motley my right hand, neighbor, and where my vis-à-vis was a tall, thin, dry-looking man, who, I was told, was Ralph Waldo Emerson? Between the epergues and flower-vases I could see also the characteristic features of noble and distinguished men; the gray head of a Winthrop, or the animated face of such a benefactor to humanity as Dr. Howe, whom the blind, and the deaf and dumb combine to bless. When I reflect how rare such highly gifted men are in the world, and how much more rare it is to be enabled to see a dozen of them sitting together cheerfully and socially over their wine, I find that we cannot sufficiently value such moments which accidents produce, and which, perhaps, never again occur in the traveller's life. When we read such books as those of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Basil Hall, or Dickens, we might suppose that there is nothing in America that can be called "good society." But when a man finds himself in such company as fell

\* We are bound to say that we do not agree with our excellent contributor on this point. It would be just as fair to judge of the Southerners from this isolated instance, as it would be to believe that "Martin Chuzzlewit" offers us a fair criterion of the North.—ED. B. M.



to my lot in Boston, he begins to think differently, and is at length disposed to allow that in America a good tone peculiar to the country, and possessing highly characteristic qualities, exists. I concede that it is rare, and I believe that the American, in order to appropriate this tone, must have passed the ocean several times between America and Europe; in this, imitating his twice-across-the-line Madeira (which, by the by, is magnificent in some Boston houses). The American, as a rule, becomes really full-flavored in and through Europe. What I would assert though, is, that the American has a peculiar material to take the polish which Europe can impart, and that when he has rubbed off his American horns—for it is quite certain that the American is as much of a greenhorn in Europe as the European seems to be in the United States—a species of polish is visible, which possesses its pe-

culiar merit, and nothing like it is to be found in Europe. There is no trace of mannerism or affectation; none of that insipid politeness, prudery, and superfinedom into which Europeans are so apt to fall. In the well-educated American we meet with a great simplicity of manner, and a most refreshing masculine dignity. Both in Boston and New York I visited private clubs, and met gentlemen belonging to the bar, the church, the mercantile classes, etc., who possessed all these qualities in an eminent degree. In these small retired clubs—they may have been select, and I am unable to decide how many of the sort may exist—humor and merriment were so well controlled, wit and jesting were so pleasantly commingled with what was serious and instructive, that I never knew pleasanter places for men.

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ALL and EVERYTHING as seen by His Holiness the Pope in the free Kingdom of Italy. (*From the Papal Allocution of Sept. 30.*)—Every one knows how the satellites of that Government and of that rebellion full of ignorance and deceit, have renewed the attacks and the fury of the ancient heretics, and, giving way to all their rage against holy things, endeavor to completely overthrow if it were ever possible, the Church of God and the Catholic religion; to wrest from every soul its salutary doctrine, and to excite and inflame every bad passion. All laws, human and divine, have been trampled under foot; all ecclesiastical censures set at naught; the bishops, with an audacity which every day increases, expelled from their dioceses and even thrown into prison; the majority of the faithful have been deprived of their pastors; the regular and secular priests borne down by bad treatment and subjected to all kinds of injustice; religious congregations destroyed, their members expelled from their houses and reduced to the most complete indigence; virgins devoted to God obliged to beg their bread, the most venerated temples despoiled, profaned, and changed into dens of robbers; sacred property pillaged, ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction violated and usurped, and the laws of the Church despised and trampled under foot. Schools of false doctrine have been established, libels and infamous journals, the offspring of darkness, have been distributed in every place, at an enormous expense, by a criminal conspiracy. Pernicious and abominable writings attack our holy

faith, religion, piety, honesty, modesty, honor, and virtue, and overthrow the true and unshakable rules of eternal and natural law, of public and private rights; the legitimate liberty and property of every one is attacked; the foundations of family ties and of civil society are ruined; the reputation of every virtuous person is blackened by false accusations, and the impunity of all vices and of all errors is every day more and more nourished, propagated, and increased.

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A NEW AUTO-DA-FE.—The spirit of Torquemada walks abroad in Spain, the ecclesiastical authorities having selected the Spiritualists for their victims; rapping and table-turning have been thought worthy of prosecution, and all books treating on those occult subjects are seized and destroyed wherever found. The Bishop of Barcelona heads this crusade, and by an order from that prelate three hundred volumes of Spiritualist literature were, on the 9th inst., burned on the esplanade where criminals are executed. The *auto-da-fé* was under the direction of a priest in full canonicals, carrying a cross in one hand and a torch in the other. He was hooted by the crowd when he retired; and during the ceremony the spectators frequently shouted, "Down with the Inquisition!" The publisher who was the sufferer by this act of faith was obliged to content himself with the ashes of his books, of which he collected a few handfuls.



[Parts of an article in the *Danville Quarterly Review* for December, written by the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, uncle of the late Vice-President. A former article from the same pen was copied into No. 895.]

### THE CIVIL WAR:—ITS NATURE AND END.

- I. The Restoration of Peace shown to be impossible, except on the condition of the Preservation of the Federal Union and Constitution.
  - II. The Power of the Nation shown to be complete, and its Duty imperative, to crush this Rebellion, and preserve the Federal Union and Constitution.
  - III. The Internal State of the Country as affected by the War.
  - IV. The External Relations of the Country, considered with reference to the War.
- I. The Restoration of Peace shown to be impossible, except on the condition of the Preservation of the Federal Union and the Constitution.

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There are considerations of various kinds, and of the most decisive force, which render it impossible for peace to be restored to the country, except upon the condition of a single National Government, common to the whole American people, and embracing every loyal and every revolted State. As a question of national strength in the presence of all foreign nations—and therefore of national independence; as a question of permanent national life struggling against anarchy in the form of secession; as a question of law and government and constitutional freedom, measuring its strength against an immense and utterly profligate political conspiracy; as a question of personal freedom, and popular institutions, in conflict with a class minority possessed of vast wealth, and reckless of everything but its own aggrandizement; as a question of the universal domination of this daring class, not only in the Slave States, so many of which it had temporarily subjugated, but over the nation itself, which it betrayed, plundered, insulted, and to which it claimed to dictate ignoble terms of composition, at the head of a military force threatening the capitol; as a question of the duty of the nation to its loyal citizens, constituting at that time the actual majority in the fifteen Slave States—but suddenly and by fraud and violence reduced to a state of helpless degradation: we attempted, from the beginning, to show that there was no course, either of honor or duty

or safely left to the nation, except to meet force by force, and to maintain the institutions of the country, and enforce the laws of the land, by the whole power of the American people. Nor do we suppose there is a single loyal person on this continent, who does not look with contempt, or with execration, upon the conduct of Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet, during the last year of his administration: nor a single one who does not applaud the vigor and determination which the Congress of the United States, under the lead of Mr. Lincoln, have manifested in maintaining the integrity of the Union. But what we have now to urge goes beyond the state of the question heretofore discussed, and briefly recapitulated above. Influenced by such considerations as these, the nation accepted the war as unavoidable. What we maintain is, not merely that those considerations forbid the nation to terminate the war forced upon her, except in its complete success, but that in the very nature of the case, of the country, of all our institutions, and of the war itself, permanent peace is impossible, except upon the condition of a single National Government. We will endeavor to illustrate this idea.

Whoever will look at a map of the United States will observe that Louisiana lies on both sides of the Mississippi River, and that the States of Arkansas and Mississippi lie on the right and left banks of this great stream—eight hundred miles of whose lower course is thus controlled by these three States, unitedly inhabited by hardly as many white people as inhabit the city of New York. Observe then the country drained by this river, and its affluents, commencing with Missouri on its west bank, and Kentucky on its east bank. There are nine or ten powerful States—large portions of three or four others—several large Territories, in all a country as large as all Europe, as fine as any under the sun, already holding many more people than all the revolted States—and destined to be one of the most populous and powerful regions of the earth. Does any one suppose that these powerful States—this great and energetic population—will ever make a peace that shall put the lower course of this single and mighty natural outlet to the sea, in the hands of a foreign government far weaker than themselves? If there is any such person, he knows little



of the past history of mankind; and will, perhaps, excuse us for reminding him that the people of Kentucky, before they were constituted a State, gave formal notice to the Federal Government, when General Washington was President, that if the United States did not acquire Louisiana, they would themselves conquer it. The mouths of the Mississippi belong, by the gift of God, to the inhabitants of its great valley. Nothing but irresistible force can disinherit them.

Try another territorial aspect of the case. There is a bed of mountains abutting on the left bank of the Ohio, which covers all Western Virginia, and all Eastern Kentucky, to the width, from east to west, in those two States, of three or four hundred miles. These mountains stretching south-westwardly, pass entirely through Tennessee—cover the back parts of North Carolina and Georgia—heavily invade the northern part of Alabama—and make a figure even in the back parts of South Carolina and the eastern parts of Mississippi; having a course of, perhaps, seven or eight hundred miles, and running far south of the northern limit of profitable cotton culture. It is a region of three hundred thousand square miles—trenching upon eight or nine Slave States, though nearly destitute of slaves itself—trenching upon at least five Cotton States, though raising no cotton itself. The western part of Maryland and two-thirds of Pennsylvania, are embraced in the north-eastern continuation of this remarkable region. Can anything that passes under the name of statesmanship, be more preposterous, than the notion of permanent peace on this continent, founded on the abnegation of a common and paramount government, and the idea of the supercilious domination of the cotton interest and the slave trade, over such a mountain empire, so located, and so peopled!

As a further proof of the utter impossibility of peace, except under a common government, and at once an illustration of the import of what has just been stated, and the suggestion of a new and insuperable difficulty; let it be remembered that this great mountain region, throughout its general course, is more loyal to the Union than any other portion of the Slave States. It is the mountain counties of Maryland that have held treason in check in that State; it

is forty mountain counties in Western Virginia that have laid the foundation of a new and loyal commonwealth; it is the mountain counties of Kentucky that first and most eagerly took up arms for the Union; it is the mountain region of Tennessee that alone, in that dishonored State, furnished martyrs in the sacred cause of freedom; it is the mountain people of Alabama that boldly stood out against the Confederate Government, till their own leaders deserted and betrayed them. Now, is the nation prepared, under any imaginable circumstances, to sacrifice these heroic men, as a condition of peace conquered from them by traitors? Will the nation sell the blood—we will not say of a race of patriots—but of even a single one of them? The Representatives of these men sit in Congress; their Senators are in the capitol. Will the rebel States dismember themselves, that cotton may have peace? Will the nation turn its back on the five Border Slave States—deliver over Western Virginia to the sword and—cover its own infamy under the ruins of the Constitution? Never—never! Our sole alternative—is victory. To know this, is to render victory certain.

Again: Consider the question of boundary, as preliminary to peace. We have shown, on a former occasion, that the States of Maryland and Missouri stand in such relations, geographical and otherwise, to the nation, that they must necessarily share its fate. Since we gave expression to that opinion, much has happened to strengthen it, and increase the difficulties of any peaceful division of the country. Amongst other things, Congress has openly recognized the revolutionary Government in Western Virginia—and received Senators and Representatives from States in open rebellion: the armies of the Confederate States have invaded Western Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky: and to *conquer a boundary* extending to the Chesapeake, the Ohio, and the Missouri, is one of the avowed objects of those invasions. Whatever may have been the state of public opinion in any of the five Border Slave States, at an early stage of our national difficulties, at present there is not, probably, a single loyal citizen in either of them, who would entertain, for a moment, the idea of being attached to the Southern Confederacy—or who would not denounce as atrocious, on the part of the General Gov-



ernment, any suggestion that looked toward the surrender of those five States to the Southern Confederacy, as a condition of peace. On the opposite side, it is most probable that every secessionist in those five States would greatly prefer the continuance of the war to peace, accompanied by such a division of the nation as would attach the Border Slave States to the Northern portion; while the more violent portion of them would, probably, prefer the continuance of the war, to the complete restoration of the Union on any terms. But these Border Slave States are, and must continue to be, the chief theatre of the war, so long as the issue of the war hangs in the least suspense. We say nothing here of the absolute necessity of the conquest of the secession party, and the restoration of the Union and the power of the National Government, as the solitary condition upon which the peace or safety of the whole country is possible. What we say is, that in the actual condition of the country, of the war, and of the avowed aims and recognized obligations of both parties, the question of boundary renders peace impossible, even if both parties desired peace upon every other ground. We readily admit that there is hardly an imaginable contingency, in which the Confederate Government can ever conquer, or the nation ever concede, any boundary—that ought to be an allowable basis of peace. But this only shows how clear it is that the nation can contemplate no alternative but triumph or ruin; and that the conspirators against its peace and glory have madly plunged into a wicked rebellion, which could have no result but the subjugation of the whole nation, or their own destruction. At first, their pretext was—the *right* of each State to secede. Now they seek to *conquer* States that refuse to secede. Perfidious, at first, to all the States; perfidious, now, to each separate State.

[A paragraph upon the Indian tribes is here omitted.]

The question of slavery offers us another example, in the same category with the preceding one, of the madness of the whole secession conspiracy; and another proof that the restoration of permanent peace to the country by means of its division into two confederacies, or by any other means except the restoration of the Union and the

maintenance of a single national government co-extensive with the whole nation, is totally impossible. Upon the supposition that all parties were willing to divide the nation on the slave line, *provided* the new confederacies could make mutually satisfactory agreements, and could be mutually made to keep them in regard to negro slavery; such a basis of peace would rest on this childish absurdity—that the obligations of a treaty between hostile States are more effectual than the obligations of a government over the different portions of its own citizens—notwithstanding governments have the sanction of force in a hundred-fold greater degree than treaties can have, and have, in addition, ten thousand sanctions which no treaty can have. We think we have demonstrated, on a former occasion, that the profitable continuance of negro slavery anywhere on this continent, and its continuance at all in the Border Slave States, depends absolutely upon the existence of a common national government embracing both the Free States and the Slave States; and it seems to us that the developments of the war add continually to the force of what we then said. The preservation of the Union and the Constitution preserves at the same time, in all its integrity, the national settlement of the question of slavery made at the adoption of the Constitution itself; which was effectual for all the purposes intended, through more than seventy years of unparalleled prosperity; and is competent still through all coming time to give peace and security, if anything under heaven is competent to do so. On the contrary, forfeiting that settlement as soon as we subvert the Constitution and destroy the Union—it may be confidently asserted that the new confederacies which are to arise will find themselves incompetent to settle even the preliminary basis of a treaty concerning their mutual rights and obligations touching the negro race on this continent; and that, even if they should be able to come to some uncertain and temporary understanding on the subject, stable peace between the parties, much less stable security to slave property, would be impossible. Our political system, made up of sovereign commonwealths united under a supreme Federal Government, affords not only the highest, but the only effectual protection for interests that are



local and exceptional, and at the same time out of sympathy with the general judgment of mankind. And of all possible interests, that of the owners of slaves, in a free country, stands most in need of the protection of such a system. It is extremely difficult to say what effect, precisely, this war and its possible results may have upon the institution of slavery in America. So much at least is certain—that the total suppression of the present revolt, is hardly more important to any class of American citizens, than to the slaveholders of the country: and that the obstinate continuance of the war, by the South, will do nothing more surely than drain the slaves, owned by secessionists in the Border States, farther south—and leave the slave interest in the restored Union, a far weaker political element than it was when they sought to strengthen it by revolution.

We need not press any further the proof of the great truth we are asserting. The service we are doing is not so much to disclose new truths, as to make a clear statement of the grounds of a common and fixed conviction, which the public mind has widely and instinctively adopted. It is a conviction just in itself, and noble both in its origin and impulses. We will not agree to the ruin of our glorious country; and so we are not grieved to see that we cannot do it with any hope of peace thereby. We will not allow the Constitution to be subverted, the Union to be destroyed, and the nation to be divided; and so we are glad that in the order of God's providence, the alternative to which the nation is shut up—is victory. If the people in the States which have taken up arms against our national life, will rise up in their might, recover their liberty, and put an end to the traitorous dominion of the cruel and perfidious class minority which is degrading and oppressing them, the nation has no further cause of war with them. If they will not do this, or if they cannot do it in their present miserable condition, it must be done for them—and it will be. The American people have not sought this war; they were led to the brink, not only of ruin, but of infamy, in the attempt to avoid it. . . . And now, in this great crisis, if God will own our efforts, we will retrieve our destiny—and teach mankind a lesson which after ages will be slow to forget.

II. The Power of the Nation shown to be complete, and its duty imperative, to crush this rebellion, and preserve the Federal Union and Constitution.

[We have omitted all the pages, under this head.]

III. The Internal State of the Country, as affected by the War.

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When we speak of the moral condition of the country, we do not intend, especially, its spiritual state, as in the sight of God. We mean that moral state which is the sum of all the good and all the evil, presented in our mixed and confused probationary state—and presented to us now and amongst ourselves, as characteristic of our condition, and as decisively influential upon the future. This rebellion begins in an outrage upon many of the clearest obligations of natural religion—loyalty, love of country, fidelity to public trusts, gratitude for honors bestowed, truth and manhood in the discharge of obligations voluntarily assumed, nay, eagerly sought. How many of the leaders of this rebellion are free from the stain on their personal honor, of deliberately transgressing some or all of those natural obligations, which no contingency under heaven can justify any one in violating! We speak not of the mere fact of treason, as defined by human laws. What we speak of is the perfidy, in every revolting form, which has marked this treason, in its birth, in its growth, and in its present frantic struggle: men seeking to overthrow monuments, cemented by the blood of their immediate ancestors; men dishonoring names, illustrious through many generations; men betraying their friends, their neighbors, their kindred; men seducing children to take up arms against their parents—and then banding them with savages to desolate their own homes with fire and sword. It is a madness—a fearful madness. No madness can be greater, except the madness that could induce this great nation to suppose that God allows it to let this go unpunished.

Perhaps the most dangerous, as well as the most universal form, in which this characteristic perfidy has made itself manifest, is the suddenness with which thousands of *spies and informers* have appeared throughout the nation, the tenacity with which they have everywhere followed their degrading employment, and the alacrity with which honors and rewards, almost to the very high-



est, have been lavished upon them by the rebel government and people. In the States which have seceded, the mass of the loyal people, overwhelmed by force, have quietly acquiesced. In the loyal States, the mass of the disloyal people—wherever opportunity offered—seem to have given themselves up to a regular system of espionage, by means of which the rebel authorities, civil and military, have been kept perfectly informed of all they desire to know. All ranks of society, persons in private life and those in every kind of public employment from the lowest to the highest, persons of every age and of both sexes; appear to make it the chief business of their lives to obtain secret and dangerous information for the benefit of the rebel authorities. Betraying their country, they break with indifference every tie that binds human beings to each other. The humiliated parent doubts whether his own disloyal child will not betray him; the husband may not safely confide in his disloyal wife; and as for the obligation of civil or military oaths, or the honor which should bind every one in whom trust is reposed, no loyal man in America any longer believes that the mass of secessionists scattered through the loyal States, recognize the validity of these sacred bonds. It is, we suppose, certain, past doubt, that every important military movement since the war began has been betrayed to the enemy before it was made; and nine-tenths of the evils and miscarriages we have suffered have been occasioned by *spies and informers* in our midst.

Such a state of affairs as this cannot be endured. The danger of it renders it intolerable. The enormity of it justifies any remedy its extirpation may require. And they who are innocent of such turpitude themselves, instead of raising a clamor at the use of any means by which society seeks to protect itself, ought to be thankful for any opportunity to clear themselves from the suspicion under which they may have fallen.

As for us, we are ready to stand by the chief law officer of the Government, the Attorney-General of the United States, who, as we understand the matter, has given the explicit sanction of his high professional standing, and that of his great office, to the course which the President has taken.

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The financial condition and prospects of the country—the cost of the war in money, the questions of public credit, taxes, currency, public debt, and the like—are of great importance in themselves; and the use which is made of the popular ignorance on such subjects—by exaggerating whatever is evil and suppressing whatever is favorable, and by both means shaking the public constancy in pushing the war to a complete triumph—adds greatly to that importance. They who are familiar with such topics can do no greater service to the country than to remove all mystery from them, and disclose with precision our condition and prospects with reference to them. For ourselves, we readily admit that, in our judgment, the end demanded—namely, the independence of the nation, the freedom of the people, the security of society, and the glory of the country—ought to be achieved, let the pecuniary cost and the financial result be what they may. After our triumph, the country will remain, and it will belong to our posterity; and no one need doubt that the triumphant people will make the glorious country worth all it cost us to save both; nor that posterity will venerate, as they should, the heroic generation that sacrificed all, to save all. There is, however, no ordinary possibility that very great pecuniary sacrifices will be required of the loyal portion of the nation; and it is not out of the reach of probability that they may, as a whole, derive considerable pecuniary advantage from the aggregate result of this unnatural war. We will explain ourselves in as few words as possible.

So far as the great losses, if not the total ruin, of large numbers of people in a nation, are necessarily pecuniary misfortunes to the whole population, we do not see how the restored nation is to escape very great loss by this war. For it seems to us impossible for the Southern States, even if the war could be arrested at once, to extricate themselves from their deplorable financial condition, without extreme sacrifice; just as it seems to us certain that the main source of their affluence, in their own opinion—their virtual monopoly of cotton in the market of the world—is forever ended. If they protract this war to their utmost power, the Confederate Government, and every State govern-



ment connected with it, will come out of the war utterly bankrupt. The creditors of all those Governments will be so far ruined, as the loss of some thousand millions of dollars due to them by those Governments, can ruin their creditors. Some thousand millions more will be sunk in individual losses, unconnected with the Governments. Every species of property will fall, say one-half or more, in its merchantable value. The whole paper currency, after falling gradually till it ceases to be competent for any payment at all—will fall as an entire loss on the holders of it; the precious metals having long ago ceased to circulate. In the mean time, if the country is not speedily conquered, it passes over from the hands of the present usurpers, into the hands of three or four hundred thousand armed men—whose only means of existence is their arms. This, in every item of it, means desolation. In the aggregate, it presents a condition, which all the statesmen in the world have not the wisdom to unravel into prosperity, without first passing through multiplied evils, the least of which is infinitely greater than the greatest of those for which they took up arms against the Union. No such revolution as that attempted in the South can succeed; and its inevitable failure draws after it, always, a revolution in property. The present disloyal race of cotton and sugar and rice planters of the South—its great property holders, who ought, above all men, to have put down this rebellion—will, as a class, disappear, beggared, perhaps in large proportion extinct, when the war is over. It is a fearful retribution; but we do not see how they can escape it.

In effect, therefore, the Federal Government and the loyal States of America have no alternative but, besides maintaining their own financial solvency and credit during the war, to retrieve the ruin of the Southern States, as a part of the nation, after the war is done. No enlightened man ought to have any doubt of their ability to do both. At the present moment, we will enter no farther into the question of the national ability to do the latter, after the war is over; than to desire the reader to make, for himself, a full and just comparison of the present financial conditions of the United States, and the Confederate States—and satisfy himself of

the true causes of the immeasurable difference between them.

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IV. The External relations of the Country, considered with reference to the War.

The secessionists would have mankind believe, that, their conduct is prompted by the most elevated principles, and directed by the noblest instincts. In illustration of these pretensions, those who were in the highest civil stations, plundered the Government under which they were Senators, Members of Congress, and Cabinet officers: those who were in the naval and military service, betrayed the flag of their country, and delivered up, not only strong places, but the troops confided to them: those who had the opportunity, robbed the Government of money: those who were on foreign diplomatic service, used their positions to the greatest possible injury of the nation: and if there were any exceptions of honorable conduct amongst them (we do know of a single one) they occurred amongst those of subordinate rank, and have been concealed by their comrades, as marks of weakness. All these degrading evidences of the total demoralization of the party, occurred in that stage of the conspiracy, immediately preparatory to the commencement of open hostilities by them. At first, they seemed to have supposed that the nation would make no serious attempt to reduce them by force, and that a great people, betrayed and sold, would accept the ignominious fate prepared for it. When they awoke from this stupid dream, their first resort was, very naturally, to an exhibition of the quality of their heroism; and their wail of "*No coercion*" resounded through the land—echoed back by the concerted cry of their secret allies in the loyal States, "*Peace, on any terms, with our brethren.*" Their next resort, just as naturally, was a manifestation of the reality of their boasted confidence in themselves, in their resources, and in their cause. This, also, they exhibited in a manner perfectly characteristic. Emissaries were despatched to all foreign nations, embracing even the distracted Governments south of us, and not forgetting even our Indian tribes, or the Mormon kingdom. Everywhere, under the sun, where the least help seemed attainable, by whatever means they supposed might be



effectual, they eagerly sought it. Sometimes by menaces, sometimes by solicitations, sometimes seeking alliance, sometimes protection, sometimes offering everything, sometimes begging for anything—even for a king, if they could get nothing better. But always, and everywhere, help was what they wanted! Help, against their own country, which they had betrayed. Oh! patriots! Help, against their own people, whom they professed to have terrified, and to be able to subdue. Oh! heroes! A more shameful record does not disfigure the history of sedition.

The United States have had three foreign wars, in eighty-six years; two with Great Britain, one with Mexico; the whole three occupying less than one-seventh part of their national existence. Peace is emphatically the desire and policy of the nation; for peace offers to it conquests, well understood by it, far greater than any nation ever obtained by war. To treat all nations as friends, to treat them all alike, to have alliances with none, to have treaties of peace and commerce with all, to demand nothing that is not just and equal, to submit to nothing that is wrong: this is the simple, wise, and upright foreign policy of this great country. Seated, so to speak, on the outer margin of the world, as the world's civilization stood at the birth of this great nation, the fathers of the Republic understood and accepted the peculiar lot which God had assigned to their country; and their descendants, to the fourth and fifth generation, had steadily developed the noble and fruitful policy of their ancestors, beholding continually the increasing power and glory, in the fruition of which, in our day, they constituted one of the chief empires of the world. Whatever else the nation may have learned, or left unlearned, in a career so astonishing, it has learned at least that the career itself is not yet accomplished, and that it must not be cut short. It must not be; for we dare not allow it, as we would answer to God, to the human race, to the shade of our ancestors, and to the reproaches of our posterity. The very idea of forcing us, by means of foreign intervention, besides the indignation it begets, shows us how indispensable it is to our independence as a nation, that we must preserve the power by which to defy all such atrocious attempts. The true interpretation for a wise nation to

put on such a menace, is that it already behooves it to become more powerful. In the present condition of the chief nations of the earth, invincible strength is the first condition of national independence. And we, who are out of the European community of States, and out of the scope of their fixed ideas of European balance of power, which has, for so long a period, regulated that continent; are, beyond all other nations, pressed with the necessity of augmenting, instead of diminishing our power, if we would preserve our freedom. Two nations of moderate force made out of ours—and the continent is at the mercy of every powerful European combination: and this is the idea of freedom and glory, that characterizes the Confederate Government. One mighty nation—and the United States may defy all Europe combined; and this is the American idea of American independence. Let the fact, therefore, be taken as final, that any foreign attempt to support the secession rebellion, is not merely tantamount to a declaration of war—but to war against the future independence of the United States. And let the Federal Government clearly understand, that this is the deliberate sense of the American people. And let all foreign Governments be made fully aware that this is the sense in which such an attempt will be taken.

We do not ourselves believe that any foreign Government will interfere in our unhappy civil war.\* The doctrine of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of nations, is not only the settled international law of Europe; but it has been of late thoroughly and generally enforced, and its present breach would completely tear in pieces the web of diplomacy that involves the European system of peace. Nor do we see what any European nation could gain by assailing us, comparable to the risk it would run. They certainly would get but little *cotton* by it, if that is what they seek—for some years to come, if ever. Cotton is a product of the plow and the hoe—not of the sword and the gun; and commerce means peace, not war. We do see, moreover, how any serious injury to the United States, might fatally affect one and another European nation; and we can hardly imagine the overthrow of our

\* This article was published before the arrest of Mason and Slidell.



national power to be attempted by any European combination, under existing circumstances, without producing a general European war—if not immense European revolutions. France, it is clear, has the highest interest in preventing the destruction of the only maritime power in the world, besides herself, that can even keep in check the dominion of England over the sea ; a dominion which, for seventy years, France has been diligently preparing to dispute. England, whatever may be the wishes and feelings of certain classes, is still more thoroughly restrained. For—to say nothing of the probable loss of her American possessions, nothing of the ruin of her commerce throughout the world—her fierce population, educated for a whole generation to a fanatical hatred of slavery, and having hardly finished paying a hundred millions of dollars to extinguish it in their own cotton and sugar colonies ; would be slow to indulge in the spending of two or three thousand millions more, in a war which they would understand to be for the maintenance of the very cotton and sugar slavery in foreign States, which they have so lately bought out, at home. They are a people, besides, that when driven to extremity, have small faith in royal dynasties—and have, before now, despatched kings in the closet, on the battle-field, and upon the scaffold. Spain is hardly worth speaking about in this connection, except as the owner of some desirable islands in the Gulf of Mexico ; *mare nostrum* (*our sea*) as the Romans proudly called the Mediterranean. And these are the chief maritime powers of Europe—certainly the only ones we need take into this account. We will add nothing concerning the friendly dispositions of all other European Governments ; nothing concerning the public opinion of Europe, before which even governments must bow ; nothing concerning the traditional and vehement sympathy of those masses of European population who make revolutions, whose hearts are with the United States even against their own sovereigns, and so many thousands of whose near kindred and friends are to-day amongst the best officers and most effective troops in our armies. Enough, it seems to us, has been said to direct the thoughts of the reader toward those considerations, which ought to satisfy the public mind on this particular topic. With ordi-

nary prudence, courage, and fair dealing, on the part of our Government, with foreign States, it does not appear to us that there is any ordinary possibility of a serious rupture with any of them, growing out of this war.

If, however, contrary to our judgment of the facts, war should be forced upon us by any foreign nation—or should occur from any untoward accident, there is no reason to doubt our ability to put down the rebellion in the South, and maintain the Union, notwithstanding the utmost aid the greatest foreign nation could give to the rebels. We will not now discuss the subject, in that aspect. Such a war as we have said, will, probably, not occur in our day. If it ever does occur, either it will wholly fail in its avowed object—or its effects will be far greater and more lasting, than they who bring it on expect or intend. Let mankind, at length, receive the sublime truth, that great nations do not die ; that great peoples do not perish. Let them accept, at last, the astonishing fact—more palpable in the developments of our age, than ever before—that nationalities once established, are, according to any measure of time known to history, really immortal. And then let them remember, that this is, in truth, a great nation, and that the nationality shared by the American people, is not only thoroughly established, but one of the most distinct and powerful that ever existed.

It seems proper, in this connection, to make some general allusion to the naval arm of the public service, and to the naval power of the United States. Proper in some part of this paper ; because that element of our national power, must be considered decisive of the contest with the rebel States, even if they were in other respects as strong as the nation itself. Proper in this place ; because it is the supremacy of the navies both of France and Great Britain over ours—that exposes us to the degradation even of a menace, from either of those powers—and that begets the wild hope in the Confederate Government, that either of them will interfere in this war, on its behalf. If the navy of the United States bore any fair comparison with that of either of the two powers that rank with us, as the great maritime States of the world ; no one ever would have heard a whisper about the armed intervention of either of them, in our domestic troubles.



And if, at the commencement of this rebellion, the military marine of the United States, even such as it then was, had been promptly and skilfully used, the revolt could have been suppressed at the tenth part—perhaps the hundredth part—of the treasure and the blood it may cost. It is, unhappily, true that the conspiracy against the country embraced a large number of the officers of the navy, as well as of the army; and that the ships and navy-yards, as well as the forts and regiments, had been carefully disposed, by a corrupt administration, in such a manner as to render them as little serviceable as possible. But, besides this, both arms of the service, and especially the navy, were shamefully inadequate to the safety, the power, and the dignity of the nation; and both arms, but especially the navy, came utterly short, at first, of what might have been justly expected of them. It is to be hoped that the time has fully come, to retrieve errors which have cost us so much.

From the remotest antiquity, the maritime powers of the world have exerted an influence over human affairs, altogether disproportionate to their relative strength, as compared with other nations. The Phœnicians, the maritime cities of Greece, the Greek cities of Asia Minor, the Carthaginians, the Italian Free Cities of the Middle Ages, more recently Holland, and, for nearly two centuries past, Great Britain: everywhere, in all ages, the same truths are palpable—commerce is the parent of national wealth—and a military marine is, relatively to all other means of national power and security, by far the cheapest, the most effec-

tive, and the least dangerous to public freedom. The United States are fitted, in every way, to become the first maritime power in the world. And some of the best fruits of the terrible lesson we are now learning, will be lost, unless our statesmen of the present age, and of future generations, comprehend more clearly than hitherto, that the mission set before the American people cannot be accomplished, either in its internal completeness, or its external force, except by means of a military marine equal, at the very least, to the greatest in the world.

The liberty and glory of the Greeks were altogether personal. The freedom and power of the Roman Republic were altogether public. The great problem yet to be solved, is the transcendent union of both. It belongs to the American people, if they see fit, to give and enjoy this sublime illustration of human grandeur. The indispensable elements of success, are, *internally*, the perfect preservation of our political system, in its whole purity, its whole force, and its whole extent: and, *externally*, the complete independence of the nation, of all foreign powers. In maintaining the former, our immediate necessity is—to extinguish, at whatever cost, this civil war. In preserving the latter, our immediate necessity is—to repel, amicably if we can, with arms if need be, and at every hazard, all foreign interference in support of this rebellion. We are able, if God requires it at our hands, to do both by his help. Our star is set, when we fail of doing either. With nations, there is a great choice in the way of dissolution—the choice between the contempt, and the veneration, of the human race.

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**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.** — At the meeting of this society on the 30th ultimo, a good account was given of the prosperous advance of the society. Although established but little more than four months, it already musters one hundred and sixty members, and is daily receiving additional subscribers. Its object and purpose are to make known the many beautiful photographs, not excelled even by the works of professors of the art, which have hitherto remained unseen in private cabinets, except to the immediate friends of the owners. The society print from the negatives sent by their members, and dispose of the copies by sale to the public; each member contributing negatives

being entitled to select two guineas' worth of photographs for his guinea subscription, and to have any additional quantity at half the sale price. Subscribers not contributing negatives have a similar but not so great an advantage. The society seems to be taking firm hold, when already gentlemen in India, Canada, Antigua, Rio Janeiro, Cape of Good Hope, and other foreign parts have enlisted themselves; and the fact makes it evident how much good service may be rendered to science, as well as instruction and amusement given to the public, if the society's matters are well managed; of which we certainly have a guarantee while such men as Mr. Glashier and Mr. Shadbolt remain on the committee.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS UNDER THEIR  
COMIC ASPECT.

THE victims of a delusion, when it has been exposed, are not unusually the first to laugh at their credulity, which is some set-off to previous discomfort or misleading. If, for instance, in the evening twilight we have mistaken a Scotch thistle for a ghost, or a black ram for a German ogre, a mirthful outbreak offers a welcome equivalent for antecedent fears and misapprehensions. These, however, are only fleeting deceptions of the senses, as unimportant as the wild imagery of a dream, and unlike the mental phantasma of a more abiding nature, by which, from mistaken impressions, a community has been misled for generations. Of this higher class may be reckoned the story of the "Letters of Junius," and having been lately occupied in completing the discovery \* of the great political enigma of nearly a century, I shall on this occasion touch upon the authorship of them in some of its more amusing presentments. Independent of the mystery of their origin, they form an epoch in political writing, from which the commencement of journalistic power may be dated, and as such, a step of intellectual progress meriting attention.

But I must first premise that I consider little or any doubt remains of the author of these celebrated epistles. That the Letters were written, and that Sir Philip Francis was the author of them, appear facts alike indubitable. But the most remarkable incident in their history is, that the world should have been so long and successfully deceived; that a score and more of persons should have been challenged, and never the right one; yet that the author should be of no mean eminence in public life, be always astir in broad day, still, notwithstanding his notoriety, continue unrevealed and even unsuspected, though several beside himself were in the secret, and that, at the last, was he only fixed upon from an accidental collocation of names and dates inadvertently furnished by himself, despite of his anxious and ever-watchful efforts to preserve to the last his anonymity.

Astounding as these truths are, they are not of difficult solution. The glittering

gems in the astral vault are innumerable and unchangeable in place, but if we look for any particular star in the wrong place we shall not find it. It was so with Junius; he was sought where he was not. At the outset inquirers were put on a wrong scent. He was a great writer, and it was concluded from his rare gifts, vast information, and lofty demeanor, that he must also be a great personage—a minister of state, generalissimo, or perhaps the king himself, for even George III. ranked among the imputed.

All that Francis did or assumed—his anonymous simulations of high connections, proud disdain of assailants, polished and sarcastic diction—were essential to the success of his enterprise. They are the attributes wont to be associated with power, and his aim was to be oracular from a lofty perch. Less would not have sufficed. He had a great design in hand for his station—to overturn a ministry and replace it by another more favorable to his own purposes. But himself only a young man, a clerk in the War-office, thunder or fiery darts from such a crater, had they been permitted to issue by his superiors, would have been powerless. The world is shy of *parvenus*, the unknown or untried, and perhaps wisely so. Those who assume to teach or direct it must first show credentials—have slain their Goliath like the son of Jessie—or produce other testimonial of fitness and capability. Francis could not do this. He possessed uncommon abilities, of which he was no doubt conscious; had won medals and other scholastic honors, and had obtained little places and preferments from exalted patrons—all, however, inadequate pretensions for the vocation to which he ambitiously aspired, as pilot of the state vessel, and supreme director of public opinion through the agency of the press.

In the absence of the real, to give weight and authority to his writings, he tendered the counterfeit, which was fully and without mistrust accepted. He had previously, under other signatures, essayed his 'prentice hand, and had become master of the chief arts of popular impression and literary composition. To gain the general ear was his first object, and with this view, in his opening letter, he commences in the not unusual routine by flattering the people for their just and elevated sentiments and innocence of

\* By the Essay on the "Letters of Junius," in Mr. Bohn's Standard Library



blame for public calamities. These he traces wholly to the executive government, none of the members of which have the requisite experience, abilities, or common sense; the king, too, he considerably exempts from all blame, and lauds him for "the purest of all possible hearts," and his anxious endeavor at the outset of his reign to unite parties, and select the most worthy to rule. Having separated the innocent, he pounces on the guilty, dissects the entire ministry, holding up each singly and successively to scorn and contumely. Grafton, as the head of it, is, of course, the chief delinquent—a "young nobleman already ruined by play," and "an apostate by design from every honorable engagement;" yet to him is committed the "finances of a nation already sinking under its debts and expenses." The chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, is next arraigned as without parliamentary abilities and influence; "repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance, ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn, deliberate plans disconcerted, and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment." The rest are depicted in similar disparaging colors, and a string of terse, telling, and compact paragraphs, wound up with the declaration that the "crisis is so full of terror and despair," that nothing less can save the nation from the vices and incapacities of its administration than the "merciful interposition of Providence."

Denunciation of this Olympian pitch at once arrested public attention, and drew into the lists no unworthy opponent, with real name, distinguished in public life for military services, as well as a scholar and accomplished gentleman. Sir William Draper did not aim at a general reply to the anti-ministerial strictures of Junius, but only to rescue his particular friend, the Marquis of Granby, from the talons of his assailant. In his devotion he himself became the victim, and was unmercifully shown up in respect of his own pseudo-public services, pension, honors, and preferment. The position of Junius at the War-office enabled him to do this with minuteness and force, though he inadvertently fell into an error as to forms in his own office, which Sir William laid hold of. The combatants exchanged several missives, and though Sir William had the worst of the conflict, Junius admitted

that his labors as author did no discredit to a "newspaper." He evinced his defeat by losing his temper, and seeking to make the controversy a personal affair by calling on Junius to unmask and take the responsibility of "strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation." But this concession was inadmissible, as Junius had only appeared with visor down, and in such guise Sir William had volunteered a passage of arms.

But Junius aimed at more exalted quarry than a colonel on half-pay. It was the downfall of the ministry he sought, and for this issue singled out its head, the First Lord of the Treasury, for annihilation. It arose from an indefensible attempt of the minister to screen from justice a party of guards who had rescued General Gansel from the hands of the sheriff's officers, after they had arrested him for debt. It was followed by others inculpatory of the public acts of the Duke of Grafton, and his private character was assailed by imputations on his morality in openly parading his mistress in a public theatre. The chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, is addressed in a lively, sarcastic, and pungent epistle, for rewarding the services of Colonel Luttrell to the ministry, in coming forward to contest with Alderman Wilkes the representation of Middlesex. Upon the Duke of Bedford, Junius concentrated all his venom; his grace had become unpopular from his negotiation of the peace of 1763, but his great offence was his junction with the Grafton ministry, by which its dissolution was delayed. The duke was more unmercifully mangled than any, by a contumacious appreciation of his general character, bitter railing against his political conduct, and personal anecdotal disparagements. But in this consisted the subtlety of the state satirist—the most exalted are the most humiliated—serving thereby a double purpose in reducing the influence of the most powerful and magnifying that of their invisible assailant. It was more by his unsparing attacks on the grandees of the realm than the vigor and finish of his writings that the fame of Junius culminated. In respect of literary tact and polish, some of his known earlier writings were little inferior to his later compositions, but they failed, in common with effusions from others, to make a signal



popular impression. It was only when ducal statesmen, or still more exalted personages, were subjected to his incisive pen that general attention was aroused. This gave a marked impulse to the sale of the *Public Advertiser*, in which they first appeared, and were thence reprinted by other journals. His famous address to the king completed his renown, established him as the most bold and accomplished gladiator that ever figured in journalist columns. Of this spirited and dignified effusion he himself appears to have thought highly. In a private note to the printer he says, "I am now meditating a capital, and, I hope, a final, piece." It must have answered his utmost expectations, for an unprecedented number (seventeen hundred and fifty) of extra copies were printed of the *Public Advertiser*, and not a single copy was to be procured a few hours after its publication. It was for this production Mr. Woodfall was prosecuted, and obtained the celebrated verdict of "guilty of printing and publishing only." This novel and equivocal return gave rise to two distinct motions in court, one by defendant, for arrest of judgment, and an adverse one by the crown. On the case being argued, the court of King's Bench granted a new trial. But this also failed, from the neglect of the attorney-general in not producing the original newspaper by which the publication could be proved.

These futile and blundering proceedings of course made an immense noise, and elevated Junius to the highest pinnacle, on which for a season he continued as the greatest and most mysterious incendiary that had appeared, defiant of authority in its highest seats. The celebrated Horne Tooke, with others of no little consideration, essayed to break a lance with him; they helped to diversify the incidents of the battle-field, and were dealt with in that pleasant put-aside fashion that made it appear like a condescension to notice such small fry. The loftiest in the literary and political world esteemed it not beneath them to speculate on the new Hercules that had strangled, sans pity, all who had excited his ire. That he was a person of the highest mark in scholarship, unsurpassed in ability in state and legislation, in court life and personal connections, not a particle of doubt was entertained. Among the suspected by different writers,

with varying degrees of proof, from resemblance of sentiment, handwriting, style, and so forth, were six peers of the realm, two bishops, numerous commoners, and some of the principal literati of the time. Dr. Johnson thought it was Burke's thunder, but Edmund satisfied the Gamaliel of his innocence. Indeed, Burke was among the bewildered, and equally carried off his feet with the great moralist. It originated his well-known description of the mighty boar of the forest, who had broken through all the toils of the law, bearing away in his tusks the mangled "limbs of king, lords, and commons." Lord North sought to comfort the orator, assuring him that "the mighty Junius, who had foiled the hunters, would in the end be speared."

This extravagance must have been as amusing as gratifying to the unknown in his War-office retreat. The extreme caution and dexterous contrivances by which he threw the hunters, who were many besides Mr. Garriek, on a wrong scent, were quite equal, if not superior, in cleverness to his writings. Discovery would have been fatal to him in every respect—to his official permanence, to the weight and celebrity of his Letters, and to his future hopes from a Chatham restoration. Consequently, false lights were thrown out in every direction to divert suspicion from the Horse Guards. Junius thus became, to the imagination of his contemporaries and other inquirers, a patrician figure, in which every feature of personality, birth, and position differed from the reality. "My rank and fortune," he says, "place me above a common bribe." A seat in the Cabinet, of course, or more potential individuality, could only buy him. Probably he was one of the great but disappointed hereditary heads of parties—a Rockingham, Grenville, Shelburne, or Chatham. A fallen angel certainly, perhaps the highest, with Satanic powers, intense pride, hatred, and ambition. "You shall know me by my works," he tells Woodfall. Mere gain from his writings appears beneath notice. In a note respecting a reprint of his Letters, he says, "What you say about profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, I am far above all pecuniary views."

Not content with creating an impression of affluence and rank, he sought to clothe himself, though a young man, with the venerableness of age. As one of the fruits of



his past life, he strongly inculcates honesty to Woodfall. "After long experience in the world," he tells him, "I can assure you I never knew a rogue who was happy." Wilkes tries to draw him to a Mansion-house ball; offers him tickets, and expresses the joy he would feel to see him dance with Polly, his daughter. Junius replies: "Many thanks for your obliging offer, but, alas, my age and figure would do little credit to my partner." Would not any one have inferred the writer was an old man; or, if not advanced in years, beyond middle life and somewhat portly. But Francis was never corpulent; bone and muscle, as in his writings, were dominant over the softer tissues.

Mr. Woodfall, who had been his school-fellow at St. Paul's, and who in personal contact must have recognized him, he was very apprehensive of meeting. At one time he thought Woodfall had made the discovery; but he was re-assured, and was successful in completely blinding him. The printer became so awe-struck by a sense of the great unknown with whom he was in correspondence, that he reverentially sought his guidance in the discharge of his electoral duties. The great demi-gorgon of the city lay prostrate. "I do not mean," says Wilkes, "to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times—the authorship of Junius. I will not attempt with profane hands to tear the sacred veil of the sanctuary. I am disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica, to erect an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." To whom the god replies, first reproving the lax ethics of his worshipper: "I find I am treated as other gods usually are by their votaries, with sacrifice and ceremony in abundance, and very little obedience. The profession of your faith is unexceptionable; but I am a modest deity, and should be full as well satisfied with morality and good works.\*

The myrmidons of the court and responsible advisers of the crown stood aghast, confounded by the mortal shafts aimed by the invisible archer. It was the apparent omnipresence of the foe and his universal knowledge of great and small affairs that alarmed and distracted suspicions. No state coun-

cil, project, or change escaped his all-prying eyes. If a secret expedition was fitting out, he knew it; if war impended, he anticipated all the quidnances of the Cocoa-tree. If ministerial changes were in prospect, Junius was the first to signal them. Were a nobleman affronted, he was the earliest to denounce it. "That Swinney," says he, "is a wretched but dangerous fool to address Lord George Sackville." "Beware of David Garrick; he was sent to pump you, and went directly to tell the king." Of the cabals, clubs, and officials of the city of London he was equally cognizant. He cautions Alderman Wilkes against making "himself so cheap by walking the streets so much." Doubtless, wishing it to be understood he had descried him from his carriage, or other patrician stall, in the practice of so plebeian a style of locomotion.

In such assumptions consist the chief comedy of the Junius' Letters. The writer was nearly at the lowest step of promotion's ladder, and adroitly scheming, by false lights and intense labor, to reach a higher round. His extraordinary industry and efforts to compass this issue it is impossible to consider without admiration. The composition of the Letters must have been the result of elaborate pains, thought, and research, independent of the ordinary duties of his clerkship. Traces appear in some of them, from the absence of sequence, in the construction of the paragraphs, that they were not thrown off at a heat, but composed, or sketched, probably, on separate slips of paper, and then from haste, or want of time, sent to the printer without a proper fusion and arrangement of parts. Composition was only one of the anxious duties pertaining to the Letters. The materials had been to collect, inquiries to be made in various channels and of divers persons; and, lastly, the conveyance of the finished product, all under strict secrecy, to the office of the *Advertiser*.

All this, however, comports well with the history and character of Sir Philip Francis, whose ambition was less the desire of literary celebrity than of official pre-eminence. He was never a recluse, but a man of action; clever and alert in society, as well as a precocious scholar. When a minor, he frequently dined with his elders at the table-d'hôte of Slaughter's Coffee-house. Higher

\* Excerpts from the writer's "Essay," and essential to bring out the aim of the present article.



sources of intelligence than that of town adventures flowed from his peculiar connection at the War-office, or from persons who, like himself, were busy in the gossip, hopes, and affairs of political life. In all these respects he was advantageously placed, both from his position in a public department and personal affinities. Early in life, from ability and trustworthiness, he had obtained the confidential patronage of the first Lord Holland, next of the Earl of Chatham; these able and influential noblemen, not directly, probably, but through the intermediate agency of Earl Temple, Mr. Calcraft, and Dr. Francis, became the chief sources of the private information of Junius. They had ample means for contributing all the parliamentary, court, and club news that rendered the Letters remarkable. The City news passed partly through the same hands, especially Mr. Calcraft's, and was obtained first from Alderman Beckford, and after his death from Alderman Sawbridge. Wilkes communicated with Junius through the medium of Mr. Woodfall. Such were the real but unconscious *dramatis personæ*, none of whom appear to have been in the secret at the outset of the Letters, and only some of them afterwards, when they had become celebrated. That they were competent auxiliaries, though unknowingly so, to all the requirements of the Junius undertaking, and that their available aid, it is likely, suggested to Francis his enterprise, will be evident from some brief indication in the Essay referred to, of their social and official relations.

Dr. Francis, the accomplished father of Sir Philip, and not very dissimilar from him, was the favorite chaplain of Lord Holland, living in intimate fellowship with him. They met at the house of Mrs. G. A. Bellamy, the noted courtesan, then in the keeping of Mr. John Calcraft, who had been the confidential clerk of his lordship in the busiest period of his career. Lord Holland, after retiring from the king's service, continued a favorite at court: he was, in fact, the confidential adviser of both the king and Lord Bute in the chief ministerial crises that rapidly ensued from 1763 to 1770. It was by his lordship's intervention the Grafton ministry was strengthened by the Bedford party, and it was this ducal union that subsequently rendered the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford

the bitter objects of the attacks of Junius, when his favorite patron, Lord Chatham, had recovered from his suspended animation, and had become eager to regain the premiership by the destruction of the coalition ministry. At this later period Calcraft, who had been deputy-commissary of musters, after enriching himself in the service of Lord Holland, but unable to reach the height of his ambition, had deserted his lordship for the opposite party, and become the confidential secretary of Lord Chatham. He was a member of the House of Commons, but, Junius says, gave silent votes. Though no speaker, he was extensively connected with, and well informed on, all state affairs. With him the younger Francis appears, from the "Chatham Correspondence," to have been in constant communication under the denomination of a "friend." That this "friend" was the younger Francis, the author of the Letters, and the Sir Philip Francis of a later period, there can be no doubt. Evidence of the most intimate and friendly ties between them may be readily adduced. Mr. Calcraft exerted himself to obtain for Francis the appointment of deputy secretary-at-war; failing in that, he on the same day Francis was dismissed from the War-office, added a codicil to his will, bequeathing him a handsome legacy, and an annuity for life to Mrs. Francis.\* This fact, and the disclosures in the Chatham papers of the constant interchange of intelligence between Calcraft and Francis, led me to conclude that letters and papers which Francis had addressed to Lord Chatham's secretary might be in the possession of his descendants. Under this impression, I wrote to Mr. Calcraft, but almost immediately after I had done so, I learned from an unquestionable source that my application would be fruitless, as nearly half a century before Sir Philip Francis, aware that a mine existed in that quarter, had got back all his papers. No doubt Sir Philip destroyed them, as no scrap of them remains with his family; they shared in common, it is likely, the fate of the manuscript of Junius' Letters and the vellum-bound copy he received from Mr. Woodfall. It was in 1787 he got back his papers; he was then in hot

\* Not the lawfully affianced, as I have been informed by a lady contemporary of the parties, but living with Francis on the same terms, probably, she had previously done with the deputy-commissary.



war against Warren Hastings, when any discovery that he was the redoubtable Junius would have been damaging to his influence, as several of his colleagues in the impeachment of the ex-governor-general were among those he had bitterly reviled under the shelter of his *nom de guerre*.

The Calcraft disclosure added an important link to the chain of testimony. In an article on Hastings, \* Lord Macaulay enumerated five points, identifying in his position, pursuits, and connections Sir. P. Francis with Junius, and only two of which could be found in any other person. For myself, I reduced the roll of candidates immensely, by showing that Junius was certainly not a clergyman of any grade, nor a lawyer, nor a member of either House of Parliament. In addition, I cleared up the difficulties preceding investigators had left relative to the intellectual competence of Sir Francis to the task of Junius; his ready and various sources of intelligence; his evasive denial of the Letters; the different style of his later public writings, and the conditions of reticence which his compact with Lord North enforced both on himself and others in the secret of his authorship.

Junius will ever rank among the most able, best-sustained, and successful of literary impostures. By big words, classic style, loud professions of disinterestedness, and patrician demeanor, the public was misled for almost a century. The anxious vigilance the deception imposed on the author must have been immense, and for which his direct reward was *nil*. He wholly failed in his leading purpose; in lieu of a Chatham, a North became premier, and the people, weary, of changes without amendments, acquiesced in the substitution. Disgusted with the results, Junius withdrew from the arena to a new sphere of action, and, it may be added, of disappointment and baffled schemes.

His labors in the composition of the Letters and concealment of their authorship were enormous, without enabling him to carry off any brilliant trophy, or derive any comfort, not even that of self-satisfaction. Whatever contemporary pride he might have had in the Letters, he appears to have had none afterwards. Else why his stead-

fast and anxious disavowal of them? Except indirectly, in a kind of death-bed confession, never the slightest admission or indication escaped him of the authorship. Overtly and conclusively he never seems to have coveted any fame or merit pertaining to them. Indeed, he considered himself superior to them, Lord Brougham intimates; and, no doubt improving with the fashion of the age, he had become so in respect of the private details and calumnies in which Junius had freely indulged, to give piquancy to his writings. But more cogent reasons may be adduced for his abstinence in the later incidents and connections of his public life. The avowal of the authorship would have exiled him from society; for how could many of the distinguished persons with whom he subsequently became intimately connected have associated with the anonymous defamer of their dearest connections, both by blood and political ties? How, for instance, could the Dukes of Grafton or Bedford, who survived during the active portion of the life of Francis, and whom Junius had calumniated with unscrupulous bitterness, have consorted with him. Their numerous descendants must have cherished corresponding provocatives to alienation and resentment. In what way some of them felt towards Junius may be instanced in a distinguished living personage, better known for amiability than the violence of his antipathies. I allude to the comments of Lord John Russell in his Introductions to the "Bedford Correspondence." Junius, in the fashion of his age, sought to lessen the influence of public men by defaming their private character, a species of irrelevant hostility to which political disputants of the present day have become superior. After some reflections on this abuse of the liberty of the press, and the tendency of anonymous writing to exaggeration, Lord John Russell adverts in strong terms to Junius. "But it seems," says his lordship, "to have been the delight of this libeller to harrow the souls of those who were prominent in public life; and while he had not the courage to fight with the sword in the open daylight, he had too much malignity to refrain from the *use of the dagger, covered by a mask*, and protected by the obscurity of the night. Nor can any excuse be found for him in the warmth of his ardor for public liberty. His

\* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1841.



zeal on that subject was wonderfully tempered by discretion. He viewed favorably the taxation of America, but dreaded as excessive innovations 'the disfranchisement of Gattou and Sarum.'"

With such sentiments and antagonisms it would certainly not have been pleasant, if safe, for Sir Philip Francis, as Junius, to have encountered a scion of the house of Bedford, with full right to question him in the saloons of Holland House or the more free warren of a club-room. Discovery would have obviously and seriously endangered Sir Philip's peace, and weakened, if it had not destroyed, his political connection; and that at a time when he needed all the strength he could raise to fight his Indian battle against Warren Hastings.

As some set-off to the personalities of the Letters may be pleaded, as already remarked, contemporary usage, their literary excellence, elevated moral tone, free but moderate constitutional sentiments. As to the bubble of high station and authority with which Junius so cleverly misled the public, they were allowable from the necessities of his position. A cause may be good, its advocacy eloquent and able, but alone they only slowly win attention. The field of popular favor is already occupied, and new admissions, jealously scrutinized; neglect at first, and stingy favor next, are the common ordeal of new aspirants to distinction. It is the same for all. Deeds, not words, are the test of merit alike in all the principal walks of life—in literature and science, the professions, forum, and the senate-house. Rank, title, and wealth are sometimes privileged, but only from popular impression, as the representatives of past services, or assumed present desert. Francis at the outset had need of these testimonials. He had great gifts natural and acquired; had worthily filled inferior places, but had no name or high position. These he necessarily sought to meet

the popular prestige. His writings were a sufficient voucher of his abilities, but not of the political and personal revelations which established his authority in public opinion.

The reason the secret was so well kept has this simple solution: that all the parties privy to it were interested in keeping it. There needed no compact for the purpose, though I believe there was one. With what credit or comfort could Junius himself reveal it? Setting aside the deadly enmities he had fomented, and would have had to face in after life, he, a Whig, had accepted a "common bribe" from a Tory ministry by a lucrative nabobship. George III. knew who Junius was, but had taken the rebel into his service, and the king's lips were sealed like those of his minister, Lord North. With what honor could the "great Lord Chatham" divulge it? He and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, had combined with an anonymous libeller to destroy a ministry they hoped to succeed. All traces of this undignified alliance were doubtless destroyed, as were those of the Chathamite liaisons in City intrigues with Aldermen Beckford and Sawbridge. Mr. Burke it is probable knew Junius, with whom he was in intimate intercourse after his return from India, but he had the same inducement as Francis himself to reticence, engaged as they were in concert in the impeachment of Hastings. Besides, how humiliated and how ridiculous Burke must have felt after his extravagant eulogium of the clever unknown. Alderman Wilkes had been similarly duped. He had swallowed Junius in all his disguises, and was so overcome in devotion as actually to raise an altar to the "unknown god of his idolatry." Could he, too, have been the abject worshipper of the painted devil, or could he hope to mention the name and position of the author of his delusion without being laughed at? As to Mr. John Calcraft, one of the most efficient stokers of the Junian furnace, he, with other aids, died too early for revelations.

\* Bedford Correspondence, Introduction, vol. iii. p. 66.



## THE PICKET GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
 "Except now and then a stray picket  
 Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
 'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,  
 Will not count in the news of the battle ;  
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men  
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

\* \* \* \* \*

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;  
 Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn  
 moon  
 Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.  
 A tremulous sign, as the gentle night-wind  
 Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping ;  
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's  
 tread  
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,  
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
 His musket falls slack—his face, dark and  
 grim,  
 Grows gentle with memories tender,  
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—  
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as  
 then,  
 That night when the love yet unspoken  
 Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured  
 vows  
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
 Then drawing his sleeves roughly over his  
 eyes,  
 He dashes off tears that are welling,  
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,  
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
 The foot-step is lagging and weary ;  
 Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of  
 light,  
 Toward the shade of the forest so dreary,  
 Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the  
 leaves ?  
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?  
 It looked like a rifle—. "Ha ! Mary, good-  
 by !"  
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
 No sound save the rush of the river ;  
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the  
 dead—  
 The picket's off duty forever !

—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

E. B.

## PACEM, PEAGRIM, PRECAMUR.

Oh dear, you inopportune Peagrim,  
 It's enough to give any one meagrim,  
 To think of the row you may get us in now,  
 By your conduct, inopportune Peagrim !

The ship *Harvey Birch* on the sea grim  
 You might board and might burn, Captain  
 Peagrim,  
 And we only should say, in a casual way,  
 'Twas unlucky she met Captain Peagrim !

But when in Southampton you free, grim,  
 The prisoners you've caught, Captain Pea-  
 grim,  
 We are placed in a fix, to pronounce if your  
 tricks  
 Are a hero's, or pirate's, O Peagrim !

If a pirate we hold, Captain Peagrim.  
 The Confederate States they will be grim ;  
 And again, if we don't, the United States wont  
 Be disposed to take our view of Peagrim.

Thus placed betwixt two fires by Peagrim,  
*Mr. Punch* is afflicted with meagrim :  
 He would fain be impartial in any court-mar-  
 tial  
 That's held on the *status* of Peagrim.

A lieutenant's commission holds Peagrim,  
 But that wont on the wall stick the flea, grim.  
 Though lieutenant he be, that's no warrant at  
 sea  
 Giving powers of capture to Peagrim.

Yet as pirate we can't give up Peagrim,  
 At the yard-arm straight run up to be, grim :  
 Which Adams, I fear, will declare 'tis quite  
 clear,  
 Is the right sort of treatment for Peagrim.

Yet to make *casus belli* of Peagrim—  
 Loose the war-dogs, by land and by sea, grim ;  
 For a man with that name ! On the annals of  
 fame  
 To inscribe, not Britannia, but Peagrim !

Then let's all pray for peace spite of Peagrim :  
 May war-fears pass off like a meagrim ;  
 And by hook or by crook may we live to re-  
 buke  
 Those who feel apprehensions from Peagrim !  
 —*Punch*.

## TAKE HEED.

Among the pitfalls in our way  
 The best of us walk blindly.  
 So, man, be wary ; watch and pray,  
 And judge your brother kindly.



Part of an Article in The Examiner, 7, Dec.

# THE AMERICAN APPROVAL OF THE TRENT OUTRAGE.

THE Americans accuse us of blowing hot and cold in the same breath, and for the nonce abandoning our own position of international law, and adopting and turning theirs against them. The charge applies incomparably more strongly to them, who are belligerents or not, waging war, or putting down rebels just as this particular question is concerned or not. But supposing us to take a partial view of our own case, as all people are prone to do, how do they account for the concurrence of France in the opinion expressed in this country? There is hardly a journal of any note and influence on the other side of the Channel that has not condemned the outrage against our flag (justly characterized by the *Revue Contemporaine* as an insolent and brutal provocation), and approved the spirit and at the same time the moderation with which it has been resented in this country. It is known, too, that the diplomatic corps in America have indicated their dissatisfaction, and we think we may safely and fairly assume that the judgment of the whole civilized world will be given against the American conduct in the affair of the *Trent*, and the preposterous justification attempted for it.

Most satisfactory to us, however, is the opinion of our nearest neighbor, both for its intrinsic worth, and as striking disproof of the prejudice and ill-will which have been supposed to prevail in France against us. Here certainly was an opportunity for the vent of such feelings if they had existence, instead of which there has been the promptest, most generous, and able assertion of the rights in the maintenance of which we are concerned. It may be thought that the pride of the French publicists keeps their judgment clear of prejudice on a question of international law, and there is little disparagement in that construction; but there is no reluctance in the judgment, nothing grudged in it, and it bears all the marks of substantial justice rendered with right goodwill.

What will be the event? is now the question, and the general response is not cheering. We have to do with a desperate mobbed Government, and its course is too probably marshalled for it by the press, which regards Commander Wilkes' outrage as a brilliant service, unauthorized indeed, but meriting sanction and reward. Our only hope of peace rests on the effect likely to be produced by the opinion of France, for the expectation has doubtless been that if we should be dragged into a war with America,

we should have to fight it with one hand, the other being wanted for defence against the menacing attitude or actual hostility of France. This encouraging calculation will be falsified by the general condemnation of the French press of the *Trent* outrage, and as general approval of the conduct of England on the occasion.

And supposing the Federal Government to refuse negotiation and war to ensue, it is difficult to see how France could remain merely neutral, for as neutral a claim of right would be made against her merchant shipping by the Federal Government to which she could not submit. If reparation is refused to us, it will necessarily be on the ground that the seizure of persons or goods alleged to be contraband of war without process of law and adjudication, is justifiable and fair practice, and this pretension France, as it may affect her practically, must be as much concerned to resist as we are because it has actually so outraged us. Indeed, of all nations France is the last to suffer an Algiers to be set up in America. She cannot tamely submit to the Federal Government's claim of exemption from international law. She cannot allow her merchant navy to be exposed to a Wilkes' Law for the sea close akin to the Lynch Law of the same nation ashore, but worse if as sanctioned by a Government pretending to high civilization.

Whatever may be the termination of the present question, we feel confident that our Government has taken its measures for the vindication of the honor and rights of the country in a manner as conciliatory as possible, and showing the American Government the grace with which the *amende honorable* may be made. England wants no quarrel, she knows too well what war is, and hates it only less than dishonor; but if war is forced on her, for war she is so well prepared that the calamity will probably be short, though sharp to the aggressor.

Certain we are that there will be no quarrel unless the American Government wilfully chooses one, preferring war to justice, but on this point Mr. Bright's very pertinent question is very far from assuring:—

"But did you ever know anybody, who was not very near dead drunk, who, having as much upon his hands as he could manage, would offer to fight everybody about him?"

We hope Mr. Seward will not take offence, and cry "that was levelled at me;" but figuratively there is an intoxication to be feared in the Lincoln Cabinet, and some touch of the mania that follows habits of excess.

In the event of the worst, we trust that our Government will make no alteration in



its policy as to the South, and that there will be no recognition until there is established the independence to warrant it. That independence we may of necessity hasten by sweeping the Federal squadrons from the seas they are blockading; but this relief to the South should be an incident of the war, not an object, and recognition whenever circumstances are ripe for it should be *de facto*, and not precipitated from favor to the one side, or hostility to the other. Any eagerness to have the Slave States for allies in the war would not be for the honor of England. The alliance may come in the course of events, but it should not be sought before its due time.

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From The Examiner, 7 Dec.

#### INTERNATIONAL QUESTION AND ANSWER.

OUR Government has put the question to that of the United States which the injured honor of our flag required; and we await the answer. Some sanguine folk imagine that we shall get it forthwith, and in monosyllabic form,—Ay or No, by Christmas-day. We cannot share any such anticipation. It is true that President Davis in his message to the Confederate Congress loses no time in saying determinately of the capture of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, that “the claims of the United States to seize them in the streets of London would have been as well founded as the seizure on board the *Trent*.” It is true also that such leading lawyers of the North as Edward Everett and George Sumner have lost no time in declaring as promptly that the same capture is in accordance with international law. But to say as much bluntly in reply to England is not in equal accordance with international diplomacy. Diplomacy in its best estate is altogether dilatory. The Aulic Chancellerie kept Lord Clarendon dangling for—we forget how many—months, before it would answer plainly that it could not make up its mind to say anything about the Russian war. It took nearly as long to bring the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to a point, while all Europe stood booted and spurred, ready to run the death-race of 1854.

More than a year has been spent in trying to extract from the French Emperor some intelligible intimation of even his probable intentions regarding the occupation of Rome,—a question wherein the peace and welfare of twenty millions of people are confessedly involved, and about which half Christendom is filled with solicitude. Why, then, should we expect more of Lord Lyons, than older

and better hands were able to accomplish? It is all very well to talk in clubs or over dinner-tables about “requiring a categorical answer;” but Mr. Seward having shown that he could write a clever despatch off-hand in answer to an unreasonable demand from us, may not be suffered this time to commit himself, his Government, and his country without mature deliberation, now that our demand is reasonable and irrefutable. And highly desirable it is that in so grave a matter no step should be taken with precipitation or passion. We have shown that we are in no mood to be trifled with; and we can therefore afford to keep patience and temper, while our neighbors are making up their minds whether they will abet an attempt to revive the obsolete practice of bad times, or whether they will, in the spirit of a wiser and more civilized policy, repudiate the reckless act of one desperate man. If we asked President Lincoln to do or say anything more than what Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Madison repeatedly urged upon England as the rule of maritime justice and right, he might be excused for hotly and hastily saying, “No.” But that which we seek to have disavowed and repaired by him, is only what his most eminent predecessors complained of incessantly when done by the commanders of British cruisers on the high seas. Practically, the obnoxious pretension on our part to take persons by force out of American merchantmen has been allowed to fall into abeyance during the lifetime of the present generation. If Captain Wilkes and his irresponsible supporters imagine that we shall submit to the arbitrary resuscitation of this semi-barbarous practice, they will in a few days be undeceived, for our Government has instructed Lord Lyons to demand reparation for so wanton a breach of friendly relations; and he has no doubt been instructed fully as to the course he ought to pursue, should the American Government show a desire to make the affair of the *Trent* a pretext for quarrelling. If that be their purpose, it were beneath our dignity to waste words in deprecation; and in that case a reply may be given at once, and we shall know the extent to which folly and frenzy may carry men, otherwise sane, by the end of the year.

But we doubt the likelihood of such a reply, and therefore we do not expect or desire to receive one by return of post. In point of fact, it is not in the power of the President or his Cabinet, constitutionally speaking, to take sudden action in a matter so grave, while Congress is sitting. By the terms of the Federal Act, a consultative and co-operative junction in all foreign affairs of moment is devolved on the Legislature; and



the Senate, as the more experienced and judicially minded of the two Chambers, has generally exercised the chief direction and control in diplomatic concerns.

What, then, is the answer we may expect to our question regarding the *Trent*? Substantially it will be dictated by men of the same mind as General Scott, whose excellent letter of the 2nd inst. will be found in another column. Mr. Charles Sumner happens just now to be Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and upon that committee are several men who, though they differ from him in his abolitionist views, agree with him in desire to maintain friendship with England. War with England in 1862 means one or other of two things,—either the humiliation of the Republic by the armed triumph of the Southern States; or their devastation and ruin by the revolt of the slaves, and the *jacquerie* that must follow. No wise or upright American statesman can recommend a course of policy which would entail either contingency. The present struggle, whatever its issue, is certain to leave the Union burdened with liabilities quite hard enough to bear for some time to come. But the financial and social consequences of slave emancipation by fire and sword would be disastrous to an extent and in a degree fearful to contemplate. Nothing half so repugnant to all principles of policy, and to all notions of humanity, has occurred in modern times as the uprising in wild vengeance of four millions of undisciplined, uneducated, and unarmed helots against their masters. Incendiarism and murder would be the only weapons of such a revolt—womanhood, childhood, infirmity, and age its personal victims—property of every kind its indiscriminate sacrifice. The cotton shrub, the tobacco plant, the rice crop, and the coffee tree, in whose cultivation, past years of bondage had been spent, would be instinctively regarded as the objects of negro vengeance, while the enormous amount of capital invested in plantations of every kind, would inevitably perish in the first month of insurrection. And what would be the fate of the miserable people who had been stimulated by their Northern sympathizers thus to break their chains? In self-defence and frantic hate, embittered, not softened, by the consciousness of having inflicted unnumbered wrongs, the dominant caste would be certain to take more than life for life in the hellish conflict. It might not, perhaps it could not, last very long; but when it was over, half a continent would lie desolate; villages and towns would present but a heap of smouldering ashes; and the remnant of the Southerners, whether

nominally reduced to submission, or enabled nominally to call themselves independent by the withering aid of European powers, would constitute a source of danger and perplexity to the Federal Commonwealth for long years to come. The statesmen of the American Senate understand these things well; and even those amongst them who are most jealous of England, cannot be blind to the fact, that if ever there was a time to measure swords with us creditably or advantageously, this is *not* the time.

The suspicion of instructions having been given to the commander of the *San Jacinto* may be met by reference to the dates of his arrival from the African coast; and the offensive manner of his act may be disposed of in a dozen civil words. Something will probably be said about the disregard by Captain Moyer of the Queen's proclamation against carrying despatches from either of the belligerents; and proof will perhaps be offered—it may be easily enough maintained—that the Confederate agents took pains to let Captain Wilkes know, while he and they were lying in the route of the Havannah, that they were the bearers of such missives from the Confederate Government, and that they were about to proceed to Europe on board the *Trent*. . . . It may refer to the long course of forcible seizures made by English ships in time of war, of persons claimed by us as owing allegiance to the British crown. It may set forth the reiterated expostulations of successive American Governments against such acts of high-handed violence; and it may point to the uncompleted Convention negotiated, in 1803, for the suppression of this indefensible practice, wherein the principle so long contended for on our side was surrendered, and which was only broken off at the last moment by a recalcitrant notion on the part of George III. that the Narrow Seas should be specially exempted. American diplomacy may dwell on the history of the rupture of 1812, and comment on the fact that peace was signed at Ghent without any renunciation of the British claim to make forcible captures. It may reiterate every line of Mr. Webster's able despatch of the 8th of August, 1842, in which he sums up the grievances of his country on this head, and announces the determination of his government never to be content until the question should be set at rest. And, finally, it may recall the propositions made by Mr. Marcy and General Cass to the governments of Europe, when all the world was at peace, for a reconsideration and reconstruction of the Maritime Code respecting neutrals, which, as we have lately had occasion to remark, would have con-



ferred inestimable blessings on the mercantile and shipping interests of Great Britain. To say that our Government will listen to none of these topics of reclamation, or that it will disregard, without confuting, any reasonable arguments or suggestions that may be founded on them, would be to impute to it a levity and recklessness which none of the eminent men composing it would willingly confess. We conclude as we began, by expressing our conviction that the answer to our question will not be lightly given, and by repeating our earnest desire that neither it nor our rejoinder, whatever that may be, should be other than dispassionate and noble.

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From The Spectator, 7 Dec.  
WAR OR PEACE.

THE chances of peace, though they still exist, cannot be said to improve. So many and so various are the influences which directly affect the settlement of this American quarrel, so manifold seem the conditions essential to sound opinion, that society is slightly bewildered, and half inclined to believe in that modern version of Providence, the "something" which is to "turn up," and to keep the world in its groove. It is not an unnatural impression, but the more grave and careful the survey, the fainter, we fear, will it become. Though the sense of insult diminishes as the time of the outrage recedes, and the national temper has become more cheerful, it is not on the tone of the British public that the alternatives of peace and war can now be said to depend. Numerous and conflicting as the elements of decision appear to be, they may be really reduced to two: the temper in which Earl Russell's despatch finds the American people, and the nature of the demand in the despatch itself.

The latest accounts from New York would appear at first sight to afford some faint grounds of hope. There is a hesitation apparent in all the journals, a doubt of the English mode of receiving the news, which augurs favorably for the chances of conciliation. There is the usual amount of lunatic writing with which the friends of America have long since learned to put up, as they put up with a friend addicted to whistling or humming bars in bad tune. Brag is an instinct, as well as a policy, with all uneducated men, and a cabman is to be treated fairly, though he begins a dispute by personal criticism, and considers that blasphemy strengthens his defence of his rights. Of course the half-taught compositors who own most of the city journals recommend Captain Wilkes'

promotion, talk nonsense about the "opinion of honest men" being the best guide to the law, and tell their readers at once that England will not complain, and that her complaints will be wholly bravado. If we are to go to war with the North because her journals are vulgar, we shall never need lawyers to discuss the causes of quarrel, and never be at a loss for a wholly unanswerable case. But under all this parade of bad taste, there is this time a very obvious dread, a disposition to condemn Captain Wilkes for recklessness, even while he is exalted for pluck. The worst papers admit that the Cabinet may have to make an apology. Even the *New York Herald*, which obviously wishes for war, advises that Captain Wilkes should not be made an admiral till he is first dismissed. The organ of the commercial classes, as strong at Washington as the country gentlemen are at Westminster, unequivocally condemns the act; and the papers which strongly approve, do so, because they believe England will pass over the outrage. The people in America are always more moderate than their journals, and could this temper last, the Government would be left free to do us substantial justice. The politicians, too, do not, as we half feared they would, assert any right to Messrs. Mason and Slidell, simply as rebels, or denounce the right of asylum when invoked against Americans instead of in their behalf. They do, certainly, talk odd nonsense about the two Southerners being "ambassadors," an argument which, were it true, would bring France into the war as earnestly and hotly as England. But though they do deny the right of asylum to Nicaragua, and in so doing betray the ultimate tendency of their own minds, they have not as yet, with England, ventured to raise the one point on which discussion is not permissible. The case is argued throughout as one of contraband of war, and, although the Americans quote only the precedents they approve, and seem not to understand the difference between their rights on their own soil and their rights on a British ship, still, the man who appeals to the law, even when he misunderstands it, is not supposed to be anxious to send an immediate challenge. Moreover, it seems almost certain that the act of the *San Jacinto* was not ordered direct from home. Captain Wilkes may have had general instructions to search every vessel for despatches, but there appears no proof that the seizure of men was contemplated, far less distinctly ordered. If this is the case, the Government is, at all events, not bound to support its agent in the specific act, however much it may deem itself right in exempting him from all penalties. A solution other



than war would appear, therefore, when the last mail left New York, to be at least one of the possibilities.

Unfortunately, there is no chance of permanence in this approximation to reason. Had the evil genius of America arranged the sequence of events in the single hope of a war, it could not have been more unlucky. On the 2nd instant, just as excitement began to cool, the Americans would receive the news of the burning of the *Harvey Birch*, and the shelter afforded to the *Nashville* in the port of Southampton,—news which, unless civil war has developed a new self-restraint, will be received with a scream of rage. The British Government, in allowing the *Nashville* to remain unmolested, was of course blameless, for it is bound to act by the advice of its own law officers, and they held that prisoners not being prize, the *Nashville* had not infringed the Queen's proclamation. But we can scarcely expect Americans—filled as they are with a notion of the absolute power of the British Government—to perceive such a fetter as that, or to understand why a Foreign Secretary cannot compel local magistrates to grant a search-warrant, which they have pronounced illegal. They will argue, and not illogically, that the right of burning their ships is as hurtful to them as the right of seizing them; that the *Nashville* was never searched to see if she had prize on board or not, and probably that she was never asked to produce her papers. The last argument will be a blunder, every belligerent having, by international law, a right without papers to attack the national enemy; the letter of marque being his justification, not for that, but for putting his prize up to sale; but the mistake is one which half England is always making, and into which Americans are certain to fall. Then, as if to make extrication hopeless, before the despatch on the *San Jacinto* affair can reach him, but after he has heard of the burning of the *Harvey Birch*, the President must send in his annual message to Congress. He must allude to the *Harvey Birch*; and it would tax the self-restraint of a man born to the etiquettes of a throne not to make such an allusion as will touch the North to the quick, and arouse a fever of national pride. He may even commit himself personally too deeply to recede; and, at all events, he will indefinitely increase the difficulty of the task which Mr. Webster called almost impossible—that of conducting negotiations in the presence of twenty millions.

The despatch on the *San Jacinto* will therefore be read to a people already furious with anger against Great Britain, and the demand it contains is, we fear, not one which will allow time for sober reflection.

The secrets of the Foreign Office are well kept, but unless the public are greatly deceived, the restoration of Messrs. Slidell and Mason has been made the condition, not of continued peace, but of continued negotiation. The American Government, whether convinced of right or insolent in wrong, must yield at once, and without discussion, to the power whom it is almost certain they will, six days before, have defied with all the national grandiloquence. Is it reasonable to expect such a humiliation from a people, penetrated with the feeling of national pride, as vindictive as the race they have supplanted, and whatever the ruin entailed by the war, sure at least of their independence? We do not know that in itself the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell would seem so very obnoxious. The mob yells over their capture, of course, and hates them individually, just as the English soldiery in India hated the half-dozen leading mutineers it was their fortune to seize. But statesmen, even in America, must be beyond all this, and a convenient contempt for the prisoners would delight the mass almost as much as their execution. But their cession as an act of obedience to an external power, without discussion or delay, is an act which only a very self-restrained or an intensely law-fearing nation could do, which the British people alone, perhaps, among nations could be trusted to stand and see. There is, it is true, a form of pride which has once or twice been seen in history, which calmly suppresses all pride rather than yield its end, but it has been confined hitherto to the Roman patricians and Papal ecclesiastics. We do not give the American people credit for any such quality, and without it there remains, we fear, but one poor hope of peace.

It is just barely possible that the American Government, aware of the terrible consequences of war, and dreading the dismemberment of the country even more than a popular outcry, may discover in their extremity some device which, in spite of despatches, may yet compel us to consider what is due to the right, as well as what is essential to our own honor. If, unmoved by the menace of immediate war, and unaffected by fear of their own people, they offer as their ultimatum to abide by a decision of the British Court of Admiralty, England, would be compelled to pause. War, to avoid a decision of our own courts, of whose rigid impartiality Englishmen at least have no kind of doubt, would shock the moral sense of the people, and send us into the conflict uncertain of the justice of our cause. We could not submit to a neutral court, or even to neutral arbitration, for the



dispute involves morally, though not, we frankly admit, legally, that right of asylum, on which we can listen to the award of no Areopagus on earth. If we allow such a precedent, the next passenger we defend may be Kossuth, with Russia to decide whether he is a political fugitive or an envoy from Hungary, and the right of asylum would be reduced to nothing. But we could listen to our own court, or perhaps to the one court of the United States which is beyond the menaces of the mob and the pressure of official remonstrance. In some such suggestion, bold enough to excite the instinctive English respect for an appeal to law, lies, we fear, the solitary chance of a continued peace. But if the Americans make it, their genius and their organization are of a different temper from anything which Europe has been yet allowed to perceive.

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From The Spectator, 7 Dec.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

MR. BRIGHT has made another of those magnificent orations which puzzle England whether to wonder most at the discriminating force of his language, or at the undiscriminating turbidness of his thought. Much as there is in this speech which we heartily recognize as expressing principles with which all true Englishmen ought to sympathize, we believe that like most of Mr. Bright's other efforts it will injure rather than serve the cause he has at heart. The truth is, that while there is a deep hatred of despotism at the bottom of his heart, there is no spark of that reverence for law which is the only safeguard against despotism; and hence his really masterly defence of the Northern cause as against the South is totally unrelieved by any of that true insight into the shortcomings of its boastful and licentious democracy, without which Englishmen feel that the American question can never be impartially judged. In short, Mr. Bright speaks—we do not mean in language, which would be unjust, indeed, to his noble and vigorous Saxon eloquence, but in thought—like a Yankee defending Yankees, rather than like an Englishman choosing between two rivals—neither of them commanding our full sympathy—the one who is fighting in the nobler cause. And feeling as he does in this respect, we do not expect or hope that he will make many converts. Earnestly as we sympathize with all that he says on the great slavery issue between North and South, we cannot view his speech, as a whole, as showing any true sympathy with the only endur-

ing liberty—liberty that loves and respects law. He takes pains, indeed, even in his preliminary review of the last ten years, to mark the confusion which pervades his thought between liberty and license. He reiterates his conviction that the Russian war was a blunder of which the English nation are now heartily ashamed. The victory gained in that war was simply a victory of law over lawless aggression, and, therefore, he despises it. England and France refused to let Russia plead the right of mere might for her invasion of Turkey, and Europe learned a lesson without which European civilization would speedily retrograde. Because the gain was only one of invisible law,—not a material acquisition,—because the sacrifice by which it was obtained was material as well as mighty, Mr. Bright holds up the whole struggle to derision, and falls back on even a less manly authority than his own—Sir James Graham's—for support. Again, in his reference to the Indian mutiny, he shows the same indiscriminating mind. That contest was not one between oppression and liberty, but between law and license, and yet his sympathy seems to have been with the native soldiers, who, except in the North-West, could find no trace of popular feeling in their support.

With such a bias it is not strange that his discussion of the American question is little likely to win new friends to the North. He feels no repugnance—nay, he seems to feel sincere admiration—for that vile tyranny of ignorant popular opinion which has so long driven and still drives the statesmen of the Union into a foreign policy that is simply licentious, and that necessarily forces English opinion into hostile attitudes. It is quite true—and had he insisted more strongly on that point we should have gone with him entirely—that hitherto it has been Southern politicians chiefly who have flattered and pampered the licentious democracy of the Union. But if we admit this, we are bound to admit also that Northern politicians are tainted, if less deeply, with the same inherent vice; that they, too, speak as if the mere appetite of a hungry mob for dominion could never be too much pampered; that they too rant about the Monroe principle, threaten Canada and the Isthmus, and do their best to give the impression that so great a people as the Americans may guiltlessly trample all law beneath their feet.

Let us not be mistaken: we hold, as we have always done, that the Northern cause in this war with the secessionists is sound to the core; we hold, as we have always done, that English sympathy should be given heartily to that policy which holds out "hope to the bondsmen of the South;" but we also



hold, as we have always done, that the Northern statesmen can only prove themselves worthy of the great task of vindicating the violated law of the Union by themselves respecting public law wherever they find it, and holding in the ungovernable license of a people who seem to claim all the moral exemptions of Omnipotence while exercising none of its powers.

When, therefore, Mr. Bright comes to discuss the question now at issue between America and England, we find it already prejudged in his mind. He argues for forbearance, not only as if the North had a great and noble cause on its hands—which we admit and maintain—but as if it had never evinced any sign of that licentious and insolent spirit which might render forbearance on our part equivalent to weakness. The truth is, that England is really unwilling to enter upon this war. If the Government launches us into it with needless haste, and peremptorily rejects any sincerely peaceful and apologetic overtures from the American Government, couched in such a spirit as General Scott's letter, without considering them, there will be a very large party in the English nation to deplore and condemn its policy. But no one can deny that there is danger—we fear far greater danger—of a different result; of an arrogant and irritating reply from the United States, in accordance with the indecent display of popular exultation at the violation of the English flag which we have already seen there. And if this should be the case, we do not see that we have any choice in the matter. A war for a great principle may be, and often is, a war for a slight material gain. Not the less are we bound to vindicate that principle, even in the face of the terrible consequences to the anti-slavery cause. The war will then not be of our seeking. It will be as much forced upon us in the direct discharge of national duty, as the war with the South has been forced on the Northern States. There is no liberty—in spite of Mr. Bright's worship of democratic will—without law. And those who would crush the unscrupulous absolutism of the Southern slave-owners must learn that they can only do so by first curbing the almost equally unscrupulous aggressiveness of an inflated national self-esteem. Had we been the aggressor and America the sufferer, the voice of the North would have cried out for instant war. We hope our statesmen may prove themselves as inclined to meet any honest profession of willingness to abide by the strict law as the English nation itself, which has never shown more moderation. But if no such disposition is evinced, we have no choice. Nor will Mr. Bright's eloquence prove to us that any consideration

ought to restrain us from vindicating a right which has so long made England the home of exiles, even though the exiles now in question can expect neither sympathy nor pity at our hands.

From The Spectator, 7 Dec.

#### THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE ON THE SAN JACINTO AFFAIR.

If the French press were free, its tone on the *San Jacinto* affair might be accepted as eminently satisfactory, for its arguments, compliments, and invectives, all lead to the same conclusion: the public law of Europe must be maintained, whatever the exigencies under cover of which a new state may endeavor to set it aside. Indeed, the French journalists, in their anxiety lest we should permit our honor to suffer, are actually just to England, and allow, with a natural sigh of regret, that magnanimous self-restraint is compatible with a free and vigorous national life. Unfortunately, every journal in France is either "official," or "demi-official," or "officious," or "inspired," or "quasi-inspired," or deserves some other one of the hundred epithets by which Frenchmen strive to conceal from themselves that in France free thought is an imperial prerogative. Englishmen are therefore compelled to ask what this sudden amity may mean. Louis Napoleon is not a man to be moved by the spectacle of popular self-restraint, nor is he in any marked degree a fanatic for international law, yet with a great loan still to raise, and a great deficit yet to fill up, he seems to be eager for a war, which, for a time, at least, will shake every Bourse in Europe. Sovereigns think of their own states first, and for the hour the first need of France would seem to be a high price for Rentes. Yet the Emperor obviously urges war, and the "inspired" papers shrewdly enough call on England to resist an outrage which France would ere this have avenged.

We believe that a war between England and the North would delight the Emperor for the same reason that it would please some of the cotton-spinners—it would make cotton cheap. The failure of the cotton supply presses on France even more heavily than on England, so heavily, indeed, that the French Embassy has been suspected at Washington of an actual *wish* to produce a war, or such a suspension of intercourse as should excuse them in breaking the blockade. The discontent of the workmen affects the Cabinet even more than the deficit, for the latter only menaces France, while the former threatens the throne. At the same time the Emperor, unwilling to engage in maritime war, until secure of British sup-



port, is only too glad to see us engage in a correspondence which may solve his difficulty and set cotton free, yet throw on him none of the odium of breaking the general peace. There may be a side glance, too, at the diminished part which England, hampered by war in the West, must play in the politics of Europe, a thought that, the financial difficulty once removed, the spring might be the hour for the Rhine. Nor do we deny that the wrath of France against America is in part a genuine feeling. France unless misled by her own interests, seldom approves of high-handed breaches of law, and is by no means inclined to violate those rules which conduce to the self-respect of neutrals. But beneath and beyond all these motives there exists a delighted conviction that England must take on herself the responsibility which the Emperor knows neither how to accept or avoid.

We believe, therefore, all the assurances reiterated by the French press, so far as they indicate that the Emperor approves our action. If Louis Napoleon be, as he professes, the armed protector of civilization, the cause is one which, as it stands, may well enlist him on our side. If, on the other hand, he is simply a despot, a little abler than most of his class, he has selfish reasons enough to engage his strongest support. But while willing to recognize any amount of approval, and grateful for any cessation of groundless attacks, we deprecate attempts to carry good feeling further than the expressions of friendly concern. We protest *in limine* against any attempt to devise a plan of joint action against America. England cannot, with any due regard to her interests, consent to a joint interpretation of her right to the freedom of the seas. Still less can she suffer France to decide on the limit or mode of the reparation to be exacted from the United States. There are questions on which joint action is possible, and some few, as for example the Mexican one, on which it is beneficial. But no American quarrel can ever be reckoned among them. The American traditions of the two powers are too widely distinct to admit of coherent action. The French still believe, with a pardonable national pride, that the people who over half Canada still retain their language, long for the country they have lost for a century, and contrast freedom and Cæsarism to the praise of the modern Cæsar. Canada may yet be invaded, and the efforts England would make to defend her dependency would not be those most highly appreciated in France. Then—though if the war once begins, England may break the blockade—she has no genuine sympathy with slaveholders, no tolera-

tion for the extension of slavery, no wish to see President Davis ruling from the White House. France—though we believe her *sentiment* is strong against slavery—makes every principle bow to the passion for military success. Then England has frontiers to guard on the American continent, and France, when tired of the war, would scarcely fight on in order that British boundaries might not be exposed to a menace. It might be difficult, too, in joint operations, absolutely to forbid the landing of French brigades within our colonial borders; and the French army is not precisely the body which Lord Monck desires or expects in Lower Canada. Above all, our commercial interests are not identical, and it is when the terms of peace come to be settled that alliances are so onerous. The North is certain in such a contingency to look to France as the mediator, and the Emperor—as the Crimean war showed—can placably play that part. “Codlin’s your friend, not Short,” said the showman to Little Nell, and we know no speech in fiction more irresistibly moving to laughter. But the part, when played by an emperor to a State just thinking of making peace, would cease, we fear, to be comic. We are strong enough to do our own work, and bear our own burden; and we must, in this instance, do and endure alone. To unite with France is to weaken our right to make war in our own way, to destroy our right to make peace at our own time, and to place our interests at the mercy of an ally who looks to ends other than the tranquil and regulated friendliness, which is the only relation to America this country desires to bear. We cannot protest, or even complain, at any action of France on her own behalf. If she breaks the blockade, or follows our steps in breaking it, or makes alliances with the South, or presses her own complaints, it is no part of our duty to interfere; but any alliance to help us to maintain our rights might be as injurious to our interests as it would certainly be derogatory to our honor.

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From The Economist, 7 Dec.

#### WILL THERE BE AN AMERICAN WAR?

LEAVING to others the discussion as to the precise limits of belligerent rights, the degree to which they have been overstepped by the Federal commander in this instance, and the instances, real or supposed, in which our own proceedings in former days may have afforded precedents somewhat embarrassing to our demand for reparation,—we will address a few words to the practical question which more immediately interests us all.



If the conduct of the Federal Government since the commencement of their unhappy civil disputes had been in the main friendly towards this country; if they had manifested any wish to be fair or courteous; if their departures from courtesy and friendly behavior had been such as could reasonably have been attributed to excessive irritation arising out of their home perplexities and griefs, and such as might have been excused in consideration of these circumstances; if they had ever manifested the faintest desire to mitigate to us as far as they could the inevitable inconveniences and sufferings which their belligerence and our neutrality combined to inflict upon us; if, in a word, their habitual language and proceedings had been at all indicative of, or compatible with, a desire to remain in amity with us,—then it would have been easy for them to have made such an acknowledgment in reference to the seizure of the commissioners as we could have accepted, and we should on our part have been too happy to make such acknowledgment as little onerous to their pride and as little damaging to their popularity with their vain and irritable countrymen as possible. But the very contrary of all these “ifs” is unfortunately true. From the beginning of their difficulties they have been as cantankerous and uncivil as they could; they have stretched every inconvenient and vexatious right of belligerents to the utmost; what they have done they have done in an unusually offensive manner; rightly or wrongly, from temper or from design, they have given the impression that they were not only willing but rather anxious to insult us;—and to crown the whole it is believed by many well-informed persons that the act of Captain Wilkes was the result of a deliberate and well-considered design; and that it was only a matter of accident, that the outrage was not perpetrated a fortnight earlier and in our own waters. Believing and considering all this, we cannot for a moment expect either that the authorities at Washington intend to apologize for the act of their officer, or to make restitution of their captives. Nor do we entertain much doubt that, even were we—if such a thing were possible—to pass over this outrage or to be content with an inadequate and informal reparation, we should soon have to submit to some further insult even more flagrant and intolerable. We greatly fear, from all that we can learn of the temper of the Cabinet at Washington,—or at least of those members of it who have hitherto determined its policy,—as well as from that of the trading and agitating politicians who guide or drive it,—that the Government of the United States are quite capable, if we yield or temporize now, of

boarding and searching for rebels, envoys, and despatches, every mail packet that plies between Dover and Calais, and between Holyhead and Dublin.

Again: we do not believe that, even if the United States Government were inclined to apologize and restore, they would dare to do it. The temper of the people and the press, as is clear by our last accounts, would make such a course instantaneously fatal to the official career of the ministers who should propose it. Even if the case of wrong were so perfectly clear that even Americans could not gainsay it, we doubt whether any American Government would venture, or would be able, to make an acknowledgment of error and to deliver up the captives. But, unfortunately, the case is not so clear as this:—*we* are right, no doubt; but the Americans, as we see by their papers and speeches, have no doubt also that *they* are right. They are already crowing over the assumption that we must pocket the affront because we have no legal ground of complaint. The matter—obvious as we hold the justice of the transaction to be—*at least admits of discussion*;—and if our antagonists would scarcely yield to us if they had *no case*, is it likely they will concede an inch when they have persuaded themselves they have a *very good case*?

Beyond all question it is something very like insanity for the Federalists to bring upon themselves a war with England, when they have enough and more than enough on their hands already. *But they do not think so.* They—that is the voting, electioneering, spouting, rowdying public—do not think either that their hands are full, or that a war with England is a thing to be dreaded or deprecated. The depth of their ignorance is unfathomable. The height of their frenzy is inconceivable. Their talk is not mere conscious bombast and rhodomontade. They actually *believe* that they can easily conquer the South, and lick Great Britain into the bargain. They are already growing wild with the prospect of crowning their victories by adding Canada to Texas. Of course Mr. Seward knows better than this, and so do Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase. So does Mr. Adams over here. So do the hundreds of well-informed and travelled gentlemen in Boston. So do the trembling and victimized merchants of New York. But what of that? These are not the men—these are not the classes—who habitually decide the policy of the United States, who elect the Congress, and enthrone the President. Only in the rarest crises are their voices heard; and even then they are too commonly drowned in the fierce and tumultuous roar of a passionate, misled, and un-



governable populace,—accustomed to make their own law, to avenge their own wrongs, to trample on all obstacles, moral, legal, and material,—sincerely fancying—for they have been always taught so—that nobody *ought* to oppose them, and that nobody *can* resist them.

There appears to be three chances—feeble ones unquestionably—that the dire extremity of war may yet be escaped. *First.* The merchants and bankers of the North, who have entered into such heavy engagements to supply the Government with money, may get thoroughly frightened at the utter ruin which a rupture with England would entail upon them; may make the best use of the secret power they are said to have over the Cabinet; and,—calling to their aid the moderation, good sense, and sound knowledge which undoubtedly pervade the educated classes of the Union, but are usually so silent and inoperative,—may rise in their inherent strength, brave and curb the violent mob and the corrupt jobbers and contractors, eject Mr. Seward from the Ministry, and compel the Government to yield. Such an issue is unquestionably possible, and much to be desired. There can be no doubt of the existence of the party we speak of, nor of its wealth and numbers; we only mistrust its courage and its power.

*Secondly.* Those enthusiastic patriots who are bent, heart and soul, upon the subjugation and re-annexation of the South, and those untaught fanatics who sincerely believe in their power of achieving these results, may perhaps be awakened—it is at least in the power of their leaders to awaken them—to the conviction that a war with England would be at once and irretrievably fatal to their hopes. The first step of England as soon as hostilities broke out, would naturally be to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and the second, to terminate the blockade. These things once effected, the independence of the Seceding States becomes a *fait accompli*, which nothing could undo. Now we know that the restoration of the Union is with the majority of the Northerners the dearest object of their heart—dearer even than insult and injury to England. They still prefer the recovery of their own grandeur to the humiliation of their rival; and they may be willing to apologize to us now, reserving vengeance and compensation for a future day, rather than give up at once the sacred purpose of the civil war. There is no doubt of the existence of this party, nor of their numbers, nor of their earnestness:—the only question is as to their rationality and their political influence. Thus much seems certain: if the Government refuse our demand, it will be a

sure sign that they at least have abandoned all hope of a successful issue of the civil war. If they offer us reparation, it is because they still cling to and hope for the restoration of the Union.

*Thirdly.* They may, however, pursue a middle course, and this, we apprehend, is the one they will adopt. How *we* shall receive it, it will be for us to determine. They may see that they cannot fight Great Britain and the Southern Confederacy at once, and so may endeavor to put us off by diplomatic stratagem. In this case, they will express their unfeigned surprise that Great Britain should take so strange a view of international law,—their conviction that they have only acted within the strict limits of belligerent rights, and according to precedents set by England herself. They will disclaim any intention of insult, and ask how we can attribute such folly and such discourtesy to a people who are notoriously models of forbearance and good sense. But since the two Governments take such diametrically opposite views of the matter, and as they are sincerely desirous that no hostile discussion should arise between nations so closely connected by interest and kindred, and to show their willingness to soothe our wounded sensibilities, they have no objection to express regret for any transgression as to *form* of which Commodore Wilkes may have been guilty, and to refer the question of substantial right and law to the proper legal authorities, to American prize courts, of which all the world has long admired the impartiality,—or if England insists, even to a Court of Joint Commission.

Such a course on their part might embarrass us not a little. It might, at all events, *postpone* a war;—and our Government would then have to consider whether a partial apology and a reference of the essentials of the complaint to a court whose decision we feel confident must be in our favor, would secure us from similar outrages in future, and save us from the painful necessity of avenging our own wrongs with our own hands,—whether, in fact, a partial and imperfect reparation be preferable to a sanguinary and desolating war.

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From The Economist, 7 Dec.

#### EFFECT OF WAR RUMORS ON COTTON.

It is earnestly to be hoped that whatever answer the United States give to our demand for reparation will be a prompt and decisive one. It is to be hoped, also, that whatever our Government find it necessary to do will be done speedily. Suspense and uncertainty are death to commerce. War



with America may afford immediate relief and plenty to the famished cotton market: *expectation* of war only brings increased pressure and menaces decreased supply. If we are to have a war with the Federal Government, we shall, of course, recognize the Southern Confederacy, break the blockade of the Southern ports, and scatter to the winds the squadron that for so many months has been sealing up our cotton. Ships will at once sail to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, laden with all that the Confederates need, and will return to us in three or four months with cargoes of that raw material which is wanted to save the operatives of Lancashire from idleness and privation. If we are not to have war, then the high prices which will be maintained will secure as large a supply from India, as can be furnished to us for the money. But if we are to have for a considerable period an imminent probability of war, followed by a resumption of pacific relations which will leave the blockade and the civil conflict in America untouched, then there is every danger, not to say certainty, that we shall obtain cotton from neither quarter. Peace will prevent its coming from America—the dread of war will have deterred its coming from India.

Already much has been jeopardized, and all parties connected with the cotton manufacture are under great uneasiness. The effect of the news of the *San Jacinto* outrage and of our consequent proceedings has already been to cause a fall of price in Liverpool of nearly 2d per lb.,—quite 2d from the highest point previously reached. This fall, and still more the further one which would ensue from complete rupture, will be sufficient to render unprofitable a considerable part of the importations ordered and expected from India. Many of the orders recently sent out are, therefore, being countermanded; and of many more the limits of price at which they were to be executed are being much reduced. Those merchants who have had the courage to direct Indian cotton to be bought at Calcutta, Bombay or Mirzapore, on the basis of a price in Liverpool of 8d per lb., will lose enormously if the United States apologize and if peace is maintained. The knowledge of this, and the feeling that, under any circumstances, what has happened shows how very precarious must be the continuance of the American blockade, will, we fear, greatly discourage the shippers of cotton from Indian ports. Every day of uncertainty risks, and costs millions. As we said at the outset, *actual war* with the North will bring with it material compensations. The *prospect of war* carries with it no compensation whatever.

From The Press, 7 Dec.

### THE "CASUS BELLI."

It is sometimes advantageous to narrow a question, in order not to leave a wider field for controversy than is necessary. Possibly Her Majesty's Ministers were influenced by this consideration when they chose to narrow a great question of international law down to a single legal point of form. But they could not have adopted a course more impolitic and unsatisfactory. It is at least doubtful whether, when the issue may be war, it is at any time expedient to rest a *casus belli* upon a mere point of form,—for this necessarily makes it appear as if the nation were fighting for a trifle. In the present case Her Majesty's Ministers have not only done this, but they have done it in such a way as to cut the ground from under their feet. It was open for them to demand reparation for the outrage as a violation of the broadest principles of international law. It was also open to them to do so on the ground that the Cabinet of Washington has not recognized the Southern States as belligerents but simply as rebels; and, therefore, that the seizure of these "rebels" when under the protection of the British flag was a flagrant violation of the rights of asylum, condemned by the very principle on which the Federal Government proclaims itself to be carrying on the war.

But Her Majesty's Ministers have followed neither of these courses. They have admitted, not directly indeed, but by implication, that if the captain of the *San Jacinto* had carried the *Trent* into port, and if an American Admiralty Court had declared the passengers contraband, the commissioners might have been lawfully seized though under our protection. Suppose, then, the Cabinet of Washington say, "We are not responsible for the seizure of these men, but here they are—and here they would have been all the same if our captain had acted in the way you declare to be right. We are quite willing now to complete the formality which you require, by sending these men to be dealt with by our Admiralty Courts, and we shall abide by the decision." In the present temper of the people, and knowing as we do how subservient the Bench in America is to popular feeling, can any one doubt that the Admiralty Court would declare the commissioners contraband of war? Besides, if we admit that the captain of the *San Jacinto* was entitled to carry one of Her Majesty's mail-packets into port to be tried by the American prize courts, *à fortiori* is he not still more justified in letting the vessel go free, and in carrying into port only four of her passengers to be so tried by the



proper tribunals? A great outrage has unquestionably been committed upon the British flag; but Her Majesty's Ministers, by a strange misfortune, have chosen to rest their demand for satisfaction upon a mere lawyer's quibble, and not a very tenable one.

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From The Press, 7 Dec.

#### A WAR WITH AMERICA.

THE English people are at present in the position of a strong good-hearted man who gets a slap in the face from an ill-tempered younger half-brother, who never at any time was a match for him, and who at present has his right arm in a sling. What are we English to do? Are we tamely to turn our cheek to the smiter, in the perfect consciousness that in such a case he will not scruple to repeat the blow? This is one of our difficulties. If we yield to the present outrage on our flag, we are sure to have a dozen similar outrages in quick succession. We are dealing with a people, who have ever been disregarding of established rights, and who single out us, their own brethren; as the special objects of such violations of international courtesy and law. But this is not all. It is not simply a question of national dignity and self-respect—vital as such a question is: we are concerned also for the fate of four men who were under the protection of our flag, and who are victims of this outrage. Though apparently a subsidiary point, this in fact is a consideration which of all others cannot be passed over. It is one which goes to the heart of the nation. It is as if the Austrian captain who in 1849 seized the Hungarian refugee Kossta on Turkish soil had refused to give him up. Every one remembers the excitement occasioned in this country by the mere probability of such a refusal; and no one can doubt how violently our sympathies would have been manifested against Austria had such a course been followed. As for the Americans, though they had no more interest in the matter than we had, the captain of one of their frigates actually cleared for action rather than permit the Austrians to carry off their prisoner: and this conduct was applauded both by the American Government and people. How, then, can the same Government expect us now to be indifferent to the fate of the four "rebels" which it has seized and carried into captivity from under the protection of our flag?

We can announce that, besides claiming an apology for the outrage, the despatch which Her Majesty's Ministers for Foreign Affairs, based upon the opinion of the law-

officers of the crown, has addressed to the Cabinet of Washington, demands that the captive commissioners and their secretaries shall not only be set free, but shall be replaced on board a British vessel under the protection of the British flag. What answer may we expect to this? As we thought last week, we have more reason still to think now. We fear that the judgment of the calmer minds of the American Cabinet will be overborne by the warlike views of Mr. Seward and the clamor of the American mob. What, then, is to follow? Shall we withdraw our ambassador, and content ourselves with a protest?—or must we declare war?

After the first burst of indignation is over, every man in this country, we feel assured, will be in favor of, and will demand of the Government that it shall pursue, a policy of the utmost moderation and forbearance. We believe that if the question were not complicated and aggravated by the captivity and peril of the men taken from under our protection, the right course would be simply to withdraw our ambassador, and refrain from doing more. But is this enough when the commissioners are in captivity and in danger of being condemned to death? This it is, in our opinion, which imparts such gravity to the crisis. Were these four men, or any of them, to be hung as rebels—and in the present reckless mood of the American Government and people, such a result is more than possible—what would Europe, what would the world say if we stood by, without exerting the power of England to avert or avenge such a catastrophe? What is more to the purpose, as a question of practical statesmanship, what would our own people say? Would they be content with a Government that left these men to their fate? Would not rather the indignation which at first burst forth so unanimously acquire renewed and augmented force? We feel assured it would. We trust, therefore, that whatever be the reply of the Cabinet of Washington, it will at least contain an assurance that the commissioners will be treated merely as prisoners of war, and not as rebels. Indeed this is indispensable, according to the plea advanced in justification of their seizure. To do otherwise—to proceed to try and condemn these men as rebels—would be political madness, as well as an atrocious crime. It would at once occasion similar procedure—we might almost call it just reprisals—on the part of the South; and it would so embitter and aggravate the rupture with this country that nothing but war, in its full and dread severity, would be deemed by our people an adequate retaliation for the wrong.



We trust—we are willing to believe—we earnestly pray that the Cabinet of Washington will listen, at least on this point, to the dictates alike of justice, of policy, and of humanity. As long as a hope is left to us—and at present, thank God, we have much more than a hope,—we shall take this for granted. Assuming this, then,—and assuming also, as we fear we have at least equal reason to do, that the American Government will refuse satisfaction to this country for the outrage upon our flag,—what will be the position, and what consequences will it entail? If the American Government, while refusing to restore to us the prisoners, announce that they have no intention of ill-treating them, the rupture between the two countries would lose its worst feature of aggravation, although it would still remain sufficiently grave. Were war, in such a case, to follow, assuredly it ought to take the most restricted form in which a state of belligerence can show itself.

The superiority of force is beyond measure on the side of England. Not only are the whole military forces of the North fully employed in keeping in check the armies of the South, but the main difficulty which we experienced in past wars with the United States—namely, to protect our commercial marine from the attacks of American privateers—would now be wholly removed. When American privateers had a seaboard of three thousand miles, from Portland to New Orleans, to start from and return to, it was no easy matter for our navy, numerous as it was, to arrest their depredations. But now, by the secession of the South, two-thirds of that extent of seaboard has been rent from the Union. The harbors of Portland and New York, and the waters of the Chesapeake, are almost the only points from which privateers could sail, or to which they could return with their prizes. And to blockade these points, thoroughly and effectually, would be the easiest task in the world for our fleet of war-steamers. The danger to our commercial marine, therefore, in the event of a war, would be almost nothing. And as to that other great drawback upon a war with America, which has acquired such immense importance in recent times—we mean the loss of the raw material for three-fourths of our manufacturing industry,—it no longer has any weight at all. We have already lost our supply of cotton—we have nothing more to fear on that account: and war would only give us it back. A declaration of war against the North would open to us the ports of the South, and would at one and the same time give us an abundant supply of cotton, and give the secessionists a

corresponding amount of money, the sinews of war.

Should war come—and we sincerely trust it may be avoided—it will be the incumbent duty of our Government to carry it on with the utmost forbearance. Break the blockade of the Southern ports, and blockade the harbors of the North to prevent privateering; that is all we ought to do. In every other respect, if the Northerners let us alone, we must let them alone. At this present moment, as we know from Americans themselves, our mail-coated ships the *Warrior* and *Black Prince* could, without difficulty or danger, steam up into New York harbor, burn the shipping and bombard the city. But it would be the imperative duty of the British Government to refrain from all such acts of hostility, however legitimate. We repeat it—should war prove unavoidable, it must on our part be virtually a war of defence: a war in which the only moves to be made are, to protect Canada by sending thither reinforcements, and to protect our commercial marine by blockading the ports of the North. The latter of which moves, of course, involves the opening of all the ports of the South.

But not less imperative is it upon our Government to avoid war altogether, if such an avoidance be possible. And it may be possible, even though the demands of our Government are not complied with to the letter. That will depend upon the mode and conditions under which the refusal (for we fear it will be a refusal) of the American Government is made. But war with our own kinsmen is a catastrophe above all others to be deprecated—to be shrunk from. The very thought of it, we confess, fills us with grief and repugnance. We deplore even that such a thing is possible: how much more deplorable would it be were it to become a reality! Until Parliament meets—and we hear that is to be soon—the whole responsibility of this most serious crisis must rest with Her Majesty's Ministers. We earnestly trust that they will prove equal to the emergency, and maintain the rights and dignity of England, without compromising the interests, or misinterpreting the true and enduring feelings of the nation.

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Correspondence of The Press.  
GERMAN OPINION.

*Berlin, Dec. 4.*

As you will be prepared to hear, the attitude which your Government has taken in the affair of the *Trent* is absorbing public attention here, and it invests with a certain



practical and immediate interest the declarations of neutrality put forth by England and France, and which have been published in Egidi's "Archives of State." According to the text of the declaration made by your Government every British subject is prohibited from compromising, by any act whatsoever, the character of a neutral State to which their country binds itself, and among the acts having such an effect is mentioned the carrying of despatches. The French declaration, dated June 8, enjoins that "the French people will have to refrain from any act which being committed in violation of the laws of the Empire, or of the law of nations, might be considered as an act hostile to one or the other of the two parties, and contrary to the neutrality which we have resolved to observe."

Looking, therefore, to the terms of these two declarations, we are led to regret that your Government should have treated the affair of the *Trent* as a question of form rather than on the substantial merits of the case, and that it should have adopted a course of policy which leaves the Cabinet of Washington little or no chance of any alternative in a conciliatory and pacific direction. At the same time I must not conceal from you that if the conflict is to issue in recognition of the Southern States by England, the impression produced by such a course throughout Germany will be of a painful character. We are warm partisans of slavery abolition, and the German emigrants, so numerous in the United States have brought these sentiments over with them to their adopted country. In support of this assertion I may point to a telegraph just received, stating that in New York eighty thousand Germans have expressed an opinion against going to war with England as it would bring about a recognition of the South, and consequently insure the triumph of the cause of slavery. Is it not also to be apprehended that the Government of Washington, at war at once with England and with the South, may, as a desperate resource, decree the emancipation of the blacks—a measure the consequences of which are fearful to contemplate?

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Correspondence of The Press.

#### FRENCH OPINION.

*Paris, Dec. 5.*

OF course the American affair is the principal subject of discussion in these parts. The French Government at first assumed with respect to it an attitude (as diplomats say) which was friendly to your country. It admitted that the English flag had been

grossly outraged, and that England was not only justified in seeking ample reparation, even by arms if necessary, but was bound to obtain reparation, so as to prevent a repetition of the outrage either to herself or others. Nay, more; some people who pretended to be well informed affirmed that a very moderate degree of solicitation on the part of England would induce his Imperial Majesty to join her in putting aside the blockade of the Southern ports. But within the last two or three days a somewhat different view of the affair has been taken. The Yankees are considered not to have been so much in the wrong as was at first thought. The English Government is accused of having acted with precipitancy in resolving to demand an apology and the release of the captured envoys, before being acquainted with the American version of the facts. It is considered quite shocking that you should have already sent out ships and be preparing to send more to blaze away cannon against our loving "brothers" across the Atlantic, instead of submitting to this new insult with as much patience as you have endured others; in a word, the old leaven of hatred to perfidious Albion is acting. Still, I do not apprehend that any harm will come of this. It is not the interest of the Emperor of the French to be on bad terms just now with England; and it is manifestly impolitic for him to declare for the "party" in the coming conflict which is sure to be thrashed. Moreover, he has even greater reason than England has to see the braggarts of the North put down; for France is in pressing need of cotton to keep her manufacturing population at work—a population which, as is known, makes the Government responsible for all the evils it suffers, and which when work runs scarce and distress comes, throws up barricades, and brings forth the secreted musket, or—to use its own oft-repeated expression—is determined to "live by working, or die fighting." And it is only, of course, by smashing the North that cotton can be let loose.

I must not, however, disguise from you that if the Government were to gratify the inclinations of the bulk of the French people, or at least that chattering and noisy portion of them collected at Paris, it would adopt an unfriendly policy to England in this American affair. These people are delighted at the idea of your being engaged in war, because war, they say, will weaken you, even though—a thing they dare not deny—it is morally certain to end in your triumph. If they could reasonably foresee defeat for you, they would not be sorry—*au contraire*: but as they cannot do that, they content themselves with visions of privateers capturing your merchant ships by the hundred, of Can-



ada being invaded, and of your exhausting men, ships, and money in a series of insignificant combats. And when, say they, you are weakened, then—then will be the time for the Emperor to pick a quarrel with you, and to attempt to execute the great enterprise which he is supposed to be nursing in that mysterious breast of his—the humiliation of England.

That war between the States and Great Britain is inevitable is the firm opinion here, even in governmental circles. The States, it is held, are certain to refuse what England requires,—apologies for the insult to her flag, and the surrender of the prisoners; and England, consistently with her own honor, and with the position she has taken up, cannot, it is thought, yield an inch. Poor old General Scott, the ex-chief of the Federal "army," has, to be sure, written a letter to the newspapers, in which he hints that perhaps the United States would consent to give up the prisoners provided England would efface the right of search from her maritime code—and that by some such arrangement war might be avoided. But this worthy old gentleman does not appear to understand that England cannot stoop to the degradation of *buying* redress for an outrage. The French, moreover, believe war to be inevitable, for the reason that England has, apart altogether from the *Trent* affair, many grave reasons for being anxious to chastise the Yankees, and they have the candor to admit that she could hardly hope for a more favorable opportunity of doing so, thoroughly and effectively, than the present. It is worthy of note that even the official Government journal the *Moniteur* speaks to-day of war as almost certain.

The French people are, as I have said, pleased at seeing you plunged into the difficulties and dangers of war; but they overlook the fact that they will themselves suffer grievously from it, even though they do not take part in it. By the conflict between the Northern and Southern States their commerce has fallen off tremendously; and the coming war between the Northern States and England will of course close the former to their productions,—and yet those States form one of the principal markets they possess—the principal, in fact, seeing that a large portion of French exports which are despatched to England, and are therefore supposed to be for English account, are in reality destined for the said States. The war, too, will of course diminish the purchasing powers of England, Germany, and other markets.

From The Saturday Review, 7 Dec.

#### PEACE OR WAR.

By an unfortunate accident, the Federal Congress assembled on the 4th of this month, and the President's message will have been delivered several days before the receipt of the English demands. If Mr. Lincoln has been prudent enough to pass over in silence the capture of the Southern commissioners, he may still be at liberty to comply with the requisitions of international law. The Senate or its Committee on Foreign Relations, may perhaps waive its concurrent authority; or, if it has the wisdom and patriotism to share the responsibility of a just concession, it may protect the Executive against the unpopularity which might otherwise be incurred by the surrender of the prisoners. There is, however, too much reason to fear that Mr. Seward may have persuaded the President to sanction and adopt the illegal act of Captain Wilkes. If the Government is once officially pledged to a wrongful course, it will be difficult or impossible afterwards to retract in the presence of the ignorant and excited multitude. It seems, on the whole, probable that the outrage on the *Trent* was not directly planned by the Government; but the announcement that naval officers have been ordered to allow themselves considerable latitude in their dealings with English ships, indicates a desire, not so unintelligible as it is disgraceful, to provoke a wanton quarrel. In no other civilized country are professional politicians so much in the habit of pursuing objects of their own in disregard of the public interests. The members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, as their enemies assert, inflicted a deadly injury on the Southern States by inducing them to form a separate confederacy in which they would themselves occupy a principal position; and Mr. Seward may, in the same manner, consider a war with England advantageous to himself, although he cannot but be aware that it is ruinous to his country and his cause. To the last moment, the Secretary of State protested against coercive measures; and although he has, since the outbreak of hostilities, judiciously modified his language, he may possibly never have changed his opinions. It was perhaps necessary to promise the people an early and certain conquest of the South, but intelligent men at the centre of affairs must long since have known that success was hopeless. Once or twice, Northern journals have inserted significant hints of Mr. Seward's inclination to abandon the enterprise; but the minority which perceives that submission is inevitable is not yet strong enough to avow its con-



victions. The President and his Cabinet cannot withdraw from the useless struggle without forfeiting their popularity, unless some external compulsion furnishes them at the same time with a sufficient excuse and with the means of diverting attention from the South. In all similar embarrassments, the traditional resource of American politicians is a quarrel with England. A foreign war solves all political difficulties in the simplest manner. It breaks the blockade, which cannot otherwise be decorously raised; it establishes the independence of the Confederate States; it provides the army of the Potomac with an unanswerable reason for not advancing to Richmond; and, above all, it explains, for all future time, the failure of the prophecies which have for several months amused the population of the North. Like the great fire at Ravenswood Castle, under the judicious management of Caleb Balderstone, a rupture with England will forever save Mr. Seward's credit as a statesman. "Where's the plate, the plenishing, the family pictures?" "All lost in the great fire." "How come his lordship to be so poorly provided?" "What? haven't you heard of the fire?" All impertinent inquirers receive the same answer—"The fire, the fire, the fire!" So, when America and Europe hereafter ask Mr. Seward for his boasted Union, he will refer them to the fatal war with England. The most splendid prospects of victory, the certainty of an early and triumphant peace—all was lost in the calamitous war. That accounts for all evaporated bluster and for all broken promises—the war, the war, the war! It is true Caleb Balderstone only burnt a heap of straw in the castle-yard, while his imitator will have to set the house itself on fire; but eloquent patriotism naturally leads to more serious sacrifices of the property of others than those which were prompted by the harmless vanity of an old family retainer.

The choice of peace or war mainly rests with the Government of Washington, but something may possibly depend on English opinion, and it is desirable that the little influence which can be exerted on this side of the Atlantic should not be employed in envenoming the dispute. A war with the Federal Union will only be undertaken because it has been rendered unavoidable. No contest can be more repugnant to English feelings, and even material interests enormously preponderate in favor of peace. The mere increase in maritime insurance will almost balance the doubtful advantage of a sudden and enormous influx of Sea Island and New Orleans cotton. There were never so few laden American vessels to capture, nor so many unemployed hulls and sailors in Amer-

ican ports to cover the sea with privateers. Great suffering may be inflicted on the enemy by blockades and isolated expeditions, but it will not be a war of great campaigns or of brilliant victories. English admirals and generals will have nothing to fight for but an honorable peace, and before they obtain it their successes may too probably sow the seeds of interminable animosity. There can be no peculiar sympathy between England and the new Confederacy as long as slavery is the basis of Southern institutions, and while the revival of the slave trade is an open question at Charleston and New Orleans. The statesmen of the South, while they remained in the Union, bid against the demagogues of the North for popularity by constant vituperation of England. Their great superiority in council and in arms has since conciliated a respect which has been withheld from their windy adversaries. Their commercial theories are less narrow and obnoxious than the corrupt selfishness of Pennsylvanian policy, nor is there any reason why, if they abstain from the African slave trade, the Confederate States should not enjoy a profitable and friendly intercourse with the country which first recognised their belligerent rights. Yet the close alliance which must result from a joint warfare against the North would be in many ways embarrassing to the English Government. It is inconvenient to incur even a seeming responsibility for acts which cannot be controlled, while they may frequently not be approved. England, if she is forced into the war, will enter on the struggle without passion, as without hesitation; but the Confederates will simultaneously profit by the weakness of their enemies to exact vengeance for unpardonable wrongs. It would be idle to enumerate all the additional proofs which might be adduced that a war which is unanimously deprecated is in itself undesirable. Even the blatant journalists of New York will perhaps discover, when it is too late, that the previous forbearance of England was not suggested by fear of the irresistible strength of the North, and that the war has been commenced, not from a desire to profit by the weakness of the Union, but in calm and unavoidable compliance with the laws of duty and honor.

The professed partisans of peace, as usual, form an exception to the really pacific tendency of general opinion. At a time when all classes are willing to abide by the strict rule of law, and to be contented with the barest technical satisfaction for an insulting outrage, the party which once derived its name from Manchester exaggerates the rights of belligerents, and protests against any attempt to vindicate the national honor. The



*New York Herald*, which only caricatures the folly of its equally malignant rivals, disposes of the difficulty by requesting the President to call out five hundred thousand more soldiers, and to build several hundred men-of-war. Any wavering on the part of the English Government would have been attributed to fear of the American Bobadil; and yet the London advocate of the Northern States asserts that any attempt to resent the outrage on the British flag would be a cowardly attack on an opponent who is temporarily disabled. It is unwise to provide fresh fuel for the deep but restrained indignation of Englishmen; but it is far more dangerous to encourage American presumption. The writers who argue that ambassadors may be taken from neutral ships because Mr. Laurens was captured on his way to the Hague, in 1781, on board an American packet, although they may not be capable of understanding a legal argument, will be misled by the blundering apologies of their English supporters. The blessing which is promised to peacemakers will scarcely attend the mischievous busybodies who foment quarrels by unseasonable exhortations to peace, when extremities can only be avoided by reparation and justice.

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From The Saturday Review, 7 Dec.

#### CANADA.

It is asserted on competent authority that Canada is loyal, and there is at least no reason to suppose that the Canadians are mad. If they were anxious to be annexed by the Northern Federation, they might almost certainly attain the object of their wishes; and as long as they desire to retain their present allegiance, they are perfectly capable of defending the position which must form the basis of their future independence. It is not probable that they will wish to enclose themselves within the meshes of the Morrill Tariff for the purpose of sharing the glory and responsibility of conquering the insurgent South. When the founders of the American Union were themselves engaged in an "unnatural rebellion," they failed in their attempt to force Canada into a similar revolt; and in the war of 1812, American ambition was again baffled by the loyalty of the colonists, although, as General McClellan lately observed, General Scott had the good fortune of "consecrating the soil of Canada with his blood." If war should unhappily break out, the imperial garrison will be largely strengthened, and the local militia and volunteers will be at least a match for any equal number of extemporized soldiers

from the States. It is true that the colony contains more than one race, and several political parties, who may feel different degrees of attachment to the English connection. The Roman Catholics of the Lower Province stood aloof from the reception of the Prince of Wales, and the Orangemen of the West resented his discouragement of factious demonstrations; but the French Canadians have little sympathy with the grasping New Englanders; and the zealots who have transplanted into a distant continent the traditions of the Boyne will scarcely range themselves side by side with the patriotic Meagher. If the whole population is not of one mind, it is nevertheless sufficiently unanimous for practical purposes. The first American regiment which violates the frontier will remove all shades and distinctions of feeling by uniting all the North American colonies against the insolent invader.

The Federal Government has found it hitherto impossible to gain any serious advantage over five or six millions of enemies who are politically embarrassed by the possession of slaves. The Confederates are subject to the danger of forcible emancipation, they are destitute of money and of allies, and they are excluded from maritime intercourse with the outer world. Canada, on the other hand, with three millions of inhabitants, and with no weak point in her social institutions, will be supported by all the resources of a power which will in turn blockade the Northern ports, and drive the Federal fleets from the sea. As long as the Southern war lasts, it will be almost impossible for the Federal Government to maintain even a defensive force on the Northern frontier. Mr. Seward probably hopes to make peace with the Confederate States by recognizing their independence under cover of the popular irritation against England; but even if he succeeds in his object, the negotiations must be long, and the Border States will require a military force to keep them in subjection until the innumerable points of dispute are finally settled. Even if all the five hundred thousand men in the field were available for a still more wanton war, they could make little impression on such a country as Canada. North America, with its vast spaces, and its population of English descent, may be traversed, from time to time, by hostile armies, but it is not made to be conquered. The inhabitants will everywhere, in the long run, be stronger than the invaders; and in the supposed struggle the Canadians would have the aid of the only regular army on the continent, as well as of an irresistible navy. All the chances of success would be reversed if England



were insanely meditating the conquest of American territory. In the struggle which has, for eighty years, supplied the United States with inexhaustible materials of vaporing, the English Government was endeavoring to retain possession of its ancient dominions. Notwithstanding its mismanagement, the royal armies generally maintained their superiority in the field; but when they were gradually compelled to withdraw from the positions which they held, the independence of the colonies was practically complete. In future wars, English commanders will have no motive for engaging their troops deeply within a hostile territory. If the war proceeds, it may perhaps become expedient to set right the errors or frauds of diplomacy by rectifying the boundary lines in Maine and in Oregon, and a superiority in arms will also be profitably employed in closing the vexatious dispute about San Juan; but, in general England enters into the contest without a selfish impulse, for the purpose of coercing a rude and arrogant Government into the observance of national justice and courtesy. There will be little difficulty in applying the force which may be necessary for this purpose through the exclusive instrumentality of the fleet. No army will be required, except to assist in the defence of Canada; and the home garrisons can easily spare troops for this purpose without any serious augmentation of the peace establishment.

As far as it is possible to judge at a distance, there seems reason to believe that Canada is determined to form a separate nation, instead of merging itself in the American chaos. The party disputes of the province are conducted with an energy which is more impressive than intelligible to ordinary readers of the colonial journals. The Ministerialists and the Clear Grits have always forcible arguments to urge against one another, but neither party appears to complain of any grievance proceeding from the Imperial Government. The only indication of American sympathies is furnished by the frequency with which, in party polemics, they are attributed to adversaries whom it is expedient to damage. The French Canadians and their allies in the Upper Province are opposed to the Orangemen, as the Democrats of the North and South were lately allied against the Black Republicans. Their antagonism is, however, less strongly based on social differences or on material interests, and for the most part their controversies appear to be managed without the introduction of any foreign element.

If Canada should, at some future time, form any union with neighboring States, the change will probably be coincident with

a new territorial dismemberment of the Northern Federation. In the South-West, Upper Canada joins the great States beyond the Alleghanies, which will almost certainly throw off the yoke of the Protectionist manufacturers of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. It is impossible and unnecessary to look forward to distant revolutions, dependent on causes which will probably have been unanticipated. It is enough for the present purpose to see that in all reasonable probability, Canada is not destined to satiate or stimulate the vanity of aggressive Americans. In former ages, the limits of States were regulated by dynastic combinations, or modified by the fortune of war. Prussia and Austria are the estates which certain families amassed in the course of generations. The Italy of the present day, on the other hand, unites from a sense of national unity. The Confederate States of America derive their origin from social and economical causes. Canada may either hold together by historical tradition, or split asunder for political reasons. A war between England and the Northern Union is more likely to postpone the change than to precipitate a separation.

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From The London Review, 7 Dec.

#### THE SITUATION.

It would be an idle and unprofitable occupation to speculate on an event which will be so soon removed from the domain of conjecture. The next mail from America (which we are likely to receive on Monday next), will probably decide the question, the issue of which is so anxiously expected. It is not probable that the determination of the course of the Washington Cabinet will await or depend upon the arrival of the English despatch. The matter will, before the departure of the next mail, have been under the full discussion of the American press and statesmen for nearly a fortnight, and the die will no doubt be cast for good or for evil, in a manner which will admit neither of modification nor recall. The sentence of the English Government has been pronounced with deliberation, and the mind of the English people has been made up with calmness, and now we can afford to await the result with fortitude and composure.

While the matter was still under discussion we thought it right to oppose all possible obstacles to a hasty and inconsiderate conclusion. In entering upon a quarrel nothing is so necessary or so just as to endeavor to place the case of your adversary in the strongest light. The passionate and unrighteous man will always exaggerate his



own wrong, and suppress the mitigating circumstances which tell on the other side. A just and magnanimous antagonist will endeavor to state in the strongest and most plausible form everything which can be fairly alleged in favor of his foe. If, after such a review, he finds his quarrel just he is thrice armed by the consciousness that he has omitted nothing which can be impartially alleged against his cause. And this is the strong position which we think that the public opinion of England is now entitled to assume.

The dross which passion and ignorance have imported into this momentous topic has now been winnowed out by the blast of a full and fair public discussion. The unreal portion of the grievance has been filtered away, and we can now examine the *residuum* which an exact analysis has reduced to a precipitate. We pointed out last week, that in the fact of the search itself, if it had been properly pursued, there was nothing to complain of. This point is no longer disputed. There remains, then, the act of seizure, and the informal method of its execution. Upon these points we stated, without pretending to decide them, the doubts which existed, and the arguments which might be alleged on either side. The law officers of the crown are understood to have rested their opinion mainly upon the impropriety of the captain of the *San Jacinto* having constituted himself the judge in a case which could only rightly be determined by the legally constituted tribunal. In this they have no doubt decided wisely; for there is an immense advantage in taking a stand upon a ground which, however narrow, is still indisputable.

From this view of the case, the consideration of what might have been the decision if the matter had been submitted to a proper tribunal becomes superfluous, and it is not understood that the law officers have actually pronounced upon that point. Nevertheless, it is useful to record that after the ample discussion which has taken place a preponderance of opinion seems to have pronounced against the justification, on which the American captain must have relied in a prize court. No authority or case has been cited which goes to the extent of showing that ambassadors from a belligerent power on their route to a neutral port may be seized on board a neutral vessel. Nor can it be said to have been shown that despatches on their way to a neutral destination are confiscable in the same manner as they would be if addressed to a belligerent terminus. At the same time, in the face of the case of the *Constantia Holbec* (6 Robinson's Rep. p. 461, *note*), where a Danish neutral

ship was seized and condemned by Lord Stowell for carrying despatches from a French colony to the French ambassador at the neutral city of Copenhagen, it would, perhaps, be too much to say that all despatches with a neutral address are necessarily innocent. And, indeed, it is obvious that this could not be so, for otherwise though a despatch could not be sent direct from Charleston to New Orleans, it could—if this doctrine were carried to its extreme length—perform the same journey if it only went through the colorable form of resting on its road on the neutral ground of Bermuda.

All, therefore, that can be said on this head is, that a prize court, in deciding in favor of the legality of the capture of the *Trent*, would have carried the doctrine of belligerent rights to an extent which they have never yet actually reached, and to which, in the opinion of our best lawyers, they ought not to be stretched. On the other hand, in pronouncing such a judgment, the court would not have actually violated any principle precisely laid down or acted in defiance of any case which has been positively decided. And in that position we may be well content to leave a speculative point, which has ceased to have any practical importance.

American politicians and journalists are naturally very eager to discover some case in point, by which they may fix England with the responsibility of acts identical with that of which we now complain. Their entire failure to accomplish this end, is the greatest testimony to the weakness of their case. It is singular enough that the great champions of neutral immunities should not be able to discover any justification for their own excesses in the whole history of a country, which has been compelled, in the very struggle for existence, to assert to the uttermost the rights of belligerents. It would be comical enough, if the matter itself were not too tragical, to see American statesmen becoming innovators in what they have always called "belligerent outrages." We say nothing of the *New York Herald*, which endeavors to find a justification for Captain Wilkes in the case of the *Leopard*, for which the English Government made honorable amends, and in which it conceded the same reparation which we now ask at the hands of the American Government. But it is useless to expect fairness or even decency in the columns of the *New York Herald*.

But the case of Mr. George Sumner's letter seems to us much graver and more inexcusable. Mr. George Sumner is brother of the well-known legislator, Charles Sumner, and is evidently, by the manner in which his authority is quoted, looked up to as a per-



son entitled to give an opinion on this momentous question. His own people have a right to expect from him in this critical hour prudent counsels and sound information. Yet this is the man who comes forward with a falsified precedent to encourage and exasperate a misguided nation into a course which must precipitate their ruin. We can conceive no act the memory of which ought more to embitter existence with an undying remorse than this of Mr. Sumner, who has done what in him lay, by this rash and ignorant opinion, to hurry his countrymen, who looked to him for counsel and guidance, into the desperate hazard of an unjustifiable war. In such a case ignorance is something more than a blunder, and negligence is little less than a crime.

The letter of General Scott is conceived in a very different spirit. It must be admitted to be a very ingenious and astute apology in a desperate case. It is like nothing so much as the speech of a skilful advocate for the defendant in a cause where there is absolutely no defence. All that can be done is to endeavor to distract the attention of the jury from the real question at issue, by the introduction of miscellaneous topics to effect a diversion, which cannot save the verdict, but which, perhaps, may mitigate the damages. General Scott very skilfully evades the real gist of the question. He does not venture to affirm that his own countrymen are in the right, and he takes very good care not to admit that they ought to make reparation. He thinks if Mr. Seward does not persuade Lord Russell that America is in the right, Lord Russell may easily persuade Mr. Seward that America is in the wrong. This is a very cheerful and pleasant view of the case; and as the first event is not likely to occur, the sooner the second is brought about the better for all parties. Nevertheless, the whole tone of his letter has at least this that is satisfactory in it. If he does not meet the case in the only manner which can pacifically settle it, he, at least, does not attempt to bluster and bully out of the difficulty, of whose gravity he is clearly abundantly conscious. Through the whole of this evasive performance an obvious disinclination is shown to push matters to extremities with England. Whatever may be the case with the New York and Washington mob, General Scott, at least, is sufficiently well informed of the inequality of the struggle. If we could hope that the statesmen of America would think and act in the spirit of this letter, the prospect of a pacific solution of this question would not be altogether desperate. But, unfortunately, the Cabinet of Washington will deliberate in a very different atmosphere from that in which

General Scott writes. The latter is under the wholesome influence of Parisian public opinion which is unanimously hostile to the cause which he has to sustain—the former will have to act under the coercion of a mob, whose passions and prejudices will neither submit to the restraints of reason and law, nor listen to the reasonings of prudence and policy.

England will have the satisfaction of feeling that she has done nothing either to seek or precipitate this quarrel. If America refuses to do justice to us, she will do it with her eyes open, and the consequences must be on her own head. We may take Heaven to witness that it is not any desire of selfish advantage for ourselves that has brought things to this terrible issue. If we regret—as we believe both the Government and the people of England do most sincerely regret—the necessity which is forced upon us, it is not from any doubt or fear as to the event. A war in which the advantage was so entirely and beyond calculation on one side, has never yet been recorded in the pages of history. From the moment that hostilities commence, the American flag must inevitably disappear from the face of the seas. Her whole naval force does not amount to a dozen effective steam vessels of war, and none of these are above the class of frigates. It is not an exaggeration to say, that for every American ship of war England can produce ten, and the superiority of calibre and armament would probably double this proportion in our favor. The only weak point in our possessions is being already strengthened. Several regiments are now under orders to sail for Canada, and will probably embark in the course of the next week. It is expected that at this season, ships will be able to ascend the St. Lawrence to the Rivière de Loup, a distance within some ninety miles of Quebec, a point whence the troops will be conveyed by railroad. Should, however, the access at this place be already blocked, they will be disembarked at St. Andrew's and by the railroad from that place to Woodstock they will be conveyed to a point at which they will be distant only one hundred and twenty miles from the railroad communications to Quebec. There need, therefore, be no apprehensions for the safety of Canada, which, besides the assistance we shall send, has an admirable militia quite adequate to her immediate defence. From the vantage ground of a just cause, with an overwhelming superiority of force, we may await with calmness and confidence a decision which cannot long be delayed.



From The London Review, 7 Dec.  
WHAT CANADA WILL DO.

IF the Federal authorities of America are so rash and wicked as to compel the British Government to declare war for the vindication of the insulted honor of this country, what part will be taken by the people of Canada? The answer is easy. The Canadians will resist to the last extremity any and every pretension on the part of the Government of Washington to invade or occupy their territory. The Canadians have no sympathy with the people of the ex-United States, and have long had occasion to congratulate themselves on the enjoyment of a greater and better-founded liberty, than was ever possessed either by the North or the South. They have no political, social, or commercial grievances to be redressed. They are entirely free to govern themselves as they please. They can turn out an unpopular Ministry at a day's notice, a feat which, in Washington, it takes four years to accomplish; and if they be not wholly independent of the mother country, it is only because they themselves desire to maintain a connection that, for all administrative purposes, is purely nominal, and that, in every other respect, is honorable to both parties, and profitable to Canada. So fully impressed are they with the benefits of a British connection, that they look upon their severance from the "old country" as the greatest calamity that could befall them, one that would certainly entail taxation and could not produce any benefit.

No sooner did the desperate politicians who share the councils of Mr. Lincoln instruct the disreputable *New York Herald*, and other papers, to blow a blast of defiance to Great Britain, and bluster for the annexation of Canada, as a compensation for the secession of the Cotton States, than Canada, both East and West, declared as one man against the insolence and temerity of the threat. The Canadians, whether of French or Anglo-Saxon extraction, not only repudiated the degrading proposal, but showed in a thousand ways that they were resolved to fight for their liberties with determination and energy, and that every hundred British soldiers landed upon Canadian soil to repel the aggressions of the "Yankee," would be supported by at least a thousand Canadians, eager to do battle for the inviolability of their soil, and for their independence of the control of their reckless and unprincipled neighbors.

There is no possibility of mistake in this matter. The Canadians desire to work out their own free destiny without participation in the sin or punishment of the slavery which the North has not the courage or the hon-

esty to attempt to abolish, and which is the principal element of weakness in the otherwise strong cause of the South; and they see far away amid the possibilities of the future, a much greater chance of the absorption by Canada of some of the Western States of the late Union, than of the absorption of Canada into the incohesive fragment that yields such flickering and uncertain allegiance to President Lincoln. In short, the relations between Canada and the mother country are so clear and cordial, and so well understood and appreciated on both sides, that, if the Canadian Parliament and people were to vote themselves a Free State tomorrow, the people and Government of Great Britain would acquiesce in the decision without a murmur, and would bid her hopeful progeny God speed in the career of independence, without the indulgence of any wish except for their peace, prosperity, and happiness.

So long as Canada desires to retain the connection, not the whole might of the united North and South, much less that of the fragmentary and diminishing North, would suffice to despoil Canada of one inch of territory. If Great Britain be reluctantly driven into this war—with right on her side, but sorrow in her heart—she will assuredly despatch from twenty thousand to thirty thousand troops, to form the nucleus of a Canadian army, to be augmented, in case of need, by every man in Canada of an age fit for military service—a volunteer force that will cost as much to subdue, or more, than the force under Beauregard or Johnson, that guards Manassas and beleaguers Washington. Great Britain, if left unprovoked in a war that concerned her material interests, but did not touch her honor, would never have sought to disturb any pre-existing arrangements; but if war must come, who can blame her if, in justice to herself and as a safeguard for the future, she take advantage of it to secure a rectification of the Canadian frontier, at the expense of the State of Maine? of a large portion of which, and of a winter port on the Atlantic, she was deprived by the blundering good-nature of the late Lord Ashburton, when deputed, on account of his American sympathies and connections, to settle the disputed boundary lines of Maine and Oregon. Nay, the State of Maine itself—a portion of whose people agitated, so early as 1857, for annexation to Canada—may revive the question at the first outbreak of hostilities, and make the first advance to a new secession, of which, the example may be contagious, and extend down the chain of the great lakes to Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. These States have no interest in the rowdiness of



New York and Philadelphia—rowdiness installed in Washington, and governing the whole North—but they have the greatest interest in the corn trade of the world, that would find its proper outlet to Europe through the St. Lawrence in the summer, and through Portland or some other harbor of Maine, in the winter.

The Hudson for the boundary line of Canada is not a new cry. Let Mr. Lincoln and his Government at Washington take care that it be not revived to their discomfiture, for it is but one of many vital questions that a war between Great Britain and the United States would stir into prominence, and of which wise statesmanship would beware, under the perilous circumstances of the time. The South alone is an enemy sufficiently formidable. To have Great Britain and Canada to contend against at the same time, would be a combination of difficulties that none but madmen would wilfully provoke. Separated from the South, and at peace with Canada and Great Britain, the North might run a noble career; it might still be the home of free men, and the cradle of new and enlightened nations, stretching far away to the Pacific Ocean, and covering a territory twenty times larger than France and England. But if, through its own petulance and arrogance, it should become involved in a war with Great Britain, let it take heed lest it encounter the Nemesis of a new secession, more debilitating and fatal than the first. To lose the Cotton States and slavery, is to lose little. To lose Maine and the Far West, and perhaps New England, would be to lose everything, and to cease to be a great nation.

Such considerations as these must have passed through the mind of a man so astute as Mr. Seward. They may, perhaps, have their weight at Washington, when Lord Lyons conveys to him the demand of our Government of apology for the conduct of the captain of the *San Jacinto*. If they shall be found useful in preserving peace—which we earnestly hope they may be—no power in the world will ultimately have such reason to rejoice as the United States.

We close these English extracts by two from *Punch* of 7 Dec. *Punch* is generally wiser, and more truly represents British public opinion, than any other paper.

It has two pictures: one of a great fat sailor saying to a little fellow not a quarter of his size: "You do what's right, my son, or I'll blow you out of the water;" the other, "A bad

case of throwing stones," Mr. Bull saying, "Now mind you, sir; no shuffling—an ample apology—or I put the matter into the hands of my lawyers, Messrs. Whitworth and Armstrong."

## A WARNING TO JONATHAN;

OR, "DOTH HE WAG HIS TAIL?"

JONATHAN, Jonathan, 'ware of the Lion:

He's patient, he's placable, slow to take fire:  
There are tricks which in safety a puppy might try on,

But from dogs of his *own* size they waken his ire.

With your bounce and your bunkum you've pelted him often,

Good-humored, he laughed, as the missiles flew by,

Hard words you've employed, which he ne'er bid you soften,

As knowing your tallest of talk all my eye.

When you blustered he still was content with pooh-poohing,

When you flared up he just let the shavings burn out;

He knew you were fonder of talking than doing,

And Lions for trifles don't put themselves out.

But beware how you tempt even leonine patience,

Or presume the old strength has forsaken his paw:

He's proud to admit you and he are relations,  
But even relations may take too much law.

If there's one thing he values, 'tis right of asylum;

Safe who rests 'neath the guard of the Lion must be:

In that shelter the hard-hunted fugitive whilom,  
Must be able to sleep the deep sleep of the free.

Then think twice, and think well, ere from guard of the Lion

Those who seek his protection you try to withdraw:

Though Stowell and Wheaton and Kent you rely on,

There are points on which lions wont listen to jaw.

Remembering in time the old tale of the showman,

Who his head in the mouth of the Lion would sheath,

Till with lengthened impunity, bold as a Roman,

He seemed to forget that the Lion had teeth



But the time came at last, when, all risks madly  
 scorning,  
 He went just too far down that road rough  
 and red,  
 When, with only one wag of his tail for a  
 warning,  
 Snap went Leo's jaws, and off went Barnum's  
 head!

#### NOTICE TO THE NORTH.

YANKEEs, beware! we are averse,  
 But not afraid to fight.  
 War we account the direst curse  
 On man that can alight;  
 And we will do whate'er we may  
 To keep that worst of plagues away.

Insults we've borne, and more can bear  
 To idle acts confined,  
 Or words, for which no more we care  
 Than for the noisome wind  
 Polluted by your skunk, which blows  
 Beyond the sphere of England's nose.

But, by insufferable deeds,  
 Throwing substantial mud,  
 So urge us not that we must needs  
 Embrace the work of blood;  
 Which we abhor; compelled to smite,  
 Shall therefore do with all our might.

For Peace we fight—as we forbear—  
 To keep it, patience strain;  
 To conquer it no efforts spare;  
 And conquer to retain:  
 As, if to war you make us go,  
 By Jove, we'll try to let you know!

#### COUNT GASPARIN ON THE TRENT AFFAIR.

[A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* translates for it the article published in the *Journal des Debats* of 11, 12, and 13 Dec. The *Living Age* has omitted some parts.]

*Valleyres, December 6, 1861.*

MONSIEUR,—Between the meetings at Liverpool and the ovations, is there not room for a word of peace? A word of peace, I know, ought to be a word of impartiality. We must make up our minds to be treated as an American in England, and as an Englishman in America; but what matters it, if the truth pursues its path, and if one obstacle the more rises in the way of this horrible war, this war against nature, which would commence by assuring the triumph of the champions of negro slavery, and would terminate by giving more than one perilous chance to the cause of free institutions.

There is one fundamental rule to follow

in the questions raised by the right of search: to distrust first impressions. These are always very strong. They always look to an attempt upon the honor of the flag. Patriotic susceptibilities, which I understand and respect, are always brought into play.

These officers, these foreign marines, who have given orders and exacted obedience, who have stopped a ship in its course and placed their feet on the sacred deck where floated a country's flag, who have questioned and searched, and perhaps taken measures more serious still, is it impossible they should not have easily provoked feelings of wrath and indignation? Even when practised according to the proper forms and confined to the most legal limits, the right of search must always endanger collisions. The recent search of the *Jules et Marie*, whose yards were carried away and her nettings stove in, seems to me a true picture of all the searches at sea—they all cause some damage.

And yet the right of search is contested by no one, and will be exercised in times of war until the day when the American proposition, alluded to the other day by General Scott, shall be accepted by our Old World.

I have mentioned the name of General Scott, and I do it with a feeling of joy. All who have read his letter should say as I do, that there exists in the United States a class of intelligent, moderate, patriotic men, having made their proofs, and capable of examining, without passion, the claims of the British Government. These men know at this day the value of maintaining friendly relations with England. Whatever opinion they may form upon the question of right presented by the act of Captain Wilkes, they understand that no consideration can be placed in the balance with the danger of bringing on the recognition of the Southern States, the violation of the blockade, and a war with a powerful and friendly nation—a sister nation, of the same blood, speaking the same language, and devoted to the same mission of civilization and liberty. No honorable sacrifice will be too dear for them to avoid this terrible catastrophe.

Oh! I would that they could see with their own eyes, if only for a moment, what is now passing in Europe. Their enemies triumph and their friends are amazed. We who have always loved America, and who love her the more since she has suffered for a noble cause, we who have defended her and who have not ceased to believe in her final success, in spite of faults and of checks, we have felt all our hopes threatened at once—and the earth seemed to give way beneath our feet. No, we cannot think that America, in light gayety of heart, will destroy



with her hands in a moment the fruit of so much effort and sacrifice. It would not be patriotism, it would not be dignity, it would be an act of madness and of suicide.

#### WHY THE PRISONERS SHOULD BE RELEASED.

If the *Trent* violated the rules of neutrality, it is not less certain that other rules have been violated. The duty of marine officers limits itself to search ships, and, if necessary, to arrest them, in order to conduct them before a prize court. They should not exercise the office of judge. In substituting the arrest of persons for the seizure of the ship, and a military act for an arrest before a tribunal, Captain Wilkes has given cause for the well-grounded protests of England, at the same time that he has left the way open, thank Heaven, for measures of reparation which the United States can adopt.

I know very well that the indignation would not have been any less in Liverpool and London if the *Trent* had been arrested and carried before American judges. Perhaps even this correct and regular proceeding would have wounded more deeply than that of which England complains. It is permitted to question, with General Scott, "if the offence would have been smaller if it had been greater." But this is not the practical question, the only one now important. The question is, to get out of the embarrassment, and the error committed by the commander of the *San Jacinto* furnishes a reasonable means of consenting to the release of the prisoners.

Far from being a humiliation for the Government at Washington, this act of wisdom would be one of the best titles to glory. It would prove that moral force was not wanting to it, that it is a slander to represent it to us as the slave of a vile democracy, incapable of resisting the outcries of the street, and of accepting, for the safety of the country, an hour of unpopularity.

Let the American Government believe us, its true friends, that in arresting Messrs. Mason and Slidell it has done more for the cause of the South than Price or Beauregard could have done in gaining two great victories on the Potomac and in Missouri. Messrs. Mason and Slidell are a hundred times more dangerous under the bolts of Fort Warren than in the streets of Paris or London. That which their diplomacy would surely not have obtained in many months, Captain Wilkes has procured for them in an hour. What rejoicing there must be in the camp of the partisans of the South! They were beginning to despair. Recognition, that only chance of the defenders of slavery, seemed further off than ever. The recent

successes of the Federal arms announced the commencement of great retaliations. The war was carried from the environs of Washington to the very heart of South Carolina. There remained for them no other important resources but those which might arise during the winter of the discontent of our industrial centres. And now, suddenly, the situation is changed, their recognition becomes possible, the blockade is threatened, and the United States expose themselves to be turned away from the South in order to face a more formidable adversary.

In truth, what has Mr. Jefferson Davis given you that you should render him such a service?

#### THE EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND.

Let us now turn to England and say the truth to her also.

As long as the affair of the *Trent* is not treated by itself, and coolly, as long as they lend their ears there to falsehoods invented by passion, which evenmen the questions, which exclude conciliatory efforts and pacific hopes, they will labor actively there to ruin all that England had gloriously built up here below. It is impossible to exaggerate the consequences, fatal to liberty in all shapes, embodied in such a policy.

At first it was supposed that Captain Wilkes had acted from instructions, and that the Government of Mr. Lincoln had proposed expressly to seize the Southern commissioners on board of an English vessel. Now, it is found that Captain Wilkes, who was returning from Africa, had no instructions of any sort. He acted, according to his own expression, at his own risk and peril, like a true Yankee.

It was then supposed that the Government of Mr. Lincoln had conceived the ingenious plan (these things are gravely expressed and find people to believe them) of seeking himself a rupture with the English. It was necessary to have new enemies! He hoped in this way to re-unite with his actual adversaries! He was going to give up fighting them, and seek for a compensation in the conquest of Canada! I have followed as attentively as any one the march of events in America. I have read the American papers. I have received letters. I have studied documents, and among others, the famous circular of Mr. Seward. I have seen there more than one sign of discontent caused by the unsympathetic attitude of England. I have seen also symptoms of the fear, natural enough, that the intervention of Europe in Mexico excites in the minds of men attached to the Monroe doctrine, but as to these incredible plans, I have never discovered the slightest trace of them. I may add, that a



very noticeable return towards friendly relations with England was manifested, since the latter has shown herself more friendly towards America.

If there is one quality which we cannot refuse to recognize in the Government of Mr. Lincoln, it is precisely its moderation and good sense. It has not raised itself very high, it has avoided (too much, in my opinion) laying down those principles, and pronouncing those words which create lively sympathies and make the conscience of the human race vibrate in unison. Say that it is a little prosaic, a little *ventre-à-terre*; do not say that it is extravagant, and that England has nothing better to do than to attack us, in order not to be attacked first.

In order to support, as well for good as for evil, a fiction which has run its course too long, another thing has been invented. Mr. Lincoln's Government is exhausted; despairing of conquering the South it wishes to bring about a diversion at any price. Those who hold such language have not heard, doubtless, of the expedition to Beaufort, nor of the evacuation of Missouri by the Confederates, nor of the victory recently gained in Kentucky. They do not know that the United States have accomplished this wonder, of putting half a million of men under arms, that acts of indiscipline have almost ceased, and that the volunteers for three years have everywhere replaced the volunteers for three months.

They do not know that the finances of the country are prosperous, and that Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, has negotiated, on favorable conditions, the last part of the loan. I recommend to them to read the last letters of Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*; they will there see what an impartial witness thinks of the respective chances of the North and the South.

Yet, before the intervention of the *San Jacinto* (this involuntary ally of the South, to which the inhabitants of Charleston ought to vote swords of honor), the situation of the United States presented itself under the most favorable aspects. Since then it has changed, I confess.

#### THE MISTAKE OF ENGLAND.

Let us see, however, if the English indignation has not given altogether exaggerated proportions to the act of Captain Wilkes.

The English indignation has omitted one side of the affair; namely, the conduct of the steamer *Trent*.

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#### THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

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Why should not the conflict which so pre-occupies us, instead of resulting in war, end

in a useful negotiation? I do not doubt but that the noble overtures in which General Scott has taken the initiative will be avowed by Mr. Lincoln.

To enlarge the actual question, and educe from it an international progress, an emancipation of the commerce of the world, this would be a little better, it seems to me, than cutting each other's throats, and in the full nineteenth century assuring the triumph of the most disgraceful revolt which ever broke out in this world, the rebellion for slavery. England and America, these two great countries are worthy of giving to the world the spectacle of a generous and fruitful understanding, in which will be melted and swallowed up in some sort a deplorable quarrel. Who does not see that mingled with the promulgation of a more liberal regulation of the right of search, the satisfaction exacted from the United States would take a new character, and would have a much better chance of being accorded!

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#### THE QUESTION OF RIGHT.

Let us now look nearer, at the question of right. It was not useless to disembarass it at first of secondary questions, which prevent us from seeing it, and above all, seeing it as it is.

They seem to have had a fear in England of facing the question of right. There is no way of escape they have not tried, to avoid this serious examination.

Have they not gone so far as to oppose to the United States, that, considering the Southern States as revolted, and refusing them the character of belligerents, they should not exercise the right of search, which is reserved to belligerents? From this point of view, it is added, Messrs. Mason and Slidell would only be refugee rebels under the British flag; and what country is there which consents to deliver up political refugees? The answer is simple. No one more than England has recognized in this circumstance the character of belligerents, which is contested in her name. Besides, the blockade of the South is admitted by her, and by the other powers. Now there is no more a blockade than a right of search, except in a state of war.

There is another evasion. The United States have always contended against the right of search; they have exercised it unwillingly. England has always exercised the right of search; she would unwillingly contend against it. Let us be frank; rights of this nature are always odious to those who are subjected to them, and always clear to those who profit by them.

Alas! this is not the only case where



change of situation operates a change in the points of view. Let us take the human heart as it is, and not exact, under penalty of war, that the Americans, engaged in one of the most terrible social crises (and one of the most glorious, too) of which history makes mention, should hesitate to seize a weapon which has been used against them, and which they in turn feel the necessity of using. In neglecting to use it, they would be wanting, perhaps, in their duties towards themselves, and towards the noble cause which they represent.

There is in fine a last means more simple, of putting aside a troublesome examination. What is the use, it is exclaimed on all sides, of insisting upon precedents? This is not an affair of lawyers. It seems to me, however, that Great Britain began by questioning her crown-lawyers, and made peace or war depend upon their decision. It would be, indeed, too convenient to deny the precedents we have ourselves created, and to say to those who would act as we have not ceased to act: "I do not admit that we should be imitated. That which I practised formerly, I authorize no one to practise to-day. I have not warned you of it, but you ought to have guessed it, and, for not having guessed it, you shall have war."

#### THE PRECEDENTS.

The precedents preserve all their value. What are they?

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Sir William Scott is right in saying that in charging one's self with the carrying of despatches one ceases to be neutral and becomes an enemy. This is evident, especially in the present conflict. As the serious chances of the South are all in Europe, as it would not be in rebellion if it had not counted upon Europe—as it would lay down its arms to-morrow if it could be convinced that never, for cotton, nor for anything else, will Europe give it support—it results that the despatches which were going from the South to Europe (neutral Europe) went far beyond, in military importance, the sending of soldiers or provisions.

#### THE COMMANDER OF THE TRENT.

This being the case, what ought the commander of the steamer *Trent* to do? I do not attack his intentions; he acted very innocently; but if this excuse of ignorance of the law is available for him, I think it also available for Captain Wilkes, and it would be unjust to treat with great rigor a first difficulty, which evidently has surprised everybody, and has not found anywhere a very complete understanding of the conditions of the right of search.

The commander of the *Trent* saw coming to him men whom their characters as commissioners from the South marked for his attention. He knew what uneasiness and anxiety existed at the North in relation to this mission and to the despatches whose contents excited grave suspicions. There had been talk, exaggerated doubtless, of a proposition of protectorate, and of other offers designed to gain at any price the support of one or of several maritime powers. The enthusiastic reception which the society of Havana, hostile to the United States, and passionately in love with slavery, had given to Messrs. Mason and Slidell, left no doubts as to the exceptional gravity of the hostile mission with which they were charged. It was just a case where it would be said that messengers and messages of this sort ought to sail under their own flag, and that neutrals are not warranted in facilitating their mission in any way.

In such grave circumstances, and with such a responsibility, commanders of packet-boats should not take refuge behind their innocence, and argue that the Consul of the United States did not take the trouble to warn them. I should like to know what reception would be found in England for the neutral who should take it upon himself to say, "I thought I had the power to transport hostile despatches, and those provided with them, because the English Consul did not come and warn me not to do it."

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#### WAS THE BRITISH FLAG INSULTED?

Now, to finish with the question of right, shall I say some words upon what may be called the commonplace rhetoric and declamation of the subject? There has been very plain talk about the insult to the flag. It is said that the deck of an English vessel is the very soil of the country. The rights of Britannic hospitality have been invoked, and it is asked if it can consent to see its guests carried off. Such language does not fail unfortunately to excite implacable passions. But what is there behind these phrases? The flag is not insulted, when the search is exercised according to the law of nations. The deck of an English vessel of commerce may be the deck of the country, but a belligerent is authorized to seize it, if it transports men employed for the profit of the enemy, officers for example. The rights of hospitality find their limits in the duties of neutrality; and the vessel that pretends to protect its guests at any price, when they are employed in war, would commit a simple bad action.

In short, there is wrong on both sides, and if a difference needed discussion and inter-



pretation, even for the sake of arbitration, it is this. Europe, too, attentive to what is passing, and desirous of avoiding war, will not understand, be sure of it, that the question should be settled in a rough way, so as to make hostilities almost unavoidable.

If the captain had seized the vessel instead of the commissioners, and if the vessel had been duly condemned by an American tribunal, the proceeding would have been one of an irreproachable regularity. This being so, by the confession of the English themselves, who would believe that out of such a quarrel about ways of proceeding, would spring a rupture forever fatal. England has interrogated her lawyers—America has interrogated hers. Do conflicts, where the national honor is really engaged, allow of consultation of this sort? Do we ever ask lawyers and judges if the country is insulted or attacked, when it is really insulted or attacked?

#### REPARATIONS.

Whatever may be said in England, the first condition of a demand for reparation is to render reparation possible. There must be time, there must be patience which does not stop before the first difficulty, nor take as definitive the first refusal. There must be prudent management, which harmonizes so well with dignity, where we are the strongest, and which avoid making the form of satisfaction gratuitously wounding, and consequently almost inadmissible. It is clear that if an exacting claim is thought sufficient to be made known at Washington, if eight days are given, if (I wish to anticipate everything, even the impossible and the absurd) the release of the prisoners is not only claimed, but their transport upon an American vessel, charged with dragging across the sea its repentant flag, if no easier way is accepted, if they are deaf to mediation, it is clear that Mr. Lincoln will have need of a superhuman courage, in order to grant what is claimed in this way.

This superhuman courage, I desire it, I ask for it; in displaying it, he will have deserved well of America and of humanity. But I have little hope of such wonders, and I don't believe that in serious affairs it is well to exact miracles.

The English have been full of condescension and of forbearance for America when she was strong. If they have the misfortune to show neither condescension nor forbearance for America when she is weak, they authorize suppositions more fatal for their honor than is the grave error (but easily reparable with good-will on both sides) which Captain Wilkes has committed.

I have a right to use this language to

them, for I am one of the number of those who love England. From my first speech on the tribune, and on this very question of the right of search, I exposed myself to much animosity by defending her. Later, in the Pritchard affair, I did not draw back. Even in my retirement it has rarely happened that I have taken up my pen without rendering homage to a country and to a government which are not popular with us. So I am authorized to hope my words will have some weight. Nothing is more antipathetic to me than a gross and ignorant Anglophobia. But England should know all the sides of this dispute in which she is engaged. It has a European face. It is not a discussion between two powers; a third, the first of all, public opinion, has also a word to say. It is for peace, and will not let it be sacrificed for an error easily reparable, and which people are disposed to magnify. Public opinion energetically repudiates the cause of the South, which is the cause of slavery. (The speeches of Mr. Stephens, Vice-President of the South, has made a creed of it.)

In hearing this enormous fact, of England recognizing the Confederation expressly founded to maintain, glorify, and extend slavery, public opinion will utter itself in one of those explosions of anger beside which the indignation meetings of Liverpool will make a poor figure, believe me.

England for a year has maintained her neutrality in the New World, and she has acted well in this, for the cotton interests might have dictated another policy. Yet, if she has been neutral, she has not been sympathetic.

#### CONCLUSIONS.

This immense social revolution, commenced by the election of Mr. Lincoln, which has written upon its banner "No Slavery Extension," and which engages itself thus in the way towards abolition, this generous revolution, and which deserves encouragement, has met only with distrust and hostility in England. On other points, and while still remaining neutral, England knows very well how to lend to the causes which she loves her moral support, the support of journals, parliamentary speeches and public meetings. Here, no such thing. I know not what fatal misunderstanding has compressed the generous sentiments which here should have sprung up. From the beginning the principal English papers, and especially those which are thought to express the thought of Lord Palmerston, have not ceased to proclaim aloud that the South had the right to secede; that the separation was without remedy; that it was good and conformable to the desires of the English.



Many times the recognition of the South has been presented as an act which we must expect and be prepared for.

From all which, if care is not taken, there is this result, that in the excessive eagerness with which the *Trent* affair was seized, in the peremptory terms of reclamation, in the form adopted to render reparation difficult, we see the intention of arriving at the ends which England proposes: to effect the recognition, to suppress the blockade, to obtain cotton, and procure an America cut to pieces, replacing the too powerful republic of the United States.

Liverpool has this time given the signal, Lancashire urges on to the rupture. Behind the national honor there may be something else. Take care! We must not think that, that is to say, that must not be.

And that will be, if you declare the question exhausted at the very moment when public opinion begins to give attention to it; if you exact a reparation without admitting an explanation, if, in fine, you reject in advance all idea of negotiation, of mediation, or arbitration.

War, instead of negotiation, mediation, or arbitration, war, after the first word, for a question which has been laid before lawyers and which admits certainly of several interpretations equally sincere: *war at any price*—this does not belong to our times.

That which I say here, others will charge themselves with saying on the other side of the Channel. There have already been, there will be, liberal and Christian voices who will not fear to protest against the *entrainements* of passion. Until now we have heard only the factory-bells; other sounds must be heard. The great party which is abolishing slavery and battling against the slave trade, has been the principal title of honor of contemporary England—this great party is not dead, I think.

As to America, her friends await with an anxiety I should in vain endeavor to portray, the decision to which she will come. Never was a graver question laid before any government. The whole future is contained in it. If she is enough mistress of herself to

accord that which is demanded of her, and to admit a reparation, though an extreme one, of the fault committed in her name, she will have the approbation and the esteem of all hearts which are in their right places. Her vessel, the vessel which will carry back the commissioners, we will hail it with acclamations on our shores, and it will see that the United States, in yielding much, will be neither humiliated nor injured by it.

Ah! the affair might be so easily settled with a little good-will on both sides! There are on both sides men so worthy of effecting a reconciliation, to the glory of our times, and for the happiness of humanity! There are on both sides nations so well fitted to understand and like each other! Must we then despair of progress and of the spirit of peace? Must we see with our eyes English vessels engaged in assuring the success of the champions of slavery? Must we veil our heads in our mantles?

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For myself, I have not concluded that Captain Wilkes was right in acting as he did. I conclude merely that it is not a case for *hanging*, and that in seizing the commissioners and their papers, without arresting the ship and turning it from its course, he perhaps yielded—let us be just towards everybody—to the desire of not exposing to serious inconvenience the steamer and the passengers. Let us say that he had an unlucky hand, since his courtesy on this point has become the blackest of his misdeeds. In truth, in order to see in the affair of the *Trent* all that England has seen, we must begin by supposing that the United States, who have already, it seems to me, a sufficiently heavy business on hand, felt the temptation of bringing on a quarrel besides with England. Hypotheses of this sort will be received only by those who feel an insurmountable necessity of praising the message of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and of extending their hand to this brave South, who has such cause to complain of the North, and who has such a good cause to defend!

AGENOR DE GASPARIN.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

—I remember an ingenious physician, who told me, in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, that he was forced to play the divine with them, before he could begin the physician, whose

greatest skill, perhaps, often lies in the infusing of hopes, and inducing some composure and tranquillity of mind before they enter upon the other operations of their art: and this ought to be the first endeavor of the patient too; without which all other medicines may lose their virtue. —*Sir William Temple, on Health and Long Life.*



From The Spectator.

THE LOVES OF JOHN WESLEY. \*

THOSE who have read "John Wesley's Journal" are aware that his missionary work in Georgia was cut short by a series of petty annoyances in which a woman's name was curiously mixed up. In fact, the first two bills in which he was presented by the grand jury, charged him with having "broken the laws of the realm," first, "by speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson against her husband's consent;" and secondly, "by repelling her from the Holy Communion." The lady herself had already sworn to and signed an affidavit, "insinuating much more than it asserted" (we quote Wesley's own words), "but asserting that Mr. Wesley had many times proposed marriage to her, all which proposals she had rejected." Wesley himself notices the matter with the reserve of a gentleman, and attempts no explanation; his silence is the best argument in his favor. But his Wesleyan biographers, writing when all the actors in the scene were dead, profess to explain it from authentic sources. Mrs. Williamson, it seems, was a Miss Causton, the niece of General Oglethorpe, who planted Georgia. Her uncle is said to have encouraged her intimacy with Wesley, in the hope that a man whom he respected and admired might be induced to settle in the colony, and give up his plans of evangelizing the Indians. For a time everything seemed to favor his plans. The young lady went to Wesley for assistance in French and spiritual counsel; consulted his taste in her dress; and, it is said, watched by him day and night during a fever. But an eminent minister—and Wesley was even then eminent—is the property of his party; his most sacred as well as his commonest actions are public; and a heavy penalty awaits him if he makes love without leave from his congregation. Disturbed by a remonstrance from a clerical colleague, who professed to think that the lady was too artful in her love, Wesley submitted his case to the Elders of the Moravian Church assembled in solemn conclave under Bishop Nitschman. If a single touch of comedy were wanting to the whole transaction it may be found in the fact that they

had already sat in judgment upon him, assisted by his officious friend, and at once advised him to proceed no further. He replied briefly, "The will of the Lord be done," and abruptly broke off his intimacy with Miss Causton. What concern it might give her seems not to have occurred to him as matter worthy consideration, but although there had been already some misunderstandings between them, we may perhaps infer from her affidavit afterwards, that she looked upon him as distinctly pledged to her. The phraseology of spiritual philandering is no doubt a little vague, and words which were only meant as a pastoral blessing may have sounded in the mouth of a young man more like a carnal declaration of love. It is easy to conjecture the sequel. The lady accepts a more business-like lover, retains a little pique against her first, and in the belief that he will not dare to push matters to extremity, perhaps in the wish to see if she retains any power, violates the new discipline he has introduced. Wesley seems to have warned her fairly before he enforced the rule of admitting no one to the Communion who had not given previous notice. Perhaps a man of more tact would have avoided such a rupture under such circumstances, but Wesley would never have done the work he did in life if he had been fastidiously delicate. Little faults of taste may fairly be forgiven to a man whose one object on earth is to save souls.

\* *Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley.* From an Original Manuscript in his own handwriting, never before published. London: John Russell Smith.

It is clear that liking, appreciation, gratitude, perhaps vanity, but in no proper sense love, had determined Wesley's relations with Miss Causton. His first and only genuine passion belongs to a later part of his life; its history, written by himself in pages that were never meant for the world, was unknown to his biographers, and has only lately been retrieved. Mrs. Wesley, when she left her husband, carried it away among other papers, no doubt partly in excuse of her miserable jealousy and misconduct. Apart from the fact that its incidents are confirmed by all the contemporary dates in the journal, that a part of the document is in Wesley's handwriting, and that such an antiquary as the late Mr. Hunter convinced himself of its authenticity, every page carries in it its own evidence. The deep passionate love, which almost confounds itself with the man's habitual religion, the strong



sentiment of authority natural to the head of a sect, the vigorous common sense that justifies the feeling it cannot subdue, are all unmistakable signs of reality. It was not a wise love this attachment of Wesley to his own servant, Grace Murray; it was thwarted in its working out, and its issue was unprosperous, and all the more does the man dilate and invest his vulgar surroundings with a tragic dignity. His whole narrative is like a chapter of Job, a reverent pleading with God, "What Thou dost, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter." What had been unwise or harsh in his own conduct he had evidently not felt when he wrote; perhaps he lacked moral insight ever to discover. It is clear that in all his dealings with women he treated them as he treated himself, as instruments for a great end without personality or feeling. Even when his own love was strongest, he seemingly demanded its return as a duty to the cause of religion, quite as much as he desired to be loved for himself. But he probably felt all the more that the devotion to a prophet's work, which ennobled him in his own eyes, ought to be his title of nobility with woman, his excuse for short-comings and weak sympathies where vulgar natures would have been profuse. That he, being what he was, should have loved at all, was a claim on gratitude. Above all, having trampled under foot other obstacles, being in sight of happiness, he had been betrayed by a brother, and his promised wife cheated into marriage with another. "If these things are so," he might well say, "hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world."

Grace Murray does not seem quite worthy of her part in history. The daughter of a respectable tradesman, she had probably received a better education than the term "servant," which is commonly used of her, would imply in the last century; and Wesley tells us that she had good sense and some knowledge both of men and books. We may easily accept the praises he bestows on her "engaging behavior," and "mild, sprightly, cheerful, and yet serious temper," with no greater discount than the world commonly gives to lovers' praises. Probably, too, Wesley was a competent judge of her "ready utterance" and good acquaintance "with our method of winning souls,"

as well as of her "quick discernment of spirits, and no small insight into the devices of Satan." But her helpfulness and sympathies with himself, tested as they had been in journeys together, and in the nursing him through a severe illness, naturally weighed most with the teacher, whose very greatness shut him out from fellowship with ordinary associates. Unhappily, she seems to have been wanting in all strength of character and in real delicacy of feeling. When Wesley first spoke of marriage to her,—apparently in his peculiar phraseology, as she professed afterwards not fully to have understood him,—she begged permission to attend him on his next circuit. But being left in Cheshire, in the house of one John Bennet, one of Wesley's subordinates, she engaged herself not long after to him. From that time forward her life was distracted by the rival claims of her lovers. Bennet evidently believed to the last that he was the first contracted, and Wesley's brothers and the Society sided with him; the brothers disliking the proposed sister-in-law, and the Methodist women, perhaps, a little jealous of Grace Murray's fortune. Wesley acted characteristically. He wrote to Bennet, upbraiding him severely for trying to rob a brother and a friend "of his faithful servant, of the fellow-laborer in the gospel whom he had been forming to his hand for ten years." The letter through the carelessness or treachery of its bearer, was never delivered. But not satisfied with his position, although the lady had lately given him "all the assurances which words could give of the most intense and inviolable affection," Wesley commenced talking "at large with all those who were disgusted with her." Of course he soon collected a curious mass of scandal. "Mr. Williams accused her 'of not lending his wife her saddle' (being just going to take horse herself). Mrs. Williams, of buying a Holland shut, (which was not true). Nancy and Peggy Watson, of buying a Joseph before she wanted it. Ann Matteson, of being proud and insolent." The lover, thus informed, sat down and drew up a statement of the grounds on which he had proceeded, justifying every unwise step with rare method and good sense, and summing up, "The short is this: (1) I have scriptural reason to marry, (2) I know no person so



proper as this." Thus fortified, he set out on a new circuit, in a somewhat dangerous security, only questioning his own conscience for inordinate affection. Mrs. Murray was not a woman to be left alone. She seems, as far as we can judge, to have respected Wesley most, but to have liked Bennet best. Throughout her intercourse with her old master, the predominant feeling seems to be compounded of ambition and fear, the natural wish to be Mrs. Wesley, and a not unnatural awe of the stern man who has condescended to her love. "When she received a letter from me," says Wesley, "she resolved to live and die with me, and wrote to me just what she felt. When she heard from him, her affection for him revived, and she wrote to him in the tenderest manner." Once she was confronted with both, and escaped giving a decisive answer by being "sorrowful almost to death." Mr. Bennet was disgusted by this indecision, and gave her up. Wesley, writing when he had lost her irrevocably, seems to treat it as a mysterious fate, perhaps a backsliding, but one in which the woman was without blame. He has no words, even in his grief, to condemn her. In fact, if her own story may be believed, she was betrayed into a decision which she could apparently never have made for herself. Charles Wesley suddenly came to Hineley Hill, near Newcastle, where she was staying, persuaded her, by means of a forged letter, that his brother had decided to give her up, and told her that her character was lost if she did not marry Mr. Bennet instantly. Mr. Bennet, who is not accused of any share in the fraud, was easily persuaded that "the fault lay all in" John Wesley, and within a week was married to the uncertain lady. It is just to add that this account rests upon Mrs. Bennet's unsupported evidence, and is more than a little suspicious against such a man as Charles Wesley,

especially as we know that he assumed a high moral tone when he next met his brother, and threatened to renounce all intercourse with him. John Wesley was for the time thoroughly broken. He had a last interview with Mrs. Bennet, in which she threw the blame of what had happened upon his brother, and declared with tears how great her love had been. Whether her protestations were true or false, it is scarcely wonderful that her husband soon separated from the Methodist connection.

The verses in which John Wesley has described his feelings—religious doggerel as they are, in a literary point of view—are among the most touching ever penned by man. It is evident that his very heart-strings were wrung. Ten years' habit and a contract of fifteen months were indeed ties which might have bound a harder man. Three years later, he made what may fairly be called a "mariage de convenance" with a rich widow, Mrs. Vizelle. He had stipulated that he should never neglect work, but his wife seems to have been jealous of his absences, and more naturally jealous of his friendships with other women. It is curious to find her on one occasion surreptitiously opening a letter of her husband's to one Sarah Ryan, a housekeeper, an intrigante, and with a certain littleness of understanding—in fact, much such a woman as Grace Murray had been, and like her, on terms of spiritual intimacy with Mr. Wesley. Frenzied by discoveries of this sort, and little causeless suspicions, Mrs. Wesley at last left her husband's roof never to return. His famous entry in his diary, "I did not leave her, I did not send her away, and I will never recall her," was perhaps justified by her conduct. Yet it is difficult not to feel that John Wesley, like Mr. Froude's Henry VIII., ought to have lived in a world where there were no women.

**ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA.**—At the recent meeting of the British Association, Mr. Pengelly stated some curious facts concerning the encroachment of the sea on the coast of Devon, near Torbay. In one case a large wave entered a drawing-room at Torquay, ransacked it, turned the pianoforte to the other side of the apartment, and retreated in possession of all the light articles. The walls are unceasingly attacked, the sea seeming to have a compact with the quarrymen and masons to afford them abundant employment. Having suggested to certain engi-

neers that it might be desirable to build walls twice as strong, in order that they might last forever, the engineers replied that they preferred rebuilding them every twenty years; not, however, to increase their own profits, as human nature would assume, but from an excellent and true bit of political economy. Money invested at compound interest doubles itself in, say fourteen years, hence the additional expenditure, if saved and invested, would in twenty years' time rebuild the wall, and leave a handsome profit.—*London Review*.



From The Spectator.

MICHAEL SCOTT OF BLACKWOOD'S.\*

THIS new edition of *Tom Cringle's Log* is a welcome reminiscence of other days. Long after the prudent intellect of Scotland had learned to appreciate classical learning and artistic tastes, it clung courageously to those awkward schoolboyish attitudes, and that delight in mere physical transports, which intellectual Englishmen suppress at least in their intellectual moods. The result was the school of Christopher North, and that boyish overgrown jocularly of humor engrafted on a temperament of real genius, which we see rampant in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Mr. Michael Scott, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, was one of the most characteristic disciples of this literary school. His, like his master's, seems to have been the kind of intellect that would result from engrafting the tastes of a sociable, classical, generous, aggressive-minded Briton on the mind of a frolicsome and sagacious Newfoundland dog. Fortunately for Mr. Michael Scott, he obtained a new field, and a very appropriate field for the application of this sort of genius, in the nautical life of our West India Islands of that day. There were two great qualities, besides an excessive pleasure in physical transports of all kinds, which this school possessed,—a rough, broad humor, not over-refined,—and a great capacity for appreciating and delineating the grander aspects of nature. Besides these qualities, the school of Christopher North had a special political teaching of its own—a contemptuous, generous species of Toryism—which delighted in tearing to shreds all the hollower philanthropic formulæ of Radicalism, and in ridiculing the ignorance of human nature which they commonly displayed.

In all these respects Mr. Scott had a great field in the West Indies of his own time. There never was a tropical English colony where eating and drinking had not a very prominent place in peoples' minds; but of all such colonies, the West Indies during the Slavery and Protection period were the most conspicuous. The captains in the West India trade still retain a fond recollection of the revelry which took place when the vast profits of the sugar-merchants enabled them to indulge the luxurious temper of the trop-

ics to the utmost. And Mr. Michael Scott had therefore in his West India sketches a far more congenial field than even Christopher North himself in the bare pasturage of the Lothians, for dilating on the wine-drinking feats of his hero, and the innumerable practical jokes to which they led. Next, the West Indies were then almost the only region where nature was to be seen in its grandest aspects by highly sociable and wine-loving Englishmen, and here again Mr. Michael Scott had, if not the advantage of Professor Wilson, at least a perfectly new theatre for the display of similar powers. Lastly, while Mr. Scott was still a resident in the islands, the English Anti-Slavery party had already begun to agitate their great design, and, like all philanthropists, probably took exceptions for rules, and so exposed their case to the fire of any experienced assailant. Here, again, was a great field for the cheerful Tory scorn of the Wilson school, which loved, of all things, to expose the meagre knowledge of human nature characterizing the radical visionaries. So Michael Scott found quite a clear stage, and a popularity almost as immense as Wilson's own, as he published in *Blackwood* month after month these effusions of boisterous spirits with occasional whiffs of classical allusion, interspersed with descriptions of tropical scenery and tempests as faithful and minute as they were gorgeous and sublime.

When we come to read the book with the tastes of the present generation as a standard, the boisterous tone is certainly a little fatiguing, and gives the same kind of headache as is produced by riding in a high wind. For example, in one place the author takes great delight in a Wilsonian distinction which he has made between his Conscience in relation to grave questions of deep sin and the same monitor on small questions of self-indulgence. The former he calls Conscience senior, the latter Conshy, by way of a familiar epithet for Conscience junior; and he treats us to whole pages of badinage-dialogue between himself and Conshy. This is carrying high animal spirits to an unwarrantable length. And there is nothing in the sentiment of the book to temper this effect. Christopher North had a great fund of true pathos in him, but his West Indian disciple does not seem to have resembled him in this

\* *Tom Cringle's Log*. By Michael Scott. A new Edition, with illustrations. Blackwood.



respect. Indeed, the region of the tropics is one of sudden changes, both moral and physical,—of great miseries, and brief passions, and sudden enjoyments, not one of *pathos*, which is set in too low a key to be indigenous in such scenes. Wordsworth caught, with his usual depth and felicity, the true moral symbolism of the tropics when he wrote:—

“The wind, the tempest roaring high,  
The tumult of a tropic sky,  
Might well be dangerous food  
For him, a youth, to whom was given  
So much of earth—so much of heaven,  
And such impetuous blood,  
Whatever in these climes he found  
Irregular in sight and sound,  
Did to his mind impart  
A kindred impulse,—seemed allied  
To his own powers, and justified  
The beatings of his heart.”

But by no means all these moral elements of tropical life are successfully delineated in these pages. There is no sultry passion, though there is some worship of the spurious Byronic passion; no true sympathy with the tempestuous irregularities of the scenery described. Mr. Scott saw with an eye of wonderful vividness and insight, but his mind was cool and canny all the time, and hence, perhaps, the wonderful accuracy with which he portrays what he saw. He casts no gleam of poetry round it—it is all rich, cold painting, though painting of a very high order. Mummery of a poor and vulgar kind will often follow close upon a description of great power. Immediately after a slaver has been taken at sea, and the mass of the crew and slaves have perished most miserably, comes a scene of that mere animal-spirits jocularity in which it is difficult to see any kind of *literary* entertainment. Coarse practical jokes, the mere merriment of intoxication, form a curiously large element in this school of literature. We confess we find it difficult to appreciate the enjoyment of the following kind of thing, which forms a large element not only in this book, but in all the Christopher North school of literature. The scene is on a British sloop of war:—

“Whereupon, without much more ado, he stuck his legs down through the small hatch right over the breakfast-table, with the intention of descending, and the first thing he accomplished was to pop his foot into a large dish of scalding hominy, or hasty-pudding

made of Indian corn-meal, with which Wagtail was in the habit of commencing his stowage at breakfast. But this proving too hot for comfort, he instantly drew it out, and in his attempt to re-ascend he struck his bespattered toe into Paul Gelid's mouth. ‘Oh! oh!’ exclaimed Paul, while little Wagtail lay back laughing like to die; but the next instant Bang gave another struggle, or wallop, like a *pelloch* in shoal-water, whereby Pepperpot borrowed a good kick on the side of the head, and down came the *Great Ostrich*, Aaron Bang, but without any feather in his tail, as I can avouch, slap upon the table, smashing cups and saucers and hominy, and devil knows what all, to pieces, as he floundered on the board. This was so absurd that we were all obliged to give uncontrolled course to our mirth for a minute or two, when, making the best of the wreck, we contrived to breakfast in tolerable comfort.”

Yet, such boisterous nonsense—vulgar nonsense, indeed—was really consistent with a very high kind of culture of its sort, and a very fine faculty for perceiving and appreciating the higher beauties of nature. For ourselves we know no book where the tropics are painted with such marvellous truth—cold, rich truth. And this is, indeed, the transcendent literary merit which entitles the work to a permanent repute. To give any adequate specimen of this power would require far more space than we have to spare; but we may extract the following striking picture of the evening gun in the harbor of Saint Iago di Cuba:—

“‘Ready with the gun forward there, Mr. Catwell,’ said Yerk.

“‘All ready, sir.’

“‘Fire!’

“Pent up as we were in a narrow channel, walled in on each side with towering precipitous rocks, the explosion, multiplied by the echoes into a whole broadside, was tremendous and absolutely deafening.

“The cold, gray, threatening rocks, and the large, overhanging, twisted branches of the trees, and the clear, black water, and the white Moro in the distance, glanced for an instant, and then all was again veiled in utter darkness, and down came a rattling shower of sand and stone from the cliffs, and of rotten branches and heavy dew from the trees, sparkling in the water like a shower of diamonds; and the birds of the air screamed, and, frightened from their nests and perches in crevices, and on the boughs of the trees, took flight with a strong rushing noise, that put one in mind of the rising



of the fallen angels from the infernal council in 'Paradise lost;' and the cattle on the mountain-side lowed, and the fish, large and small, like darts and arrows of fire, sparkled up from the black abyss of waters, and swam in haloes of flame round the ship in every direction, as if they had been the ghosts of a shipwrecked crew, haunting the scene of their destruction; and the guanas and large lizards, which had been shaken from the trees, skimmed and struggled on the surface in glances of fire, like evil spirits watching to seize them as their prey. At length the screaming and shrieking of the birds, the clang of their wings, and the bellowing of

the cattle ceased, and the startled fish subsided slowly down into the oozy caverns at the bottom of the sea, and becoming motionless, disappeared, and all was again black and undistinguishable—the deathlike silence being only broken by the hoarse murmuring of the distant surf."

This is not poetry, but is very discriminating painting of that kind which many suppose to be a private monopoly of Mr. Ruskin's. And the book is thickly studded with equally vivid pictures, and often equally vivid pictures of yet more magnificent scenes.

#### PURIFICATION AND EXTRACTION OF OILS.

—Bisulphide of carbon has lately been applied to the purification of oils with much success. It has a great affinity for fatty bodies, as may be shown from the fact that when the bones of which ivory black is made are treated in the usual manner, only five per cent of fat is obtained; treated with sulphide of carbon, they yield twelve per cent. Immense quantities of soap are wasted in extracting grease from wool; treated with the sulphide, the operation is more efficacious, economical, and expeditious. Oily seeds treated with the sulphide yield ten to twenty-two per cent more oil than by the old processes; besides, the oil is purer, and entirely free from glutinous matters, and requires no purification; besides, the oil contains more stearin and margarin, and consequently yields a harder and a better soap. The mode of operating is very simple. The fatty matters and the sulphide are mixed together in a closed vessel, and after digestion the sulphide is allowed to filter off, carrying with it the oil. The receiver is then converted into a distilling apparatus; steam is introduced; the sulphide passes off and leaves the pure oil behind. The sulphide may be used as often as required.—*London Review*.

**OXYGENATED WATER.**—Under this title M. Ozanam announces a substance which he considers of great therapeutic value, prepared by him of distilled water charged with oxygen under high pressure, forming a mechanical mixture, and not a chemical combination, as is the case with other substances of nearly the same name. Oxygen is but sparingly soluble in water, so, in spite of the high pressure employed, proportions similar to those of the car-

bonic acid in seltzer water were far from being obtained. The analysis of the gas contained in the best-preserved bottles gives half a volume, while in those exposed to the air it varies from one-twentieth to one-fourth of a volume. This water is perfectly limpid and pure, the gas goes off in the form of small bubbles, without persistent froth, rather unpleasant to the taste; it resembles in this respect water deprived of air. Its action is favorable in gout, and perhaps scrofula, but in all inflammatory diseases it is rather hurtful than otherwise.—*London Review*.

**BLEACHING FLOWERS.**—Light is as much a necessity to the healthy development of plants, as is a due supply of heat and moisture. In darkness the green coloring matter, "chlorophyll," cannot be developed. Advantage is taken of this circumstance in the blanching of salads and vegetables, and the same process is now being applied to flowers. It appears that in Paris there is a great demand for white lilacs for ladies' bouquets in winter, and as the common white lilac does not force well, the purple "Lilas de Morly" is used. The flowers of this variety, when made to expand at a high temperature, in total darkness, are of a pure white; those of the Persian lilac will not whiten.—*London Review*.

THE Duke of Manchester, we hear, is engaged in preparing from his family papers a couple of volumes for the press, illustrative of the history of English society from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne. The work is expected for the coming season.



## TWILIGHT.

COME hither, Lucy, with thy mother's smile,  
And sit beside me here a little while,—

Here, by this widowed heart,  
From which thou must so soon, alas, depart.

I dare not think what I shall lose in thee  
Beyond the sweetness of thy company,

My friend, my daughter-wife,  
The latest tie that binds me still to life.

A flow'ret blooming from thy mother's grave,  
Thou wert the little hope that courage gave,  
And bid my heart good cheer,  
When all around, below, above, was drear.

Wan-hope had weighed my spirit to the dust  
(As yet, alas, I had not learnt to trust),  
When thou in cradle laid,  
A helpless infant, came unto my aid.

Thou wert a pledge that I was not forgot,  
Teacher of wisdom, though thou knew'st it not;  
Who noble deeds had done  
While yet thine own frail life had scarce begun.

I taught thee all I knew; thou taughtest more.  
Thy little debt of life was paid before  
Thine inarticulate speech  
Could lisp the lessons that it helped to teach.

The innocence that sparkled in thine eyes  
Was Wisdom better far than being wise;  
And in thy smile was writ  
A purity more powerful than wit.

But oh! thou wert so bright and frail a thing,  
So like a gentle angel-changeling,  
That I would often fear  
Thou wert too spirit-like to tarry here.

But Heaven, that tempts not mortals over-much,  
Left thee to pilot me with gentle touch  
Safe past the rocky land  
Whereon my drifting soul was nigh to strand.

Nay, weep not, child! I knew it must be so:  
Thy work is done; 'tis good that thou should'st  
go;  
Nature and Love and I  
Bid thee depart—albeit with a sigh.

Thou needs must leave the old man for the boy,  
To find in other life another joy.  
The greater grief to me  
Is that I must not, cannot follow thee.

There swells a mound in yonder sacred field,  
That only grass and storied stones doth yield,  
Whose sweet yet potent sway  
Forbids my spell-bound footsteps far to stray.

See!—Though the Sun departs, his Glory stays;  
The air is dimly bright with golden haze,  
And all things, far and near,  
Glow soft and perfect, beautiful and clear.

So, though with thee my Present flies forever,  
The sweetness of the Past shall perish never,  
Till Memory's soft twilight  
Has lit my spirit to the shades of night.

—*Temple Bar.*

## RAMAH.

THEY tell me that I should not grieve  
A loss so long gone by;  
That blessings reft new blessings leave,  
That should their place supply.  
I cannot say it is not so,  
To murmur may be sin;  
But the grief was given long ago—  
When will the rest begin?

I look upon my boy's bright face,  
My heart warms to his smile;  
But not the less that empty place  
Lies cold within the while.  
I see him bound o'er heath and sod,  
Till all my pulses thrill;  
But the little foot that never trod,  
Oh! when will *that* be still.

All other things must suffer change,  
However fair before;  
And hearts grow cold, and voices strange,  
And love is love no more;  
The old home fire may quench its gleams,  
The dearest friends forget;  
But the little face that haunts my dreams  
Has never altered yet!

It never smiles, it never speaks,  
Its calm eye rests on mine,  
And softly round the gentle cheeks  
The fair curls float and twine.  
The placid look is never stirred  
By restlessness or pain;  
And yet how often have I heard  
That wailing cry again.

Sometimes when all are hushed in sleep,  
And I awake alone,  
I feel the tiny fingers creep,  
And nestle in my own.  
I listen to the low faint breath,  
Yet know it is not there;  
O Memory! thou art strong as death,  
But far more hard to bear!



# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 921.—25 January, 1862.

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## THE CAROLLERS.

UNDERNEATH my window,  
Where the snow lies white,  
I can hear sweet voices  
Singing in the night :  
As the night-wind varies,  
So they rise and fall,  
In this quaint old carol  
Joining one and all—

“In the East a gray light  
Prophesies the morn ;  
Up—and hail the daylight—  
Christ the Lord is born !”

Ah, that quaint old carol,  
Well its words I know,  
First sung in the village  
Long—long years ago !  
In the growing daylight,  
Many a time and oft,  
Have the dark woods rendered  
Back its burden soft—

“In the East a gray light  
Prophesies the morn ;  
Up—and hail the daylight—  
Christ the Lord is born !”

As a child how often,  
Till the midnight dim,  
Have I waked and waited  
For that Christmas hymn :—  
Heard the footsteps coming,  
Heard them stop beneath ;—  
For the burst of music  
Watched with bated breath ;—

“In the East a gray light  
Prophesies the morn ;  
Up—and hail the daylight—  
Christ the Lord is born !”

Simple words of wisdom !  
“Christ the Lord is born :”

Up then—and be doing  
On the Christmas morn !  
Up—and raise the fallen !  
Up—and aid the poor !  
Keep for all your fellows  
Open heart and door !

“In the East a gray light  
Prophesies the morn ;  
Up—and hail the daylight—  
Christ the Lord is born !”

“Up !—if one have wronged thee,  
Be the wrong forgiven !  
Up !—if any love thee,  
Render thanks to Heaven !”  
So my heart interprets  
This old melody,  
That beneath my window  
Voices sing to me !—

“In the East a gray light  
Prophesies the morn ;  
Up—and hail the daylight—  
Christ the Lord is born !”

THOMAS HOOD.

—*St. James' Magazine.*

## VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

WHITE-THROATED swans and sedges of the  
mere

Still float, still quiver, on the shining stream ;  
And underneath the antique bridge I hear  
Smooth waters lapping slowly, and their  
gleam

Frets the cold dark wherein my boat is moored :  
Nor yet, above, the storied elms of June  
Forget to murmur, nor to welcome noon  
With silence—save when some stray breeze,  
allured

By fragrance of the central avenue,  
Creeps, cooling ever, down the elastic arch,  
And through branched cliffs and green in-  
woven shelves

Lets in fresh glimpses of the sultry blue.  
So year by year regardless Nature blooms ;  
So year by year, for all the far-off tombs  
Of those who loved them, these impassive  
courts

Lay their calm shadows on the grateful sward :  
No change is here, nor any peace is marred  
Save ours ; who, pausing in life's midday  
march,

Miss the dear souls of all these fair resorts,  
And find instead our own forgotten selves.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## ADELE.

LAST night in emptying out my desk  
I found a lock of hair,  
It had a scent of Rowland's oil,  
And, oh ! 'twas long and fair,  
Adele !  
So soft, so long, so fair.

I mind me yet how all began ;  
By chance or by design.  
When first you drew your hand away,  
Then laid it back in mine.  
Adele !  
Then laid it back in mine.

A thrill shot up from arm to heart,  
Just sinking with despair ;  
I looked into a half-closed eye,  
And learned a lesson there.  
Adele !  
And learned a lesson there.

We walked, we danced, we quarrelled, too,  
Were reconciled, and then  
We parted. I was false, and you  
A flirt with other men.  
Adele !  
A flirt with other men.

—*Poems. By the Rev. George Edmond Maunsell.*



From Fraser's Magazine.

BETWEEN THE CATARACTS WITHOUT  
A DRAGOMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

SHOWING HOW I BECAME THE ONLY INHABITANT  
OF AN ISLAND.

I AM afflicted with a distaste to all business-like ways of doing things. When I am travelling for pleasure, especially, I loathe all fixed plans and pre-arrangements. I find it both cheaper and pleasanter to be the sport of circumstances. I like to drift in and scramble out of difficulties; and at each step of my journey to be able to decide, at five minutes' notice, whether I will move towards Timbuctoo or Kamschatka. It seems to me an insult to the spirit of adventure to put one's self under the conduct of such a blind guide as human foresight. Let those who like it book their destiny by parcels delivery.

By the force of circumstances I arrived in Cairo. Everybody was rushing up the Nile with a servile uniformity of purpose that gave me a disgust to the idea of pyramids and squat-columned temples. None of that for me. I will sit down in a house in Cairo, and complete my knowledge of Arabic at leisure. What do I care for inanimate objects. I can see *pictures* of tombs and temples and pyramids and colossal statues and obelisks. However, I found a difficulty in my search for a house, and an Egyptian resident suggested that there were plenty of empty chambers in the temple up at Philæ. A fellow-passenger from Malta offered me a gratuitous cast thither in his Nile boat. So I bought six or seven pounds' worth of groceries, passed the first cataract with him, and settled down to house, or rather temple keeping, as the only inhabitant of the island of Philæ. My companion went on up the river with his boat and dragoman. He was about to shoot rhinoceri and hippopotami on the blue Nile.

There I was, the only inhabitant of a ruin-sprinkled, palm-fringed island in a calm pool, among the granite gorges of the first cataract, perfectly free from any pre-arrangement for getting back to civilized life again. I had no dragoman to say to me, "Ghentel-mán do as hém pleess, sar—I tell him de reglar!" Which was the formula with which all attempts to assert an undragomanized will had been met on board the

Nile boat by that functionary, who, when we questioned the infallibility of "de reglar," used to say, "I not know it? aye-e-e-e," (drawn out into a long, querulous snarl, rising gradually to a very high note of expository interrogation), "I been at Tibbs five-and-twenty time!" We found out at last that the so often mentioned and visited Tibbs was Thebes. Does the untravelled reader begin to understand what freedom I felt on my island when the dragoman sailed away towards the second cataract?

The temple is large, but not roomy; abounding in barely accessible towers, lofty gateways, roofless peristyle courts, and long colonnades, which make a good show in the distance, but are rather too vague and airy for domestic comfort. Still, a chamber being demanded, as there was no dragoman to interpose his veto, and insist on the "reglar," a chamber was found. Narrow it certainly was, and dark, except when the sunrise shone in through its doorless doorway, which served for window as well. It opened on an area sunken about six feet below the platform level of the north-eastern part of the ruins. This area, being of about the same size and shape as my apartment, eighteen feet by ten, formed my antechamber and kitchen. In one corner of this were some steps leading up to my northern rampart, a thick wall, within which, a long, narrow stair, sloped down to the northern watergate where I had landed. Another corner of the area was my fireplace. Here I boiled my milk to steep rusks (of which I had brought a barrel from Cairo, so as to be independent of local bakers), fried my omelette, and made my coffee. I had entered into relations with one of the men managing the boat which transported me and my baggage to the island, to supply me with milk, eggs, firewood, and attendance. His wages were twopence a day, his name Aali (the Exalted), and his ordinary business to look after a saqiah (jar-belt irrigation wheel) on the neighboring island of Biggeh, where he dwelt. Aali used to swim across the channel dividing Biggeh from Philæ, with these necessities on his head, except the attendance, which swam separately in the shape of a naked, skinny little black imp, called Ahmed, aged seven. Ahmed kept guard all day, to preserve my goods from depredation in case of my absence. Still, Ahmed apart,



it may seem strange that a man should be able to swim with a bowl of milk, a basket of eggs, and a bundle of firewood on his head; but extra floatage is attained by swimmers of burden on the Upper Nile bestriding a palm-log. Aali was no special performer, and swam on his belly, with legs immersed. I have seen a man sitting on his log, with his legs tucked up on it at right angles, a bundle of firewood, apparently near a hundred-weight, on his head, and only his two hands immersed, paddling steadily in the troubled water of the cataract. This is a more difficult feat of balancing than anything I have seen Blondin perform. I made an experiment on the log, and found I could not get my chin six inches above the water level without wembling over. And I had no nervousness in the water to contend with, being a good swimmer and diver, better than the common run of civilized Christians. But about the cataracts the art of log-swimming is cultivated from infancy, and any child of ten can be trusted to take a bundle across the river safe and dry.

Aali was a Nubian peasant, whose native tongue was the Barabra. He knew less Arabic and of a worse quality than I did myself; so that my communications with him were not instructive in a linguistic point of view. Little Ahmed scarcely understood a word. The other man in the boat which brought me to the island from the landing-place above the cataract (where the Dahabieh had set me down), did know Arabic, and what was more, could read and write it. So I had engaged him at another twopence a day to swim over from the main land and give me a lesson. He had a better bargain than the illiterate Aali; for in honor of his learning and title of sheikh, he was treated as a gentleman, with a seat on my carpet, and pipes and coffee during the *séance*. His name was Mohammed Zein—Mahomet the Handsome. His features must have been ugly to begin with, but they had been deeply engraved all over with Arabic characters by the small-pox, which had moreover obliterated an eye, and compensated its loss by emphasizing his nose with a *teshdid*.\* As Arabic was both our subject and our vehicle of instruction, and as it was important we should mutually know what we were talking

about, I used to begin the lesson by attempting to relate some well-known story of the *Arabian Nights*, stumbling through it as best I could, using circumlocutions to supply the place of unknown words, which, when I managed to make him understand what I was at, he supplied. When I had done, I made him repeat the story in his own words, and took it down from his dictation, which made him go slowly over it, and afforded intervals for commentary and discussion, in which I often caught him tripping in his grammar. This method made talk, and talk was what I wanted in order to loosen my tongue, and pulverize and liquidate the dry roots of Arabic I had stored up in my memory like lumps of Turkey rhubarb. My knowledge of Arabic on arriving in Egypt was about equivalent to the Latin of an average Eton boy of fourteen. But I had made a beginning with the donkey-boys of Alexandria, as they drove us to Betsey's\* Needle and Bomby's\* Billar. I had continued my expanding efforts at conversation in the bazaar at Cairo; and had persevered in talking to the sailors on the Nile boat in spite of the dragoman's warning. He used to wag his head ominously and say, "Ghenteleman sit talk wid sailor, not good. I tell hem reglar. Ghenteleman sit talk wid sailor—he take hem.† Aye-e-e; I not know it. I bin at Tibbs five-and-twenty time!" I made the personal acquaintance of the pedicular pronoun in good time, but not by the intervention of the sailors on the Dahabieh.

I dwelt in my temple nearly three weeks. Though I was the only inhabitant of the island, I was not so lonely as might be supposed. It was the height of the Assouan season, and quantities of Dahabiehs, too large and luxurious to pass the cataract, were moored there. Their passengers now and then made picnic parties to Philæ, so that I saw something of my countrymen. Sometimes I made a visit to Assouan, to lay in a stock of meat and fresh bread. Sometimes a smaller Nile boat would come up the cataract, and pass a day at the island

\* In the donkey-boys' system of nomenclature these are the current forms of Cleopatra and Pompey.

† By "taking him," I found the dragoman meant that I should catch one of the ancient plagues of Egypt, which has survived to modern days—that of "an animal unfriendly to man"—a number of which, Sir Hugh Evans thought, "became an old coat well."

\* The diacritical mark of reduplication corresponding to the Spanish *cedilla*.



on its way to Wady Halfeh. In my character of only inhabitant, I used to board these vessels, and was often hospitably entertained; so that I did not tire so soon of my rusks, and omelettes, and cabobs, as I otherwise might. An occupant of one of these boats had a British domestic, to whom my course of life was a subject of perplexed meditation. The mystery weighed so much on his mind, that he was forced to relieve himself by respectfully imparting the strange problem to his master.

"I understand," said he, "there's a Henglish gent a living by hisself on the hisland. Do you think, sir, e's a doing hof it for a bet?"

His master thought not.

"Well, sir, perhaps e may be a trying of it *hon fust*, to see if e could make a bet."

I was not quite a prisoner in my uninhabited island. I could swim over to Biggeh, which is only divided from Philæ by a channel of about eighty yards in width. But when I got there, I had to dry myself in the sun. As to my clothes, as they were of spun silk they were soon dry; but shoes keep wet a long while, and the soil of Biggeh was too gritty for civilized bare feet. When I was on the mainland, I could get a log boy to swim before me with my clothes on his head. But when I wished to leave the island, for the main land, I was dependent on the boatman, whose boat and hut lay opposite at about a quarter of a mile's distance. There was a chronic disagreement between me and this functionary as to fares. I considered a half-penny sufficient, whereas he held to a penny. This caused him at times to be deaf and blind to my signals—at least to signals of a peaceful sort, such as shouting, and the waving of white drapery. When the flag of peace and the voice of entreaty failed, I used to take down some ammunition, and a pair of big double-barrelled pistols to the nearest corner of my eastern rampart, and make ball practice at his vessel, and residence. As the bullets were about twelve to the pound, and I had to drop a few shots near enough to be unpleasant, it probably cost me more in lead than the satisfaction of his exorbitance would have amounted to in copper. Still there was a righteous pleasure in withstanding the tyranny of a monopolist and bringing him to reason at any expense, rather than tamely

giving him half my learned professor's fee for ten minutes' use of his rickety boat. Besides which, the free use of my fire-arms served as an advertisement to the thieves of the neighborhood that I was dangerous to rob. Aali and his imp left me after supper, and from sunset to sunrise I had the island entirely to myself. It was a fine opportunity of enjoying the savage pleasure of solitude. I don't know why I should call it a *savage* pleasure, being one probably enjoyed only by civilized persons, to whom it is an exceptional phase of existence. The weather was warm, and I found it an agreeable way of passing my evening to spread my carpet and cushions on the northern rampart, and take my coffee and chibouque in as ceremonious leisure as if I were entertaining a select society I was studious to detain as long as possible within the circle of my hospitality. I have a pleasant recollection of the beautiful quiet, and liquid isolation of those evenings, as the mellow sky tints faded on that broad, still sleepy pool. The great swift river pauses here, as if to listen to the distant roar of the cataract, towards which, without visible motion, it slides away through gorges of great granite blocks, fantastically piled. The dreamy monotone of rushing waters afar off is broken now and then by barking dogs, that seem to be holding a languid discussion on the canine topics of the night, with other dogs who reply still more faintly from villages across, and further up, and further down. Then there comes fitfully on the feeble waftage of the awakening night-breeze, an uncertain wail of music. Is it the sound of voices, timed by the throbbing rumble of the tom-tom? Or is it the creaking groan of ungreased timber machinery, turned to the vibratory measure of some loose plank that suffers a periodic hitch in the Saqiah's revolutions? It may be the crew of a Dahabieh moored above the cataract, singing their song of exultation on having cleared the perils of the mild rapids which go by that formidable name; rejoicing yet more in having received a liberal baqsheesh from the still milder Hawageh. No, it is the Saqiah. Either of these sources of remote harmony are harsh and discordant enough when heard in close proximity, but distance makes music out of everything. On one of these still evenings, for want of something



better to do, I indited some words to the distant droning Saqiah tune. The editor can cut them out if they set his teeth or scissors on edge.

THE SONG OF THE SAQIAH.

I.

The spoke-set wheel goes round and round,  
Moved by the plodding heifer slow;  
The jar-belt teems—the runnels flow  
Through dikelet-chequered harvest ground—  
Along the Nile sad Saqiahs sound  
From bank to bank their notes of woe.

II.

The Saqiah's voice, when near at hand,  
Is a harsh, creaking, drawling moan;  
But, when on wandering breezes blown,  
Distance can soften and expand  
To something musical and grand  
Sounds without music of their own.

III.

For distance, through her airy rings,  
Carries alone clear notes and true:  
The false, hoarse, jarring residue  
Of noise uncouth, away she flings—  
So dealeth Time with men and things;  
Time winnows well the chosen few.

IV.

We murmur at our dwindling age,  
Lauding the wondrous days of old,  
Peopled with men of giant mould,  
Lavish of hero, bard, and sage—  
We set them on one splendid page,  
Bright with untarnishable gold.

V.

We call that splendid page "The Past,"  
We turn another, crossed and blurred  
With crowding fables, fresh-writ and slurred.  
How should this foul ink-chaos last!  
Shall the world's age with thine be classed?  
All life-times had their common herd.

VI.

Perchance, when all the scroll is pale,  
A name or two may yet remain,  
Whose ink concealed some golden grain  
That showed not till the page grew pale.  
Dame Nature still is buxom, hale,  
And the old comets come again.

VII.

This moon shines fair as Homer sung—  
Earth whirleth through her starry zones  
Briskly as when these mummied bones  
With thews and sinews warm were strung—  
Bright as when Rameses was young,  
Broad Nile sweeps by these graven stones.

VIII.

And men shall yet be born to break  
The spell on nature's slumbering lyre,  
Whose chords await in mute desire  
The mighty hand that may awake  
World echoes, quivering till they shake  
The concaves of empyreal fire.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINING MY DIFFICULTIES IN ESCAPING FROM  
THE ISLAND.

SUCH was my life in Philæ, which was all very well for a time; but after a fortnight I began to think how I should get away. An American turned up while I was revolving this problem. He had gone violently into Orientalism as to his extremities, wearing a huge turban and a tall pair of crimson morocco boots; remaining Frank, however, in the rest of his apparel. He was alone in his Nile boat, and offered me a cast down river as far as he was concerned. But he had jobbed his dragoman, boat and living at so much a day—five-and-twenty shillings, I think. Though I had my own victuals, and the boat was more than half empty—with a great unlikelihood of finding a supplementary passenger in those remote parts, even if his American did not exercise his right of veto—the dragoman wanted to charge me fifteen shillings a day. I declined to deal, so we liquored up and shook hands. A few days more passed, and I resolved to go down to Assouan and purchase a cheap little boat, just big enough to float me and my baggage to Cairo, which was not more than six or seven hundred miles down stream. I could tether my boat to a stake at any place worth seeing, and hire a man to guard it. It might not be a very comfortable way of travelling, but it would be cheap, independent, and adventurous. If no boat was to be had, I could at the worst buy a hundred jars or so, and make myself a crockery raft.

With this project in my mind, I hailed the ferryman, who, after less reluctance than usual, condescended to earn his halfpenny.

On reaching the mainland I cried out, "Bring a donkey, O boy!—and let him be a donkey of the excellent!—for if by the way I recognize him to be deficient in speed, I will quit him without price and without reward." This adjuration was addressed to no individual in particular, for the soil of Egypt is so fertile in boys and donkeys that there is always in every habitable spot a redun-



dance of the bipeds (usually too near to be pleasant), and a supply of the quadrupeds round the corner. Having uttered my proclamation and seen it take effect on the heels of a boy, I had leisure to become aware of the presence of two respectable Orientals, sitting on their carpet under a palm. Respectable Orientals were much more uncommon phenomena in those latitudes than respectable Europeans. There were plenty of naked Nubians and Egyptian sailors in blue cotton smocks, with more or less dusky complexions. These distinguished strangers had white faces, white woollen robes, and handsome crimson fez caps, with large blue silk tassels. One was a venerable-looking man of about fifty, with a gray beard. The other seemed ten or fifteen years younger, had one eye, and rather a morose expression.

As I stood looking at them and they sat looking at me, the elder saluted me (a superstitious regard for introductions being no part of Moslem politeness, which assumes that all men are antecedently disposed to treat one another civilly) with "Essalam aaleyk!"

"And upon you be peace!" I replied.

"We are informed, O gentleman! that thou art sitting down in the fortress\* of the island alone. Art thou a limner, portraying the idols wherewith its walls are graven?"

"I can draw somewhat for amusement, but not well enough for gain."

"What, then, is thy pursuit?"

"I travel to behold the earth and the peoples that dwell upon her;—my pursuit is knowledge of the world."

"If it be thus, that thou be of the sons of the Franks, the wealthy, who journey for profitless amusement, how is this that thou art unaccompanied with the usual retinue of servants and an interpreter?"

"I am as these in origin, but not in method. They expend money to avoid trouble, while I take trouble to avoid expenditure. Moreover, I desire to see the world with my own eyes, to touch it with my own hands, and to taste it with my own tongue. Had I an interpreter and servants I should be as a dumb animal carried from place to place in a cage by keepers. He who is his own servant is

\* The Arabs always call the temples qasr, which means a palatial fortress; a mere military position is called qalaah.

also his own master. Here," I continued, holding out my hands, "are my cook and valet; and this," pointing to my tongue, "is my interpreter."

"Thou speakest, O gentleman! as one of the prudent, and thy words are grammatical, as it were a book. How is this, that being a Frank, thou speakest our language? Hast thou sojourned many years in our land?"

"I have passed but thirty days in your land; but in my youth, as a preparation for travel, I studied somewhat of your language in books."

"Canst thou read our books? This, truly, for a Frank, is difficult!"

"Not only can I read, but write also."

"By Allah, we will see this! Ho, Abdallah!" he cried to a fat little black boy, "bring the dowaiah!"\* Little Abdallah ran down to a qangiah,† lying under the bank, laden with boxes and bales. In the meantime I was invited to sit on the carpet, my new acquaintance saying, as he made room for me, "Ahalan was sahalan wa murhaban" (familiarily, easily, and amply, or spaciouly), a compendious form of welcome. When I was seated he filled my pipe, and coffee was soon after brought from the qangiah, while the competition in caligraphy was going forward; for on the production of writing materials I requested my examiner to write first. I forgot what he wrote, but I remember that in it I was able to point out a misspelt word.

"It is true, by God!" he exclaimed; "I have omitted the letter *wow*, and written it as though it were merely *mudhmoum*."‡ The qalem (reed pen) and paper were now handed to me, and I wrote in my best neskhée§ hand a rhymed proverb I had learnt of my first Arabic master, Nersis Casangian (Nar-

\* A brazen case holding reed pens, with an ink-box of the same material soldered on near the end of the flattened tube. It is worn by scribes in the khizam (sash); and to prevent leakage, the ink is kept sponged up in cotton-wool, which yields it to the pressure of the pen.

† The Qangiah is a smaller and more roughly fitted sort of Dahabieh, with a matting shed in place of the poop cabin.

‡ Affected with the vowel dhammé, which has the sound of oo in foot: with the wow beneath it, it would be sounded as oo in boot.

§ Copying hand as distinguished from cursive. My old Arabic master used to say, "Most of the merchants write so that it requires a prophet to peruse."



cissus Kettlemenderson), a worthy Armenian of Lebanon—

“Uttlub elijár qabl uddár  
Wárrafeeq qabl uttareeq.”

“Study the neighbor before the house,  
And the fellow-travellers before the journey.”

On inspecting this specimen, Hajji Mohammed (for so I heard him addressed by other passengers of the gangiah, who had gathered round by this time) exclaimed,—“By Allah, wonderful! This writing is as the writing of an accomplished scribe, delicate. And the sentence is, with relation to circumstance, timely.” This to the bystanders. Then addressing me, he added, “Wilt thou become our fellow-traveller?” Here the donkey I had demanded appeared on the scene.

“Behold, this ass had I ordered to bear me to Assouan, that I might open a way towards Cairo, for I am weary of sitting in the island. But the travelling party is more important than the direction of the journey. As fellow-travellers I like you well; nor could I desire better. I have told you what I am. Inform me, therefore, what are ye, and whither is your journey?”

“We are the merchants of the Moors of Tarabboloos (Tripoli), settled in the Fayoom at the village of Beni Aali, near the Birket el Qurn. My name is Hajji Mohammed, and my brother’s name is Hajji Aali—our root (family name) is Eledgham. Our journey is to Kordofan, and our enterprise to traffic in teeth and feathers.”\*

“How many days’ journey distant is Kordofan?”

“We proceed by this boat to Wady Halfeh. If it please Allah to give us a fair wind, which we are now awaiting, swiftly. If the boat has to be tracked by the sailors, slowly. From Wady Halfeh to Dongola there are ten days of desert. Please Heaven, we may find camels with expedition; if not, there will be delay. From Dongola we proceed again by boat; and, further up the river, take camels again; and, after fifteen days of desert, we shall arrive, please Allah, at Kordofan.”

“How long will your stay be in Kordofan?”

“Till we have sold our merchandise, by the permission of God, and laid out its price in teeth and feathers.”

\* Of the ostrich and elephant.

“Have you made previous expeditions?”

“Frequently.”

“How many days did they occupy generally from this place thither and back?”

“Various. Sometimes ninety, sometimes a hundred and twenty days.”

“I know not whether for so extended a journey my means be adequate.”

“What are thy means?”

“About a thousand piastres of Egypt (ten pounds).”

“It suffices with redundance, if thou livest with us and as we. Thou canst purchase a horse and a slave, and withal have somewhat to lay out in teeth and feathers.”

The American’s dragoman would have charged me two or three times as much for my simple trip down to Cairo, which return trip by the merchant was reckoned in, as a mere accessory trifle of the wonderful things this ten pounds in hard cash was to do. It seemed too good an opportunity for a cheap and curious adventure to be thrown away. I did not much care, as long as I got away from the island, whether I went up or down the river, and I had a desire to see Abou Simbel.

“Is it not late for your expedition? Will not the rainy season of the south overtake you at Kordofan?”

“It may, or it may not. It depends on the market, whether dealing be easy or difficult.”

“If the rainy season overtake us, do not white men die of fever?” Here Hajji Aali, the younger brother, took up his parable.

“They die frequently, but frequently recover. I was near death by fever in Kordofan one voyage, so that I could not travel, and waited to return home with the expedition of the following year.”

There was evidently no desire to make things suspiciously pleasant, or I might have feared bad faith. And as adventures cannot be had without some risk, I said,—

“It is well. I will become your travelling companion.”

“In deed or in word only?” said Hajji Mohammed somewhat incredulously.

“The word and deed of an Englishman are one.”

“Hast thou no fear of us, thou being a Frank and we Moslems?”

“Why should I fear? There are bad and



good of all creeds. I have looked at you with my eyes and have heard you with my ears. I find in your faces and behavior the tokens of brotherhood, and in your words the sound of truth. If you promise to deal with me fairly as men and brothers, I am not afraid to trust your word."

"By God we will deal with you righteously!" they replied.

So it was agreed. My donkey was dismissed, and I went back to the island to gather up my goods, accompanied by two dusky men, whom at first I conjectured to be servants of the Moorish merchants, but I afterwards found them to be mere casual fellow-passengers in the qangiah, over whom, by virtue of superior wealth and social position, the Moors exercised an influence. One of them, Mohammed the Beadsman, was a dealer in large heavy glass beads about an inch in diameter, to form ornaments for the necks and wrists and ankles of the queens of Soudan; for in Soudan, as the merchants afterwards told me, "to every hill there is a king, and to every king plenty of queens." The other, Mohammed El Ghreyety, was a camel dealer going up river to buy cheap. He was reported to be full of money, but very miserly, showing no outward signs of wealth, and sponging on the merchants, who got but little service out of him in return. These men loitered about while I packed my luggage; but when it was ready they declined to put it in the boat, saying the boat would not carry it. It was a bad little boat, and I suggested dividing the baggage for two trips; but they would not take any. I got into the boat, and was going to the merchants to report the mutiny, when I saw my professor on the shore. I cried out to him,—

"What is the cause of this impediment?"

"The men have taken fright," he replied.

"What, to upset the boat?"

"No; they fear lest, having a Frank in their company, they should be arrested by the governors up the river for kidnapping."

"O thou son of ingratitude and father of treachery! Thou hast evidently implanted this error in the skulls of those two asses in order to retain thy miserable salary for teaching me ungrammatical Arabic. Thinkest thou after this I shall continue thy lessons?"

"Nay," expostulated the learned man in

a piteous manner, "this is none of my work. See there, that old black fox hath practised this deceit. He is the dragoman of a Frank family now in the island, and it vexes him to behold a Frank conducting his own affairs without the help of his craft."

I looked further back, and recognized the grinning black face of an old Soudanee dragoman I had seen on the boat of some acquaintances at Assouan. I begged my professor's pardon, and went to the merchants. There was much talk. I told my story to the merchants, and the beadsman and camel dealer expatiated on the imprudence of taking me with them, to all the rabble of small passengers. The Moors, after some reflection, said that, though there was nothing in it, it was better not to overrule, but to meet the objection.

"The foolish persons have eaten fear, and their bowels are full of panic. Go thou therefore to the Hakem (Governor) at Assouan, and request of him a letter to the governors up the country, setting forth the circumstances of thy journey."

"But if a wind arise in the mean time, will ye not leave me and depart?"

"By Allah, what haste is there? Are we not thy *rafceeq*?\* Let everything be done by the permission of God! Surely, we will await thy return."

So I again demanded a donkey, and a good donkey, that could really go on pain of non-payment if unsatisfactory. Possibly the boys thought me by this time a doubtful customer. Certainly the donkey which came was as I pointed out to his driver, "an ass of the excretable, the feeble of body, the obdurate of disposition." The events of that sultry day had not tended to tranquillity of temper. Stooping to pack my luggage got the blood into my head. The dragoman, camel-dealer, and beadsman difficulty had kept me on the boil some time. The sun was now very hot upon me; and kicking the ribs of my lazy beast with bare heels and vast slippers very liable to slip off, caused me to continue in a slight simmer as I went. Going on a slow donkey, when one is in a great hurry, is a trial of temper at the best of times; so after half a mile or so I jumped off the donkey and discharged him unre-

\* *Party* is the nearest word to *rafceeq*—traveling party especially. One man may be called *rafceeq* of another man with whom he is travelling; but it is usually a noun of number.



warded. The soil is very sandy, and I found walking in loose sand, with loose slippers on stockingless feet, a trial of temper too; especially when a slipper fell off, for then the scorching heat of the sand made me hop frantically. I was now in the village of Shelaal, and a man came fadging nimbly after me on a fresh ass. I made him an offer of sixpence to Assouan and back, which was above the real price, but not half what would be charged to an inexperienced Frank. The rider did not prudently take into consideration that I had spoken to him in Arabic. He had the impudence to ask me no less than fourteen pence. I had no words to express my accumulated indignation, so I went at him headlong, without minding my slippers, and so belabored him about the head and shoulders with my pipe-stick that he fell neck and crop off his beast, and scrambled away in great alarm. The ass stood perfectly still in the midst of the way. This was so unforeseen a result of my frantic onslaught that I could not help laughing in spite of my rage as I mounted my captured animal, and his rider followed me at a respectful distance as I rode away. By degrees the man accepted his destiny, and drove his donkey as if he had been hired in the most regular way. The donkey went well, and my anger was mollified. But we had scarcely got into the reach of desert which divides Shelaal from Assouan, when the man desisted from driving and the ass from going cheerfully. I remonstrated.

"The ass is weary, O sir; and if thou wouldst reach Assouan with celerity behold a camel." Effectively, as the French say, a camel and an old man *did* appear at this juncture. "Will you ride the camel?" said he (the beaten of the pipe-stick).

"Whose camel?" said I.

"Mine!" said he. "The old man is my servant."

I confess with shame that I was foolish enough to accept the proposition. To mount a camel is a thing that requires time and attention. The gaunt beast groaned as if his heart would break. He knelt down. I got on his back. Then with a couple of severe jerks I was hoisted half-way between the desert and the sky. Meanwhile the ass and his master had scudded swiftly away from the track and disappeared behind the

broken granite ridges and sand-hills of the desert. Probably he had time to whisper to the old man, "This is a madman of the ungodly. Heaven deliver thee from his hands and pipe-stick." For the camel taken also into the conspiracy, continued to groan without attempting to stir a peg, and the old man feigned a blank imbecility. His age prevented me from applying the pipe-stick, so I slid down from the camel's hump, and trudged on through the desert.

It would be tedious to relate all my adventures on this short journey, but before I reached Assouan (a distance of about four miles and a half,) I had mounted three separate donkeys and two different camels. I got my letter written by the governor, returned to Philæ on a single donkey, and got my baggage on board the merchant's boat. I was too much exhausted to cook anything, but soaked some rusks in brandy and water for supper, and fell asleep on board the qangiah soon after sunset. I had taken the precaution of sending the names and address of the merchants, and the date of my joining them, to the consul-general at Cairo, on a slip of paper, which I committed to the gentleman whose dragoman had caused me so much trouble; so that in case I never turned up again, inquiries might be instituted for the satisfaction of my family. I find in an old letter to my father, dated "from aboard the barge of Mohammed of Tarabboloos," these expressions of the frame of mind and considerations under which I resolved on joining the merchants' party:—

"It will perhaps seem to you an imprudent step; but you must take into consideration that it is an adventure. One travels on purpose to meet with adventures, and in nine cases out of ten, when an opening for an adventure offers, one passes it by because there is a little risk or inconvenience in the way. One might just as well slide upon dry ground, or learn to swim before going into the water, as try to find adventures which are not inaugurated with risk and attended with inconvenience. All the stereotyped conventionalities of discretion and indolence rose up in my weaker will to warn me against the expedition. But I said, in reply to these suggestions, This is not a time to argue the case, while cowardice has a barrier of obstructions on her side. I must act on my



antecedent determination, that adventures are worth looking for; and at any rate be able to feel that I have done my best to remove the impediment. The retarding influence of friction on inert bodies is at its highest pitch in the moment preceeding motion. And so it is with all the stumbling-blocks of commonplace which hamper the feet of independent action. Set your shoulder against these *di termini* worshipped by the stick-in-the-mud multitude, their foundations soon loosen, and when once rooted up, a kick or two will roll them away into the limbo of discredited idols. If I had failed to move my obstacle, I should not have cared much. But if I had given up without an effort, I should have felt I had missed my destiny. I should have dragomanized myself into the 'reglar.' I shall, no doubt have many more difficulties, and the adventure may turn out less picturesque than it seems to promise. Adventures usually do. I remember feeling very much ashamed of myself, among the windy spray, of an unnecessary stock of valor I had mustered in order to go beneath the thundering veil of Niagara's waters. And so, *Forsitan hæc olim meminisse pudebit.* In the mean time, don't be alarmed about me. I am a tolerable hand at taking care of myself. I have medicines with me which, if not required in my own case, will increase my consideration among the natives. Love to all. Farewell. Just as I have finished, our boat has sailed, and we are moving up the Nile towards the second cataract."

## CHAPTER III.

## TWO-AND-TWENTY DAYS' TRAVEL WITH THE MERCHANTS OF TRIPOLI.

ONE of the main topics which occupied the attention of our boat's company during our first day's sail, was the adjustment of my passage money. I then discovered that the Moors had not the sole occupancy of the boat, but were only the principal charter-parties of a public passenger boat, not running regularly, but when a sufficient number of passengers made it worth while. I took no part in the matter; my interests being amply defended by the merchants. The distance was a trifle—between two and three hundred miles. The Reis (captain) was of opinion that the least that could be decently charged to a Frank was a hundred Egyptian piastres. Hajji Aali was my main cham-

pion; he said I had entered the company on the express understanding that I was to be treated as one of them and taking due regard as to the bulk of my baggage and my berth in the boat, twenty piastres was ample. Much and stormy debating arose; and it ended in settling thirty piastres\* as the sum. I was about to pay on the spot, but Aali bade me put up my purse till the journey was performed. I had every reason to be satisfied with my terms; for I had a place under the matting awning, side by side with the elder Moor. A narrow gangway divided us. I fear the younger brother, Hajji Aali, had turned out of this berth in my favor. His couch was made on a couple of large chests, outside the awning, so that he had to rig up a carpet with string and palm branches, to shade himself from the sun. I found the gangiah more comfortable than the dahabieh; for the awning being open at both ends, was a cooler shelter in the day than the close wooden cabin had been; and at night it was at least no colder than the open deck of the dahabieh, to which I retreated after my first night in the cabin, from a bloodthirsty swarm of brown, broad-backed multipeps, which on acquaintance with both, I can safely say are much more to be dreaded by those they love than the "creature friendly to man." There were none of these familiar vampires on board the merchants' boat, and I slept in peace.

One morning, while we were lying along shore, I saw the dignified figure of Hajji Mohammed seated on the bank. He had just performed his ablutions and prayers; but now he appeared to be investigating the ample convolutions of his white woollen robes. I approached him, and inquired what he was in search of. He replied without circumlocution in the simple generic word, "Qaml." I said, "Show it to me, for I know not its appearance." He continued his search, and soon directed my attention to an infinitesimal scarlet bead, less than the head of a minikin pin, a nice, cleanly-looking insect. I now remembered that for a day or two I had occasionally felt a slight irritation of the skin, much too mild for the ravages of the domestic flea. I retired precipitately to the boat, examined my own drapery, and found the Dragoman's warning was fulfilled; I had "taken him." I was a little shocked, but

\* Six shillings.



not dismayed. He did not infest my head or beard, and I found him a friendly creature. Our course of life on board the *qangiah* was of a desultory complexion. About dawn we awoke gradually. The earliest wakers gathered bits of dry bulrush on the bank, and kindled a fire. The fireplace was a heap of wood-ashes and stones in the midst of the vessel. It may or may not have had an iron bottom for safety, but as it was nobody's business to clear the grate, the ashes increased and multiplied; and the vessel never took fire. I often made the coffee in my own little *tenekeh* \* with my own *boonn*, and served the merchants with a little cup apiece. They liked my brew better than their own; and besides, when *they* made coffee, they had to give some to the captain and steersman, and sometimes to the dealer in beads. So that when I was up first and made the fire, there was often no other coffee made. Then smoking began, and hunger was fenced with at pipe's length while we sat enjoying the glorious golden sunrise flashing on the still expanse of water. (We had a great deficiency of wind during the earlier part of those three weeks.) At last, when some one of the party was prompted by his stomach, cooking began in earnest. Sometimes it was the captain, sometimes Hajji Aali, or the beadsman, or the camel dealer, anybody, in short, who was hungriest, volunteered as *chef*; while the next hungriest assisted as *marmiton*. The principal cook mixed batter in a wicker-work jar, which previous mixings had smeared inwardly so as to render the vessel impervious. When mixed, some of it was poured on a round hearth-plate of sheet iron, previously greased, and supported horizontally on stones over the embers. A minute or two baked the first cake, which was laid in the bottom of a large wooden bowl, called the *ghadaah*. A great number of broad thin cakes were thus baked and deposited in succession. When the batter jar was exhausted, an earthen pot, which had meanwhile been simmering with whatever esculent vegetation happened to grow near the towing-path—and if we were lucky, a piece of mutton—was overturned into the cavity in the midst of the cake-lined bowl.

\* The *tenekeh* is the simplest form of coffee-pot. It has a small body and a long handle, that you may hold it while making without scorching your hands. *Boonn* is the material, *cahweh* the prepared beverage.

As we use rice in our broth, they used what they called "*Aaddas*," a small lentile, which has a taste something like buckwheat. All hands were now called, and we gathered round the bowl. Everybody said grace for himself—"Bismillah" (In God's name)—and fell to. When any one was satisfied, he cried, "*Eh hamdolillah*" (God be praised), and desisted. It was not by any means a bad mess when we were not muttonless. But muttonless we sometimes were, and I was in a manner the cause of dearth. One day Hajji Aali came and addressed me gravely, thus,—

"As thou art our companion, is it not better to be clad as we? I have in my chest wearing apparel of suitable quality, of which I will sell thee a change without profit."

"Wherefore is this? Why should I disguise that I am a Frank?"

"For this cause. When we arrive in villages, information spreads. Behold a boat with a gentleman of the Franks. And the villagers of the river are accustomed to demand a price out of reason for meat to the Frank boats: and they, being brutally ignorant, will not believe that thou art our companion merely, nor will, while they see you thus attired, desist from exorbitantly enhancing the price of mutton."

I at once acquiesced. And from that time forward, till I quitted the East, wore Oriental costume.

During the day our boat was tracked along tediously by the crew. They were not numerous, to begin with, and I suspect were chiefly working out their passage money; for as they came to their respective homes they deserted us, so that we were reduced at length to the captain,—who fell sick,—the steersman, and two little boys. Under these adverse circumstances no one except myself showed any impatience. "Everything is by the permission of God," the elder Moor used to observe when I complained. The younger Moor, though he showed no anxiety or hurry, was always ready to lend his brawny arm to help us forward. While there were hands enough to track a little, he volunteered at the cable, and threw more strength and good-will into the work than two or three of the rest. Hajji Aali was a downright good fellow. A devout Moslem without intolerance, and energetic without fidgety impatience. He was



ready to cook, gather firewood, chant the Coran of an evening to his fellow-passengers, or pole our heavy craft off a sand-bank; anything that was wanted. He had rather a gloomy, undemonstrative manner, and had been much less ready to welcome me in the first instance than Mohammed. But he was more of a friend to me when we became better acquainted. He had a genuine conscience, and a most gentleman-like sense of honor. He was simple-hearted, and most singularly free from vanity and pretence of any sort. He stood over six feet two, was lank and sinewy in frame, rather ungainly in his movements. He had lost an eye, which spoilt his good looks. But his manner and presence, though neither comely nor graceful, had a rough, honest sort of dignity. The elder was portly and picturesque in his outward man; sententious in his talk; much less genuinely earnest in his devotions, and much more careful of his ease and comforts, than the younger brother. Still, Hajji Mohammed was a fine old fellow; shrewd and liberal minded. He had been a soldier in the sultan's forces, and had fought the Wahabees in the Hejaz. He had seen the world; and knew one word of Italian, of which he was very proud—*Mezzogiorno*. He took great pleasure in conversing with me on European science—railways, steamboats, manufactures, and politics. But religious discussion occupied a good deal of our leisure. I had to translate all I remembered of my "Littlego" Paley into the best extemporaneous Arabic I could command, to combat his polemic efforts to disabuse me of the errors of Christianity. Aali, on the other hand, did not argue, nor use many words; but he seemed much more earnestly to desire my conversion. He would sometimes exhort me in a Catholic spirit:—

"These reasonings are not for me. If there were present a learned Ullema, he would confute them. It suffices me to know that my creed is the truth. And if thou wouldst but testify and confess that there is no God but Allah, and that Mahomet is his prophet, the darkness of error that is before thine eyes would dispart itself as it were the curtain of a tent, and thou wouldst behold the truth manifestly. Wherefore wilt thou not thus testify?"

"Before I testify I must be convinced. If I testify without conviction, I lie. How

should truth be revealed to a liar? If I testify thus without a firm faith, I should remain as one stultified."

"May God give thee faith, O my friend! If thou canst embrace Islam in thy heart, we will adopt thee into our family in the place of our brother Abd-Allah, who is dead. Allah be merciful to him! Under his name thou shalt sojourn with us, and journey with us. And one of us will accompany thee on thy pilgrimage to the holy places, so that thou be Hajji Abd-Allah."

I felt certain promptings of a dishonest but adventurous devil within me to accept this offer, and turn a base literary penny by narrating in print what might come of it. But Paley's *Evidences*, and the shame of dealing falsely with an open-hearted, friendly fellow-creature, stuck in my throat; so I thanked him kindly, and said my faith, such as it was, could not change. Nevertheless, so much influence had Moslem contagion upon me, that I began to feel seriously ashamed of the undemonstrative character of my religion. Nay, one Sunday morning I had thoughts of standing up on deck and going through all I could remember of the Church service as audibly as the pious Aali was in the habit of proclaiming that "Allah was great." However, I reflected that as it had never before been my habit, it would be a pharisaical performance. And moreover I had before my eyes a methodistical Nile-bank peddling merchant on a small scale who had joined our party I forget how soon after leaving Philæ. But he evidently laid on his religion thick and unctuous to take the tone of the aristocracy of the party, whom he toadied in a manner perfectly recognizable by the light of European analogies.

At length a fair wind came blowing briskly up the river, and we bowled away merrily before it. My delight at this change to rapid motion did not last very long; for the sheet gave way, and our rotten old sail began to flick itself into shreds and tatters. The captain was lying sick. The steersman left the helm to one of the boys, and went aloft, but had not strength enough to gather in the flapping canvas. Then Hajji Aali climbed the mast, and managed the business quickly. But enough damage had been done to oblige us to stop and refit, so we belayed on the western bank, spread our sail, and sat down to stitch at the tatters. It very soon



appeared that in the vessel's marine stores, if any existed, packthread was a deficient item. A considerable crowd of natives had gathered round us, and there was a treaty instituted with one of the women for some loosely spun cotton yarn, which, when four doubled, might serve at a pinch. Indeed, my packing-needle was full of it while the discussion as to its price was going on. I had an unlimited supply of copper currency; and being in great haste to refit and take advantage of the long-desired wind which was blowing uselessly over our heads, I at once disbursed the sum named by the selling party, that the hands of the stitchers might not be stayed by altercation. But the woman being, I suppose, charged like a Leyden vase with a considerable stock of unexploded argument, demurred to the unconditional tender I had made, on the ground that she preferred Egyptian to Turkish currency.

"So had we rather have good firm packthread than this rotten fluff," I exclaimed, with an European impatience of unreason. "This is flat treason. The Sultan of Istambul is Suzerain of Masr. Who shall dare to refuse the sultan's coin? But since the good woman has refused our money, doubtless she wishes to make us a present of the thread without price and without reward. Therefore let us give her thanks in the name of Allah, and go on sewing." With which remarks I returned my rejected handful of ten and twenty para pieces to my pocket. The woman, on hearing these sentiments, pounced upon her bobbins of cotton twine, and was making off with them in great dudgeon, when I jumped up, followed her, and to delay her without laying hands on her, made a hoop with my arms and lowered it over her head. It was, of course, not my fault that she ran against my hands; on which she screamed, and threw away the bobbins, whereupon I dissolved the enclosure, and at the same instant found myself tackled from behind by an indignant husband, who had laid hold of my elbow. I turned round, shook him loose, and "led off numbers one and three," as my instructor in pugilism used to express it, and was prepared to "keep a leadin' of it hoff." But the village chief, whether by science or instinct, judiciously "joked" his head, so that my forearm only caught him on the

shoulder. He staggered back a few paces, and was flourishing his pipe-stick for a fresh onset, when we were both seized, I by Hajji Aali, and he by some other of our party, and words of peace were administered to us. Meanwhile the gathering of male natives drew their daggers, and the bevy of women uttered their screams. War seemed imminent. In this state of affairs, I got my pair of big double-barrelled pistols, examined the nipples, put on fresh caps, and laying them by me in readiness for action, sat down to stitch at my place on the sail, announcing to the hostile party that the first man who ventured on the canvas-covered territory should eat lead. Then the elder Moor, who was not of the sewing party, addressed the multitude.

"Hearken, O sheikh, and men of the village! These days are not as the days of old. Formerly the Moslem was strong and the Frank weak. Now it is the reverse; and the Pacha of Egypt values the head of such a Frank as this more than three hundred such men as you. Therefore put up your daggers, and offer no violence. There reached me the narration of circumstances in which a Frank like this was treated with violence, and the pacha arrested three hundred of the inhabitants of that place, and sent them away on military services, so that none of them have yet seen their homes. This gentleman meant no insult to the wife of the sheikh. He only wished to prevent her from abstracting the thread, for which a just price and an ample reward had been offered."

These judicious remarks from the man *pietate gravis*, stilled the tumult, the coppers were accepted, and thus ended the battle of the sail and bobbins.

My anxiety to take prompt advantage of our fair wind was unnecessary. It blew us up the river briskly, past the rock-hewn colossi of Abou Simbel, and on to our destination. We landed on the western bank, opposite Wady Halfeh, and sat down for a few days in the sand to make our arrangements to go forward by camels. The camel men did not appear speedily, and the fair wind swept the sand steadily into our eyes, noses, mouths, shoes, pockets, cooking utensils, baggage—everywhere. I thought of that cruel conundrum about not starving in the desert because you might "live on the



sandwiches there." I never hope again to have such a surfeit of sand. I spread my mattress on a little jutting point of the bank, and slept there, and passed most of my time sprinkled with the spray of the wind-lashed river to escape from the sand. I was warned by the party that I might be eaten unawares by a crocodile, but I preferred that possibility to the certainty of sand. I put on a tall pair of boots that reached my thighs, but the sand got in; and as I ran to overtake what I supposed might be the last European boat of the season with a letter home, the sand in my boots rasped the skin off my ankles so severely that the scars of those sand-wounds lasted for years.

When the Arabs arrived with camels they waited for lucky days for making a start; and none of our party attempted to hurry them or their cattle. I was a good deal disheartened with the slowness of our progress, which made it more and more probable that I was in for the rainy season and a fever. Nevertheless, I resigned myself to my fate, went over the river to Wady Halfeh, presented my letter to the governor, and bought a donkey for my journey. Here is an extract from a letter home, probably the one I rasped my ankles in attempting to post:—

"By the position of the moon, which is my candle, I take it to be about two o'clock in the morning. I write from my bed on the west bank of the Nile, opposite Wady Halfeh. The desert is my bedstead, and its curtain the sky, spangled (over my feet) with the scorpion, centaur, and southern cross. This last constellation I have just now seen for the first time. It only rises above the horizon after one passes the tropic. I am indebted for my sight of the cross, and you for this moonlit epistle, to the sudden indisposition of Hajji Mohammed. About an hour ago, I waked, in some alarm of crocodiles, and found a heavy hand on my shoulder shaking me. It was Hajji Aali, who said 'Arise! my brother is sick, and afflicted with pains severely.' I got up, and found the solemn old Moor in great trouble, moaning and rocking himself on his heels. He had violent pains in his bowels. I was not surprised; for the day before he had, not feeling well, prescribed for himself a large mess of some coarse-looking yellow gum, which he called 'sobr,' mixed with honey. It looked like gamboge, but (in the absence of an Arabic dictionary) I think sobr means aloes. However that be, unless aloes greatly resemble gamboge, I should trust my own eyesight more readily than Hajji Mohammed's chemistry. We made a bulrush fire, on which I boiled my little coffee-pot full of sugar and water, and stirred up a table-

spoonful of tea in it. He drank this as hot as possible, after which I gave him two 5gr. blue pills, another pot of tea, and in the morning followed up my treatment with a coffee-cupful of castor-oil. The hot tea relieved him for the time, and the patient allowed on the morrow, 'This, by Allah, is great medicine!'

"Nevertheless, being much relieved, he had leisure after breakfast to consult his volume of domestic medicine—a corpulent and handsome manuscript, in various colored inks. He turned to the heading 'Qowlunj,' and found it laid down that the remedy for that complaint was to inscribe a diagram on the palm of his hand. In the midst a bird was picking up seven dots. The fowl was so rudimentary in form that it would have puzzled Professor Owen to detect its genus, yet it was above Hajji Mohammed's artistic powers to reproduce. Therefore, when he had made his diagram and put in the cabalistic letters round about it, he requested me to make a fac-simile of the bird. This I did with great gravity, and before the ink was dry he licked the whole off his palm and gulped it down. I was not, however, disposed to let him lay his recovery to this recipe; so I observed to him, 'These ceremonies can have no beneficial efficacy, because you omitted (previous to absorbing the draught depicted in your hand) to say 'Bismillah!''"

"By Allah, it is correct!" he exclaimed, with some vexation. However, he did not go through his formula again, and I had the credit of his cure. At last everything was settled for our start on the morrow. The camel-drivers had agreed that to-morrow was a fortunate day, and the hire of my camel was settled. That night after dark I heard the sound of the jubilant tam-tam from the opposite bank; and on the eventful morning saw yet another dahabieh on the other side of the river. Our journey was again, without any apparent reason, postponed; and I had leisure to go over and see what Frank gentlemen had arrived. They proved to be two English brothers, who were masters of their own boat. They offered me a cast down to Cairo, which I accepted. I rode my donkey with them, to scratch my name on the rock by the second cataract; and, on my return, bade farewell to the Moorish merchants. I presented the ass to Hajji Aali, and my shabby old tent to Hajji Mohammed. He begged me to leave him a few blue pills and some castor oil, which I did. The brothers gave me their blessing and a circular letter of recommendation, describing me as a "good man, who knew Arabic," to their kindred in the Fayoom and Tripoli. Next morning I sailed away down the Nile. G. J. CAYLEY.



From The Saturday Review.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S DIARY.\*

THIS is certainly the most startling and stirring book that has been published in Germany for many years. Humboldt's correspondence with Varnhagen may have shocked many readers, not only in Germany, but wherever Humboldt's name was known; and that is tantamount to the whole civilized, and a good portion of the uncivilized, world. Yet, compared with the volumes now before us, that correspondence resembles the dwarf that was to usher in the giant. There was something essentially petty and paltry in those letters. Every page was full of vanity, flattery, spite, small talk, and small thought on small matters of all kinds, quite unworthy of the great genius of Humboldt. The letters ought never to have been published. They destroyed the dignified appearance which Humboldt had preserved through life, both in his social and in his literary relations. They did no good to anybody, not even to the fair editor, Fräulein Ludmilla Assing, though they may have put a few thousand pounds into her pocket. Those who knew Humboldt best were fully aware of the frivolous side of his character—of his playfulness, of his sharp tongue, of his weakness in professing to despise courts and courtiers, whilst expecting to be treated by kings and emperors as their equal, if not their superior. But Humboldt had the good sense to hide all these weak points from the world at large, and it was the mistake of a lackey to exhibit his master *en negligé*, to the staring eyes of Europe. There was just here and there a flash of lightning in that correspondence to show that the same voice which we heard grumbling and growling was the voice of one who could thunder if he pleased. But there was little to redeem the whole book, which for many reasons was offensive in the extreme, and broke through some of the most sacred rules of good breeding and good faith. In spite of all the brave words of Fräulein Ludmilla Assing, to publish the letters of living persons without asking their leave is something worse than an outrage on common propriety. This she has done in several instances. Whether all the scraps of a man

so lately departed from us as Humboldt should have been published is simply a question of good taste, which it would be useless to argue with Fräulein Ludmilla Assing.

It is with very different feelings that we put down the two first volumes of Varnhagen's Diary. At Berlin, no doubt, some people will cry shame at this book, even more than at Humboldt's correspondence with Varnhagen. Others will rub their hands and chuckle with delight at the fearful exhibition of the state of things in Prussia. We share neither of these feelings. We look upon the book as a most valuable contribution to the history of Prussian politics during a very critical period. It throws an unexpected and glaring light on things which were meant to be kept in profound darkness, never to be revealed to the profane gaze of the historian. It is a voice which was stifled during the writer's lifetime, and which now reaches our ears with greater solemnity from the other side of the grave. All considerations whether such a book should have been published or not vanish before the high and noble object which the writer had in view. He wrote to tell the coming generation of Prussia's greatness, in which he had shared in his youth, and of Prussia's degradation, which he witnessed during the Thirty Years' Peace, from 1818 to 1848. His Diary begins in 1835, under Frederick William III., and it will probably reach to the last days of the writer's life. The two volumes now published comprise the last four years of the reign of Frederick William III., and the first five years of the reign of Frederick William IV. Though there are many entries which can be of no interest except to those who know all the ministers and chamberlains and *dames de la cour* of the court of Berlin some twenty years ago, yet, as a sketch of public life in Prussia, the Diary is invaluable. Whatever may be said by his enemies, Varnhagen was evidently a true patriot, full of enthusiasm for Prussia, more, even, than for Germany at large. He had means of information such as were possessed by few historians. He had himself fought in the war of independence, and been wounded at Wagram. He then travelled for some time, and visited the court of Napoleon, in 1810. In 1812 he left the Aus-

\* *Tagebücher*, von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Leipzig. 1861.



trian service, served for a short time in Prussia, and then joined the Russian army. He was at Paris in 1813, as the aide-de-camp of General Tettenborn. He then returned to his diplomatic career in Prussia, went to the Congress of Vienna with Prince Hardenberg, remained with the Prince on the breaking out of the war, and was again at Paris in 1815. When peace was restored, Varnhagen von Ense was raised to the rank of Prussian envoy to the court of Wurtemberg, but was placed on the retired list as early as 1819, and never employed again. He lived with his wife, the famous Rahel, at Berlin, and their house formed a brilliant centre of society during the most brilliant period of the history of Prussia. That period, however, was of short duration. All the truly liberal and patriotic statesmen retired one after the other from the scene of public life. Varnhagen devoted himself to the study of history; and he has well earned by his excellent biographies the name of the German Plutarch. He was a man of refined taste, of finished manners, full of information, and with a rare talent for conversation. We learn from his Diary how he continued to read the Greek and Roman classics to the end of his life; and many of his remarks on this subject are very happy and original. He spoke French fluently, English and Russian decently, and he was particularly proud of the correctness and elegance of his German. He was on intimate terms with all the great men of whom Germany could then be proud—statesmen, generals, philosophers, scholars, and artists. Kings and princes courted his society, queens and princesses were charmed with his visits. Of all this there is a good deal in his Diary; and we must say to his credit that Varnhagen seems always to have preserved the most dignified independence in his personal relations with the great and small, the crowned and uncrowned heads of Germany. His interview with the Grandduchess Helene of Russia is most charmingly described by the old courier.

The perusal of his two volumes produces a feeling of sadness and of indignation. The miserable policy of the court of Prussia, the opportunities that were wasted, the promises that were broken, the insolence with which a brave, intelligent, and loyal people, like the Prussians of 1818, were

treated by the court and the Camarilla—all this sounds perfectly incredible to English ears. All who showed a spark of independence were removed from the public service; those who remained were needy men who had to choose between starvation and dishonor, and preferred the latter. Frederick William III. was a man of no will—Frederick William IV. a man of no character. In fact, it is perfectly clear, from occasional remarks jotted down by Varnhagen long before the fatal illness of the late king was suspected, that Frederick William IV. was from the beginning of his reign suffering from a disease of the brain. This is the most charitable explanation of his public career, and we wonder that the writer of the Diary should not have perceived this sooner. Varnhagen, like everybody else, expected great things from the late king. He knew his good qualities, and they were many; and throughout his Diary he seldom blames the king, though he loathes his ministers. And yet, when he asks himself what could be done to retrieve the mischief—to save Prussia from the disgrace into which she had fallen, and to prevent a revolution like that of '48—it is painful to witness the utter helplessness of the Prussian patriot. Overtures seem to have been made to him at several times to enter the Prussian service. Metternich was his friend, and would have given much to secure Varnhagen's pen. Varnhagen saw the disease, but he knew of no cure; and all he could do as an honest man was to keep aloof from the charlatans who thought of themselves only, and cared nothing for the patient whom they had got into their grasping hands. Varnhagen believed in Metternich when most German patriots had long given him up. Varnhagen disliked constitutional innovations when the king himself had begun to dabble in constitutions. There are remnants of his aristocratic prejudices, qualms of diplomatic etiquette scattered through the Diary, even at a time when he had long made up his mind that nothing but a radical reform, nothing short of a revolution, could save Prussia. It was fortunate for Varnhagen that he kept aloof from public affairs. He would have failed as a statesman, and he would have lost, like many others, the fair name which he has left untarnished to posterity.

The Diary, though invaluable as the memoir of an honest observer, and as the voice of one who speaks in the name of thousands, is nevertheless to be used with great caution where we have to form an estimate of the



character of those whom Varnhagen considers the accomplices in the dishonor of Prussia. One of the most glaring instances of his recklessness in judging men of whom he knew absolutely nothing, is Bunsen. He hates him from the beginning as an intruder. He is not a Prussian by birth, he says, what business has he at our court? How small, how unworthy of Varnhagen! He perceives clearly enough that the rumors which reach him about Bunsen all come, without exception, from the needy and greedy noblemen who were furious that this Dr. Bunsen should have been put over their heads. He remarks himself that those who call him a dog would lick his feet like curs as soon as he was in power. Yet he believes, or at least repeats, what he hears, and tries to blast, by the most infamous calumnies, the public and private character of a man whom he would have loved if he had known him. He hates him as a pietist, and when he is told that Bunsen, though a man of true Christian piety, had proved himself in England an extreme advocate of religious liberty, he calls him a double hypocrite, without knowing anything of the man, without bringing a single proof for his calumnious assertions. This is simply absurd. Varnhagen is equally unjust in his estimate of Radowitz, and it is extraordinary that a man with his knowledge of human nature should have been unable to assign any but the most grovelling motives to those from whom he differed, and whom he believed responsible for the misfortunes of Prussia. How would Varnhagen have judged of Humboldt, the courtier, the protégé of Frederick William III., the friend of Frederick William IV., unless by accident he had known the man and allowed for his endeavors to do as much good as he could under a system that he could not alter.

The book is full of curious anecdotes, not only about Prussian, but about European politics. What will M. Guizot say when he hears that his master, Louis Philippe, wrote to Metternich not to be afraid of France; that he would take care to make her harmless; and that in the year 1840! Varnhagen quotes the following from an autograph letter of Louis Philippe to Metternich:—"Laissez-moi faire! J'arrangerai les choses de sorte que les Français ne pourront penser pendant trente ans à faire sérieusement la guerre." And he adds, "after Metternich had received this note, he assumed very bold language in public."

In page 205, Varnhagen tells us that Austria spent four million florins for Don Carlos. there is a *bon-mot* of his about the late King of Hanover. He met him at a watering-place soon after the king's accession to the

throne. The question was asked at the table d'hôte whether the king was ill; and Varnhagen replied loud enough to be heard by the whole party: "Il a une mauvaise constitution."

Varnhagen's judgments are always striking, but he has the misfortune of seeing most things in the most unfavorable light. We give as a specimen his estimate of the English character, written in 1840:—

"The present general mode of thinking in England seems still to rest completely on the basis supplied by Bacon and Locke. The former is over-estimated—the latter is still attacked, but with his own weapons. The English mode of thinking is one-sided, rigid, heavy, clumsy. It proceeds laboriously from fact to fact; it will not jump or fly, but proceeds step by step only—tedious clearness, wretched accuracy! Their science consists of so many sciences, broken up into endless special researches. They are very backward in intellectual grasp. But they extend their outward influence, they test, dare, and do everything, singly or in company, always in a practical manner. A man of genius, however, can make his way among them by violence only, fighting wildly against all that is traditional; as for instance, Byron and Shelley. Intellectual enterprise is still dependent on old, imperfect machinery—it is slow, poor, mean. In this field we have our steam-engines, our railways, and telegraphs, and we use them with power and skill. Of men like Fichte, Schleiermacher, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Richter, Herder, Hamann, Jacobi, nay, of men like F. A. Wolf, Englishmen have no conception. In religious thought, Englishmen seem to me extremely limited. Besides strict orthodoxy and self-willed sectarianism, they have only blank infidelity and blasphemous freethinking. The intermediate field which supports the seed of our civilization is entirely wanting in England.

"English manners and customs are good if they have been got over; if an Englishman has fought his way through them to real freedom. It is a good school, but men ought not to remain schoolboys. French manners and customs have the advantage over English that they contain in themselves something of that freedom which must be conquered in spite of the former. True, English gentlemen see this, and they are by no means anti-French.

"Johnson is the English Gottsched; they both had their merits, but they both did great mischief. We Germans were wise enough to kick our Gottsched in time out of our literature: the English retained theirs in high honor and respect, to their incalculable disadvantage."



From The Press.

THE CHURCH OF ROME, HER PRINCIPLE,  
AND MODERN EUROPE.

THE Catholic priesthood is now bestirring itself with unwonted activity. In Poland their energy is so great that the best authorities concur in assigning the adhesion of the Catholic priests to the revolutionary movement as the reason which induced the Russian Government to declare a state of siege. Count Montalembert intimates that the popish clergy are pledged by principle to take a part in asserting what is regarded as the right of their country; and that a certain spiritual character has been impressed thereby on the National party which is lifting up its head against the Russians. It has long been known to the world that in Austria the Romanist clergy have wielded a vast political influence over the administration of that nation. The Concordat was their work, and it would be a miserably narrow view to take of that great contract to suppose that it merely regulated spiritual relations between the priestly army distributed over the empire and their chief at Rome. All the political festivals and demonstrations among the Tchecks manifestly attest the existence of a clerical element; the same holds good of Galicia and Croatia, and to some extent also of Hungary. The rise of constitutional freedom in Austria can be anything but a welcome occurrence to the Romish clergy: for, though the Church of Rome has exhibited the most wonderful power of accommodating itself to any outward circumstances—being aristocratic among aristocracies, and in Australia and America democratic among democracies—its essential principle is too plainly despotical to make itself feel completely at home except in a purely organized despotism. A nation governed by a court, and Catholic influence supreme in that court, is the true type of political government which Rome would, if she were able, bestow on every section of the human race. The recent decrees of the Emperor of Austria have inflicted terrible blows on the domination of the Catholic clergy in his empire: their pre-eminence is gone, all creeds enjoy equal rights, and a toleration is established which Locke himself would admit completely realized his idea. To have been so all-powerful so few years ago, and to be compelled now to accept equality in the place

of ascendancy, is a fate which of all men a Roman Catholic priest is least able to digest. No wonder, therefore, that the Romish priesthood takes to opposition in Hungary, and, with its wonted skill in making use of any instrument which may be at hand, stimulates the revolution to prevent the establishment of parliamentary government in Austria. We know in England only too well how manifold, how varied in form and direction, the opposition of Catholics to equal rights and constitutional rule can be; and it can afford little pleasure to any Englishman who seeks the triumph of a moderate responsibility to public opinion throughout the world to be told that Catholic clergymen are busy in fomenting resistance in Hungary.

France tells the same tale. The Catholic priesthood were among the most resolute opponents of Louis Philippe's Government, and the most efficient causes of its downfall. The priesthood was overthrown indeed in the ruin which it had done much to produce; but its vitality was far from spent; and the Government of the second of December was pre-eminently its child. But for the Romish clergy Louis Napoleon would probably have never occupied the throne of his uncle; certainly he could not have maintained himself on it. But he who consents to be served by Rome must do the behests of Rome. Generous war for ideas, irrespectively of results, is assuredly a principle which has never acquired credit with the Vatican. The irresistible course of human events has set the Government of the Second Empire in array against the interests of Rome; the stream of political life has taken a bend; it has started from the civil bank and made a deep indenture in the ecclesiastical. The consequences immediately declared themselves; and a compact phalanx of Catholic priests, headed by bishops of admirable intrepidity, have taken the field in open rebellion against a despot whose will knows no limits. The Spanish clergy have felt the wave; and, stimulated by a peculiar grievance of their own, are rising to the same tide-level with their Gallican and Austrian brethren. The Church still retain large territorial possessions in Spain, which the tendencies of the nineteenth century are prompting the constitutional Government of Madrid to invade; the opposi-



tion of the priesthood is becoming equally decided, and Carlist pretenders feel their hopes to revive.

It is scarcely necessary to say that in Italy the Catholic clergy are drawn up in masses on the field of the battle; the citadel of their mighty association is menaced; they have the colors, the centre, the life itself of their host to guard. Rome reduced to a spiritual power, shorn of every right of sovereignty, dwelling under the shelter of civil rule, and a stipendiary with a precarious salary, whatever she may be for her members in foreign lands, is doubtless a ruined, paralyzed, stripped, and decaying wreck for the once proud priests of Italy. That they should struggle to avert such a doom, may be lamentable, but is natural; no body of men with such an interest at stake could do otherwise than resist to the death. Italians fighting for the Papacy fairly merit a sympathy very different from the feeling with which Romish priests in other lands combat against the rights and liberties of their fellow-countrymen. They would have been stronger in public opinion, had they been able to understand the distinction between civil and ecclesiastical rule; had they reserved absolute doctrines for the Church alone, and in temporal matters recognized that responsibility to the public welfare which cannot be neglected with impunity in the nineteenth century.

The Papacy, too, begins to experience some of the contingencies of war. For many years the unity of the Catholic clergy has deserved the admiration even of foes; they have stood man to man in close union in defence of the Pope. But as the contest advances differences disclose themselves; patriotism and the voice of reason will make themselves heard in some consciences; and the Pope has to find that a Passaglia may become one of the most annoying and damaging of antagonists. He has been sorely ruffled by the untoward event; the last Allocution bewails in terms of acute anguish the defection of some of his own sons, in their perversion by the devilish spirit of godlessness and rebellion. A split among the clergy would complete the ruin of the Holy See, and it is an occurrence which has often disclosed itself in history. The symptoms, moreover, in other lands are extremely unpleasant. The country of Bossuet, according

to the *Temps*, is exhibiting some of the spirit which characterized his day. Whilst neology has wellnigh spent itself out in Germany, and in England doctrinal discussions have almost ceased amongst even the clergy, in France a very marked disposition has arisen to examine religious questions, and to pass its leading dogmas under review. Religious questions are forcing themselves into every branch of literature, and to no small extent into journalism; and at this moment there is no question so interesting to the public as the inquiry whether M. Guizot is a Catholic or a Protestant. Jansenism is not forgotten amongst French descendants from the seventeenth century. Gallican liberties are talked of, and even an appeal to a general Council has already begun to be whispered. The Tuileries are driven by the course of events to break with Rome; and there is sagacity enough in the Nephew to avoid the rock on which, more probably than on any other, the fortunes of the Uncle were shipwrecked, and to sustain a contest with the Church of Rome on some other than principles of pure military despotism and self-will.

The Church of Rome seems to have overstood its day in its relations to the French Empire; yet what other course but resistance was really practicable? What do these stirring movements of the Catholic priesthood in every State of Europe indicate? What feeling do they spring from? What events do they portend? These are very solemn questions for the future welfare of the world. To us these agitations reveal another of those periodical convulsions, those dying struggles we almost venture to say, which have befallen the Church of Rome since she came into collision with the fundamental principles of the modern life of the world. The revival of letters, still more the advances of physical science, have attacked the essence of the Romish system at its very heart; they are drawing its life-blood, and, to our mind, history exhibits a death-bed of four centuries. The cardinal principle of authority is in direct and hopeless contradiction with the fundamental elements of the human mind, and their development in recent times. It is impossible that any creed, any system of opinions, can permanently exist on the condition that men are not to think. The canker attacked the root of that principle at the Reformation, and the tree has been steadily



decaying ever since. There are rights of authority to which the highest and the most questioning intellects will ever readily submit. The man who knows most about anything—the astronomer on the motions of the stars, the sailor on a navy, the physician on medicine, and, we willingly add, the learned divine on theology—must ever carry greater weight than he who is ignorant; his assertions will be received with deference by those whose knowledge stands far below his own. Equally so, the most soaring intelligence among men will bow willingly to the declaration of revealed religion, if he believes that there is such a thing as revelation: he will accept information which flows from a knowledge which transcends his own. But in these cases there is no claim set up for that peculiar kind of authority demanded by the Church of Rome, and too often covertly insinuated by some of our clergy. In all, there is a distinctly implied admission, that it is to superior knowledge alone that reverence is paid; and that the humblest of the sons of men may at any time challenge the excellence of that knowledge, and, if successful, may destroy its claim to superiority altogether. Even a Newton may be proved erroneous; and the most scientific mind of our day may receive endless refutation in the next. The Papal Churchman and the infidel both combine in suppressing all notice of this vital distinction; the one, because he seeks to obtain for the assertion of one man or set of men an accuracy of thought and speech which we find differs from that accorded to all other mortals; the other, because he is anxious to bring on revelation that discredit with which the false principle of authority is regarded amongst men of philosophical and intellectual ability.

The principle, then, of the Church of Rome, we say, is in direct collision with the essence of modern civilization; and the ultimate issue is certain. There is no possibility of going back to absolute dogmatism in any department of human thought: Rome may be swallowed up in civilization, but civilization cannot be swallowed up by Rome. The laws of the mind of man are indestructible and irresistible: all that opposition can do is to retard their discovery and their rule. The mass of men who compose Europe has been for ages divided into every variety of development,—of information, local habits, na-

tional prejudices, ancient customs, obstinate beliefs: it takes a very long space of time before the light of advancing knowledge and intelligence can penetrate into every dark recess. The growth of modern life is most unequal in its several parts. But the principles of the Romish Church are attacked by an enemy little thought of, a foe possessed of a force as unrelenting as it is mighty, a power which no art or cunning can resist. The railway is attacking Rome, and Rome is dying of the railway. No force known to man can compete with the railway in powers of penetration: the strongest Armstrong gun possesses the range of a baby in comparison with it. The great civilizer which George Stephenson created stands front to front with Rome, and is dealing out blows which will ultimately destroy its rival. For the railway makes man like to man everywhere: it searches out every dark corner, opens up every sheltered retreat, invades every clerical manor, strikes at every exploded idea, refutes with unanswerable logic every superstitious belief by the juxtaposition of light and knowledge, dissipates every cherished apprehension, sheds the rays of improvement on every antiquated district, and makes the glorious light of truth, knowledge, and heavenly hope known to every mind and heart of man. Here is the secret of the energetic action of the Romish priesthood: their flocks are departing, because an attractive force of immeasurably higher power is incessantly acting on their understandings.

We do not say that the victory will be gained all at once: the hold which the past ever has on human affection is far too strong for that. The expiring flame may often flicker in the lamp; the receding tide may ever and anon send back some rolling wave of gigantic violence, that seems to threaten the whole shore. But the triumph must be at last with the permanent force—Reason, in the long run, must win the day. Not licentious, extravagant, hasty, and presumptuous intelligence; but the truth of things, the reason which sees and knows, the intellect which obeys to superior insight wherever found, which submits with free will, ever ready to challenge, but equally ready to reverence the voice of superior labor and information,—like the sunflower ever turning its countenance to the illumination of God's light, and equally consenting to be warmed and vivified by an influence which is not her own.



From The Saturday Review.  
CONVERSATION.

TALKING is not a sufficient occupation for a life, but it is the best of all recreations or subsidiary employments, and a master of the art possesses the most useful and enjoyable of accomplishments. Even for his own special purposes, the professed talker ought to cultivate independent pursuits and interests. A mere idler in society loses the earnestness which forms the unseen basis of good conversation, and he is certain to fall into some of the innumerable mannerisms which beset the pertinacious votary of a single study. Sir Walter Scott said, after a course of London dinners, that the bishops talked better than the wits, and the lawyers better than the bishops. He was probably prejudiced in favor of his own profession, or the lawyers of the present time have degenerated; yet the comparison may have been so far just that the wits talked for the sake of talking, while the Law and the Church had something to talk about, and made conversation their pleasure instead of their business. In tact, in ease, in versatility, and in all other external conditions of agreeable intercourse, the class which calls itself society has an undisputed pre-eminence over the more laborious and active sections of the community. The occasional frivolity or dulness of Belgravia and Mayfair may, in some degree, be attributed to the abundant leisure which is most commonly found in the higher ranks. It is, however, happily not the fashion for the favorites of fortune to live in utter or ostensible idleness; and political life furnishes some of the leaders of society with a serious and worthy employment. Where a statesman happens, like Mr. Canning or Lord Melbourne, to be also remarkable for intellect and wit, he probably carries the art of conversation as far as its nature permits. The mere diner-out, even if his anecdotes and humorous turns are in themselves equally meritorious, trifles and banters, and discusses and narrates, with less authority and effect. In general, however, the best talkers of the best society are imported from its outskirts. They bring with them the originality and vigor which are not always nursed in the purple, and they find in the unprejudiced and polished circles which receive them an incomparable audience. One of the chief elements of superiority possessed by

those who live in the world consists in habitual readiness to talk or to be talked to on any rational subject. A lively intellect, combined with a sociable disposition, may attain a similar exemption from awkward narrowness, but the native inhabitants of the upper world were free-born.

Good talkers may be found in all educated classes, and the benefits which they confer on their fellow-creatures can scarcely be overrated. Many a happy husband and father, with his affectionate wife and thriving children around him, suspects, though he scarcely ventures to utter the heresy, that domestic life is a bore. It is pleasant enough to combine amusement with instruction in daily intercourse with the boys and girls, and a judicious wife may keep, for the most part, in decent obscurity the petty vexations of the servants' hall and the nursery. The man, however, who depends on children for society feels a void like that of a dairy-farm deprived of its due supply of super-phosphate. The process of giving everything out and taking nothing in can only end in exhaustion. The faithful partner of his affections may perhaps not be qualified to supply his intellectual craving, and if opportunity favors, a prudent regard for domestic happiness will at last drive him from home. The stupidity engendered by seclusion weighs upon the spirits and irritates the temper. It is better even to indulge moderately in neighborly scandal than to brood over family grievances; but real conversation is infinitely preferable to personal gossip, and those who propagate among their friends the habit and faculty of social thought are true missionaries of wisdom and of civilization. The best talkers, like the highest adepts in every art, are born with peculiar gifts; but their aptitudes may be cultivated by reflection, by observation, and especially by varied practice. Young men seldom talk well, but it is fortunate that they are not conscious of defects which might oppress them with unseasonable diffidence. They are generally positive, and if they are well-informed they are almost always pedantic. Their humor is conventional and lumbering, their philosophy displays itself in its processes instead of its results, and they have not yet mastered the resources of colloquial language. Yet those who are afterwards destined to excel in conversation possess the essential qualities of



gayety, of intellectual openness, and of originality, which must be genuine although it may be shallow. As their company is acceptable to one another, and still more agreeable to young women, the impatience with which masters regard the bungling of apprentices is not provoked by constant collisions.

The aspirant to social success ought to avoid or postpone the choice of any special and limited department of conversation. A talker of the highest order ought not to encourage the expectation of squibs and crackers as often as he opens his mouth. It should rather be his object to wait for occasions, to consult the tastes of his companions, and to deal willingly and readily with any topic which may command a temporary or accidental interest. A gentle firmness of manner, an unaffected simplicity of character, and, above all, a genial and eager enjoyment of social intercourse, predispose all hearers to appreciate humor and concentrated thought. It is by no means necessary to possess profound or extensive knowledge, though the most recondite and out-of-the-way attainments may, in skilful hands, become available for purposes of conversation. A quick and intelligent mind seizes the salient points in all subjects of discussion or allusion, and to careless observers a good talker will often appear thoroughly familiar with some unknown branch of learning, while he has himself never consciously attempted to conceal his total ignorance. It is indispensable to good conversation that every word should have a meaning, and yet, that all heaviness and obscurity should be avoided. Students of the art, even when they have attained the requisite lightness and quickness, ought to be on their guard against tricks and repetitions. Paradoxes and broad exaggerations are legitimate forms of humor, but they become tiresome when they are too constantly introduced. Personal satire ought to be sparingly employed, on the ground that, when it is too largely cultivated, it almost always degenerates into perceptible ill-nature. Many able men, in narrow circles, who began with an intellectual and amusing perception of the faults of their neighbors, become, by degrees, mere inventors or retailers of commonplace scandal. The oddities of things are less popular than the ec-

centricities of persons, but in the long run they will be found far less tedious.

The faculty of telling stories is popular and tempting; but it is rarely connected with the highest powers of conversation. Sir Walter Scott, who had an inexhaustible store of excellent anecdotes, was not considered a successful talker. Clever narratives, however, are generally acceptable at ordinary dining-tables, where anxious hostesses are sometimes contented if they can hear the sustained sound of the human voice. If stories must be told, it is a universal and infallible rule that they cannot be too short. The preliminary introduction or caption may almost always be spared, for it is not material that the heroine of the story was the historian's grandmother, or that the unfortunate butt was an acquaintance of his wife's uncle. It is better to say that an old woman or a country squire experienced the adventures, which derive no additional interest from the deduction of a pedigree. Anecdotes interspersed with general remarks are more effective than when they are strung together in unintermitted series. The human mind tires of sameness, even when all the component items in the catalogue are amusing. In narration, as in discussion, it is important to remember that monotony is most objectionable in the minor details of conversation. Long sentences are even worse than long stories; and a professed bore may be recognized by the prolix subdivisions of a speech which might in itself have been almost enduring. A strain on the attention is always unwelcome in seasons of recreation; and when the conclusion of a sentence is anticipated some seconds before it is reached, the hearer too often feels as if he were listening to a sermon, without feeling himself called upon to practise the corresponding duty of patience.

Command of appropriate language is as indispensable to a colloquial speaker as to an orator or an author. It is, fortunately, impossible to use fine phrases and rhetorical circumlocutions in good society. The general dialect of conversation is simple, pure, and idiomatic; but, except under skilful treatment, it is often incorrect and rarely felicitous. A good talker finds the right word by an unconscious instinct, as a clever horse on a rough road always puts his foot in the



right place. Unless he is perfectly at ease in dealing with his verbal machinery, he can never give way to the spontaneous fertility and natural playfulness which constitute his title to social success. The most distinctive quality of a genuine talker is unpremeditated freshness. Charles Lamb complains that a Scotchman's thoughts are never seen in the course of formation, and he is fully justified in denouncing the tediousness of ready-made declamation. A stream of talk is always tiresome, for conversation ought to bubble up in unforeseen succession from distinct and copious springs. The thought of the moment has a kind of aerated briskness which is lost when it is stored in the memory for subsequent use. The half-truths, the whimsical paradoxes, the sudden transitions of an animated dialogue, are often as instructive as elaborate disquisitions, and they are infinitely more amusing. A talker of the highest order is exempt from the temptation of monopolizing attention, because he depends for inspiration on the independent and natural flow of the conversation. Confident in his ability to deal with all probable topics of discussion, he abstains from thrusting forward favorite hobbies of his own. The man of one subject, the prophet of a neglected truth, has no business in society. The platform and the pamphlet are his proper fields of action. In those regions Æolus may disport himself without annoyance to ordinary human beings.

As it is not always practicable to avoid personal matters, the beginner will find it a useful rule to abstain from giving information which is not already familiar to his hearers, and, like a cautious advocate, he will seldom ask a question until he knows the answer. A new communication or an abrupt inquiry too often connects itself with painful associations. Gratuitous praise of any absent person frequently brings imperfect sympathies to light, and though good-humored ridicule is more generally acceptable, it is unpleasant in a slightly satirical discourse to stumble unexpectedly on feel-

ings of serious dislike. It is not necessary that the subject of conversation should be intrinsically interesting, for the treatment is of more importance than the material. The tact which evades the prejudices of others, and consults their tastes, is naturally associated with the faculty of creating interest, and of directing it into new channels. The world in general is commonplace, prosaic, and uninventive; but an external impulse which forces it out of its ordinary grooves provides a not unwelcome excitement. Like painters and poets, masters of conversation refine and elevate those whom they have the opportunity of influencing, and they teach even decorous feebleness to catch occasional glimpses of the strange contrasts and combinations which are the recreations of a large and genial intellect. Even in dealing with the stupidest audience, deliberate condescension ought uniformly to be avoided. It may be necessary to be even exceptionally lucid, and, as it were, to speak in words of one syllable, but a wise and thoughtful man never permits himself to be silly. A vigorous understanding will succeed best in the exchange of prattle with young children, and there are gifted speakers who can even talk to a dog without offending the taste of the bystanders. The sum of the doctrine of conversation is to be natural, to be extemporaneous, to be gentle and self-possessed, and above all to be concise. Natural genius, aided by these and by similar precepts, may lead to an eminence in conversation which can seldom be attained before middle life. The accomplishment comes late, and it passes away early, for old men cease to be creative, and their memories are retentive of anecdotes, and oblivious of the frequency with which they have been repeated. The art of conversation seldom leads to permanent fame, and it is not even always rewarded by contemporary gratitude. The self-sacrifice which may be necessary in its cultivation is only repaid by the enjoyment of practising it, and by consciousness of the benefits which it confers on society.



From The Examiner.

*Spiritual Conceits Extracted from the writings of the Fathers, the Old English Poets, etc.* Illustrated by W. Harry Rogers. Griffith and Farran.

THERE is more thought in this beautiful Christmas book than is seen at a glance. The central emblem on its singularly elegant cover is of cross and crown; its central thought is that through struggle against evil we attain to good, "If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown." No cross, no crown is, therefore, the motto joined to the emblem on the title-page; and the frontispiece of the volume develops from the cypher I.H.S. the cross wreathed with the crown of thorns and surmounted by the crown of glory, while within their outline are sketched the symbols of the scourging and crucifixion; the spear, the nails, the sponge, the money of betrayal, and the dice with which lots were cast.

The spiritual conceits which Mr. Harry Rogers represents quaintly and gracefully, but yet as literally to the eye as they are presented in the text of St. Augustine, Thomas à Kempis, St. Cyprian, St. Cyril, and such poets as George Herbert and Crashaw, are arranged into a hundred consecutive emblems, suggestive of the good fight of the Christian for eternal happiness. First he picks out ten passages suggestive of the distinct choice between good and evil that life offers; of the two paths open to the Christian. "God buildeth a Jerusalem; the love of the world builds a Babylon," says St. Augustine, and opposite the passage in which this is said stands Mr. Rogers' double emblem. Above is the tower and church of Jerusalem within the heart that lies under the cross. Below is the world, dressed with the emblems of its vanity—the fool's-cap and the peacock feathers, the money bag and the dice and cards that represent the slippery chances of its sport. "Set your affection on things above, not on things of the earth," is the text written under this. And so throughout, at the foot of the page that contains an emblem facing the conceit it embodies, lies always a text to complete its elucidation. It is evident that much careful and wholesome thought has been given to the preparation of this book; and the wise selection and arrangement of

the passages illustrated will entitle Mr. Harry Rogers almost to as much praise as his pictures. The trees of life and death, the Scylla and the Charybdis of poverty and riches, the trust in Divine help and the trust in a man's own strength—represented by a curiously literal picture of Thomas à Kempis' image concerning "they who have built themselves nests in heaven" such strong reminders of a divided choice open the volume. Then follow emblems of past, present, and future, succeeded by an emblem of man's pilgrimage; and an emblem of watchfulness interleaved between images of the Church and of the golden cup of Babylon. Before the pilgrim heavenward then lie the vices of man and their perils. These are the subjects of the next twenty emblems, followed by an emblem to the words of St. Chrysostom, "Cultivate thy soul. Cut away the thorns, sow the word of godliness. Nurse with much care the fair plants of divine wisdom, and thou hast become a husbandman." Then follow the virtues, blended with truths of religion; "the Refuge" of the cross is followed instantly by "Peace;" then come "Regeneration," and the "Thirst for God as the hart for the waterbrooks." Comforts, thoughts, and tribulations of the Christian follow in thoughtfully devised succession. Upon the emblem of tribulation at last follows an emblem of glory, set to the words of Thomas à Kempis, "Suffer with Christ and for Christ, if thou desire to reign with Christ;" and all ends with a hymn in which the emblem is set to the words, by George Herbert:—

"My joy, my life, my crown,  
My heart was meaning all the day,  
Something it fain would say;  
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down  
With only this,  
My joy, my life, my crown."

In the execution of the emblems two things are noticeable. Mr. Harry Rogers is known as perhaps our best designer of the traceries of delicate book ornament. He has exchanged here the delicacy of his touch for a broader style, learnt in the school of Albert Durer, but he retains all his taste as a designer. Apart from its meaning, nearly every drawing pleases the eye as a choice ornament by the arrangement of its lines and shadows. And when we look to the meaning we observe the literalness with



which conceits have been embodied. A conceit being one of those more labored similitudes that differ from true imagery in not arising spontaneously from the natural fervor of expression, is in a strict sense bad literature. Nevertheless, the conceits of many wise old writers are too ingenious and well-meant to be displeasing or unprofitable. What is unnatural imagery in literature does not become better by literal translation into art; and until the whole earnestness and truth of this volume is felt, a hasty critic might object to the artist's work that it corresponds only too well with

its title. But, even then, book of conceits as it is, nobody, however hasty his glance, can well overlook the fact that the conceits are spiritual, that in their extremest quaintness there is always a sacred and genuine significance.

One word more of praise is due to the book, and that belongs to its printers, Messrs. Whittingham and Wilkins of the Chiswick Press. Printed throughout in black-letter, with red initial letters, it is by far the most complete and beautiful specimen of modern black-letter we have ever seen.

**A NEW YELLOW PIGMENT.**—Artists will be glad to learn that a new and important yellow pigment has just been introduced under the name of aureolin, which will be found to be a most valuable addendum to the palette. It is of a splendid yellow color of rich and brilliant hue, and possesses the invaluable and long-sought-for combination of qualities—brilliancy, permanency, and transparency. Its tints are very pure in tone, the lighter ones being extremely delicate and clear: to scientific men it is of interest, as being a nearer approach to the pure color of the solar spectrum than any other known yellow. Aureolin mixes well with all other colors, forming with blues a magnificent range of brilliant greens; and by the side of ultramarine and madder-red, it completes a triad of brilliant, permanent, and transparent primitive colors. It is absolutely permanent, being equally unaffected by long-continued exposure to the sun's rays or to the action of the impure gases which may contaminate the atmosphere.—*London Review*.

**THE DAGUERRETYPE ANTICIPATED.**—In a French book, "Les Fables de Fénelon," which was apparently written for the education of the Duc de Bourgoyne, grandson of Louis XIV., is an interesting narrative, entitled "Voyage Supposen," 1690. Amongst the wonders of which the fable is made up, we read,—

"Il n'y avait aucun peintre dans tout le pays, mais quand on voulait avoir le portrait d'un ami, beau paysage, ou un tableau qui représentât un quelque autre objet, on mettait de l'eau dans de grands bassins d'or et d'argent; puis on

opposait cette eau à l'objet qu'on voulait peindre. Bientôt l'eau, se congelant devenait comme une glace de miroir, ou l'image démontrait ineffaçable. On l'emportait ou l'on voulait, et c'était un tableau aussi fidèle que les plus poli glaces de miroir."

The noble Fénelon, when he wrote the above, was far from thinking that such a fabulous wonder would one day be a sober reality.—*London Review*.

**ELECTRICAL CURRENTS.**—Professor Lamont, we learn from the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, has nearly brought his researches on terrestrial currents to a close, and has arrived at most remarkable results, having succeeded in proving that electrical currents on the surface of the earth are transmitted in a definite direction, and that a perfect correspondence exists between them and the variations of the magnet. The bearings of the facts established cannot at this moment be accurately estimated, but at all events electrical and magnetical researches will be put upon a new footing by them.—*London Review*.

**SPITE CARRIED TO ITS UTMOST MALIGNITY.**—An ingenious friend of ours says he has discovered the secret of Nessus' Shirt. He says it was a shirt *with all the buttons off*. It was sent to Hercules purposely to annoy him, and the effect was, that every time he put it on, the absence of the buttons used to put Hercules into such a burning rage, that ultimately it was the death of him!—*Punch*.



From The Examiner.

*Punch*. Re-issue of Vols. 6 and 7 for 1844; Vols. 8 and 9 for 1845. *Punch* Office: Bradbury and Evans.

Two handsome double volumes of the monthly re-issue of *Punch* have been added to this capital library series since we last spoke of it. The shrewd and mirthful comment upon English political and social life for the years 1844 and 1845 opens as usual with the political summary now prefixed to each of the half-yearly volumes, together with such notes as will be necessary hereafter, and are partly necessary now, to recall to mind the incidents and follies of the day that *Punch* hit as they flew.

The Volume for 1844, after the collection of Prize Prefaces in caricature of divers men of the day wise and foolish, is introduced by a list of the Peel cabinet, and a serious Political Summary with side references to caricatures based on the more prominent political events. Notes follow in which every jest that requires interpretation, whether among the pictures or the text, is interpreted by a resentment in a very few words of the fact upon which it was founded. In 1844 *Punch* had so far done one part of its service to the public that a reference to the editor of the *Satirist* in prison reminds us of the departed reign of libellous and filthy comic journals, *Satirists* and *Paul Prys*, whose end was hastened by the three-pennyworths of honest wit and wholesome fun that the writers and artists of *Punch* had brought into the field against them. Until the establishment of *Punch* there had been almost no such thing as a sustained serial of social and political caricature free from coarseness. The success of *Punch* not only demolished the old race of *Prys* and *Satirists*, but has, by its strong continuance, gone far to protect the public against their return with the old spirit in some other form. There has never been a line in *Punch* unreadable by woman or child.

The success that gives *Punch* rank as the one comic journal of this country makes it the standard for cheap imitation, and the series of penny comic journals that have come and gone during its life have been copyists as far as they could of its good manners as well as of its good humor and fun. It is hard to estimate the extent or value of this kind of service; but it is certainly true that the old rule has been reversed, and that in our cheapest form of light literature the comic efforts to amuse, are, however weak, more wholesome and inoffensive than the serious.

Together with the humorous comments in these volumes upon two years of our political and social history, we have the late Mr. Gilbert Abbot-a-Beckett's Comic Blackstone, Mr. Thackeray's Jeames's Diary, his *Punch* in the East, his travelling Notes of Our Fat Contributor, and his various comic sketches of life at Beulah Spa and elsewhere as *Punch*'s Commissioner. Here, too, is much of the best work of the late Douglas Jerrold, including the Complete Letter-Writer and Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. As a current comment on our social history, the volumes of *Punch* will have in their way as real, if not as grave, an interest to future students as the tomes of any serious historical compiler. The pencil sketches show the English year by year in their habits as they lived, and chronicle incidentally every shift and turn of outward fashion. Thus in a pleasant and handy volume one can recover the whole body of English gossip for a bygone year. To the shelves, then, of all household libraries not yet possessed of their enlivening store of wit and wisdom, we commend the volumes of *Punch* in this their complete re-issue. They are rich in wholesome comic thought, and they are, we believe, the best repertory of comic sketches within the whole range of English and foreign literature.

CAUTION TO WOOLGATHERERS.—To those English steamers, who are attempting to run the blockade of South America, we beg to repeat the Spanish proverb:—Take care, in going in search of wool, that you do not return home fleeced.—*Punch*.

MR. CHARLES DARWIN has prepared for publication a small work, containing his experience "On the Fertilization of British Orchids by means of Insects." It will form a sort of sequel to his work, the "Origin of Species."



From The Eclectic Review.

# THE SAD SIDE OF THE HUMORIST'S LIFE.\*

WE have often said there are few things to us more mysterious, we sometimes think we may even say few things more solemn, than laughter. The popular impression of it, we believe, is, that it is something that has sin for a father, and folly for a mother, and the doctrine is supported by venerable authority, which says, "I said of laughter that it is mad." That last sentence is perhaps what we even desire to maintain. That laughter has its spring in a certain kind of insanity we do not doubt. But it flows out for healing the heart's wounds; and thus, while the highest laughter certainly springs from roots of sadness and sorrow, one might almost say that, as the heart must ache, its pains turn into experiences; and as they are uttered to the outer world, they become grotesquely mirthful, cheering the sufferer first in himself, and then in his audience.

Thus Lord Shaftesbury's well known conclusion, that laughter is born of surprise, if true, as no doubt it is, is still only half the truth; it does not look far down into the roots of our nature. There is a wonderful affinity between the things of sorrow and the things of laughter, and mad merriment is sometimes, and often at no great distance, from the saddest fellowship with human tears.

It is Thomas Hood, one of the kings of laughter, who has so truly said,—

"All things are touched with melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weighed down with vile degraded dust,  
E'en the bright extremes of joy  
Bring on conclusions of disgust.  
Like the sweet blossoms of the may,  
Whose fragrance ends in must.  
Oh, give her then her tribute just,  
Her sighs and tears and musings holy.  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;  
There's not a string attuned to mirth  
But has its chord in melancholy."

There is no character in our English literature exactly like Charles Lamb—we have no humorist of so subtle and pensive and refined an order. There are few characters,

who have enhanced the sweetness and the lustre of our literature we love as we love Charles Lamb. And to us that character has a sanctity which perhaps it may be difficult for all our readers to forgive us for feeling. We narrow-minded sectaries limit our sympathies within so contracted a space, that many who have unfortunately lived in a distant fold cannot enlist our more sacred and religious love. Yet Charles Lamb has ours. His griefs make him most venerable to us. His frailties—we press our fingers on our lips when they are mentioned to us. We will not hear them spoken of but with awe and with fear. His laughter is very solemn to us, it has a melancholy cadence: it is even like an ancient masque set to a solemn music.

Heroism is a more common virtue than we believe it to be. Perhaps the greatest reason of our disbelief is that we have been, and are capable, most of us, of being heroes ourselves at a pinch. We are all heroes when we overcome that which threatens to overcome us; we are all heroes when we are able to chain some darling desire, or to say to some powerful passion, Be thou still—I disown thee. Charles Lamb, the poor East India clerk, with his thin, shivering, timid-looking frame and features—he was a hero: he gave himself no heroic airs—he affected nothing, and he spoke in no heroic tones; but he had that soul which could sustain itself in good convictions in spite of circumstances. This it is to be a hero. Those of you who have read that big, but somewhat unprofitable book—the *Life of Moore*, may remember his sneers at Lamb. They met two or three times, but there could be but little affinity with each other. How could there be? If there was a footman among poets, Thomas Moore was the man. He was not a poet laureate, but what we may rather call a kind of poet lord mayor; he had an amazing love for the Mansion House, and the lace, and the gold chain, and especially the turtle soup. We don't think a man in our age, with any genius, could at all match him for the large capacity of appetite he had for these pleasant things. That literary exquisite, who could never dine comfortably unless he dined at least with a lord, mentions that once upon an occasion he condescended to what he called "a singular company"—in fact, Rogers, Wordsworth,

\* 1. *The Works of Charles Lamb*. In Four Volumes. Moxon.

2. *Memorials of Thomas Hood*.



Coleridge, and Charles Lamb! Certainly we should also say, and not with a sneer, a singular company! Charles Lamb, was, he says, "a clever fellow certainly; and his sister, the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on his way to Paris," etc. These are the words in which this insufferable puppy alludes to one of the most touching stories of human sorrow and of human serenity possible to be told. We will try to tell this story to our readers. We have no sentimental Thomas Moores among them, or we would not profane the story by reciting it to them. It is a story of insanity. How is it that insanity has such a fascination for us? Hereafter, when our health shall be fully restored, we shall learn for the first time what it is to be insane. How is it that, as we approach the insane, a higher veneration of a more tender pity seems to flow over us than when we approach any other kind of human sorrow? And perhaps there is nothing that tends more to right a mind hovering on the dizziness of some great darkness than some call out of the mind upon its watchfulness and sympathy. Lamb experienced both these states, he knew the dreadfulness of insanity, and he knew that strong reaction from the painful sense of our own being which comes from the claim presented to us by another.

Lamb was a Londoner. He loved London with a passion as Wordsworth loved the lakes, and as Tom Moore loved a lord. He writes to Wordsworth:—

"Separate from the pleasures of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all the hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes,—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The won-

der of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?"

Lamb confessed to a weakness to "a town life and a hot supper." He says again:—

"I must confess that I am not romance-bit about *Nature*. The earth, the sea, and sky,—when all is said,—is but a house to dwell in. If the inmates be courteous, and good liquors flow like the conduits at an old coronation, if they can talk sensibly, and feel properly, I have no need to stand staring upon the gilded looking-glass,—that strained my friend's purse strings in the purchase,—nor his five-shilling print over the mantelpiece of old Nabbs the carrier,—which only betrays his false taste. Just as important to me—in a sense—is all the furniture of my world; eye-pampering, but satisfies no heart. Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens, shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles,—you may know them by their gait,—lamps lit at night, pastry-cook and silver-smith shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire, and stop thief; inns of courts, with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, 'Jeremy Taylors,' 'Burtons on Melancholy,' and 'Religio Medicis,' on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London, with the many sins! O city abounding in —, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang?"

"God made the country, and man made the town," and for this very reason it is that man will like the town the best. It must be a simple and an innocent, if a high nature, that can endure a life in the country: it is a test of mental health to grow there. Luxury, no doubt, finds itself most at home in London, in the gay town; so also does the nature fearful of itself. Prone to humanity, Lamb lived in London before London had stepped out to the suburbs on every side. London is, no doubt, the very metropolis of



cheap pleasures—it spoils us for other living ; but what are all these compared to its painful interests, its many-voiced, its many-featured humanity—its loud sounding and most tragic woes—its lighter shades of pleasant comedy—its glaring streets—its darker lanes — its illuminated bridges — its dear, magnificent, gloriously nasty river—its rural retreats on every side? Don't talk to us of mountains ; there is one thing in our streets you shall look for in vain in country towns or rural scenes—the dear, quaint, beautiful, old book-stall.

Christ's School was, we dare say, a very different looking building eighty years since. While the great city still roared around, there were two lads in that school destined to paths in life how different, yet to be linked together by friendship till dissolved by death in 1834 ; one of them has, in grand words, immortalized by a graphic touch the other. "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician—metaphysician—bard ! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still entranced with admiration—while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula—to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus,—for even in those days thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts—or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy!*" So spake the one schoolfellow of the other. He who so spake was, at that period, a gentle, amiable boy ; he had been born in Crown Office Row, in the inner Temple, he had thus moved from cloister to cloister ; his weak and nervous frame rendered him unfit for the athletic exercises of his comrades, and so by master and by scholars, he was an indulged lad ; he had an infirmity of speech, too, but his gentleness was such that one of his schoolfellows testifies of him he never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although he was the only boy of his name in the school. "While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk ;" "his countenance was so mild—his complexion

clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think he was of Jewish descent ; his eyes were not of the same color : one was hazel, the other had specks of gray in the iris ; his step was slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of the figure." Without doubt, what some would call a milk-sop of a boy—without energy or fitness for the great work of life. We shall see. This lad, the schoolfellow and the friend and eulogist of Coleridge, the young monk, the lonely stutterer, was Charles Lamb. When Lamb left Christ's Hospital he very shortly obtained some trifling appointment, first in the South Sea House, and afterwards in the East India House. When Lamb died his sister survived him. Judge Talfourd wrote his life and edited his remains ; but when Mary Lamb died, the same admiring and admirable editor published another volume, and then all about Lamb was fully known, and then for the first time was understood the foundation of that reverent eulogy which William Wordsworth placed upon the coffin of his friend "Lamb, the frolic and the gentle."

"To a good man of most dear memory  
This stone is sacred. Here he lies apart  
From the great city where he first drew breath,  
Was reared and taught, and humbly earned his  
bread,  
To the strict labors of the merchant's desk  
By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks  
Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress  
His spirit ; but the recompense was high—  
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire ;  
Affections warm as sunshine, free as air !  
And when the precious hour of leisure came,  
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse  
sweet  
With books, or while he ranged the crowded  
streets  
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :  
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful  
love  
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.  
And as round mountain-tops the lightning  
plays,  
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
Humor, and wild instinctive wit, and all  
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.  
From the most gentle creature nursed in fields  
Had been derived the name he bore—a name,  
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;  
And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,  
Many and strange, that hung about his life ;  
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
A soul by resignation sacrificed ;



And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins  
That she can cover, left not his exposed  
To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.  
O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived ! ”

We lay our hand upon those two volumes, and they seem to us cheerfully painfully affecting. So we say we have all our published and our unpublished life ; there are our works which the world sees, and criticises, and rudely comments upon ; but beneath all that, in all of us there is a better life. Poor Lamb ! his essays and his poems are very droll and quaint, weird, quiet wonderful things in their way—things that some of us do for our parts distinctly prefer to Macaulay's Essays, and Childe Harolds, and Giaours, and things of that sort ; and the writer, a quaint, queer, black dwarf sort of a man, somehow suggesting a deformity altogether in providential plans, a sort of thing for sentimental Tom Moores to shoot their peas at, a kind of book-stall haunting scarecrow, with that wild, frightened timid look of his ; a man lonely, reserved, just keeping himself in his plain way in quiet London apartments with his sister—sometimes, too, we fear to say, a little the worse for—

Well, we must not be ungenerous : Lamb was really no teetotaller. And then he dies, and his sister dies, and then it is found that this poor great soul has been the centre of tragedies which make Shakspeare's light in comparison, that all life long the curtains of a lonely woe hang round him, that all life long he was listening to the voice of love informing his sense of duty, and that all life long he was shadowed by evils which sometimes compelled him to infirmities—a poor meek spirit, fainting often beneath a load too hard almost to bear.

“Islington,” writes Lamb to Coleridge, “possibly you would not like, to me 'tis classical ground.” And we know something that will make all grounds classical, do we not ? There was a fair-haired maid, one Anna, of whom we hear very little ; but there are two or three sweet sonnets addressed rather to a memory than to her. The young man was walking about Islington fields, in 1795 and 1796, and looking forward to promotion in the India House, and to the pleasant sweetness of coming times. At this

time he lodged with his father and mother and sister, in Little Queen Street, Holborn ;—there had been insanity in the family—Lamb himself had not escaped. But in 1796, the whole current of his life was changed ; his sister in a fit of insanity, killed their mother. The father was a poor, bed-ridden man, the mother had been an infirm invalid ; and the way in which Charles now rose to the greatness of the trial was as sublime as is the record of his feelings. A jury instantly returned a verdict of insanity ; he wrote to Coleridge, “My poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses.” His had been the hand which had snatched the knife from his sister's grasp. “I hope,” he says, “for Mary I can answer, but I hope that through life I shall never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression of what has happened, than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly ; I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life ; and by such means, may both of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty.” “He wrested,” says Judge Talfourd, “his leisure hours now from Coleridge and poetry to amuse the dotage of his father ; and he watched over his own returning sense of enjoyment, when it came after a long interval, with a sort of holy, jealous apprehension lest he should forget too soon the terrible visitation of heaven.” We must not have our readers think hard things of Mary Lamb, poor thing ! do we not know that it is in madness, in insanity, that souls of gentlest mould rush forth with most fierce and cruel heat ? do not mock us when we say that Mary Lamb was as gentle as her name. How Wordsworth and his sister loved her, and Bernard Barton and his sister, and Talfourd—they all loved the meek, gentle, unconscious victim of so dreadful a deed : you will call it hallucination, but the poor creature always believed that a short time after the tragedy her mother came to her in her dreams, and forgave her and blessed her. “She never shrank,” says Talfourd, “from alluding to her mother when any topic connected with her own youth made such a reference in other respects natural.” She shared her brother's genius, and her “Tales from Shakspeare,” and “Mrs. Leicester's School,” and her “Poems



for Children," have made her name the favorite in a select, if not a large circle of readers. After the tragedy, poor Charles began to study for the family; their means were very limited, but he determined that his sister should not go to Bethlem, but to an hospital or private asylum. "If," said he, "my father, an old servant maid, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would, that Mary might not go to Bethlem." And he consecrated himself as by a sacramental vow to become henceforth through life the protector of his sister. There was another brother, John Lamb; he was well-to-do—he had taken his ease in the world, he was not fit himself to struggle with difficulties, nor was he accustomed to throw himself in their way: he said, "Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to," etc. With his rich brother, Charles stands in very strong and beautiful contrast. His letters to Coleridge in those days are very painful. "With me," he says, "the former things have passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel."

"I have never," he says, "been otherwise than collected and calm; I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference. Is it folly or sin to say that *it was a religious principle that most supported me*? I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying: my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter, dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly; my mother, a dead and murdered corpse in the next room: yet I was wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair."

In the same letter he says again:—

"Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue, which we had salted for some time in the house. As I sat down a feeling like remorse struck me; this tongue poor Mary got for me, and can I partake of it now when she is far away? A thought occurred and relieved me; if I give into this way of feeling there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want true feeling."

On another occasion, where it seemed that some who had come to visit were too unmindful of the presence of death, he says: "In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven and sometimes of her for forgetting her so soon."

By and by his father died. Until this took place, the release of his sister was impossible. Even then her other brother opposed her discharge, and there was some terror lest the parish authorities might institute proceedings, placing her life at the disposal of the crown. But Charles came to her deliverance; he satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life. He faithfully kept his word; she left the asylum and took up her abode for life with her brother. His income then was little more than £100 a year—he was about twenty-two years of age; so they set forth together on their journey, his companion thus endeared to him by the strange calamity. Moreover, love has not been thought an easy thing to overcome; he had been, with all the tenderness of his nature, passionately attached to a young lady residing among the "pleasant Islington fields." Our readers will not call him a dreaming poet—will they?—when we tell them that he renounced all those hopes. There were woods not far from Islington then it seems, and the foolish fellow frequented these "shades that mocked his step with many a wandering glade," and wrote sonnets to the past, and so on. We think, reader, you will not judge him very harshly; perhaps you will even think with us, that there was nobility and martyrdom in this. In those days he tried to appropriate to himself the language of John Woolman, "Small treasure to a resigned mind is sufficient. How happy is it to be content with a little; to live in humility, and feel that in us which breathes out this language, Abba, Father." And again he says, "I am recovering—God be praised for it—a healthiness of mind, something like calmness; but I want more religion—I am jealous of human helps and leaning places. I rejoice in your good fortunes. May God at the last settle you! You have had many and painful trials; humanly speaking, they are going to end; but



*we should rather pray that discipline may attend us through the whole of our lives.* A careless and a dissolute spirit has advanced upon me with large strides; pray God that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me!" He says again, "It is a great object with me to live near town, where we shall be much more private, and to quit a house and neighborhood where poor Mary's disorder, so frequently recurring, has made us a sort of marked people; we can be nowhere private, except in the midst of London." He speaks of a visit paid to Oxford, particularly gratifying to him, but he says, "it was to a family where I could not take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her." Coleridge had been desirous to receive her into his house, but Lamb replied, "I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness. I think you would almost make her dance within an inch of the precipice; she must be with duller fancies and cooler intellects. I know a young man of this description, who has suited her these twenty years and may do so still, if we are one day restored to each other." We have quoted these passages from Lamb's letters because they illustrate the sweet tenderness of that gentle nature: and so, from twenty to sixty they went forth together.

We have already said that Mary Lamb shared the literary leisure of her brother: in the composition of "Mrs. Leicester's School," that charming thing, and the "Stories from Shakspeare," some hours were passed. But there was another side to their lovely devotedness, and the giant sorrow was constantly impending over them through life; often she had to leave her brother, she learned to know the premonitory symptoms of an attack. When the holidays came round, the relief and the charm of the year, they set forth together, but if they ventured to do so, Miss Lamb carefully packed herself a straight waistcoat in their trunk; it was their constant companion, as the symptoms made themselves known by restlessness, low fever, inability to sleep. She gently prepared her brother for the terrible duty he had to perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure, some quaint and witty dissimulation hiding the bleeding

heart. "There was no tinge of insanity discernible in her manner to the most observant eye; not even in the distressful periods when premonitory symptoms apprised her of its approach;" and when the fearful time came upon her she poured forth all the memories of events and persons of her younger years; then, too, in her rambling and broken words she would give brilliant descriptions of bygone days, fancying herself with the richly brocaded dames of the times of Queen Anne and George I. Talfourd speaks of these as jewelled words and speeches, like those running through the works of the old masters of comedy. These were the states in which she was separated from her brother. On one occasion, Mr. Charles Lloyd, a well-known name and well-loved friend, met them slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, built over now: they were both weeping bitterly. When he joined them he found they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum. Is not such grief as venerable as it is awful? and do you not love already and revere Charles Lamb?

Thus, however slight hitherto may have been the reader's acquaintance with Lamb, we must have interested him in the writings as well as the character of one of the mightiest masters of humor. Perhaps the reader will ask us, What is humor? Humor, then, is the grief of life—as satire is the wrath of life. Humor is, therefore, the literature of tears, as satire is the literature of a fiery scorn. He to whom has been given a tender nature, a large sympathy with the grief of others, and a quick wit to seize and place in juxtaposition ideas, will be a humorist. Such natures interpret universal agonies by their own; the anguish they feel, but cannot relieve, produces in them a divine hysteria, a misery over the anguish of the world. This is really the pleasure of the pun—this is the pleasure of the practical joke and of the rich humors in such passages as these, in which our writer laments the abolition of the custom of observing saints' days in public offices:—

"Not that in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my



soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul and Stephen, and Barnabas—

“Andrew and John, men famous in old times—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ’s. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Basket Prayer-Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.—I honored them all, and *could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred; only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the better Jude with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.*”

We have always felt that the most painful feature in the humor of Lamb is its intense secretiveness; surprise, and therefore secretiveness is the element, the very aroma of all humor, of all wit—what we have just called the unexpected juxtaposition of ideas; but the secretiveness of Lamb was, even for a humorist, in whom we expect it, extraordinary. We have no doubt that, originally, he had a nature singularly brooding, and perhaps even to be called reserved, but by the possession of his sorrows he became himself conscious of a territory of internal emotion. All his essays read like that quiet humor which a man enjoys to himself, whether any one enjoys with him or not; few writings strike us as having such inwardness—hence what subtle weird touches abound in those pages. Who has not felt that subtle sentiment he expresses in his papers on the Quakers’ Meeting, when he says:—

“There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-hunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude. To pace alone in the cloisters, or side-aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken:—

“Or under hanging mountains,  
Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purpose of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness ‘to be felt.’ The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker’s meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscription,

“sands, ignoble things,  
Dropp’d from the ruin’d sides of kings—

but here is something, which throws antiquity herself into the foreground—Silence eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural, progression.”

We think there is no paper more touching, than that by our beloved penman, called *Dream Children*. We think it reminds us that that gentle Anna, the fair-haired maid with whom he wandered through the fields and woods about Islington, often came to his memory. He tells us in the *Essays of Elia* how, as children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children, how *his* little ones came one night thronging about him to hear about their Great-grandmother Field, and the great house in Norfolk; oh, it is pitiful the way he went on with those children—how he told them stories about their pretty dead mother—how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, yet persisting ever, he courted the fair Alice; then he suddenly turns to little Alice, and saw the soul of the first Alice looking out of her eyes with such reality of re-presentation,—

“That I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: ‘We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram, father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe, millions of ages before we have existence and a name,’—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor’s arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.”



This is the very trick of humor; and we have another illustration in the essay on the Behavior of Married People to each other in Company:—

“But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely featured or plain dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that, having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not; I do not want this perpetual reminding.”

“Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.”

“But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext, but when they are so common——”

“‘Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant even so are the young children:’ so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. ‘Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.’ So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us.”

This is the consolation for that grief of life; thus, while it sits before the blazing coal and makes faces in fire-forms of old days, old sweethearts or wives, dead and buried,—disappointments,—rising—falling, built and vanishing in the firelight,—while the candle burns to the socket, the reality of representment comes, and first one hot tear, then another, then another,—for those drops are too thick to come in a shower,—they trickle like water from a well dug in the sand, then fancy unites itself with humor, and both flow in upon the tear and unite in one drop; and pictures cheerful, and perhaps almost farcical, of what might have been start to the eye, and the heart relieves itself by its dreams, dreams like all dreams,—grotesque, because born of aberration. Despair was the canvas on which they were limned, and grief painted them, and emotion gave colors to them, and ignorance laughed at them, and said, Ah! ah! the merry humorist, what a happy, light-hearted creature he is! while he was “sitting alone and keeping silence, because he had borne it on him,” his hands pressed upon eyes, and the tears bursting through them, and a groan bursting from his heart and the exclamation, “O God! why hast thou made all men in vain.” Such is the humorist.

Thus we have maintained that the humorist is born and taught—he is the representative of the grief of life. It is the fruit of excitement, the nerves roused to intensity on fire. Who does not know how excitement produces its own reaction? There are no letters in our language which so overflow with the keenest and richest fun as those of Lamb: it is not merely that we have here a light, sportful grace, like those of Madame Sévigné; often from some queer and droll association the more serious underlying purpose is most visible. He was never wanting in what at any time compelled hilarious laughter. He wrote to Moxon: “We sleep three in a bed, here; my bedfellows are



cough and cramp." He was a remorseless punster; indeed, he could scarcely open his lips without dropping out some queer incongruity; he sometimes almost seemed to labor after those most laughable by their very absurdity. His ideas startled by their remoteness—it did sometimes seem that his humors took strange flights. It will be readily noticed, that in his humor of character, he descends into the nicest detail; like Dickens, he interests his readers in a large variety of varied people, and their idiosyncracies are sketched with a fine, subtle, discriminating hand; but from these he starts at a bound to some of the most perplexing of casuistical questions—yet they are rather suggested than discussed. The judgment of Lamb was remarkable for its healthy synthetic unity, while his humor was full of the finest and nicest personal analysis; he was a shrewd observer, if observation that can be called which receives its knowledge rather by painful sympathy than by any close or pointed scrutiny. How much of this appears in that singular piece:—

#### THE CHILD ANGEL; A DREAM.

"I chanced upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading 'Loves of the Angels,' and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder 'what could come of it.'

"I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

"Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

"Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling-bands—a Child Angel.

"Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the newborn should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other—

with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eyelids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those, its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—oh the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—"Which mortals *caudle* call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem,—so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet, with terrestrial child-rites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

"Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—forever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigor of heaven.

"And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

"And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness and reliance and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings—like the human—touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

"And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, with pain and strife, to their natures—not grief—put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination—as must needs be—of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel,—by reason that their nature is, to know all things at once,—the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of



its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

"But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child forever.

"And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlicious of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

"And myriads of years rolled round,—in dreams Time is nothing,—and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

"By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

"And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else-irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station, and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison."

Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb were friends. In the peculiarity of their genius, there was much that was atwin. Both were humorists; both were most incorrigible and pre-eminent punsters. We have always felt that Hood did injustice to the higher forms of his genius by his incessant punning. Now, there can be no doubt this spirit of fun-seeking does produce a most unhealthy state of mind. We confess, while we do enjoy a piece of mere drollery in verse as much as most, it is to us quite mournful to see genius expending itself on incessant work like this. We can enjoy an Ingoldsby Le-

gend. A volume of them, and a volume of them by a clergyman is too much. Some men have some distressing personal deformity of eye or lip. If they choose to turn this for a moment into a matter of personal joke, we may admire the heroism; but if they prefer to make it the topic for a continued table-talk, it becomes disgusting, and gives, to our mind, an unpleasant impression of moral sensibility. Some of the "Miscellanies" of Mr. Thackeray are in this way, we will maintain it, miserable trash, very unworthy of the high artist-power of the author of "Vanity Fair." The professed punster—we do not mean the cheerful and sunny heart, compelled frequently to see a drollery, and to say it, and to charm a company by it, but we say the professed punster—is like the editor of *Punch*, he is compelled to look especially after the funny side of things; and while these gentlemen sneer at those who are perpetually taking the serious side of life, we think they will also admit that it cannot be morally invigorating to be perpetually assuming the funny side of life. Such is not the character of the true humorist. Such men cannot claim Shakespeare as of their side and school. There are many infinite varieties of distance between the drollery of a clown at the country fair and "The Voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver." Yet even poor clown at the country fair, who shall say to what extent the pinchings of poverty and the sense of moral degradation, in a nature originally cast in a mould of gentleness and thought, have produced all those spasmodic contortions of body and of speech? We have seen those poor things, and have always felt that these, too, were some of the writhings of a soul in pain. We care little what our friends will think or say: the comicalities of Thomas Hood are of little worth in our mind compared with the "Bridge of Sighs," or the "Haunted House." But now it becomes quite noticeable that, in his soul, the frolicsomeness of which for the most part was only seen, there was within the soul the tragic element. The soul of the true humorist comes out in the "Dream of Eugene Aram," and in a multitude of other things and lines which convey the sense of awe and mystery. No true humorist ever spoke long without showing to you how he was smitten with the sense of the solemnity of life and



its infinite environments. Thomas Hood seems to revel in a sea of funny and comical suggestion; but this will certainly not be the principal impression produced by his writings. The bright things in "Hood's Own" go fizzing about like squibs and crackers on a Fifth of November night. It may seem a singular thing to say, but Hood had not the intense humanness, the pitying interest of Lamb. What roused him was injustice and wrong and sorrow. To Lamb, everybody was interesting, and he made every being he saw, or attempted to describe, most human and interesting. He had in this particular the faculty of Dickens and Shakspeare. The humor of Hood lay nearer to the *abstract*. He saw the pitiful conditions of things, and of persons, but he did not see "every man in his own humors;" and while he was assuredly a humorist and not a satirist, his genius drew nearer to the satiric form. This is well illustrated in the two polemical "Disputations" of Lamb in reply to Southey, and Hood in reply to Rae Wilson. Both are remarkable. Hood's "Ode" is well known. Some passages are among the happiest of our author's efforts; but they are so very well known, that it would only be a waste of our limited space to quote what all our readers have in their memory. Lamb, in his reply to Southey, stands on higher ground, and expresses himself with his more refined and subtler sense. Southey had, in a semi-jocular vein, hinted in the *Quarterly* that Lamb, in the "Essays of Elia," had manifested only "a want of sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it was original." It was a most unkind and unjust remark, especially unwarranted from such a man. Lamb felt it severely. He wrote to Bernard Barton:—

"He might have spared an old friend such a construction of a few careless flights that meant no harm to religion. If all his unguarded expressions on the subject were to be collected—But I love Southey, and will not retort. I hate his Review, and his being a reviewer. The hint he has dropped will knock the sale of the book on the head, which was almost at a stop before. Let it stop! There is corn in Egypt, while there's cash in Leadenhall! You and I are something besides being writers, thank God!"

But he did retort, in one of the most re-

markable pieces of composition in our language, of course in prose—a piece of sly, dexterous, English. It is, as in a mirror, the mind of Lamb. All his droll, half-hesitating, reserved humors, and his half-uttered religious doubts and tremblings. Suddenly, he impales poor Southey on the spear-head of some of his happiest hits. As when in allusion to many of Southey's Poems, he says: "You have all your life long been making a jest of the Devil. You have been his jester, volunteer laureate, and self-elected court poet to Beelzebub:"—

"You have never ridiculed, I believe, what you thought to be religion, but you are always girding at what some pious, but perhaps mistaken folks think to be so. For this reason I am sorry to hear that you are engaged upon a life of George Fox. I know you will fall into the error of intermixing some comic stuff with your seriousness. The Quakers tremble at the subject in your hands. The Methodists are shy of you, on account of *their* founder. But, above all, our popish brethren are most in your debt. The errors of that Church have proved a fruitful source to your scoffing vein. Their Legend has been a golden one to you. And here your friends, sir, have noticed a notable inconsistency. To the imposing rites, the solemn penances, devout austerities of that communion; the affecting though erring piety of their hermits; the silence and solitude of the Chartreux—their crossings, their holy waters, their Virgin, and their saints—to these, they say, you have been indebted for the best feelings and the richest imagery of your epic poetry. You have drawn copious drafts upon Loretto. We thought at one time you were going post to Rome—but that in the facetious commentaries, which it is your custom to append so plentifully, and (some say) injudiciously, to your loftiest performances in this kind, you spurn the uplifted toe, which you but just now seemed to court, leave his holiness in the lurch, and show him a fair pair of Protestant heels under your Romish vestment. When we think you already at the wicket, suddenly a violent cross wind blows you transverse,—

" 'Ten thousand leagues awry——  
——Then might we see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers,  
tost

And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispensens, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds.'

You pick up pence by showing the hallowed bones, shrine, and crucifix; and you take



money a second time by exposing the trick of them afterwards. You carry your verse to Castle Angelo for sale in a morning; and swifter than a pedlar can transmute his pack, you are at Canterbury with your prose ware before night."

The following is in a more sad and solemn vein:—

"I am at a loss what particular essay you had in view—if my poor ramblings amount to that appellation—when you were in such a hurry to thrust in your objection, like bad news, foremost. Perhaps the paper on Saying Graces was the obnoxious feature. I have endeavored there to rescue a voluntary duty—good in place, but never, as I remember, literally commanded—from the charge of an undecent formality. Rightly taken, sir, that paper was not against graces, but want of grace; not against the ceremony, but the carelessness and slovenliness so often observed in the performance of it.

"Or was it *that* on the 'New Year,' in which I have described the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change, which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene? If men would honestly confess their misgivings (which few men will) there are times when the strongest Christian of us, I believe, has reeled under questionings of such staggering obscurity. I do not accuse you of this weakness. There are some who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of faith—others who stoutly venture into the dark (their Human Confidence their leader, whom they mistake for Faith); and investing themselves beforehand with cherubic wings, as they fancy, find their new robes as familiar and fitting to their supposed growth and stature in godliness, as the coat they left off yesterday—some whose hope totters upon crutches—others who stalk into futurity upon stilts.

"The contemplation of a Spiritual World, —which, without the addition of a misgiving conscience, is enough to shake some natures to their foundation—is smoothly got over by others, who shall float over the black billows, in their little boat of No-Distrust, as unconcernedly as over a summer sea. The difference is chiefly constitutional.

"One man shall love his friends and his friends' faces; and under the uncertainty of conversing with them again, and in the same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, etc., as upon earth—in a moment of no irreverent weakness—for a dream-while—no more—would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances),

to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision,—so that he might receive indefinite addittaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, etc.,—is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution: and Mr. Feeble Mind, or Mr. Great Heart is born in every one of us.

We think we would point to the letter as containing some of Lamb's quaintest and queerest conceits. The letter is, however, full of the writer's amiable humor. He says:—

"Sir, you were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. . . . Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment?—The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion as I have has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, etc. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarred that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes; and turned like a dog, or some profane person, out into the common street; with feelings which I could not help, but not very congenial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your churches."

All Lamb's writings look old. It is scarcely possible to believe, if we did not know, that they are the product of our time. They sound like words of the age of old Fuller, or Sir Thomas Brown. His words and essays are like those of a man thinking aloud—words taken down by a reporter behind the bookshelves or the curtains. There is about him always a kind of fear lest you should find him out. He is always gen-



tlemanly, polite, learned, and pleasant. But if you catch him talking about himself, it is in a kind of soliloquy. Such people are always a problem. We look forward to their journals with avidity. The diary of Talkative has its interest, but the diary of a speechless thinker would be far more so. "Man is dear to man;" and those writers are dearest to us to whom man has been most dear—dear, not as an idealization, or an abstraction, or a theory; men who cannot either get out of their own souls, or tell us what they can do with them; men who are a perpetual puzzle to themselves; men who, dazed at the mystery of their own being—at the mystery of being in itself—turn, by way of refreshment and rest, to other beings like themselves.

A man in a cage is always an interesting object. When we were a youngster we saw regularly pass our door a rough fellow, who certainly never excited our attention or regard but he committed some breach of the peace—was locked in the old cage in the Broadway, as was the wont in those times, when policemen and station-houses were not; and then we, and many others like ourselves, went and stood gaping at the poor fellow, safe in that mystery behind the bars. He like all reserved natures, had suddenly become most interesting to us by his immurement. This is the interest of many lives. They charm away the spell of some of the more heavy and iron padlock secrets, and handcuff mysteries of the soul, by carrying about with them a bunch of private keys, with which they admit their friends into strange little secret crypts and wards, while yet the great hidden inner city of their soul, through which they are constantly walking, remains unexplored and unknown. And here again is the humorist's grief of life. As we have hinted, Hood strikes us by no means as so awful a being as Lamb. He had never been smitten, stricken, and afflicted as Lamb was, and he walked more among all sorts of men than Lamb did; and his works show less culture of the mystery within us. Of course, when sorrow strikes, what it evokes depends as much upon what is stricken as upon that which gives the blow. He had his griefs. They were like those we all have known, or may know—griefs like those which appear in his recently published letters. His excellent and ingenious son, for

whom we will all wish a heart, and life, and fame as noble and stainless as his father's, says that, looking over some old papers of his father's, he found a few tiny curls of golden hair, as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper, inscribed in his father's handwriting,—

"Little eyes that scarce did see,  
Little lips that never smiled;  
Alas! my little dear dead child,  
Death is thy father, and not me;  
I but embraced thee soon as he."

Are they not very sweet and natural lines, on the little first-born child? And these, and the like of these, he knew well. Hood was a noble being, but he struck the popular nerve—we do not mean the human nerve—more immediately than Lamb. We have already said that his genius was nearer than Lamb's to the wrath of life, to passion, and to satire. His gentleness might be roused to indignation. We have no knowledge that Lamb's ever was. Hood's, when poverty was injured, as we know leapt into flame and smote the wrong.

Hood had a nimble-footed verse, that could run, leap, trot, gallop, and also kick. He could do all things with that same verse of his. He might have been the Sam Butler of his age; and, indeed, his ode to Rae Wilson is not wanting in some certain Hudibrastic characteristics. We suppose one great feature in the writings of Hood is that, in a very memorable way he hit hard blows on some of the sins of society, especially on some of the religious sins. We know that we religious people—for we are religious—we know that we suppose ourselves to be very faultless—snow white. Our garments are all made of bishops' lawn—coats, gowns, breeches, bonnets, and all—and mud wont stick upon them. Still, some people say to the contrary. It has been thought that we occasionally need preaching to a little. It has been supposed that we have our peccadilloes. Then, as it is a well-known and carefully ascertained fact, that preachers cannot talk plainly to their own people—people could scarcely be expected to take sittings to be spoken with plainly—why, we must e'en permit the Hoods to preach for us; at any rate, to let us all know what the world outside thinks of some of our ways. We must confess that we can take little exception to most of Hood's sermons; but then,



we are said to be latitudinarian. We could have wished sometimes less bitterness. We cannot say that we like Thomas Hood's "tract." Charles Lamb would have answered that troublesome old lady better, and have made her feel more. We have taken up our testimony against disagreeable Christian. There are some whose type of Christian life is disgusting to us. It simply turns the milk of young souls sour. These people do "Think they're pious, when they're only bilious."

Thomas Hood was so unfortunate as to see religion principally from this side. It is no wonder that he made his wrath manifest upon the unfortunates who ventured to interfere with him. We have said that his life was chequered by some adversities, lightened also by much love and some sweet gleams of sunshine. Of this man whom some religious Cantwells were persecuting on account of his merry and cheerful words with their sneers and gibes, his son says:—

"As a little child my first prayer was learnt from my *father's* lips; my first introduction to the Bible, which he honored too much to make a task book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount, as it lay on his study table; my earliest lessons of the love and beauty hid in every created thing were from the stores of his observant mind; my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up sometimes alone, by my father's dying bed."

This was the man to whom some disgusting thing in petticoats said, as such importunents will say, "Mr. Hood, are you an infidel?" As he drew near to death, he manifested that presence of mind which is, we think, especially the property of those introvisionary and introspective and secluded spirits. Of course, he was of a nervous nature. His son says:—

"One night I was sitting up with him, my mother having gone to rest for a few hours, worn out with fatigue. He was seized about twelve o'clock with one of his alarming attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs. When it had momentarily ceased, he motioned for paper and pencil, and asked 'if I was too frightened to stay with him.' I was too used to it now, and on my replying 'No,' he quietly and calmly wrote down his wishes and directions on a slip of paper, as deliberately as if it were an ordinary matter. He

forbade me to disturb my mother. When the doctor came, he ordered ice to be applied. My father wrote to remind me of a pond close by where ice could be procured. Nor did he forget to add a hint for refreshments to be prepared for the surgeon, who was to wait some hours to watch the case. This was in the midst of a very sudden and dangerous attack, that was, at the time, almost supposed to be his last."

To this period also belong the well-known lines—

"FAREWELL, LIFE.

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim:  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill;  
Strong the earthy odor grows—  
I smell the mould above the rose!

"Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!  
Strength returns and hope revives;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn.  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould!"

And when the close came he clasped his wife's hand, and said, "Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all*, as I hope to be forgiven." And the sweet and full and tender attachment to his wife forbids us to conclude that he was thinking of more than some of his saintly persecutors: and then laying for some time peacefully and quietly, but breathing slowly and with difficulty, his wife bent over him, and heard him say, "O Lord! say Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me." His last words were, "Dying, dying!" as if glad to realize the rest implied in them, and shortly after he sank into peaceful sleep, without a struggle or a sigh.

We honor and love Thomas Hood; but if the truth must be told, we seem to know Charles Lamb better. Somehow we think we should have got on better with him; if it is not an audacious thing to say—perhaps we might have found some things in common. Lamb loved old books. He was an old book collector. We also have some old folios upon whose merits we might have become vain in talking with the old man. We think we should have discoursed together of the merits of Mather's "Magnalia," or "Sir Kenelm Digby on the Soul;" of the "Po-



ems of the rare Duchess of Newcastle," of Davenant and Stirling, of Wither and Quarles, of James Howell and John Goodman. Lamb was a haunter of book-stalls. Alas! there are no cheap old books now. The value of the gold is known, and the book-worms find that they can only burrow into that fine old earth through a gold mine.

We enjoy his triumphs:—

"I have just come from town," says he, "where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension, and have brought home from stalls in Barbican, the 'Old Pilgrim's Progress,' with the prints, 'Vanity Fair,' etc., now scarce—four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have often heard, and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is in the sheepskin—'The Whole Theological Works of

"THOMAS AQUINAS!"

My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage; but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas, or the lady to her lover in the old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain, the price of obtaining her, clambered with her to the top, and fell dead with fatigue.

"Oh, the glorious old schoolmen!"

So this singular couple went through life together, we have no doubt, provoking, by their quaint, queer, old-world ways, many such contemptuous remarks and witty asides from heartless jokers like the man Moore; but, indeed, it is very much so with us all. How prompt we are to turn each other's eccentricities into a mockery. My friend has discovered some little parlor or fireside viciousness in us, and he says to his wife, "What a goose that Wilson makes of himself." Pity that he doesn't see. Meantime that's the very thing I have been remarking to my wife about my friend; and meantime if both of us knew what these things are the relics of, we should touch each other's faults more tenderly. Ah! poor things that we are. We are all sore with many bruises and wounds. The marvel is that our own tenderness does not make us tender to all others.

Lamb and his sister changed their residence several times in forty years; but, as long as he was able well to do so, he clung to the city. Late in life he removed to Enfield, but from its fields he declared he could be "abundantly satisfied by the

patches of long waving grass, and the stunted trees, that blacken in the old churchyard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street." He visited the lakes, and he says, "I have satisfied myself there is such a thing as that which tourists call *the romantic*, which I very much suspected before, they make such a spluttering about them. Still after all, although Skiddaw is a fine creature, I could not live on Skiddaw. If I had not a prospect of seeing Fleet Street I should mope and pine away, I know." Lamb of course, we know, was mistaken in all this, if he were mistaken, and it were not the humor of the beautiful creature, but he was the very genius of local attachments. He writes to Wordsworth:—

"The room where I was born—the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life—a book-case, which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge)—wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables—streets, squares, where I have sunned myself—my old school—these are my mistresses. Haven't I enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you did I not know that the mind will make friends with anything. Your sun and moon and skies and hills and lakes affect me no more or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters than as a gilded room, with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind. So fading upon me from disuse have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so, ever fresh and green and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city."

What shall we say to this? Some perhaps may treat with contempt the strange fascination of the man. Yes, but believe him not too utterly. It was all true; but there was a deeper truth. The intense humanity of the man was such, that he could not trust himself alone amidst those too infinite and awful solitudes. It was the wise instinct of the soul within tracing its way back to sanity, safety, and health; it was because from the hills there looked out no human countenances on the gentle and affectionate creature; it was because the sense of a silence too awful smote upon him—it was too dreadful a world. When we look upon his face, a startled and fearful expression seems to cover it; the eyes are sad; and the



mouth, even in the picture, reveals the nervous twitching of the lips. Lamb could have well understood those of us who, frightened at our own sensations, are even every day and in the sunlight, terrified as we were when in childhood we cowered beneath the bed-clothes and shrank from the presence we felt to be in the room. There are no essays we know of that seem so to trail after them as we read the subtle presence of an undefined and shapeless dread. Have we not all known what it is to fly to company from the dread of our own presence? Lamb sought in the humors of the city a refuge from his terrified being and disappointed affections. That paper of his on "New Year's Eve" it gives to us all these impressions, and more. The bells, most solemn of all bells—new year's bells—have wafted his spirit back again to his old being. He reviews his life. He would not have any of those untoward accidents and events of life reversed. Better, he thinks, to have pined away seven of his goldenest years, when he was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice, than to have lost that love. "Better that our family should have missed that legacy which old Dorrell cheated us out of, than be worth £2,000 and be without the idea of that specious old rogue." And then follow those strange questions on the being yet to be :—

"Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of things staggers me.

"Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out of life?

"Can a ghost laugh, or shake its gaunt sides, when you are pleased with him?

"And you, my midnight darlings, my Follies! must I part with the intense delight of having you—huge armfuls—in my embrace? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

"Shall I enjoy friendship there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here—the recognizable face—the 'sweet assurance of a look'—?"

Such impressions as these bring also more vividly before our heart those fine and original lines :—

"THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I loved a love once, fairest among women!  
Closed are her doors on me—I must not see her.  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

"I have a friend—a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—  
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

"Ghostlike, I paced round the haunts of my childhood!  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

"Friend of my bosom! thou more than a brother!  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

"How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

So time went on—it was long before "the old familiar faces" quite faded away—in the Temple in Islington. Lamb was the centre of a pleasant London circle; to him, and to his gentle Mary, most beloved, came Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Hazlitt, and Godwin, and Talfourd, and Edward Irving, and royal evenings they had together. The simple unpretending host, throwing abroad his puns and his problems—Coleridge pouring forth his golden monologue—Hazlitt discoursing of art—and Godwin rousing a universal defiance by his wild political theories—Talfourd, a young man, then sitting modestly by, and listening first, surviving last of all to memorialize the scene, and then himself fading away the last. Many years had gone by since the domestic tragedy. Mary Lamb was loved and revered as much, perhaps even more, than her brother. The story was an indistinct legend, just such as we see it had somehow floated to the ears



of the poetical lace manufacturer, Moore. Lamb, at last was liberated from the East India House on a pension, he then resided at Enfield—among the fields with the dear old folios, but he sighed for London, and the hurry and the lights of the great city. Even in those days the coach was handy, and he often fled to old streets, and the old pleasant book-stalls. We must not linger. He died after only one or two days' illness, of erysipelas. His beloved companion, Mary, survived him many years, still the centre of the affection of all the survivors of the old circle, especially of Talfourd. At last she died, and went to take up, with her brother, their last lodging in Edmonton Churchyard.

And then was given to the world the story, singularly reserved from public knowledge for nearly fifty years. Then was more truly understood the reverence with which Wordsworth and Coleridge had mentioned the hon-

ored name of the author of "Elia." Homage to the heart that quietly took up and fulfilled its great burden of duty, only lightened by love. Then was understood more of the singular humor, the lonely disquiet of the man, and here it was that for those forty years he had walked through the world with the dread of insanity upon his own nature, and the spectacle of possible insanity daily by his side. And then that volume of letters and characterizations, hitherto withheld, was given to the world, and the sad side of the humorist's life more clearly known.

And we have written this paper because we, for our parts, when we love a man, strive to make our friends love him too. We have said little of his frailties; other and colder pens, of which there are plenty, may do that. Enough for us to have seen a great simple nature, meeting its duties quietly, if tearfully performing them.

**GEOGRAPHICAL CHANGES.**—Whilst nations make or prepare their revolutions ostentatiously, Nature accomplishes hers slowly and silently. Seas retire by degrees from ports which long astonished the world by the activity of their commerce; the vast Gulf of Azoph tends toward becoming the greatest swamp ever known; the deltas of great rivers expand from year to year; the Oxus, which contains the greatest body of water in Central Asia, appears about to resume its ancient course toward the Caspian Sea—an event which would profoundly modify the conditions of commerce between Europe and Asia; the Euphrates itself is leaving its former channel below Hilleh and the ruins of Babylon, so that the region so wonderfully fertile of yore, which extends around the antique capital of Nemrod, of Semiramis, and of Nebuchadnezzar, threatens to become a desert. A communication appears in a German publication—the *Mittheilungen*—from Lieut.-Colonel Julien, who resides at Bagdad, in which he says: "The Euphrates now proceeds toward the west, and its former bed, the water of which from year to year subsides, no longer produces those inundations which, like those of the Nile, are alone able to fructify the contiguous soil. The great river, unfortunately, will not yield to other regions the fertility which it withdraws from those that it ceases to water, as it is disappearing in the lakes and enormous marshes which reach the Persian Gulf!"—*Boston Journal*.

#### BALLAD FROM BEDLAM.

I WOULD I were a stickleback,  
And lived upon a mountain,  
I'd curl my tail and purr and quack,  
Like sparrows in a fountain.  
What joy through icy fire to dart,  
Upon a cobweb swinging,  
And give my love my sunburnt heart,  
While evening drums are ringing!

Yet rather would I wish to be  
An elegant young spider,  
To treat my love to imps and tea,  
And sit and sing beside her.  
Then would we fly to Ætna Green,  
With bluebottles behind us,  
And hidden in a soup tureen,  
No mortal eye should find us!

#### ON SPIRIT-PAINTING. TO A LADY.

If spirits around us are constantly hovering,  
Our thoughts acts and deeds every moment discovering,  
Does your ladyship fancy they're skilled in photography?  
Would you like them to illustrate all your biography?



## A "NO."

OH, love me not! my heart is frail and weak,  
The burden of thy love it cannot bear:  
My life stands still to listen if thou speak  
What reason whispers that I must not hear:

Not hear thy words of pledged fidelity,  
Not look upon the bliss thou paint'st for me,  
For all my soul goes sorrowing up to see  
How much of grief the Future has for thee!

For thee and me, if these two words should be,  
If these two lives should run in one indeed:  
But oh! this cannot, may not, must not be—  
Nay, turn thine eyes away, they shall not  
plead.

See what a shadow is already cast  
From Love's sad wings upon thy shining  
brow;—

The darkness of his presence thickens fast;  
He comes, he comes—oh! fly him even now.

Thy voice is faint and weak—it stoops to mine—  
But it must rise to fill a People's ear.

Fly! I am little, little to resign;  
In future years *how* little, will appear.

Thine eyes see nothing but two tearful stars—  
Two tearful stars are all mine eyes can see,  
But thine must gaze into futurity;  
Oh, lift them up and mine too will be free!

Free, joyous, to pursue thy shining course,  
Ready to beam with thy reflected light,  
Radiant with glory from thy glorious source,  
My feebleness rejoicing in thy might.

Wilt thou not go?—For my sake then, dear  
friend,

Depart, depart, for oh! I am so weak,  
And love so strong,—yet will I not descend  
To be his slave, despite this burning cheek.

Love bends a rainbow o'er my earthly sea,  
He shall not stand between my God and me;  
I must not in the glory that I see,  
Forget the glories of the great "To Be"

E'en for an instant; and full well I know  
Those rainbow tints would fall in misty tears,  
And leave me helpless, hopeless, here below,  
With no strength left for all the coming years.

Love is not happiness—our soaring hopes  
Stretch out and think to grasp the Infinite;  
The Mortal with the Immortal vainly copes,  
And in the struggle Love dies into night!

The happiest love lies a dull aching load  
On our poor hearts, which heavier grow each  
beat;

The flower too freely dew-fed will be bowed,  
Will drop, may die, although its load be sweet.

And oh! if thou shouldst change, as change  
thou must,

For *man's* love is a frail and fleeting thing—  
A smiling angel crumbling into dust  
If but a hand be laid upon his wing—

I could not bear it,—oh! I *could* not bear  
That thou shouldst be less loving than thou  
art.

Thou "wouldst not change? and always, every-  
where

I should reign queen of mind and soul and  
heart?"

If thou shouldst love me for ten thousand days,  
And *one* day scorn me—oh! my life would be  
Thenceforth one wildering, dreary, weary maze,  
Too dearly bought by past felicity.

Go, and thou takest with thee my prayers, my  
tears,

This kiss upon thy brow: I bid thee go.

I say it now and for all future years  
Ever, forever and forever, "No!"

M. AND A.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

YE who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here.

Let sinned against, and sinning,  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,  
Under the holly bough.

Yet who have loved each other,  
Sister and friend and brother  
In this fast-fading year,  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come gather here;

And let your hearts grow fonder,  
As memory shall ponder  
Each past unbroken vow.  
Old loves and younger wooing  
Are sweet in the renewing  
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,  
Estranged from hope and gladness,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye, with o'erburdened mind  
Made aliens from your kind,  
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow  
Pursue you night and morrow.  
If e'er you hoped, hope now—  
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,  
And join in our embraces  
Under the holly bough.



From St. James' Magazine.

# WHENCE?

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."  
—*Hamlet*.

THE poet Coleridge—long before he had become entangled in the subtleties of the "omject" and "sumject," and whilst yet a bareheaded, blue-coated boy—on one occasion converted the Strand into the Hellespont, and a poor street-lamp into the signal-light of the beautiful priestess of Sestos. The poet, we are told, was proceeding through the well-known thoroughfare I have mentioned, stretching out his arms in the manner of one who is swimming, when a passenger, finding a hand at his coat-tail, suddenly turned round, rudely seized the boy, and accused him of an attempt at picking his pockets. Coleridge denied the charge; and thereupon, and as an excuse for his strange motions, made the singular confession that he had utterly forgotten where he was, and had somehow firmly believed himself to be in the waters of the Hellespont, across which he was endeavoring to swim. The writer to whom we owe this anecdote relates the circumstance precisely as he would have described any ordinary event in the life of the subject of his biography, and seems to have had no conception of recording anything unusual, or what needed comment or explanation. And, to most persons, the incident does doubtless appear to be eminently ludicrous. They look upon Coleridge as, what he termed himself, a playless day-dreamer, and regard this performance of his as the mere passing fancy of a distempered imagination—a fancy such as all are sometimes subject to, and poets more especially. I am, however, inclined to believe there is in the occurrence something strange—something of mystery—and that, to the mind of the boy, the scene had possessed the essential properties of a real spectacle. I am convinced, by plentiful experience, that there is in the human mind a mysterious power which is able to re-call and re-create what has disappeared into the Past; and which, though at present awaiting recognition and direction, will hereafter strengthen itself—extend itself—and be of no small account to humanity. And this faculty is by no means rare; nor is it confined to poets.

Many who read these lines will, perhaps, have observed its workings in their own minds. I myself—no poet, and but an indifferent prose-writer—am continually subject to the effects of its influence. What it is—why it is—whence it is, I cannot tell. I know it only in its results.

This sensibility is the effect—or, perhaps, I ought rather to say the defect—of my organization. I can no more help being influenced by the power of which I am speaking than I can help being hungry after a long fast. It is not reverie, for reverie would imply voluntary submission; but I do not readily yield. On the contrary, I resist its influence—yet it comes. I fly from it—yet it follows. All it requires is a situation wherein to unfold itself, and I am completely at its mercy. It exerts itself in many and various ways; but, as I have said, I am acquainted with it in its effects alone. Without, therefore, attempting an explanation of what is from its nature inexplicable, let me give some examples of its mode of operation. You must know, then, I am an inveterate street-walker; being, indeed, as De Quincey has it, a philosopher of the peripatetic sect. It is my habit to go out and wander about London without any fixed purpose other than my own entertainment. But, if I derive no real profit from these perambulations, the employment has come to afford me a sort of melancholy pleasure I am unable to resist. I regard the streets as peculiarly my domain, and compare myself to the astronomer who devotes night after night to the task of watching the heavens in order to discover new worlds, or to see that none of the old ones be missing. As with him, the scope of my observation is unlimited. Nor are our occupations totally different; for is not every man I meet an Atlas bearing on his shoulders a world—sometimes beautiful and in order; sometimes a very chaos? And, whilst contemplating the stream of human countenances eddying and flowing around me in any crowded thoroughfare, I make many discoveries. I look upon some with wonder—upon some with dread—upon all with curiosity. To me, every face is the photograph of a soul, and has distinctive features. With all I find myself in a position to become acquainted in a more or less intimate degree; none that passes will thenceforth be to me an entire stranger.



and, now and then, but at unexpected intervals, some one will seem to demand a closer examination than I usually bestow. I dread to meet him, for, upon his approach, I feel conscious of possessing the unwelcome power to read the full history of his life, and to follow him with my mental eye through his previous career. However distasteful the exercise of this power may be to my feelings, my endeavors to restrain it are unavailing. As I look, and whilst he passes, his whole appearance undergoes a radical change; he becomes younger; his features assume an altogether new expression. Then, scene after scene develops itself—each more remote in point of time—with all the vividness of reality, and a distinct and definite impression is left upon me, just as if I had become thoroughly acquainted with the person in the ordinary way. The reception of these ideas is not within my own power, nor have I any intimation of their approach. I cannot suppress them; I cannot control them; I cannot terminate them. When they come, however, I am wholly under their dominion. You may call it hallucination, or the vagaries of a day-dreamer; to me, however, they are no voluntary fictions of the brain, but real and spontaneous presentations, and I feel an inward conviction of their truth.

As with persons, so with places. Everybody that observes cannot fail to have noticed, that long contemplation of any object completely alters its appearance. The impression it left, in time wears itself out, and is insensibly succeeded by another. That strangeness which at first sight characterizes the object, becomes invariably dissipated by familiarity, and, at last, the thing assumes a permanent expression wholly different from what it bore when first seen. In common with others, I have noticed this fact. There is, too, another, of similar nature, that I once believed I alone had observed, but which I now find is by no means the case. Tennyson, but in a very limited and partial sense, has noticed it in the following passage:—

“As when we dwell upon a word we know,  
Repeating till the sound we know so well  
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why.”

Thus the converse operation is performed in the mind. What has been familiarized loses

its accustomed appearance, and reverts to that which it originally presented.

With me, these sensations are of recent growth. At one time I had so great a difficulty in conceiving the past and the absent, that whenever I endeavored, in imagination, to revivify scenes that had previously occurred, or to recall bygone events or the appearance of a person with whom I had been acquainted, the attempt was an utter failure. But, now, my conception is too distinct—my organization is too easily affected—all my senses conspire against me. A peculiar scent, a note of music, a cloud rolling from off the face of the sun, a motion of my body, even, is often the sole cause in producing a renewal of impressions first received years ago, and feelings long since gone and forgotten. And not only in recalling to the memory, with intense truth, my own experiences that have faded away, but also in reproducing scenes in which, by the nature of things, I never could have participated. A casual glance at the name of a street is sufficient to call up to my second-sight scenes that have been enacted therein, or persons that I know have in some way been connected with it. Thus, it occasionally happens to me that a street with which I am perfectly familiar suddenly loses its accustomed appearance, and assumes that strangeness and newness with which I first beheld it. For a moment or two it retains this aspect. Then, by degrees, there comes a change, and, instead of reverting to the appearance with which I am most familiar, the street becomes the nucleus of extraordinary phenomena. A strange spectacle presents itself. That ever-moving crowd, which to me is solitude, begins, one by one, to disappear; that roaring traffic, which on me produces the same effect as silence elsewhere, begins to subside; my senses become involuntarily inactive; the impressions of surrounding objects fade away. Then, another crowd and another kind of noise succeed, and I feel I am in contact with beings that, I know by some intuition, have long since disappeared beyond the limits of temporal influence. At first, all is a bewildering confusion; the figures that flit to and fro possess an indistinctness of outline not unlike what is commonly observed in a thick November fog; nothing is clearly visible. But there soon follows order and distinctness



and harmony, and I find myself—*spectator, hand particeps*—in the midst of a scene that I feel convinced must in former years have been enacted in that street. After awhile, it grows fainter and fainter, and at last, just as the vapor produced by breathing on glass evaporates, completely wears itself out. The forms I see, move along just as people of to-day; they appear to recognize each other; enter into conversation with each other; and have all the characteristics of real beings. As for myself, I do not speak—I cannot speak; I am among them, but not of them; I am not perceived, but I perceive these forms as plainly as I perceive this paper on which I am writing, and with such distinctness as to enable me long afterwards to recall to my mind their gait, their lineaments, the expression of their countenances—the very texture of their skin. I am, moreover, enabled by some internal but unmistakable assurance to recognize individuals and identify events. Thus—to omit lesser incidents—I have found myself at Westminster in the crowd that thronged the approaches to the Abbey at the coronation of Henry VII.; I have seen Shakspeare (“of the Globe” in more senses than one) hurrying along to his theatre in Bankside; I have been jostled by the mob that attended the execution of Charles the First; in Russell Street, at Covent Garden, I have stood and watched “the Wits” as they came out from Wills’ or Button’s. To come to a later period—I have, in Holborn, been passed by that wonderful Boy who left Bristol and came to live and starve and die in London; and, in the same thoroughfare, have, for some short distance, followed the Viscount Chateaubriand with dishevelled hair and bloodshot eye—dragging himself along, devoured of hunger, deserted of sleep—come abroad that none might know his destitution.

Nor, at the time of their occurrence, does it appear at all strange to me that I should see these sights. I am sensible of no surprise at their coming, and, as in a dream persons never question the reality of the apparitions that present themselves, so in presence of these phantom-scenes of mine I am firmly convinced of their reality. I am, however, fully aware they are not real existences, in the ordinary sense of the term; but I feel them to be true pictures of actual

persons and occurrences. Whenever the spectacle is generated I cannot evade it, it is not in my power to dissipate it; the scene must wear itself out. My attention is completely absorbed by the spectacle, and I am bound to be a silent spectator of what is going on. Once—and once only—was I conscious of exerting force to free myself from the enthrallment. I was walking through an unobserving train of these phantoms, when suddenly a bell in some neighboring church struck out. On all occasions, if a sound from the outer world is heard by me, the spell is at once broken and I am released. But on this, I could clearly hear the bell, and yet it was as if I were altogether out of the world whence it came. I was alarmed at the idea of participating in two distinct existences. Terror came on me as in a nightmare. A thought struck me that I was henceforth to live in visions. I struggled, with all my might to free myself. All my attempts were in vain; every effort served only to weaken my power of resistance—the spectacle maintained itself. At last, and after I had given myself up to its influence, it suddenly and spontaneously disappeared.

Of kindred origin—if not derived from the same inscrutable cause—is another class of feelings to which I am sometimes subject. A scene beheld for the first time appears with an aspect of perfect familiarity. A house, a person, or a landscape presents itself, and I recognize it, although it is utterly impossible I could ever before have seen it. I feel as if I were renewing a former moment of existence. Three winters ago I was passing through Birmingham on my way to Ireland. Having to walk from one station to another, I had engaged the service of a porter to carry my baggage. We were proceeding in company, when suddenly I was obliged to halt. Turning out of a narrow lane, through which we had threaded our way to shorten the distance, I found myself in front of an old-fashioned brick house by which we were to pass. Most people, it is certain, would have seen nothing remarkable or singular in the appearance of this house. Upon me, however, it had a peculiar effect. The moment I saw it, I felt much as I should had a cord been tied round the great artery of my heart and suddenly loosened. The physiognomy of the house was impressive. It seemed to have a threatening aspect, and to menace me



in a strange and unaccountable way. I feared to pass it. I become possessed of the idea it was by some means or other to be connected with my fate. I had never before been at Birmingham; but I was positive I had previously seen this house. I felt assured I was able to find my way through its rooms and passages—draw, without entering, the plan of its interior—make an inventory of its books and furniture, and otherwise describe its contents, with as much accuracy as if I had been familiar with it from childhood. This impression had all the weight of certainty to my mind. Moreover, the belief that it boded ill to me became deeply rooted in my imagination, and I feared to approach it. But this apprehension did not arise simultaneously with the idea of having seen the house before; neither was it inherent in that idea, but deduced therefrom by me. Nevertheless, the impression I received was of a character to justify the rendering I gave it. It was an impression that conveyed an intimation of some future danger; but when, or from what, or in what way, was not apparent. Fear suggested the interpretation, and my mind was predisposed to accept it. I was constrained to turn back!

There is too, here, in London, a house which has the same effect upon me as did that at Birmingham. It is in the neighborhood of Leicester Square—large, gloomy, and retiring. On the day I saw it first, I was sensible of a kind of precognition. The instant I beheld the object, I become conscious of experiencing a repetition of some previous impression. I strove to recollect the occasion, but failed: the impression was too vague and fleeting. I could not, that is to say, recall to my mind the distinct points in time and place wherein and whereat it originally occurred. At length, I was irresistibly forced to the conclusion that the seemingly long interval which had elapsed between the antecedent impression and the present, was altogether imaginary—that, in reality, both were contemporaneous; and, that the time which seemed to have passed was purely a fiction of the mind—created at the moment the object first appeared, and ac-

cepted by Consciousness as belonging to the identity of its being. The house I speak of wears a sombre and mysterious air. I often see it, and have since frequently passed near it, but never have been able to bring myself to approach it. My reason discredits the superstition; but the feeling is so deeply rooted in my mind, that all the wealth of all the treasures of Europe would not induce me voluntarily to enter.

Such are some of the sensations to which I am subject. I may here be permitted to state, that I am conscious of no bodily or mental disorder: I suffer from no organic disease, nor am I laboring under any temporary functional derangement. Whence, then, do these sensations arise? No discovered law of the human mind can adequately account for them; neither that of Contiguity, nor that other of Constructive Association, will avail us; other causes must be sought. I am no believer in the Supernatural; that is, in the possibility of anything occurring out of the order of Nature. But—in reply to that large class, the “matter-of-fact” philosophers, who will assume the whole to be a delusion, “breaking in upon the laws of Nature, which are uniform, invariable,” etc.,—I would ask, What are these laws? How do you know when they are broken in upon? You should, first of all, discover the whole of those laws, before you can, with truth, say what is and what is not a law; and this is plainly not in your power. Besides, it is possible we may—and in reality we do—observe effects, the causes of which lie necessarily beyond the sphere of our observation to discover. To discriminate the real from the false is not always so easily accomplished as “matter-of-fact” philosophers imagine. I will take leave to ask them one question: Time and Space—what are *they*? Are *they* real—or are they nonentities, having no absolute existence apart from our own Consciousness? We know there is One who is not affected by them, and to whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. Are we not told also, that “in Him we live, and move, and have our being”? X.



From The Examiner.

THE general opinion undoubtedly is that the Government dares not yield, but we still cherish the hope that when the attitude of this country is seen, with its powerful fleet ready for prompt action in the American waters, the fleeting wrath of a mob will seem a less danger to brave than a war with England, with its tremendous consequences present and future. It would probably be followed by the secession of the North-Western States, as much interested in supplying us with food as the South with cotton. And this would be the beginning of the end of the Northern Republic.

But supposing reparation to be made for the *Trent* outrage, and the prisoners to be restored safe from Lynch Law, which seems too natural a sequence to Wilkes Law, will it not be for the powers of Europe to consider whether the measures the North is taking against the South are consistent with the interests of civilization? Is it to be endured that the Federal Government shall eke out the inefficacy of its blockade by the detestable means described in this malignant passage respecting the fleet of vessels laden with stone to be sunk to choke up Southern ports?

"The main ship channel leading to Savannah is but two hundred and fifty yards across in the narrowest place, and can be perfectly barred by half a dozen of these vessels. Charleston harbor is equally eligible to the same treatment. Once sunk, these old hulks become points for the accumulation of alluvials which the rivers bear down, and of the sands which the tides carry back. There is a natural tendency in such ports to form obstructions, and all we have to do is, as the physicians say, to 'assist nature.' *Becoming thoroughly imbedded in the sand, these accumulations but advance with time, forming unconquerable obstacles to re-opening the harbors, and establishing a blockade which the highest pressure diplomacy of the world will be utterly powerless to 'raise.'* It must be confessed there is something *wonderfully gratifying in this silent, resistless piece of Rhadamanthean justice. The calmness of the method is fine, and a chef-d'œuvre in its way; no vulgar theatrical vengeance, no laying of the city in ashes, as those heated braggarts of Charleston threatened, but a silent blight falling on them as though out of the night—deadly, inevitable—and leaving those perfidious cities*

*in a petrified death-in-life, to 'point a moral or adorn a tale.'*"—*New York Times.*

Will the civilized Christian world suffer a warfare carried to this fiendish pitch of destructiveness, choking up forever nature's channels of life, intercourse, and plenty? A blockade is an injurious interference with the business of nations, but it is temporary, and when the purpose is effected, or abandoned as impracticable, there is a return to the *status quo ante*; but this infernal expedient of the channel-choking is resorted to as permanently destructive, depriving a whole region of one of its natural outlets of production, and ruining its cities more effectually than by fire and sword, whose ravages may be repaired, not so those of this hellish device of malice, according to the calculation of its authors. Rivers are the highways of the world, and to destroy one of these means of communication is an injury to all, which should not be permitted to the malice of any power.

From The Spectator.

ENGLAND is waiting still, the Government providing against the worst contingency, and the people coldly resolved, whatever the cost, to maintain the national honor and international law. There are no signs of impatience or anger or exultation; the press discusses the chances without concealing the points on which we may be allowed to be weak, and public speakers, without an exception, are grave, regretful, and firm. The precise feeling was, perhaps, most exactly expressed by Mr. Frederick Peel, who, on Thursday, told the people of Bury, that if the American Government were reasonable, England should hear their reasons, but if they, acknowledging the wrong, still refused redress, she would maintain her right, which was also the common right of civilized powers. Mr. Horsman, at Stroud, though his speech was most self-contradictory in argument, laid down the same principle, and Mr. Fitzgerald, while promising the support of the Tories, if necessary, still hoped for reasonable concessions. At Guilford, men of all parties exhibited a similar spirit of calm decision. Mr. Briscoe (Liberal) would rejoice if the Washington Cabinet disavowed Captain Wilkes, and Mr. G. Cubitt (Tory) "hoped for the best though



he was prepared for the worst," while even Mr. Onslow, who lately confessed himself a delegate, that worst form of Radicalism, though he detested war, would "not calmly stand by and see the Government submit to an intentional insult." This tone is universal, and our only fear is lest the utter absence of clamor, the steadfast reliance on the courage of governing men, should be mistaken by Mr. Seward, as it has been by the *London American*, for dread of war.

Military preparations continue uninterrupted. The dockyards and arsenals are in full activity, and Armstrong guns have already been shipped for Canada. A *corps d'armée*, numbering twelve thousand men, with batteries, commissariat, and military train complete, are under orders, and will sail this week, whatever the American reply. Canada, with Mr. Seward in power, can no longer be left defenceless, and means have been provided to arm all volunteers whom the danger to the colony is sure to bring to the front. Invention is of course at work, and all the sledges sent are fitted with a new axle, by which the breadth between the wheels can be widened or contracted to fit any width of rut. The only arm not employed is cavalry, English troop horses being too thin-skinned to face a Canadian winter.

While England is waiting with as much misgiving as hope for the decision to know from the United States, whether she is or is not to become the involuntary ally of slavery, the great conflicting causes there engaged are gradually developing that sharpness of outline and precision of character which mark the maturer stages of every real battle of principle. The principles on both sides are casting away those accidental adhesions which have perplexed half-observant, and deceived unobservant eyes, and revealing their essential character. It is well, while we wait our own issue, to fix them distinctly in our minds, for though we see no escape from the impending war if the American Government proves irritable and obstinate, yet should it exhibit any really cordial and *bonâ fide* wish to give us ungrudgingly our full rights, we should deem it not only a great disaster, but a national sin to refuse such overtures. If our national duty compels us to be the involuntary ally of the South, we

can only mourn. But if we take up this position through any undue sensitiveness and *pique* of our own, we shall stain the name of England with responsibility for a political evil deeper and more hideous than any with which Warren Hastings ever loaded her.

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And now, when every mail brings proof that the cause of true liberty is gaining head in the North, that they wish to fight for human freedom and not merely for the Federal Government and its empire, we are in danger of being drawn by a cruel necessity into the cause of the South. No doubt, at present, it is the cause to which intellectual men incline. It has statesmen, it has a strength and a dignity of its own; its foreign policy will probably be far cooler and more respectable than that of the competing democracy. In short, it will be nothing if not a *government*. But we may be in danger of forgetting that all these things form after all but the shell of political life. What is the inward principle which the machinery of government subserves? That is the testing question. If both the hostile causes develop as rapidly as they have recently done, we can answer it in a word. The whole end and aim of the Southern Government will be to strengthen the guard over slavery and the menial white class, in doing which they may long show a very dignified and respectable side to the outer world. The end and aim of the Northern Government will be to strengthen liberty, in doing which they may long show a very vulgar and undignified aspect to the outer world. But which of the two will England prefer, if there be any choice left her by grace of the Northern statesmen?

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Paris Correspondence of the London Review,

Of course people here think a great deal of the Anglo-American question, though not perhaps so much as you do in England, but the tone in which it is spoken of is altering rapidly. The first frenzy of love and affection for us, which was shown by the "inspired" journals, is considerably abated, and has given place to a somewhat different sort of language; and, perhaps, the whole matter may not be very hard to explain: the Emperor Napoleon—as I have labored to convince



you—cannot now afford to govern, save according to the wishes of the large majority of France. A French policy must now be his. Well, he has, upon the American complication, tried what he so often tries in similar conjectures; namely, to see which way the wind blows here; and for that purpose, the *Patrie* was instructed to hint at a possible “co-operation” and I have the best reason for believing that the Emperor himself gave it to be understood that he was anxious to “co-operate” with England against America. But his scheme of testing opinion answered as usual—what might be called the voice of France responded with extraordinary unanimity to the challenge; and from the *Journal des Débats* downwards, the same sentiment has been expressed in different words by nearly every newspaper, in town and country; “Leave England to her embarrassment!” That is the sentiment, absurd and mistaken as it is, which animates all France. One thing is made clear by this, and that is, that Louis Napoleon will not get anything out of Frenchmen for a “combined action” with us. Yet “get something out” of France (and something very considerable, too) he must soon, and the means for so doing must be devised in the end, for the position is a disastrous one, and will not right itself all alone.

“Will peace or will war best help us out of this?” That is the question men ask each other just now in high Imperialist circles, and there is more than a doubt as to the answer. The only measure of the Emperor’s hesitation in all this, will be the extent of his hope or of his despair. As long as he can play any other card he will *not* play the war-card, but that card is nevertheless his last. Of that no one of any party in France has the shadow of a doubt. Whether the time has already come for playing the last card—for risking all upon one grand supreme chance—events will teach. For the moment, I fancy perfect neutrality will be the line adopted, and for a time it will be genuinely adhered to. France will keenly and narrowly watch the incidents of the coming conflict (if unluckily it should come), and she will shape her course according to what she believes to be her own im-

mediate interest. The thing to note for us is, the unmistakable feeling of hostility raised up at once against us throughout this country—a feeling which surprises no one who has a thorough acquaintance with the Frenchmen of the Second Empire, but which is not the less curious to observe. It would be worse than folly, it would be the height of wilful blindness in us, to shut our eyes to what is looming in the distance; and it is quite evident to those who in any way come in contact with the nations of the Continent, that upon our attitude just now will depend much of the *prestige* with which we shall be surrounded when the hour for action arrives.

The great and really all but inconceivable mistake made about us throughout France is that we should be so “embarrassed” by a war with America that we should be obliged to look on tamely at whatever France might choose to do on the European continent. This is the point to look at steadily, for this is the source of all French opinions and delusions about us, and it is this that will be the cause of whatever faults may be later committed by the Imperial Government. No man in France—not even Louis Napoleon—is able to master that peculiarity of our national temperament, and to comprehend that we should never be so difficult to trifle with, as when adverse fate should have willed that our “hand should be in” at the work of fighting; that a nation may be so great and so powerful as to need no bragging, as to feel compassionately towards weaker rivals, and as to attempt no outward seeming of force. This will enter into no French mind, neither will it be conceived that a people who can do the “greater” may be careless of achieving the “less.” I never at any period (unless during the Crimean war) so thoroughly and clearly saw to what a degree France was incapable of comprehending England. And I again say, upon this perfect failure to understand what we are, and what, in certain cases, we should do, will be founded some of the most extraordinary mistakes of conduct. Therefore it behooves us to note distinctly every shade of the opinion which Frenchmen entertain of us just now.



From The Examiner.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BEFORE another week has elapsed, we shall know the answer of the Federal Government to the demand made by ours, for the restoration of the Southern emissaries taken from on board the *Trent*. We have never doubted what that answer would be in substance, although as to its form we have wasted no words in conjecture. Mr. Seward is a rhetorician, and the case is too tempting an opportunity for talk, to be suffered to pass unused. And considering the difficulty of the position, we must own that apt and plausible words will prove to be worth something after all, if they facilitate the liberation of Messrs. Slidell and Mason from Fort Warren. The heroes of classic verse, when sore pressed in battle, were generally made away with, in a cloud, by the timely intervention of some tutelary divinity; and if the American Secretary of State can envelop the question in such an elusive mist of words, as will enable the right thing to be quietly done, we shall not trouble ourselves to criticise too nicely the manner in which it has been effected. The one thing needful is the vindication of the inviolability of our flag, by the restitution of those who were forcibly taken from under its protection; and the justice of our demand in this respect being once admitted, we shall be only too glad if the affair be made the occasion for a permanent settlement of the controversy so long pending as to the maritime rights of belligerents and neutrals.

It is deeply to be regretted that this has still to be done. The feverish spirit manifested among certain classes of the community since the commencement of this unfortunate discussion, warns us of the latent peril to which we are exposed, by suffering questions of such gravity to remain unsettled. To the end of time offences will come; but woe unto them through whose neglect or obstinacy they are wantonly allowed to come. Let us speak plainly what we mean, for 'tis in truth a time for speaking plain. There are amongst us, as there are in every community, men who care not how soon the blast of war is heard, many perhaps deceive themselves with the idea that they are animated only by a special zeal for the honor of their country: many more, we fear, are not even at the pains to try to juggle with the

fiend in their own breasts, but catch with eagerness at every incident that has in it the promise of sanguinary conflict. It were worse than idle to deny that men of this sort are too often found occupying positions in society and in the State, that renders them influential for evil. Government is beset by their sinister importunities, and urged by their violent councils. We dare say it is so in Washington; we know it is so here; and we should betray our highest trust if we failed to warn betimes all whom it may concern of the danger. What is the danger? Not that any Administration will seek to plunge their country into a war during which every blow inflicted must recoil on him who gives it; but that an Administration, however temperate and wise, may be involuntarily drawn into exciting controversies on subjects that ought to afford no room for controversy at all: and that out of such contentions war at any moment may suddenly spring. The present difficulty we hope and trust will be got over; but the permanent danger of a breach between this country and America will not be set at rest thereby. For that two things are necessary,—the one, that controverted questions of neutrality, blockade, privateering, and contraband should be disposed of speedily and forever; the other, that a watchful spirit should be awakened throughout the community—to guard against precipitancy or passion whenever international difficulties arise. Government alone can discharge the former duty; the intelligent and thoughtful body of the community must perform the other.

Before we leap into the gulf let us look into its depths. We cannot see very far into the abyss, but we can discern quite enough, if we have reason or conscience, to make us pause. Increased taxation and diminished employment meet us at the outset. A doubled income-tax, and augmented duties on the four great articles of consumption left in the tariff, are necessary preliminaries to which we must make up our minds. There is an end, thank God, in this country to paying for wars out of the pocket of posterity; and if our belligerent classes are to be indulged in the glory of a deadly struggle with a kindred nation whose institutions they happen to dislike, we, and not our children, must pay for it. But this is not all. Six months' blockade of the sea-



ports of the Union would inflict no temporary blow on the vast and various commerce that for half a century has been carried on without interruption between the two countries. For every merchant and shopkeeper, agent and clerk injured on the other side of the ocean one of the same class must be similarly injured here, since trade is barter, and if it is forbidden to buy, it is likewise forbidden to sell. The butchery and rapine would come to an end within a definite time; but the consequences to international commerce would not end in our day. Protection and prohibition would no longer be an exceptional or subordinate error of American policy. It would become a fundamental maxim of the State; and no longer depending for sustainment on the greed of gain in a comparative few, it would strike its roots deeply and retentively in the nation's heart: for national stability and independence would thenceforth be felt to depend on commercial severance from England. The best and most far-sighted men in America now repudiate the prohibitory system on political as well as economic grounds; but foresight and patriotism would plead the opposite cause with irresistible force were it once made plain that the stability of American trade and credit lay at the mercy, not of the people of England, but of a war-faring few whom they permitted to bully them. Look at it how we may, the disastrous results of such a fratricidal conflict exceed all power of calculation; and all we can be sure of is, that the first would not be the worst consequences.

But there is another, and if possible a graver view of the matter. For the last five years or more the people of England have been told to arm by sea and land for self-defence. Enormous sums have been demanded by Government from the people, and have been unmurmuringly paid by them, for the express purpose of enabling England to hold her own with the menacing might of France. Every day during that time the nation has been told that not a shilling was exacted unnecessarily; and that when year after year extra millions were spent on army, navy, and ordnance, we had not, after all, a battalion, a ship, or a gun to spare. But what is to become of the balance of power in Europe if the flower of our army, and the best of our vessels of war, are to be sent to

the other side of the globe to encounter the armaments of a nation kindred in blood, language, and religion,—a nation with whom twice before we have maintained desperate and costly struggles, without being able to subdue? This is no question like that of 1854, when in alliance with France we sent our fleets and armies against Russia. This is no question like that of 1857, when, with the same ally, we sent out an invading force to China. If we should be betrayed or befooled into a war with the United States, France will stand by with grounded arms until she has seen us thoroughly committed in the affray; and then, though half a dozen transports were never mustered at Cherbourg, or half a dozen regiments brigaded together on the heights of Boulogne, though not a captious note were interchanged between Paris and London, or a provoking paragraph permitted to appear in the *Constitutionnel*, we should speedily find out the difference in our position as an arbiter of European peace. If, as we have stood the last five years and as we stand now, we are but strong enough and no more to be able to interdict ambitious schemes and aggressive projects, what will be the condition of Europe three months after a war of devastation between England and America had begun? Without imputing any bad faith to the absolute ruler of France, it must be palpable to all who choose to see, that such an altered state of facts would present to him, as well as to other absolute sovereigns, a temptation never tasted before. Treaties and conventions, and promises of neutrality, diplomatic or dynastic, are all very well in a speech from the throne, or an announcement from a ministerial organ, while as yet tranquillity prevails. But the first broadside from a British steel-clad frigate into an American ship or fort would consume all such phantom guarantees for the *status quo* in Europe as so much chaff. The faith in our moral ascendancy would pass away like a dream; and if we were not prepared to sacrifice all the influence for good we have exercised for the last thirty years in the Councils of Christendom, we must prepare to fight for its maintenance, inch by inch, in every land and on every sea, from the Hellespont to the Sound, and from the Gulf of Bothnia to Cadiz Bay.



From The Spectator.

# THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE AND THE WISH FOR WAR.

THE President's Message has by no means settled the moot question on which so many lives, and probably so many liberties, depend. The issue between the United States and Great Britain is, to use Lord Russell's invaluable and really needful idiom, "conspicuous by its absence,"—from which, as the bias may happen to lead them, men argue almost what they will. That there are those who wilfully shut their eyes to all chances of peace in the hope of rousing the English nation to the red-hot temper in which war is inevitable, we are but too sorry to perceive. Yet no one who considers the present phase of the matter can ignore three very plain results: 1. That the President is at least anxious *not* to appeal to popular passions, but to retain the ultimate decision within the grasp of the Cabinet; 2. That his Cabinet is in earnest in the civil war, and is not, as has been suggested here, bent on finding in a rupture with England an excuse for hushing up the dispute with the South; and, 3. That the slavery question—the touchstone of Northern sincerity in this conflict—is making rapid progress in the North, as we have shown at length in another column. Now, all these elements, in the most recent news from America, are, so far as they go, pacific. Mr. Lincoln's silence leaves it in his power to yield, and renders it more than probable that he will reply temperately and in a conciliatory spirit, even if he does not immediately yield. The energy with which the Southern contest is being carried on supplies the strongest presumption that he will not rashly paralyze all his efforts by bringing the English navy to sweep his fleet from the seas, and to raise the blockade of the Southern ports. The ripening of the slavery question ought to enlist the sympathies of England so far at least on the side of the North as to render us exceedingly unwilling to become, if we can honorably help it, the allies of the slave-owning oligarchy. The only items of news that are unfavorable to these hopes are the resolution of thanks to Captain Wilkes in the Lower House of Congress, and the Admiralty order approving of his conduct. But, on the other hand, the Senate, which is the really important body on such mat-

ters, had not taken any action in the question, and was vaguely believed to be unfavorable to that rash act, while there is every reason to hope that the Admiralty order was one of those isolated departmental impulses, unapproved by the Cabinet as a whole, of which we have recently had so many instances. Certainly, if Mr. Lincoln had wished to mark his approval of what had been done, he would also have wished to elicit popular support for his policy, in which case a paragraph in the Message might have roused the whole Union to enthusiastic defiance of England. As this is not so—as the Northern press, especially the Republican organs, are in a very marked degree more friendly and pacific than they were—and as we have every reason to hope that the bankers and the whole money interest of the North, who are absolutely essential to the Government, would be horror-struck by a rupture with England, we must conclude on the whole that, so far as the tenor of the recent news from America bears upon the matter, we have, at least, a shade more hope of peace than we were able to entertain last week.

But while the American news is, at all events, slightly more favorable to the hope of peace, it is perhaps at first sight less easy to decide whether the attitude of the English people is so or not. If we could fairly judge by the *Times* of the purpose of the nation, we should be forced to the conclusion, not only that we are determined to go to war if the American answer is a refusal of our demand, but that we wish it to be unfavorable, and are anxious to leave no loop-hole for peace. It is curious that exactly as the signs of a Northern crusade against slavery have grown in number and importance, has the eagerness of the leading journal for a war increased. But we greatly mistake the symptoms of the popular temper if the *Times* does in this respect represent the people. That any sign of a disposition to hector England into the relinquishment of an important right, or to deter her from the discharge of a national duty, would oblige us to declare war, we are all assured. But that the nation desires *any* opportunity,—at all events, that it desires to avail itself of *this* most unfortunate opportunity,—for thrashing the North, is, we are certain, wholly false. Mr. Cobden may be mistaken



—we think he is—in recommending *political* arbitration as the true solution of the quarrel. The question at issue between us is a legal one, and it would be a very bad precedent for the future to refer the interpretation of international law to the judgment of any ordinary umpire, however impartial and honest. By the law we must be judged, for it is the law to which we appeal; and if the law has not been violated, there is no case to discuss. But while thus far differing from Mr. Cobden, we must express our hearty conviction that the drift of public opinion is sincerely favorable to any *bonâ fide* reference of the legal question, so long as the United States Government evince a sincere desire to conform entirely to the spirit of the law. Should they say, for instance, that they do not justify the informality of the seizure, and are heartily willing to refer the point at issue to any legal tribunal with which England will be satisfied, we do not doubt for a moment that the English people would wish to close with such an offer, nor that the English Government would accept it. As regards the informality of the seizure by Captain Wilkes, an apology is really all that is needful. The injury to us is far less serious than it would have been had the vessel been carried into a prize court, and though it is most important to establish the principle that questions of law shall not be prejudged by nautical common sense or nonsense, that point would be established by the apology, and the subsequent reference of the question at issue; while we should gain by having the matter judged by a better tribunal than that of the American prize court.

In the event we have supposed, the whole temper of the country—in this case very unsuccessfully indexed by the *Times*—would sanction the solution referred to; and the more so, that the anti-slavery drift, which the politics of the Federal Government are now slowly but surely taking, makes all but a very small knot of Englishmen more keenly conscious than ever of their unconquerable reluctance to fight in effect for the Southern cause. It is simply absurd to say, with the *Times* that violent acts can only be met by violence. The whole question arises as to the violence or the legality of the act. If the Federal Government avow the violence, *cadet questio*, and the *Times* is right.

But if they justify the act by the law of contraband, and express their sincere regret for the irregularity of the way in which it was enforced, we join issue on a legal difference, and the violence is entirely disavowed. It is strange that the only paper which now refuses to hear of temperate discussion was the very one which at first led the public to believe that the Americans had law on their side. The rapid change in the prospects of the slave question has, we fear, much to do with this change of tone. Nothing can be forgiven from the Government which contemplates emancipation.

On the whole, then, we are disposed to be more hopeful, we will not say *much*, but definitely more hopeful, than we were last week. The causes for fear are still the same—the ignorant insolence of the lower democracy in America, and the craving for a war with the vulgar North among the Tories, real and virtual, in England. The former may render the President's answer one which we cannot even consider; the latter may make it very difficult for us to get over any shade of unpleasant significance, real or fanciful even in such an answer as we could consider. But, on the whole, we feel no doubt that the contingencies of peace are considerable: that it is, if strictly consistent with law and honor, the wish both of our Government and our people; and that the chances are better than they were that a peaceful solution, consistent with law and honor, will not be rendered impossible by the arrogance of the North.

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From The Economist.

THE English nation is most anxious to do what is right, and to do no more, and the English Government is not less anxious. We mean to uphold the honor of England quietly and firmly, at whatever cost, and through whatever peril. But we would not even appear to force a quarrel upon the United States at a time of weakness and rebellion. We would combine tenacity of resolve with suavity of manner. Even now it is said that Lord Lyons is directed to impart the decisive and unfaltering instructions which have been sent him as mildly and peaceably as possible. He is to tell them at first to Mr. Seward informally, and to allow an interval, though of course only a



brief one, to elapse before their final and official public communication. We shall demand our rights very firmly, but we shall demand them also very quietly.

From The Press.

ONE of the criminal phases of Northern belligerence which was commented upon with indignation in our columns a week ago has since then, we are glad to see, been prominently noticed and condemned in the "leading journal." We allude to the savage and malignant object with which two successive expeditions of "stone-ships" have been directed against the coast and harbors of the South. It is not an act of legitimate war—it is not to assist the temporary blockade by checking sorties of ships of war. These stone-laden hulks are to be sunk in the narrow channels leading in to Charleston and the various commercial ports of the South, with the avowed object of ruining those cities forever by closing their outlets to the sea. The hulks with their cargoes of stones are to be sunk,—apparently have already been sunk,—and it is calculated that the alluvial deposit brought down by the rivers will gather around them, forming an impassable bar, and destroying forever the commerce of those "doomed cities;" and the Federal vessels of war are instructed to keep watch over these obstructions, ceaselessly sailing from one to another, to prevent the Southerners from removing them, till the accumulating sands have rendered the task impracticable. We lack words adequately to express our horror and indignation at so diabolical a design. To secure for New York a monopoly of the commerce of the American continent, and to vent the rancorous malignity of the Federal Government, these Southern cities by the sea are to be reduced to desert places, and the journalists of New York proclaim their fiendish exultation in the success of the project. This is not the hostility of men—it is the savagery of demons. We do not hesitate to say that every naval power is called upon, in the interests alike of commerce, humanity, and civilization, to interpose. Duty and interest alike demand that so savage and ruthless a project should be stopped, and that, where the initial mischief has already been done, immediate steps should be taken to remove

the obstructions before their removal becomes impossible. Our naval squadron is said to be lying off Charleston. An admiral who did not shrink from responsibility—and we have had many such,—and they have been our best men—would not have hesitated to interpose to prevent such an unrighteous and illegitimate measure of hostility. War or no war, it does not become us to permit a savage and barbarous work of this kind to be carried on under the very eyes of our fleet. And whatever be the issue of the question now pending at Washington, we trust that orders will be immediately transmitted to the British admiral on the station to interpose at once, with our broadsides if necessary, to stay the work, and to assert alike the interests of the world's commerce and the rights of our common humanity.

#### SOMETHING LIKE MANNERS.

AN Irishman, in the old days of Protestant Ascendency, was run over by a bishop's carriage, and merely inquired, in an humble manner, as he sat rubbing himself, "What's that for?" We feared that his docile race had become extinct, but the following advertisement, which *Mr. Punch* cuts from a provincial newspaper, shows that there are still persons who know how to behave respectfully under aggravating circumstances:—

"GENTLEMAN RUN OVER IN CLAYTON SQUARE.—If the Ladies who were in the Carriage when it was driven over an old Gentleman in Clayton Square, on Monday last, between the hours of Twelve and One, desire to know how he is, they are invited to send to No. 34 Seymour Street."

Nothing can be more polite than this old gentleman, and his delicate way of informing the ladies of his address savors of the manners of the old school. We do not—no, we will not—do such wrong to human nature as to suppose that he inserts the advertisement under the advice of some fiend-like attorney, who has failed to find out the address of the ladies, and hopes to catch them this way with a view to legal damages. No, we repudiate the thought. The affair is a bit of the manners of the high-bred school of other days. There was to be a splendid masked ball, at the court of the excellent



Louis XIV., and all the world worth mentioning was wrapped up in the costumes, and dying for the splendid *fête*. A young count, from Provence, was to be one of the most brilliant of the maskers. Three hours before the *fête*, comes to him, dustily, a servant from the provincial *château*, and informs him that his lordship's father is deceased. "You are a vulgar fellow, Francois," blandly replies the young nobleman, "and you judge the nobility by the standard of the *canaille*. My father is too much of a gentleman to die at such a moment. Come to me in the morning." The old gentleman of Clayton Square must surely be a descendant of the high-bred young count. We hope he wasn't much hurt.—*Punch*.

#### THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in announcing, in the most officious manner, that the directors of the International Exhibition have not forgotten the possibility of the absence of Voluntary Contributions from the Northern States of America. The subject has been taken into grave consideration, and negotiations have been entered into with the Lords of the Admiralty and the Commander-in-Chief, in order to the adoption of means for supplying this deficiency, should it unfortunately occur. Without entering into details,—as the whole arrangement may be rendered unnecessary by the arrival of Messrs. Mason and Slidell about the 28th December,—Mr. *Punch* begs to say, that in the event of the Federals declining to send contributions to the Exhibition, the space now appropriated to such articles will be supplied through the exertions of gentlemen connected with our naval and military service, and that among the Involuntary Contributions from the North will be the following articles:—

1. *The Falls of Niagara* (American portion)—by the kind permission of the Canadian authorities, and to be returned when done with.

2. *The American Eagle*.—The interesting animal will be provided with a large supply of its natural food; namely, Bunkum, to be obtained from the offices of the New York newspapers.

3. Several bottles of *Hail of Columbia*.

4. Curious assortment of *Stumps*, on which

patriotic oratory has been delivered for some years, with the happy consequences now before the world.

5. Several *Platforms*, forming a further portion of the Stump machinery.

6. *The White House*—name of "Lincoln" on the brass plate.

7. The coat in which Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, was whipped by Eleazar P. Growky.

8. The coat in which Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald* was cowhided by Phineas X. Blazer.

9. The coat in which Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald* was thrashed by Ebenezer V. Whopple.

10. A collection of nineteen whips with which Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, was at various times flogged by nineteen slandered citizens.

11. The boots with which Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, was kicked by Epaminondas J. Buffer.

12. Six pairs of highlows, and five pairs of shoes, with which eleven other slandered citizens have at various times annotated the editorial labors of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*.

13. Remains of the brandy-smash in which Mr. Seward pledged himself to insult England on the earliest opportunity, and the glasses from which his sixteen previous brandy-smashes had been imbibed by that statesman.

14. *Flags of the Southern Confederacy*, captured by the Armies of the North. (Promised conditionally only in the event of such flags being discoverable.)

15. *The Declaration of Independence*.—To be reverently preserved, and returned to the North when a statesman, worthy to fill the place of George Washington, shall demand it.

16. Specimens of *Jerusalem Snakes*, *Ring-tailed Roarers*, *Regular Opossums*, and other curiosities of American natural history.

17. *A B'hoy*.—It will be interesting to compare this animal with his superior, but a member of the same genus, the Gorilla.

18. Specimens of American Editorial Writings. (Disinfecting fluid will be found in the same case, and labelled "Common Sense.")

19. *Secret Treaty for the Partition of England* between the Emperor of Russia, Mr.



Seward, and the King of the Cannibal Islands.

20. Mr. Brigham Young, the latest ally of the North, and model of his Seraglio.

21. The original *Book of Mormon*, as about the only original work which America has produced since *Knickerbocker's History*.

22. Specimens of *American Apes*, and *Naturalized Irishmen*, stuffed.—*Punch*, 21 Dec.

#### A SAFE DELIVERY AND A WISE DELIVERANCE FROM WAR.

WITHIN the last few weeks there has been a General Gaol Delivery in England. We should like to see the same thing take place in America. For instance, if the Washington Government would only open the door of the prison in which Messrs. Mason and Slidell are confined, and set them free, what a fearful difficulty would be overcome! War may be said to hinge on the portal of that very prison-door. It is a kind of modern Temple of Janus, expressing Peace or War, either as it is opened, or closed. Let us hope that the friendship of two such great nations as England and America will never be buried in those odious "Tombs!"—*Punch*, 21 Dec.

#### THE IRISH YAHOO.

A GRAND meeting of Yahoos was held yesterday at the Pope's Head, for the purpose of expressing joy and exultation at the prospect of the war which England is thought likely to be involved in with America. The Chair was taken by the O'Donoghyahoo, one of the principal representatives of the Yahoos in Parliament.

The O'Donoghyahoo, on rising, was received with much grinning, gibbering, chattering, and other demonstrations of applause. When the noise had subsided, he began raving, and continued for nearly an hour, pouring forth torrents of foul but almost inarticulate abuse of the Saxon, as he was understood, as well as his sputtering and slaving enabled him to be, to style the object of his malignant invective, meaning England and the English. His discourse terminated with a succession of shrieks and yells resembling those of a hyæna impatient for his carrion, and he sat down foaming at the mouth. The conclusion of the honorable Yahoo's address was hailed with frantic

howling and peals of convulsive laughter, like that of a multitude of violent idiots.

Orations in a similar tone and spirit, full of sound and fury, were delivered by Mr. O'Rangoutang, Mr. G. O'Rilla, Mr. Fitzcaliban, and other eminent Yahoos, who gloated on the calamities which they anticipated for England, and expressed, as far as they were intelligible, the most truculent animosity to the British Sovereign and people. Mr. O'Rangoutang created an immense sensation by brandishing a dagger, to indicate how he would like to serve the alien oppressor, in which performance he nearly cut his own throat, to the great diversion of the assembly.

After giving several rounds of hurroos for the Pope and Captain Wilkes, and of shouts and yells for Lord Palmerston and John Bull, the concourse of Yahoos separated gnashing their teeth, and retired to their dens, whooping, shrieking, and uttering the most bloodthirsty execrations. Going home, many of them, in the frenzy of their malice, threw themselves down in the dirt and rolled in it like dogs, yelping, whining, and howling, after the manner of the lower orders of the canine species, to which the Yahoo is nearly allied, being a creature between the mongrel and the baboon.—*Punch*, 21 Dec.

#### PATIENCE AND PREPARATION.

"LET us be calm," say you, John Bright?  
Oh, yes, we will be calm;  
But that we may not have to fight,  
We'll show that we can arm.

By meek submission to a blow  
You make a bully brave;  
But if a ready fist you show,  
Your pardon he will crave.

Yes, life is precious, useful gold,  
Nor idly to be lost;  
But if we would our honor hold,  
We must not count the cost.

We seek no quarrel: but, if war  
Be foully on us thrust,  
Unnerved it shall not find us, nor  
With sword made blunt by rust.

We wait their answer calmly, but  
With hand upon the hilt:  
If they the gate of peace would shut,  
Be theirs alone the guilt.

—*Punch*, 21 Dec.



## A GOD-SPEED TO THE CANADA-BOUND.

GOD speed you, Guards and Rifles, Line-Regiments and Artillery,

*Punch* flings his old shoe after you, and drains his glass of Sillery,

And here's his toast, "May boiled and roast, and drink and clothes and firing,

Ne'er fail your pluck, and here's good luck, stout arms and legs untiring."

The St. Lawrence has its sleet and fogs, its ice-wind keen and froze;

On sea there's storm before you, and frost upon the shore;

In the long, long march, through pine and larch, along the trampled snow,

With the icy breath of a sleepy death about you as you go.

But John Bull clothes your bellies and your backs with food and furs,

And in your own brave veins the blood of manhood cheerly stirs;

So if there's pith in meat and drink, and manly hearts beside,

All safe you'll land, and to arms you'll stand, where rolls St. Lawrence wide.

And the blessing of your countrymen, and countrywomen too

Will cling and close about you, as hearty blessings do,

Surpassing warmth of food and fire, from heart to heart they'll run—

And England's wide and watchful arms will clasp her every son.

There are beardless chins among you, there are heads all grizzly-gray,

There are lads of tender nurture, and rough slips that none would stay:

There's gentle blood and simple, there's nobleman and clown,

For suffering and for danger by common duty bound.

The fopling Guardsman flings his crust of foppery away,

And sets to work as lightly as e'er he set to play:

From club, boudoir, and drawing-room, and hunting-field, he's there,

To face the lot that others face, and fare as others fare.

And some leave wives and children, sweethearts, and parents dear,

Warm hearths for icy darkness, full cups for sorry cheer:

From the general to the private, not one among them all,

But blithely makes his sacrifice, be it great or be it small.

And shall *we* grudge them a comfort, that purse of ours can pay,

A God-speed and a greeting as they sail upon their way?

Blow fair, ye winds; be merciful, grim winter, to our brave,

May our blessing serve to strengthen, our prayer have power to save!

—*Punch*.

## THE AMERICAN DILEMMA.

Your passion and arrogance, Jonathan, bridle, And let me know what you call Mason and Slidell.

Are they rebels? What right, if you take that position,

Had you, boarding the *Trent*, to demand extradition?

Had Mitchell and Meagher been Slidell and Mason,

We you, and you we, would you think no disgrace on

Your flag had been cast, its protection from under

If we those two traitors had taken, I wonder?

Belligerents call you the men you laid hands on, And the charge of high treason against them abandon?

Were we fighting the French, then you'd have no objection

To our seizing French envoys beneath your protection.

Moreover, as prisoners of war if you take them, And therefore their country's ambassadors make them,

You put yourselves then into this situation: You are first to acknowledge the Confederation.

*Punch*, 21 Dec.

A CONTRAST.—English character personified in John Bull. That of America is embodied in Jonathan Bully. —*Punch*.



From The Examiner.

*Memoirs, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville.* Translated from the French by the Translator of "Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph." Two volumes. Macmillan and Co.

WHEN the original French edition of this work was published, some months ago, we noticed it at considerable length; and although large additions have been made to the present version, they are not of a kind to call for much additional comment; though we avail ourselves of them for the purpose of further illustrating the feelings and opinions of M. de Tocqueville on the public events of France and England as they took place,—the source from which our extracts are taken being the journals kept by Mr. Senior when visiting his friend. As the translator observes, these journals are "a slight and inadequate, but still the only record of M. de Tocqueville's conversation." Without further preface, then, we proceed to show their character. A curious feature of the popular feeling in France with respect to that feudalism which it was the first object of the French Revolution to extinguish, is shown in the following passage:—

"You saw the roofless tower in the court. My grandfather used it as a *colombier*. He kept there three thousand pigeons. No one was allowed to kill them, and no one else in the commune could keep them. In 1793, when the peasants were the masters, they did no harm to any of the rest of our property. We have lived among them as protectors and friends for centuries; but they rose *en masse* against the pigeons, killed every one of them, and reduced the tower to its present state. When I first was a candidate I failed, not because I was not personally popular, but because I was a *gentilhomme*. I was met everywhere by the proverb, '*Les chats prennent les souris.*' My opponent was of an humble family which had risen to wealth and distinction in the Revolution. This is the most favorable combination in the hands of a man of ability. Mere wealth is mischievous; it gives no influence, and it excites envy. The only time when it led to political power was just after the Revolution of 1848. Every possessor of property, and few persons in the provinces are quite without it, was alarmed; and the greatest proprietors were selected as representatives, because they were supposed to have the greatest stakes. Mere

birth is worse than mere wealth; it excites not only envy, but fear. The remembrance of the Marian persecutions is still vivid in England after three hundred years. Our fears of the revival of the *tour et colombier* are as fantastic as your dread of the faggot and the rack; but why should they not last as long?"

Here is a criticism on a celebrated writer, with the prospective ambition of supplying his defects, which unfortunately was never realized:—

"We talked of Thiers' 'History of the Empire.' 'Its defect,' said Tocqueville, 'is its inadequate appreciation of the causes, intrinsic and extrinsic, which united to form Napoleon. Few histories give to these two sets of causes their due or their relative weight. Some attribute too much to the circumstances in which their hero was placed, others to the accidents of his character. Napoleon, though gigantic in war and in legislation, was imperfect and incoherent in both. No other great general, perhaps no general whatever, suffered so many defeats. Many have lost one army, some perhaps have lost two; but who ever survived the destruction of four? So in legislation, he subdued anarchy, he restored our finances, he did much to which France owes in part her power and her glory. But he deprived her not only of liberty, but of the wish for liberty; he enveloped her in a network of centralization which stifles individual and corporate resistance, and prepares the way for the despotism of an assembly or of an emperor. Assuming him to have been perfectly selfish, nothing could be better planned or better executed. He seized with a sagacity which is really marvellous, out of the elements left to him by the Convention, those which enabled him to raise *himself*, and to level everything else; which enabled his will to penetrate into the recesses of provincial and even of private life, and rendered those below him incapable of acting or thinking, almost of wishing, for themselves. Thiers does not sufficiently explain how it was that Napoleon was able to do this, or why it was that he chose to do it; nor has his private character been ever well drawn as a whole. There is much truth in Bourrienne, though mixed, and inseparably mixed, with much invention. Napoleon's taste was defective in everything, in small things as well as in great ones; in books, in art, and in women, as well as in ambition and in glory. The history of the Empire and the history of the Emperor are still to be written. I hope one day to write them.'"



On the changes which have taken place in French literature during the last hundred and fifty years, De Tocqueville passed judgment as follows :—

“ If,” said Tocqueville, “ Bossuet or Pascal were to come to life, they would think us receding into semi-barbarism; they would be unable to enter into the ideas of our fashionable writers, they would be disgusted by their style, and be puzzled even by their language.” What, I asked, “ do you consider your golden age?” “ The latter part,” he answered, “ of the seventeenth century. Men wrote then solely for fame, and they addressed a public small and highly cultivated. French literature was young; the highest posts were vacant; it was comparatively easy to be distinguished. Extravagance was not necessary to attract attention. Style then was the mere vehicle of thought; first of all to be perspicuous, next to be concise, was all that they aimed at. In the eighteenth century competition had begun. It had become difficult to be original by matter, so men tried to strike by style; to clearness and brevity, ornament was added—soberly and in good taste, but yet it betrayed labor and effort. To the ornamental has now succeeded the grotesque; just as the severe style of our old Norman architecture gradually became florid, and ultimately flamboyant. If I were to give a scriptural genealogy of our modern popular writers, I should say that Rousseau lived twenty years, and then begat Bernardin de St. Pierre; that Bernardin de St. Pierre lived twenty years, and then begat Chateaubriand; that Chateaubriand lived twenty years, and then begat Victor Hugo; and that Victor Hugo, being tempted of the devil, is begetting every day.” “ Whose son,” I asked, “ is Lamartine?” “ Oh,” said Tocqueville, “ he is of a different breed; his father, if he had one, is Chenier; but one might almost say that he is *ex se ipso natus*. When he entered the poetical world, all men’s minds were still heaving with the Revolution. It had filled them with vague conceptions and undefined wishes, to which Lamartine, without making them distinct enough to show their emptiness or their inconsistency, gave something like form and color. His “ *Meditations*,” especially the first part of them, found an accomplice in every reader. He seemed to express thoughts of which every one was conscious, though no one before had embodied them in words.” I said that I feared that I should be unable to read them; and that, in fact, there was little French poetry that I could read. “ I have no doubt,” answered Tocqueville, “ that there is much poetry, and good poetry, that

no one but a native can relish. There are parts of Shakspeare which you admire, and I have no doubt very justly, in which I cannot see any beauty.” “ Can you,” I said, “ read the “ *Henriade*,” or the “ *Pucelle*?” “ Not the “ *Henriade*,” he answered, “ nor can anybody else; nor do I much like to read the “ *Pucelle*,” but it is a wonderful piece of workmanship. How Voltaire could have disgraced such exquisite language, poetry, and wit, by such grossness, is inconceivable; but I can recollect when grave magistrates and statesmen knew it by heart. If you wish for pure specimens of Voltaire’s wit, and ease, and command of language, look at his “ *Pièces Diverses*.” As for his tragedies, I cannot read them—they are artificial—so, indeed, are Racine’s, though he is the best writer of French that ever used the language. In Corneille there are passages really of the highest order. But it is our prose writers, not our poets, that are our glory; and them you can enjoy as well as I can.”

Of the *coup d’état* of the 2nd of December, M. de Tocqueville expressed himself in these terms :—

“ “ The 18th Brumaire was nearer to this, for that ended as this has begun, in a military tyranny. But the 18th Brumaire was almost as much a civil as a military revolution. A majority in the councils was with Bonaparte. Louis Napoleon had not a real friend in the assembly. All the educated classes supported the 18th Brumaire; all the educated classes repudiate the 2nd of December. Bonaparte’s consular chair was sustained by all the *élite* of France. This man cannot obtain a decent supporter. For a real parallel you must go back eighteen hundred years.” I said that some persons, for whose judgment I had the highest respect, seemed to treat it as a contest between two conspirators, the Assembly and the President, and to think the difference between his conduct and theirs to be that he struck first. “ This,” said Tocqueville I utterly deny. He, indeed, began to conspire from the 10th of December, 1848. His direct instructions to Oudinot and his letter to Ney, only a few months after his election, showed his determination not to submit to parliamentary government. Then followed his dismissal of ministry after ministry, until he had degraded the office to a clerkship. Then came the semi-regal progress; then the reviews of Satory, the encouragement of treasonable cries, the selection for all the high appointments in the army of Paris of men whose characters fitted them to be tools.



Then he publicly insulted the Assembly at Dijon; and at last, in October, we knew that his plans were laid. It was then only that we began to think what were our means of defence; but that was no more a conspiracy than it is a conspiracy in travellers to look for their pistols when they see a band of robbers advancing. M. Baze's proposition was absurd, only because it was impracticable. It was a precaution against immediate danger; but if it had been voted, it could not have been executed; the army had already been so corrupted, that it would have disregarded the orders of the Assembly. I have often talked over our situation with Lamoricière and my other military friends. We saw what was coming, as clearly as we now look back to it, but we had no means of preventing it.' 'But was not your intended law of responsibility,' I said, 'an attack on your part?' 'That law,' he said, 'was not ours. It was sent up to us by the *Conseil d'Etat*, which had been two years and a half employed on it, and ought to have sent it to us much sooner. We thought it dangerous—that is to say, we thought that, though quite right in itself, it would irritate the President—and that in our defenceless state it was unwise to do so. The Bureau to which it was referred refused to declare it urgent—a proof that it would not have passed with the clauses which, though reasonable, the President thought fit to disapprove. Our conspiracy was that of the lamb against the wolf.' 'Though I have said,' he continued, 'that he has been conspiring ever since his election, I do not believe that he intended to strike so soon. His plan was to wait till next March, when the fears of May, 1852, would be most intense. Two circumstances forced him on more rapidly. One was the candidature of the Prince de Joinville. He thought him the only dangerous competitor. The other was an agitation set on foot by the Legitimists, in the *Conseils généraux*, for the repeal of the law of the 31st of May. That law was his moral weapon against the Assembly, and he feared that, if he delayed, it might be abolished without him.'

The Anglo-Gallic Alliance did not seem to M. de Tocqueville likely to be of long endurance. Mr. Senior had asked him his opinion on an article of his on the state of the Continent, which had been published in the *North British Review* in February, 1855, a few months before the conversation recorded:—

“ Since you ask me,” he answered, “ for a

candid criticism, I will give you one. You couple as events mutually dependent the continuance of the Imperial Government, and the continuance of the Anglo-Gallic Alliance. I believe this opinion not only to be untrue, but to be the reverse of the truth. I believe the Empire and the Alliance to be not merely not mutually dependent, but to be incompatible, except upon terms which you are resolved never to grant. The Empire is essentially warlike, and war in the mind of a Bonaparte, and of the friends of a Bonaparte, means the Rhine. This war is merely a stepping-stone. It is carried on for purposes in which the mass of the people of France take no interest. Up to the present time its burdens have been little felt, as it has been supported by loans, and the limits of the legal conscription have not been exceeded. But when the necessity comes for increased taxation and anticipated conscriptions, Louis Napoleon must have recourse to the real passions of the French Bourgeoisie and peasantry, the love of conquest, *et la haine de l'Anglais*. Don't fancy that such feelings are dead; they are scarcely asleep; they might be roused as soon as he thinks they are wanted. What do you suppose was the effect in France of Louis Napoleon's triumph in England? Those who know England attributed it to the ignorance and childishness of the multitude. Those who thought that the shouts of the mob had any real meaning, either hung down their heads in shame at the self-degradation of a great nation, or attributed them to fear,—the latter was the general feeling. “ Il faut,” said all our lower classes, “ que ces gens là aient grand peur de nous.” You accuse, in the second place, all the Royalist parties of dislike of England. Do you suppose that you are more popular with the others? that the Republicans love your aristocracy or the Imperialists your freedom? The real friends of England are the friends of her institutions. They are the body, small perhaps numerically, and now beaten down, of those who adore constitutional liberty: they have maintained the mutual good feeling between France and England against the passions of the Republicans, and the prejudices of the Legitimists. I trust, as you trust, that this good feeling is to continue, but it is on precisely opposite grounds. My hopes are founded, not on the permanence, but on the want of permanence of the Empire. I do not believe that a great nation will be long led by its tail instead of by its head. My only fear is, that the overthrow of this tyranny may not take place early enough to save us from the war with England, which I believe to be the inevitable consequence of its duration.”



The feelings of the French religious world with respect to heretics are amusingly illustrated :—

“ X. Y. Z. was one of the best men that I have known, but an unbeliever. The Archbishop of — tried in his last illness to reconcile him to the Church. He failed. X. Y. Z. died as he had lived. But the Archbishop, when lamenting to me his death, expressed his own conviction that so excellent a soul could not perish. You recollect that Duchess, in St. Simon, who on the death of a sinner of illustrious race, said, ‘ On me dira ce qu’on veut, on ne me persuadera pas que Dieu n’y regarde deux fois avant de damner un homme de sa qualité.’ The archbishop’s feeling was the same, only changing *qualité* into virtue. There is something amusing,’ he continued, ‘ when, separated as we are from it by such a chasm, we look back on the prejudices of the *ancien régime*. An old lady once said to me, ‘ I have been reading with great satisfaction the genealogies which prove that Jesus Christ descended from David. Ca montre que notre Seigneur était gentilhomme.’ We are somewhat ashamed,’ I said, ‘ in general of Jewish blood ; yet the Levis boast of their descent from the Hebrew Levi.’ ‘ They are proud of it,’ said Tocqueville ; ‘ because they make themselves out to be cousins of the blessed Virgin. They have a picture in which a Duke de Levi stands bareheaded before the Virgin. ‘ Couvrez vous donc, mon cousin,’ she says. ‘ C’est pour ma commodité, madame,’ he answers.’ ”

The loss of the influence formerly possessed by women in France is accounted for in the annexed passage, with which our illustrations end :—

“ ‘ They have lost it,’ said De Tocqueville, ‘ partly in consequence of the gross vulgarity of our dominant passions, and partly from their own nullity. They are like Lon-

don houses, all built and furnished on exactly the same model, and that a most uninteresting one. Whether a girl is bred up at home or in a convent, she has the same masters, gets a smattering of the same accomplishments, reads the same dull books, and contributes to society the same little contingent of superficial information. When a young lady comes out, I know beforehand how her mother and her aunts will describe her. ‘ Elle a les goûts simples, elle est pieuse, elle aime la campagne, elle aime la lecture, elle n’aime pas le bal, elle n’aime pas le monde, elle y va seulement pour plaire à sa mère.’ I try sometimes to escape from these generalities, but there is nothing behind them.’ ‘ And how long,’ I asked, ‘ does this simple, pious, retiring character last ?’ ‘ Till the orange flowers of her wedding chaplet are withered,’ he answered. ‘ In three months she goes to the *Messe d’une heure*.’ ‘ What is the *Messe d’une heure* ?’ I asked. ‘ A priest,’ he answered, ‘ must celebrate mass fasting, and in strictness ought to do so before noon. But, to accommodate fashionable ladies who cannot rise by noon, priests are found who will starve all the morning and say mass in the afternoon. It is an irregular proceeding, though winked at by the ecclesiastical authorities. Still to attend it is rather discreditable ; it is a middle term between the highly meritorious practice of going to early mass, and the scandalous one of never going at all.’ ‘ What was the education,’ I asked, ‘ of women under the *ancien régime* ?’ ‘ The convent,’ he answered. ‘ It must have been better,’ I said, ‘ than the present education, since the women of that time were superior to ours.’ ‘ It was so far better,’ he answered, ‘ that it did no harm. A girl at that time was taught nothing. She came from the convent a sheet of white paper. Now her mind is a paper scribbled over with trash. The women of that time were thrown into a world far superior to ours, and with the sagacity, curiosity, and flexibility of French women, caught the knowledge and tact and expression from the men.’ ”

#### BALLAD FROM BEDLAM.

THE moon is up ! the moon is up,  
The larks begin to fly,  
And like a breezy buttercup  
Dark Phœbus skims the sky :  
The elephant with cheerful voice  
Sings blithely on the spray,  
The bats and beetles all rejoice,—  
Then let me too be gay !

Last night I was a porcupine,  
And wore a peacock’s tail,  
To-morrow, if the moon but shine,  
Perchance I’ll be a whale :  
Then let me, like the cauliflower,  
Be merry while I may,  
And, ere there comes a sunny hour  
To cloud my heart, be gay !



# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 922.—1 February, 1862.

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## NEW BOOKS.

The Tribune Almanac and Political Register for 1862. New York Tribune Association.

CORRECTION.—In No. 915 we copied from, and credited to, *The Philadelphia Press*, a spirited poem, "The Countersign," giving the name of Frank G. Williams as the author. We are now informed that this is part of a larger poem, by Fitz James O'Brien,—published in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

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## THE WIND AMID THE TREES.

THE skies were dark and bright,  
Like the eyes that I love best,  
When I looked into the night  
From a window at the west.

And the night was still and clear  
Save for whispered litanies,  
Breaking faintly on the ear  
From the wind amid the trees !

In silence soft and deep,  
On their stalklets every one,  
Hung the little flowers asleep ;  
The birds to roost had gone.

Not the fluttering of a feather  
Or the faintest chirp from these  
As they nestled close together,  
Though the wind was in the trees !

Too faint to wake the sleeper,  
Too soft to stir the flowers,  
Just as voiceless prayers are deeper,  
It murmured on for hours.

And I whispered low and near  
" When I'm gone beyond the seas,  
Think how I held it dear,  
That wind amid the trees ! "

And now this gray November,  
Though your groves are thin and bare,  
I know that you'll remember,  
When you hear it murmuring there.

Dear Island hearts that listen,  
There's a message in the breeze,  
And the voice of one who loves you  
In the wind amid the trees !

—*Englishwoman's Journal.*

"THOU ART THE WAY, THE TRUTH,  
AND THE LIFE."

By each sting of daily care,  
Each anxiety I bear,  
By the struggles of a heart  
Loath with worldly joys to part,  
By the inward longing love  
Of a purer life above,  
Lord, I inly hope and pray  
Thou art teaching me the way !

By each band of burning pain,  
Trampling fierce o'er heart and brain ;  
By each flood of bitter tears,  
Bathing all life's fevered years ;  
By the throes of anguish born  
Of forgetfulness, or scorn—  
Severed bonds of love and youth—  
Thou art teaching me the truth !

By the closelyknitted sod,  
Over those long gone to God ;  
By the nearer touch of woe,  
When the nestling head lies low ;  
Through the " hidden path " I tread,  
Ever by thy mercy led,  
Trust I still amid the strife,  
Thou art leading me to life !

—*Ladies' Companion.*

## THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BY MRS. AEDY.

" Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man  
to the question whether he was still in the land  
of the living. ' No ; but I am almost there. ' "

Not yet ; though the fiat I feel has gone forth,  
Not yet has the summons been spoken ;  
The frail, feeble link that connects me with earth  
Not yet has been shattered and broken.  
The kindred and friends of my earlier years  
Have long in the churchyard been lying ;  
I fain would depart from this valley of tears,  
And pass from the land of the dying.

A few of the friends of my manhood are spared ;  
Alas ! they are dull and repining :  
They talk of hopes withered, of talents impaired,  
Worn spirits, and vigor declining.  
I suffer like them—yet I do not complain,  
For God the assurance is giving  
That soon shall I lay down my burden of pain,  
And haste to the land of the living.

I weep not for those whom on earth I loved well  
They are only removed to a distance ;  
The shroud and the pall and the funeral knell  
Were their passports to deathless existence.  
Like them, may I soar to the realms of the blest,  
And join in the angels' thanksgiving ;  
In the land of the dying sink softly to rest,  
And wake in the land of the living !

—*Ladies' Companion.*

## WHAT A CHILD SAID.

PRECISELY two years and a half  
At Christmas will he number,  
My darling boy who yonder lies  
All rosy in his slumber ;  
So young, yet full of wisest thought  
In childish language molded,  
Like honey-bees deep in the heart  
Of half-blown roses folded.  
He said to me the other day—  
We drove the roads together,  
While sleigh-bells tinkled merrily  
And cheered the wintry weather—  
" Where are the leaves all gone, mamma ? "  
" Beneath the snow they're hidden ; "  
" They'll come back pretty soon, mamma ? "  
" Yes, dearest, when they're bidden. "

How many times I've thought since then  
Of his quick hopeful teaching,  
And gathered from it cheering trust  
Toward days of sorrow reaching.  
If God should bid me lay my pets  
Off on a colder pillow,  
O'er which would droop in winter time  
The pensile leafless willow,—  
That gentle voice would struggle up  
From sweet lips lowly hidden,  
" They'll come back pretty soon, mamma, "  
And so my grief be chidden.  
What wonder, since such sadd'ning thought  
Has come my heart to cumber,  
I drop my rhymes and yonder steal  
To kiss his rosy slumber.

H. E. K. D.

Newburgh, —*Independent.*



From Fraser's Magazine.

COWPER'S POEMS.

COULD William Cowper, when he inscribed his name on the title-page of *Table-Talk and other Poems*, have known that within ten years from that time he would be the most popular poet of the age, and that after his death he would be accounted one of the best of letter-writers, he might have ranked the prophecy among such delusions as often clouded his brain. The success of the *Task* proved to him that one-half of the prediction was correct; but could he also have foreseen his epistolary reputation he might have reckoned it among his infelicities and recoiled from it with dismay. That what he wrote of himself in secret chambers should be proclaimed upon the housetops would have seemed to his sensitive spirit inconsistent alike with friendship and delicacy. Perhaps he might have recalled his letters in alarm, and foregone a principal alleviation of his solitude—correspondence with friends whom he had never seen or whom he was never more to see. Fortunately the veil was never lifted. No profane Curll, by surreptitiously publishing his letters, visited him with a new terror of death. In his matted greenhouse, by his fireside, summer and winter saw him unconsciously chronicling the simple annals of his life; and in these letters, so evidently cherished because so generally preserved, we possess one of the most interesting of autobiographies.

Nor is it less fortunate that these records of a life spent in "the cool retreat—the silent shade" are so numerous and diversified. Had only his correspondence with Newton survived, though it would still be clear that the writer possessed no ordinary powers of humor, yet the general impression must have been that Cowper and Mary Unwin were a pair of moping personages whose society it were desirable to shun. Had only his letters to Hayley come down to us, we might fairly have set him down for a fine gentleman complimenting another fine gentleman with some of the ostentation but without the finished style of the Younger Pliny. But the letters addressed to Lady Hesketh and Unwin, to Mr. Bull and Mrs. King, to Rose and Norfolk Johnnie, prove Cowper to have been as nearly inclined to mirth as to melancholy—as content, if not happy, in his seclusion, and willing to amuse

and be amused—as by no means indifferent to the events of the day or the opinions of the world—as creating, when he did not find, occupation, and as vigilantly guarding, so long as his health and strength permitted, against the approaches of that malady which blighted his earlier manhood and was destined to wrap in a shroud of woe his closing years. Unconsciously to be the painter of his own life was the business of Cowper, and he has drawn himself to the life as vividly as Gray or Gibbon or even Walpole himself. He portrayed himself equally in prose and in verse. His hymns are like Petrarch's sonnets—"pictures in little" of his personal emotions. His *Task* is a poetical narrative of his daily habits and customary meditations; his letters are prose sketches of them, often wanting only the accomplishment of rhyme to be as poetical as his occasional verses. Of no writer, indeed, is the verse less separable from the prose. We should have known Cicero just as well if every verse he wrote had perished. We should have known Petrarch just as well if the folio of his prose writings had never issued from the printing-house of Aldus. But we understand the verse of Cowper better because his Letters are before us, and his Letters better because of the light reflected upon them from his poems.

With materials so abundant at hand, the temptation to become a biographer of Cowper has been frequently indulged; yet with one exception he has not been happy in his limners. For the most part they have selected one or two features of his character, and omitted others no less essential to a good likeness of him. He has been drawn as a suffering saint, as a latter-day hermit, as one literally complying with the apostolic precept to flee from the world, as one who purposely reformed the poetic diction of his day, as one whose proper place was Bedlam, as one who was only as mad as all serious Christians who pondered rightly on time and eternity should desire to be. In the following remarks we shall be able to show that although health and circumstances rendered seclusion from the world unavoidable, Cowper did not cease to feel interest in its movements; that if his will bent before the iron will of John Newton, he displays little or no sympathy with Newton's narrow creed; and that so far from making a hermitage of



Olney or Weston, he gladly greeted every occasion of surrounding himself with the genial society of his kindred and neighbors, provided always they were not hard riders or hard drinkers; that is to say, neither the ordinary squires nor parsons of Bedfordshire in the middle of the eighteenth century.

It was at one time the fashion to call Hayley an elegant biographer. To us he appears to have been most forcibly feeble. That he loved Cowper there can be no doubt, for Hayley, though a coxcomb, had a generous nature, and at least knowledge enough of his art to see that the *Task* was worthy a dozen *Triumphs of Temper*, and *John Gilpin* better than any or all of his own *Comedies in Rhime*. He rendered homage equally to Cowper's genius and character. But he was *infelix opere in toto*—he has drawn the portrait of a mere *littérateur*. The poet's religious biographers, however, have been even less successful than Hayley. Calvinism is little less adverse to poets generally than Plato himself. Of Dante's theology in verse the disciples of Newton, Scott, and Venn had never probably heard, or if it had reached their ears, rumor whispered into them that the poet was a papist born out of due season and given over to Antichrist. Of Spenser and the Fletchers as religious poets they had perhaps heard as little, for between our early literature and the saints of the eighteenth century there stood a wall of partition as impervious as that fabled wall of brass which Friar Bacon is said to have built in one night round the palace of Sigismund the emperor. Milton was a doubtful prize. He had indeed sung of either Paradise, but then he was an Arian; and if his prose writings were liberally studied with texts, he for the last twenty years of his life, had never entered church or chapel. Dryden had composed some of the noblest hymns in the language, but he had also composed some of the most abominable plays. Addison had occasionally sung the songs of Sion, but the *Spectator's* morals savored more of Seneca and Epictetus than of Paul, of the covenant of works more than of the covenant of grace. Cowley had written an epic on the story of David, and Prior on that of Solomon, but both Addison and Prior were utter worldlings; and if Collins read latterly "no book but the best," it was notorious, *lippis tonsoribus atque*, that Col-

lins was mad. Johnson, again, could point a moral and beat out a text into a stanza; but he thundered at Geneva discipline, and fasted and did penance like a shaveling friar. Of devotional poetry there was more than enough; but Doddridge, Newton, and Toplady were in verse "mere cobblers in respect of fine workmen;" and if Isaac Watts were a genuine poet, he was one of the feeblest and most tedious of the laureate band.

About the author of the *Task*, *Expostulation*, *Charity*, and the Olney hymns there could be neither doubt nor demur. He had sat at the feet of Gamaliel; he had been a lay curate to Newton. He had put on record his escape from the Vanity Fair of London life, the contamination of literary associates, the profane contact of drums and routs, of Ranelagh and the playhouse. If less sublime, he was more sound in doctrine than Milton. If in no one of his devotional pieces he had reached the dignity of the "Veni Creator" of Dryden, he had not pleaded for Rome in the "Hind and Panther," he had not defiled literature with the "Spanish Friar." Here indeed was at length a sweet singer for the English Israel; here was a poet to be read, marked, and learned *virginibus puerisque*, by the young ladies who filled the pews of St. Mildred's in the Poultry, by the young men who called Shakspeare unclean and Plato's Republic "foolishness." In this track have nearly all Cowper's later biographers walked, until Southey came to the rescue with a narrative scarcely less excellent than his lives of Nelson and John Wesley. Mr. Robert Bell's careful and graceful sketch of the poet will suffice for many readers; but all who desire to know Cowper as he lived, thought, and wrote, the causes of his melancholy, the character of his humor, the positive and relative merits of his writings, his position in literature at the time and now, will resort to Southey's pages. He had a true sympathy with the poet; his vision was unclouded by theological mists; he had no theory to sustain or prop up; he discerns amid the accidents of disease the genuine nature of the man; he displays his weakness and his strength, and exhibits William Cowper as he appeared to Joseph Hill, to Thornton and Thurlow, to Harriet and Theodora his cousins, to his co-mates at Westminster, the Inner Temple, and the Nonsense Club, "ere



melancholy marked him for her own." In the following remarks we shall deal immediately with none of Cowper's biographers, but offer a brief commentary on some portions of his life and writings. It may be possible, even at the eleventh hour, to correct certain prevalent mistakes, or at least to bring out some new lines in a portrait which has long attracted, and may long continue to attract, a numerous class of readers.

It is remarkable that while Cowper speaks occasionally of his mother, of whom he can have had only a vague recollection, he has only once mentioned his father, of whom he must have retained a distinct and lively impression. And this is the more remarkable, because Cowper is by no means chary in mentioning his nearest relatives on the paternal side. To the memory of a parent whom he lost almost in his infancy, he addressed the most pathetic of his shorter poems. *Her* kindred in the second generation he received with open arms; on *her* picture he gazed with the rapture of a devotee. But to the parent who was alive when Cowper had attained to man's estate, he says nothing beyond a simple notification of his decease in 1756. John Cowper, indeed, married a second time; yet there is no reason for assuming this second marriage as the cause of his son's reticence, since he refers to his "mother-in-law at Berkhamstead," as sometimes troubling him with "shopping" in London, but without any charge or insinuation of novercal injustice. At Berkhamstead, of which parish Dr. Cowper was rector, the poet's school holidays and law vacations were often spent; but neither the parish, the parsonage, nor the pastor, seems to have been classed among his pleasant recollections; whereas of the native home of his mother he never writes without interest, and sometimes with yearning emotion. We have no grounds for assuming the doctor to have been "a hard man," for though Cowper has chronicled his own sufferings at school, he says nothing of any discomforts at home. Perhaps we may find a probable solution for this unequal division of filial retrospect. Throughout his life Cowper exhibits a predilection for female rather than for male companions. To Unwin, indeed, he writes as to a brother; and he deplores the early death of a "friend torn from him"—Sir William Russell. But

it does not appear that Unwin was ever a guest at Olney, or that friendship ever attracted Cowper to Unwin's parsonage. When, however, Lady Austin or Lady Hesketh are guests to be expected at either Olney or Weston, his spirits rise, neither pains nor forethought is spared in preparation, for them the house is garnished, the garden is made trim, good accommodation is provided for servants and horses, cellar and larder are replenished, and "*gaudeamus*" is written legibly in every letter in which their visit is mentioned. To a spirit so cleaving to female society, the crowning infelicity of his unhappy life was perhaps that which met him at the very threshold of it—the death of his mother while he was yet an infant.

If we may judge of their characters by their portraits yet extant, Anne, wife of John Cowper, was a graceful, tender, and loving woman, endowed with some humor, with a vein of melancholy, and with much sympathy; whereas John her husband, "Chaplain to King George II.," has the look of a shrewd and stirring personage, who could elbow his way with the best at a levee, and who was never sad without a reason—such as a rebuff from his bishop, or a cold reception from a lay-patron. The Cowper family had already produced one lord chancellor, and, besides an earldom, held sundry good appointments, as befitted sound Whigs. William Cowper had displayed at Westminster school fair scholastic abilities; and idle though he undoubtedly was in a solicitor's office, Mr. Newton says of him years afterward that he was by no means so ignorant of law as he represented himself to be. It is possible that his father conceived hopes that there might be a well-briefed barrister, if not a second lord chancellor in the family, may have pressed on him the virtue of rising in the world, may have cited the example of his ancestors and kinsfolk—

"Te pater Æneas et avunculus excitet Hector—"

and have been vexed, if not wroth, when his son evinced such evident propensities for the life contemplative. "The world," says Pistol, "is mine oyster, which I with sword will open." But Cowper's mood was less magnanimous than "mine Ancient's." The diffidence and inconstancy of purpose which a



mother's gentleness might have soothed and corrected, were perhaps confirmed in him by the hard common sense of a father. However it may have been, Cowper's soul cleaved to the parent whom he had hardly seen, more than to the parent under whose charge he grew up; even as in after years it was the female Cowpers and his relatives on the spindle side who ever had and held his affections.

One of the devices by which Cowper sought to keep at bay his spiritual terrors was the composition of Latin verse. If his lyrics and elegiacs do not quite come up to Etonian mark, they display a considerable command of Latin phraseology—the result of sound training in early days. In this art he could not have had a better instructor than the usher of the fifth form at Westminster at the time he was passing through it—Vincent, or as Cowper fondly styles him, “Vinny Bourne.” Bourne was more loved than honored by his pupils, who played him all kinds of pranks. “I remember,” says Cowper, “the Duke of Richmond setting fire to his greasy locks, and boxing his ears to put it out.” This irreverent nobleman would be son of the potentate entitled “King of the Whigs,” and brother of that Lady Sarah Lennox who narrowly missed being Queen of England, and who kneels sacrificing to the Graces on Reynold's canvas. Vincent Bourne was a common object of admiration to Charles Lamb and William Cowper, and his Latin Poems were edited by that ripe and good scholar, the late John Mitford, with as much care as if Bourne had sat at meat with Cæsar, instead of sitting at a desk in Westminster School. In his letters to Unwin, who educated his sons at home, and in his poem of *Tirocinium*, Cowper declares war against public schools. But there is no reason for supposing him to have been more unhappy at Westminster than the average of lads in whom a quiet spirit is linked to a feeble frame. That at times he was sad and disheartened we may well believe; he was constitutionally “hipped;” and like Gray and Horace Walpole, withdrew from the rude arena of the playground, to the company of a favorite friend or book. As it was a private school (Sion House, we believe it was named) and not Eton that drew from Shelley his anathema on the tyrants of our youth,

so it was the Academy of a Dr. Pittman, and not Westminster, that filled Cowper with terrors of memory and aversion to public education.

From Westminster School, Cowper was transferred to a solicitor's office, where he had for a fellow-clerk no less a person than Charles, afterwards Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Cowper's connections were such, that there was a sure prospect of his being well provided for in the legal profession; and he had given proof at Westminster of two of its essential qualifications—talents and diligence. He took chambers in the Middle Temple in 1752; in 1754 he was called to the bar; and in 1759 removed to the Inner Temple, and about the same time was nominated Commissioner of Bankrupts—an appointment which, however, seems not to have been filled up. This really is the most obscure and inexplicable period of Cowper's life. Here are just ten years to be accounted for, and hardly a record of them remains. That, as regards law, he was idle, we know by his own confession; that he looked back with regret upon this wasted period, we knew also from his letters. Writing to Samuel Rose in 1789, then a student of law, he says:—

“You do well, my dear sir, to improve your opportunity. To speak in rural phrase, this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you look for can never be yours unless you make that use of it. The color of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. Had I employed my time as wisely as you, in a situation very similar to yours, I had never been a poet perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society, and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. But three years misspent in an attorney's office were, almost of course, followed by several more misspent in the Temple, and the consequence has been as the Italian epitaph says, *sto qui, here I am!*”

There are many instances of clerks

“Foredoomed their fathers' souls to cross,  
Who pen a stanza when they should engross.”  
There is, to begin with Ovid at Rome, whose honored father upbraided him with neglect-



ing the solid meat of law, for the unsubstantial froth of versifying: there was Petrarch at Avignon, whose governor was equally vexed and chafed by his son's preference for Virgil to Justinian: there was Tasso, who would not deliver judgments because he chose to deliver Jerusalem. Then there is Gray, "never so angry as when he hears his acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery; as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up." But none of these precedents exactly meet Cowper's case. For all these persons aforesaid who kicked against the pricks of law, ostensibly and earnestly devoted themselves to literature. But it does not appear that Cowper, while he neglected the weightier matters of the law, pursued the light matters of poetry or learning, beyond occasionally contributing to periodicals like the *Connoisseur*, or to newspapers like the *St. James' Chronicle*. He informs us, indeed, that, following the example of Rowe, Congreve, and many other wits, he produced, while he lived in the Temple, several half-penny ballads on political subjects, "two or three of which had the honor to be popular;" and that he took a lively interest in contemporary affairs at that time, appears in a letter to Hill: "When poor Bob White brought in the news of Boscawen's success off the coast of Portugal, how did I leap for joy! When Hawke demolished Conflans, I was still more transported. But nothing could express my rapture when Wolfe made the conquest of Quebec."

We know how Gray's leisure was employed; we know that Petrarch's learning—for it was learning, not poetry—obtained for him the laurel crown in the capitol of Rome, a king recommending, a pope bestowing it; but we cannot discover how Cowper spent his ten or twelve legal years—certainly not in studying law, apparently not in pursuing literature, for neither his letters nor his poems betray more than an ordinary acquaintance with good authors; and a few contributions to newspapers, periodicals, and ballad singers, could not find employment for ten weeks in the ten years. He was a bad economist of his means; but there is no vestige of his having been a

gambler; and it is equally impossible to suppose that he drank, though to drink and game in those days would not have stamped a blot upon his scutcheon as a gentleman.

There is only one inference left, and that is, having enough to live on without exercising his wits, he dawdled away all this time. A shrewd observer of men and their ways has remarked that almost the greatest misfortune that could befall a man of any sense and with moderate health, was to be born to £500 a year. "For," argued this sage, "such a person is really poor, and yet not sufficiently so to feel the necessity of exerting himself." Cowper was one of these unfortunates; in his sowing time he had enough to make labor a matter of choice, and therefore he did not labor at all. He lost his time, and with it, also, most of his money. While Cowper was thus taking little or no thought for the morrow, a new star, or rather comet, blazed forth suddenly in the poetical firmament, and perplexed with fear of abuse many worthy persons. On a form or two above Cowper at Westminster, sat a big-boned lad, who, often in scrapes, was nevertheless beloved by Dr. Lloyd for his promising abilities and generous temper. The strong boy had taken the weak one under his protection, and Churchill was the champion of Cowper in many a Westminster fray, whether it were the civil war of the playground, or the internecine war with the *gamins* of the streets. Beyond any other contemporary, the author of the *Rosciad*, and *Gotham*, a satire, was destined to affect the author of the *Task*. Cowper preferred Dryden to Pope, and in Churchill he hailed another Dryden, and doubtless expected from him another *Absalom* and *Achitophel*. This early impression was never effaced; of the writings of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Mason and Gray, he seems to have known little; and he himself has told us that for years he had never read a line of verse more recent than the middle of the eighteenth century. Churchill accordingly retained in Cowper's middle-age the ascendant he had gained in his youth; and the master's praise is thus sung by the admiring pupil:—

"Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,  
In penury consumed his idle hours;  
And, like a scattered seed at random sown,  
Was left to spring by vigor of his own.



Lifted at length by dignity of thought  
 And dint of genius to an affluent lot,  
 He laid his head on luxury's soft lap,  
 And took, too often, there his easy nap.  
 If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,  
 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.  
 Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,  
 Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force;  
 Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,  
 Always at speed, and never drawing bit,  
 He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,  
 And so disdained the rules he understood;  
 The laurel seemed to wait on his command,  
 He snatched it rudely from the Muse's hand.

From Churchill, Cowper derived his *climamen* towards satires, as well perhaps as a certain carelessness in phrases and metre which, to ears accustomed to the careful cadences of Pope and Goldsmith, sounded dissonantly, and rendered his earlier poems less attractive. His blank verse, indeed, made amends for the defects of his heroic, and the *Task* bore its elder brethren triumphantly on its shoulders. But for satire, Cowper had many grave disqualifications. To be a first-rate satirist, a man should be a good hater, even such as Samuel Johnson approved and pronounced himself to be. But in order to be a good hater, one must have a particular spite, grudge, or pretty quarrel in hand against A or B, and not against persons or things in general. "Anger makes the verse," said the ancient satirist; and so great a master in anger is Juvenal, that we may be sure, though we knew little about his life and conversation, he had been, or what comes to the same thing, conceived himself to have been, an exceedingly ill-used gentleman. As little doubt is there that Canidia had jilted Horace, or that the upstart Mœnas, who kept his carriage and shook his purse, had offered some grievous affront to the freedman's son. Again, a certain habit of body, or an uncertain yearly income, is a good provocative to satire. Nothing sets a finer edge on the temper than a fair amount of personal deformity. Pope's dwarfish stature and uneven shoulders, Churchill's dark muzzle, and Byron's club-foot, were all and each excellent helps to their bitter verse. But although Cowper was often an ailing man and a poor, his ailments and his poverty were not of the right sort. The one enfeebled without irritating him; the other, if she occasionally knocked at the door, never actually entered his house. If Mrs. Unwin,

who was a complete housekeeper, put him wrong with her gravies and spices, Dr. Kerr, of Bedford, was always able to set him right. If his exchequer ran low, a ten-pound note was always slipped into his hand at the critical moment, and so such satirical verjuice as he had was cooled down and kept below boiling point. Personal objects of satire he can have had none, since he turned his back on London; and it may be doubtful whether he had any even when he dwelt in chambers in the Inner Temple. At Olney and Weston he had no dealings with mankind beyond the narrow circle of his friends. He neither inherited nor joined in any feuds of the day. In politics he was a Whig, liking Wilkes no better than he liked Lord North. Mr. Bull who dissented from the Church, was in his eyes as good a Christian as Mr. John Scott who subscribed to its articles; and being without literary predilections, he wrote indifferently for the *Monthly* and *Critical* reviews. He struck at vice and folly—and under one or other of those heads he reckoned country-dances, whist, and Handel's oratorios—as one that beats the air, but of a regular set-to with any concrete person there is no trace in his writings. He had occasion indeed to snub Mr. Newton for interfering with his intimacy with the Throckmortons, that sinewy divine being horrified at his companying with well-bred folks, who were papists to boot; and again, because his spiritual dictator waxed hot at Cowper's confiding to his friend Unwin and not to himself the revision of the *Task*. But his letters on each occasion hardly exceeded the soft answer which turneth away wrath; and we doubt if he had happened to own a foe, whether he could have tackled him in earnest. Let us, by way of illustration, compare the most strenuous passage in Cowper's satires with an average sample of Pope's venom.

The occasion of Cowper's satire was the disappointment of a reasonable hope. He had presented Colman and Thurlow with the first volume of his poems—that which opens with "Table-Talk," and closes with "John Gilpin." He thought that the words "William Cowper of the Inner Temple," on the title-page, would waken some agreeable reminiscences in their bosoms, some feelings that the friend whom they had lost was found. They had been the poet's associates at the



Nonsense Club and in the *Connoisseur*, and Thurlow had shared the hospitality of Uncle Ashley's house, giggling and making giggle with Cousins Harriet and Theodora. *Their* lives had been prosperous. Colman was a thriving author and theatrical patentee; Thurlow, literally as well as figuratively, was sitting on velvet, for he was then Lord High Chancellor of England, even as Cowper had predicted, when he foretold also, though not with equal truth, his own obscurity. *His* days had been clouded during the very prime of manhood by the most disastrous of maladies; and though the gloom had been partially dispersed, he was still sitting, and was doomed forever to sit, in the valley of the shadow of madness. He was poor; he was then unknown, severed from his kinsfolk, tended by strangers, a deer whom the herd swept by, a wreck on the world's shore which no one would pilot into haven. But at last had come a moment when the strong might lift up the weak—might give, if not substantial aid, yet at least a cup of cold water, a kindly word of recognition across the abyss of years. But neither Thurlow nor Colman held out a hand of greeting; amid the din of business or pleasure they had no ears for the still small voice of his verse. They never even thanked him for his book; and their silence—a breach of courtesy as well as of friendship—aroused in the author as much indignation as he was capable of feeling. For a far less offence the rapier of Pope or the bludgeon of Churchill had dealt “swashing blows.” Cowper indeed at first made such excuses for them as a man devises when he dreads the falling away of friends. But when month after month passed away, and he could no longer hope against hope, he poured forth a remonstrance which, though not intended for the public, he allowed to be circulated among his friends. Had he printed, he would probably have softened the verses; but as they stand, they afford the strongest sample of his anger, and after reading them we are tempted to ask with Iago, “Can he be angry?”

“Farewell, false hearts! whose best affections fail

Like shallow brooks which summer suns exhale;

Forgetful of the man whom once ye chose,  
Cold in his cause and careless of his woes:  
I bid you both a long and last adieu!  
Cold in my turn, and unconcerned like you.

“First, farewell Niger! whom, now duly proved,  
I disregard as much as I have loved.  
Your brain well furnished, and your tongue well taught

To press with energy your ardent thought,  
Your senatorial dignity of face,  
Sound sense, intrepid spirit, manly grace,  
Have raised you high as talents can ascend,  
Made you a peer, but spoilt you for a friend.  
Pretend to all that parts have e'er acquired,  
Be great, be feared, be envied, be admired,  
To fame as lasting as the earth pretend,  
But not hereafter to the name of friend.  
I sent you verse, and, as your lordship knows,  
Backed with a modest sheet of humble prose:  
Not to recall a promise to your mind,  
Fulfilled with ease, had you been so inclined,  
But to comply with feelings, and to give  
Proof of an old affection still alive.  
Your sullen silence serves at least to tell  
Your altered heart: and so, my lord, farewell!

“Next, busy actor on a meaner stage,  
Amusement-monger of a trifling age,  
Illustrious histrionic patentee,  
Terentius, once my friend, farewell to thee.  
In thee some virtuous qualities combine  
To fit thee for a nobler part than thine,  
Who, born a gentleman, has stooped too low  
To live by buskin, sock, and raree-show.  
Thy schoolfellow, and partner of thy plays  
When Nichol swung the birch and twined the bays,  
And having known thee bearded and full grown,  
The weekly censor of a laughing town,  
I thought the volume I presumed to send,  
Graced with the name of a long-absent friend,  
Might prove a welcome gift, and touch thine heart,  
Not hard by nature, in a feeling part.  
But thou, it seems (what cannot grandeur do,  
Though but a dream), art grown disdainful too;  
And strutting in thy school of Queens and Kings  
Who fret their hour, and are forgotten things,  
Hast caught the cold distemper of the day,  
And, like his lordship, cast thy friend away.”

Compared with Pope's invective on Sporus, Sappho, and Atticus, these lines, dignified and nervous as many of them are, sound like the South wind breathing over a bank of violets.

We have anticipated the display of Cowper's satiric vein by many years. A long and dreary interval elapsed between his early admiration of Churchill and his walking in Churchill's track. Meanwhile love, with its proverbial preference for rough to smooth water troubled the current of Cowper's life. Were it not for the lady's share in their common disappointment, we should not feel much interest in this love-tale. Gibbon broke off his engagement to Mademoiselle Curchod, Gibbon père not relishing for his daughter-



in-law the child of a poor Swiss clergyman, by a letter savoring more of filial piety and personal prudence than of passion, and visited her after she had become Madame Necker with an equanimity that proved him unscathed. Poets indeed have often been cool lovers, and not always devoted husbands. Their ardor expands itself on ideal Lauras and Beatrices, and is down to zero when it comes to Mary and Jane. Had William taken Theodora Cowper to wife, the pair might not have been ill-assorted. She was the stronger spirit of the two, but for that reason would have been the better suited to him who throughout life was dependent on others for his comfort and guidance. She would have tended on him with the patience of Mary Unwin, and sustained and cheered him with the tact and good spritis of Harriet Hesketh and Anne Austin. Cowper on the other hand, had in him many of the elements of domestic happiness. His wife might have had cause to complain of his want of ambition, of his variable spirits, of his inaptitude for the world's ways; but she would never have had reason to repine at his discontent with home, at his relish for the coarse pleasures of that time, or any "variableness or shadow of turning" in his affection. His vague notions of housekeeping—Cowper never had the knack of living within his income so long as he catered for himself—Theodora would have corrected.

But Uncle Ashley said "No," resolutely, on the pretext that the union of first cousins was unadvisable, but perhaps secretly moved to his decision by his nephew's recklessness for the morrow, his dallying instead of wrestling with the law, and his knowledge that there was a worm in the bud of his bodily and mental health. His daughter and his nephew acquiesced, *he* apparently retaining a tender recollection, *she* cherishing through a life protracted beyond that of her lover her passion for him. In his dark hours, and in their intervals, she was his secret benefactress; and once, when a rumor—it was a false one—reached her that Cowper was on the point of marriage with Mrs. Unwin, the fire which she suppressed broke forth for the last time.

Worse affliction was at the door. Ashley Cowper's apprehensions were realized, and not long after the last farewell had been uttered by the lovers, Cowper wrote the fol-

lowing lines. We forget as well as read so rapidly in the present day that we shall perhaps need no excuse for quoting occasionally even from the popular author of the *Task*:—

"Doomed as I am in solitude to waste  
The present moments, and regret the past :  
Deprived of every joy I valued most,  
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost,  
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,  
The dull effect of humor or of spleen.  
Still, still, I mourn, with each returning day,  
Him snatched by fate, in early youth away ;  
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,  
Fixed in her choice, and faithful—but in vain."

In Cowper's madness there were three principal epochs. His first seizure in the Temple, which, after an attempt at self-destruction, led to his being placed under the care of Dr. Cotton at St. Albans, and lasted about two years; his second attack at Olney, which was longer and more obstinate; and his third at Weston, which terminated only with his life. The first, assailing him in the prime of manhood, was the more violent of the three, and exhibited symptoms of mania; the two latter, operating on a frame enfeebled in the one case by illness and medical treatment, and in the other by age, displayed all the tokens of moping melancholy.

From the first, although there was a lucid interval of nearly six years, his recovery was doubtful. He passed indeed from a state of depression and despair to one of religious enthusiasm, and reverted to this period in after days as the only green spot in the waste of his life. But if the few letters written by Cowper at this period be compared with the letters written by him after his second recovery, a striking difference between them will be perceived. In the former he avoids or hurries over every circumstance and incident not directly connected with his religious exaltation, forms and announces to his correspondents his resolve to retire from the world, displays little or none of his natural humor, ignores literature, believes every moment not devoted to prayer or serious reading mispent, and coldly rejects the solicitations of his friends and relatives, as often as they invite him, to resume his place among them.

We shall not repeat the oft-told tale of the commencement and confirmation of his friendship with the Unwin family. Their praises are recorded wherever Cowper's name is held in reverence. But we cannot pass over in silence his intercourse with John



Newton, for Newton, though a good, and in some respects a most remarkable man, was a most dangerous temporal and spiritual adviser for Cowper and many others at the time.

"I believe," says Newton, in a letter to his beneficent friend Thornton, "my name is up about the country for preaching people mad. I suppose we have near a dozen in different degrees disordered in their heads, and most of them, I believe, truly gracious people."

In Cowper's case there can be little doubt that Newton's injudicious treatment, precipitated, if it did not actually produce, the second accession of madness. The probability of this belief is confirmed by the statement of Lady Hesketh.

"Mr. Newton," she wrote several years afterwards to her sister Theodora, "is an excellent man, I make no doubt, and to a strong-minded man like himself might have been of great use; but to such a mind, such a tender mind, and to such a wounded yet lively imagination as our cousin's, I am persuaded that eternal praying and preaching were too much. Nor could it, I think, be otherwise. One only proof of this I will give you, which our cousin mentioned a few days ago in casual conversation. He was mentioning that for one or two summers he had found himself under the necessity of taking his walk in the middle of the day, which he thought had hurt him a good deal; but (continued he) I could not help it, for it was when Mr. Newton was here, and we made it a rule to pass four days in the week together. We dined at one; and it was Mr. Newton's rule for tea to be on table at four o'clock, for at six we broke up. Well then (said I) if you had your time to yourself after six, you would have good time for an evening's walk, I should have thought. 'No,' said he, 'after six we had service or lecture, or something of that kind, which lasted till supper.'"

Nor was this all. At the Temple, Cowper had divided his time between literature, the society of cheerful and intelligent persons—Colman, Lloyd, Bonnel Thornton, Thurlow, and others—and the lively and loving domestic circle at his Uncle Ashley's. At Huntingdon he had picked up a few oddities, who amused him; established himself with the Unwins, who soon regarded him as a son and a brother; and enjoyed weekly visits from his brother John, a fellow of Bennet College, Cambridge—

"A man of worth,  
A man of letters and of manners too."

And this was wholesome society for one who was naturally cheerful though not strong of spirit. But after his removal to Olney, all that had soothed and gladdened his life was overcast. The young Unwins married and went to other homes; Mrs. Unwin was a widow; and the sudden death of her husband had disposed her to unwonted gloom and austerity. She chose Olney for her residence because Mr. Newton lived there; and the place needed not his stern and "crazing" ministration to render it a depressing abode. The town was (and is) mean and ugly; its population most ignorant and poor; the country around it a swamp for six months in the year; and if the scenery differed from the flats of Holland, it differed for the worse, inasmuch as it lacked the bright-looking mills and homesteads that relieve the eye with the prospect of comfort and industry. Even in such a prison-house the quiet soul of Cowper might have found a resting-place, had he not been bound, so long as he was sane, by the laws of a hard taskmaster. Newton's doors were open to no guests but such as were like-minded with himself, men to whom the world was Satan's proper demesne, who regarded literature and the arts as Satan's nets for ensnaring souls, and the graces and gifts of society—such as Cowper had enjoyed in London—as things calling for repentance, as idle words to be accounted for. One species of literature, indeed, the curate of Olney encouraged—the composition of hymns; and some of Cowper's best lyrical effusions were of this kind. But although a few of Cowper's "Olney Hymns" breathe a spirit of hope and assurance, the greater number of them is tinged either with doctrines or sentiments of despair. From hopeful strains he speedily passed to such utterances as the following:

"My former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead,  
In trespasses and sins.

"Ah! whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar,  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door."

Such were his relaxations. What was Cowper's work? "Newton," we are told by Cecil, "used to consider him as a sort of curate, and set him to visit the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish." Rosalind's prescription to walk the hospitals and



divert the patients, may have been wholesome for the mocking Lord Biron; but she would have set the melancholy Cowper a very different task. Mr. Newton treated his patient with the discretion of Dr. Sangrado. Cowper, whose diffidence was insurmountable, was required to expound the Scriptures at prayer-meetings, to pray by the sick-bed of the poorest cottager, to guide the devotions of some miserable being who sought to atone for an ill-spent life by a momentary repentance. That under such a regimen he relapsed, is less surprising than that he should have recovered. Three years of almost silent despair were the result of this spiritual bondage.

The opinion which at one time found favor with many people, that religion was the cause of Cowper's insanity, has long been refuted by facts and dates in face of which there is no room for opinion. He was mad at fourteen; he was mad at twenty-five, when the application of a quack medicine drove an eruption on his face into his system; he was mad while Newton was buying slaves on the Gambia and selling them at Kingston in Jamaica. But whether Mr. Newton was the person to deal wisely with such a case as Cowper's, is another question, which has perhaps been now sufficiently answered.

We cannot, however, part on ill terms with John Newton. Reverence, if not liking, is due to him. He had been trained in a hard school, having been captain of a Liverpool slave ship; he had quitted that occupation from aversion, not so much to buying and selling black men, as to the profane life and conversation of the white men among whom his lot had been cast. He became one of the most active of the Low Church clergy of that day. He was a Calvinist of the strictest sort. He breathed out threatenings and slaughter against all who presumed to think there could be safety out of the Geneva pale. He was a John Knox transplanted into the eighteenth century, but void of the learning, the humor, and occasional generosity of the Scotch Boanerges. He was a converting engine; hammering and driving the wedges of predestination into the hard heads of the Bedfordshire peasantry. He was an earnest, fearless, self-sacrificing, and self-deluding man, neither resting himself, nor suffering any within his reach to rest. His bow was always bent, his sword

always whetted; a thousand years earlier he would have been a Dunstan or a Dominic; in his own days he crushed the humble, though he sometimes quelled the proud.

Over Cowper's third and last season of tribulation we draw the veil. He could not a third time wrestle against, as he himself happily termed it, "the foe in the citadel;" for "*non eadem erat nec mens, nec ætas*," he was an old man in years, and an older in sorrows. Amid the real terrors of Tasso's prison, amid the imaginary ones of Dante's vision, no one is more appalling than a dream which Cowper describes to his confidant, Teedon—parcel fool, parcel knave, whom the poet fancied a "truly gracious person:"—

"I was visited by a horrible dream, in which I seemed to be taking a final leave of my dwelling, and of every object with which I had been familiar, on the evening before my execution. I felt the tenderest regret at the separation, and looked for something durable to carry away with me as a memorial. The iron hasp of the garden door presenting itself, I was on the point of taking it away, but reflecting that the heat of the fire in which I was going to be tormented would fuse the metal, and that it would therefore only serve to increase my insupportable misery, I left it. I then awoke to all the terror with which the reality of such circumstances would fill me."

The melancholy of Cowper is contained in no one of the species enumerated by Jaques, for it sprang neither from exhausted passion nor over-active imagination: neither had it anything in common, as Sir Egerton Brydges has observed, with the profound contemplativeness of Browne, or with the curious fancy of Burton. It was merely physical disease; it depressed without stimulating his mental powers; it was an *incubus*, which, when shaken off, left him a tranquil and even a cheerful man. He could write *John Gilpin* in one night, though he had retired in sadness to rest: his disorder rarely visited him while he was composing the *Task* of translating Homer; and if it returned to him when he undertook to edit Milton, it was, in some measure, because he felt his own exceeding unfitness for the work. In his Letters, even more than in his Poems, we find the real Cowper, and therefore we will devote the remainder of our narrowing limits to his correspondence.

Southey, in his admirable biography of



Cowper, somewhat roundly pronounces him to be the best of English letter-writers. The acceptation of the superlative epithet will, in this case, depend in some measure upon the tastes and habits of those who read Cowper's Correspondence.

Those who relish vivid off-hand pictures of foreign scenes and manners will doubtless give the preference to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters: they who like to see the wires that move the political mechanism of the time, to have the gossip of clubs and coteries neatly served up with spice and sauces, will set Horace Walpole foremost: and a third class may have more sympathy with the delicate humor and grateful sentiment of Gray. Southey's predilection for Cowper's Letters may have arisen from the circumstance that he, too, for many months in each year, and for many years of his life, lived apart from the world, and heard few voices except those of his own family circle. The gorgeous panorama of mountain and lake that daily greeted Southey's eyes from his library window, was very different from the tame and melancholy scenery which Cowper for so many years beheld at Olney; and the letters which Southey was constantly receiving were much more full of the world and its doings than were Cowper's missives from Unwin, Newton, and Mrs. King. Yet with every allowance for a bias on his biographer's part, Cowper may be securely pronounced to be one of the best of English letter-writers. His language is always easy, racy, and idiomatic. He never dreamt of any one but his correspondents reading his letters, and so he wrote them without reserve. He thought not of style, and therefore he wrote naturally. His powers of observation and description were of a high order. His sentiments, unless when tinged by religious gloom, are noble and generous; and he possessed, even in his dark hours, an inexhaustible fund of subtle and genial humor, which occasionally amounted even to *fun*. Much of Cowper's reputation as a poet was founded upon the grace and felicity of his occasional verses, and consequently, some of that reputation has passed away with the occasion. But this defect in his verse does not apply to his epistolary prose; on the contrary, the more his letters record the daily habits of his life, the more agreeable they are to the reader. And it is really marvel-

lous how much he found to record in his sequestered and unvaried existence at Olney. That town, the most northerly in Buckinghamshire, consisted, in 1767, of one long street, the houses built of stone, but the far greater number thatched; the church large and remarkable for its lofty spire. A great proportion of the inhabitants were miserably poor: and lace-making, a sedentary and unwholesome employment, was the staple business of the place. Society Cowper had none, unless Lady Austin, or his cousin, Harriet Hesketh, came down thither for the summer, or when, some years after his residence in Olney Market, he acquired the friendship of "Maria and Catherina" at Weston Hall. Mrs. Unwin is said to have been a well-read woman; but we suspect that her virtues were more conspicuous in the sick-room and the kitchen than in the parlor, and that her literary tastes were bounded by a narrow verge of Calvinistic authors to whom the Graces and the Muses were equally strangers. Books, again, Cowper for many years had absolutely none. He had parted with a valuable library when he gave up his chambers in the Temple, and never replaced it. Joseph Hill, indeed, sent him fish, and Mrs. King fine linen for the neck; but he was obliged to borrow a Latin dictionary of Unwin, when able to resume his early studies, having only at the time on his shelves a solitary *Virgil*. "I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros." To be an entertaining correspondent with such a "beggarly account of empty boxes," demanded and displayed no ordinary stock of invention and well-remembered knowledge. That he remembered so much, is an indirect proof that his idleness in London pertained to law rather than literature. That he remarked and delineated so well the trivial objects around him, is direct proof that although his mind on one subject was diseased, on all other topics it retained its native forces and alacrity.

Perhaps already a writer of letters is a sort of fossil curiosity—that is, provided always the writer be of the masculine gender. Rowland Hill and his inventions have nearly made him an extinct species. We are become a pigmy people in this respect. We write on duodecimo in place of quarto-paper; we commit messages, not epistles, to the post; and we send the county newspaper to a friend if we wish him to learn the occur-



rences in our town or village. But it was not so in Cowper's days. Letter-writing was then among the duties or the pleasures of life. People wrote to a friend whom they had not seen for a score of years, and perhaps were likely never to see in this world, to tell him what they had for dinner, who revoked at whist, how the last pipe of particular old port turned out, how the crops looked, how a second cousin was blessed with a thirteenth child, or how the whole family, servants, horses, and all, had been bled and physicked, as usual, at Michaelmas time. Now all this glory has passed away; and among other arts, that of filling, folding, and sealing a letter so that it may not look like a missive from John the footman, or Margery the cook, is nearly lost. A letter not *scripta à tergo*, not stretching over three sides of Bath post to the very margin of the seal, unless it came from some curt lawyer, advising you of his having commenced an action against you, was accounted an injury. The ninepence or shilling which such disappointing brevities cost was compensated for by putting the household on short allowance of ale or butter for a week. The only excuse for writing concisely was an announcement that you were appointed a judge or a bishop, or that a long-looked-for apoplexy had carried off a rich aunt. Cowper stands nearly the liminary column of this species of composition. Wordsworth wrote but few letters, and those only on some stirring theme of politics or poetry. Shelley's letters breathe all the fervor and all the grace of his pardlike spirit; but, like so much of his verse are too ethereal for general taste. Southey wrote with a zeal worthy of the past, but his letters are mostly occupied with his own writings *in esse* or *in posse*; and when they enter on general topics, read like embryo articles for the next *Quarterly*. Coleridge's humor in correspondence is elephantine, and his wisdom the wisdom of the *Friend* and the *Morning Post*. Byron and Scott, living more than their contemporaries in the world wrote with more pith and animation; but the correspondence of neither is comparable to Cowper's for purity of diction, liveliness of manner, or even fertility in subjects. Cowper may thus be accounted the Omega of a class of literature which, since the days of Pope and Swift, has afforded so much entertainment, and so many helps

and side-lights to the history of the English people.

The most frequent topic in Cowper's correspondence, after the publication of the *Task*, is his translation of *Homer*. Of his original compositions he writes with a good deal of shy apprehension, and only to his more intimate friends. But when he took *Homer* in hand, either bashfulness had given way before literary fame, or the poet had found, in his own opinion, the true vocation of his pen. It was a delusion, but there was specious ground for it. Cowper in a letter to Unwin describes his book-knowledge as merely his schoolboy lessons extended or continued. And his description is correct. His acquaintance with English history was derived from *Baker's Chronicle* and Mrs. Macauley's volumes: with foreign history, from Abbé Raynal's work on the East and West Indies. His other gleanings in this field were made in the *Monthly Review*. Such science as he possessed, and he knew enough to denounce geology as anti-Christian, came from Baker *On the Microscope*. The foundations, however, of his slender stock of lore were laid solidly enough on the classical basis of the writers in use at Westminster School. Among these so far as regards Greek literature, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* towered like Teneriffe and Atlas. In those days it was not the fashion to imbue the youthful mind with the stories and emotions embodied in the Greek drama, nor to lead them very far into the scarcely less stirring pages of the Greek orators. Homer accordingly was the be-all and end-all of Cowper's Greek. He had read him again and again in youth, and it became the ambition of his age to present the prince of poets in Miltonic garb to his countrymen.

There was a spice of emulation in this undertaking. Cowper thought that Pope predominated too much in English poetry, and endeavored in his own rhymes to restore the manlier cadences of Dryden. Now, of all Pope's writings, his version of the *Iliad* was the one by which he most powerfully affected the poetry of his own day, and of the next two or three generations. The affair was altogether such a brilliant one! The spirit, if not of the *Iliad*, yet of the tale of Troy, was so well sustained, from the first twang of Apollo's bowstring to the valediction pronounced over Hector's corpse



—the brave old Greek was made to speak so entirely in the strain of a modern gallant—that the public had come to regard him as no ancient at all, but as a well-bred gentleman, nearly as palpable to sight as the author of *The Campaign*, *The Chase*, or the *Splendid Shilling*. Now, Cowper knew enough of Homer in particular, and of the simplicity of Greek poetry in general, to see that Homer in Pope's version was Homer in masquerade, and in spite of his handsome dress and epigrammatic sprightliness no more resembled the old Ionian minstrel, than the Duke of Marlborough resembled Achilles, or Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Ulysses. To Homer, as transfigured by Pope, he said, "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" But he did not see that his own representation of him was nearly as faulty as Pope's. The elder translator had put the bard into a suit of clothes as fine as those of Beau Clincher in the *Trip to the Jubilee*; the more modern one strips off his finery as remorselessly as Jack and Martin stripped the gold lace off their old coats. But what was the result? Homer came for thin drab and broad beaver? a very decorous, peaceable, and prosy personage, sober as became his years, but with as little of the divine *afflatus* as might be.

"From what you tell me of Homer," said a New Englander, "I should like to read him; I should say he was a go-ahead party." The remark if vernacular, is nevertheless just. Homer "goes ahead" uncommonly fast. According to the received computation, it is now more than two thousand eight hundred years since he wrote, or, not to beg the question, strolled about and sang—and although a good deal of poetry has been written in the interim, yet only two men in all this time have equalled Homer in describing battles between man and man, or between man and beast. Only two men—and they are Shakespeare and Scott—have had the gift to make us feel as if we, albeit sitting at our ease, are in the presence of a charging host, under the walls of a beleaguered town, that we hear in the noon of night the challenge and the tramp of the sentinels, behold the camp-fires reddening beneath the moon, hear the neighing of the picketted steeds, the baying of the watch-dogs, the crashing of the forest, the plunging of the lion or the boar, and all the tumult and hair-breadth 'scapes

of the warrior's or the hunter's life. Now it is scarcely necessary to say that neither Pope nor Cowper were the men for this sort of work. Pope shivered at every breeze, rarely mounted a horse, never beheld a camp, unless it were on Hounslow Heath, or a lion or a boar except in a caravan. Cowper, although more robust and active than Pope in his habits, was, like him, also averse from field sports, had never seen more of war or its image than a review of the Guards in Hyde-park, or the Honorable Artillery Company in Bunhill-fields would show him, and sighed for a lodge in a wilderness, where war and rumors of it might never reach him. Perhaps if Mr. Tennyson would condescend to "revise and retouch" Chapman's version of the Homeric poems, prune its excrescences, plane down its rough places, but retain its vigorous and harmonious passages, England might vie with Germany in a vernacular Homer.

Of Cowper as an original poet, we have left ourselves little room to speak. He is an English classic, and will remain so; but we suspect that already, like many other classical writers, he is more praised than read. He was succeeded by two generations of poets mightier than himself; his satires would probably now be forgotten, like the more powerful satires of Young, were they not borne up now, as they were formerly brought into notice, by the merits of the *Task*; while of his minor poems, two-thirds were written for the occasion, and derive their present interest entirely from their author. He is often, both in lyrical and heroic measure, a very slovenly workman; his themes are often trivial; his philosophy that of the tea-table; his knowledge of the world and books such as would make a village oracle, or suffice for a course of sermons. No poet of his rank has dealt more liberally in platitudes, social, moral, or political; no one is less endurable when he touches in verse on the capital interests of mankind. In Wordsworth the reader has a guide, philosopher, and friend; in Cowper only an agreeable companion, with whom we may converse, or nod, if we list.

For the defective interest of so many of his minor poems, the author himself is scarcely to blame. He wrote them for the pleasure or consolation of the recipients, and not for the public. It may be urged



that no few of Wordsworth's shorter pieces would better have been suppressed; but in this case the poet who selected and classified the offspring of his fancy, is alone responsible. But successive editors observed that the public, apparently, could not have too much of either Cowper's rhymes or letters, and consequently perpetuated, so far as printing perpetuates, verses of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed, and letters which Jones might have indited to Brown and Robinson.

To what cause, then, shall we ascribe the immediate popularity and the permanent reputation of William Cowper? We already answered this question in part when we said that the evangelical world needed a poet, and that the verses and letters taken together compose an interesting autobiography. A third cause of the position which he attained in his own day, and partially retains now, is that he embodied in agreeable forms scenes which are realized by every one, and reflections which occur to persons who have no imagination, and but slender powers of thought. Cowper is one of the least exacting of writers. His fancy does not move in wide gyrations; his lessons may be read as one runs. His style, clear, easy, even vernacular, presents no difficulties. He paints the familiar; he suggests or brings to mind the obvious. Does our commendation of him rest here? Were this all that could be said in behalf of Cowper, it would be waste of time to descant on his merits. He would then be Dr. Watts intensified, or at best a tamed and civilized Churchill. His well-earned position in literature rests on other grounds.

1st. Without formally entering the lists, as Wordsworth did, against the Duessa of poetic diction, Cowper contributed materially to its purgation. From his own better compositions he discarded epigram, antithesis, and such phraseology as, if written in prose, would at once be pronounced nonsense, and which, when employed in verse, rendered "poetry a mere mechanic art," less difficult, perhaps, and certainly much less useful, than the arts of the tailor and shoemaker. He saw clearly, or he felt instinctively, that under the most superb and composite styles of poetry—a *Faery Queen* or a *Paradise Lost*—there was a firm basis of good sense which was wanting in the current

poetry of his own day; that to establish one idiom for verse and another for prose, was to impoverish the one and not to enrich the other, but was, in fact, a return to the vices of the later schools of Greek and Roman poetry: that of Callimachus and Quintus Smyrnæus, on the one hand, that of Silius and Ausonius on the other. Compared with the bombastic feebleness of Hayley or Darwin the simplicity of Cowper is the simplicity of Homer or Hesiod. To pass from the *Botanic Garden* and the *Triumphs of Temper* to the *Task*, is like passing from the tainted atmosphere of a theatre to the fresh and invigorating air of Salisbury Plain.

2ndly. From the date of the Restoration scarcely any poet, except Thomson, and he not always, studied nature faithfully or patiently. The spectacles of art were always put on whensoever poets found it convenient to describe natural objects. A peculiar technology was thought necessary for such descriptions. A plain was a "champaign:" woods were always "verdant:" streams always "purred:" mountains "soared or nodded:" trees "quivered in the breeze:" gardens were "parterres:" harvests were always "golden," and rivers always "silvery." There was often an unmistakable air of condescension in noticing nature—we beg pardon, "Dame Nature"—at all. Forest, ocean, rocks, and valleys were regarded merely as decent ornaments and appendages of verse, and admissible into it when they were properly decked and trimmed by the poetic upholsterer. Cowper was taken to task by the Monthly reviewers for alluding to manure, although he prudently described it as a "stercoraceous heap;" and the Critical reviewers came down upon him for lowering verse by mentioning a "greenhouse." Then he was scandalously inattentive to propriety in regard of his shepherds, woodmen, and peasants. Thomson had the grace to name his gleaner Lavinia, and his bathing nymph Musidora; whereas Cowper talks of crazy Kate, and not of Phyllis; and has not a Thyrsis or a Daphne in any one of his rural scenes. We can hardly estimate our deliverance from bondage to Arcadia, unless we turn to such collections of verse as Dodsley's or Pearch's. We cannot recommend our readers to search for themselves; yet should any of them be so disposed, it may



save them time and trouble, if we refer them to the Hon. George Lord Lyttelton's *Pastoral Eclogues*. Should these not suffice, we recommend further trial in any one of the twelve volumes of that poetic cemetery.

To Cowper, then, we are indebted for a return to simple language and to faithful descriptions of common objects: for true representations of humble life, not as it was conventionally disguised in unreal Arcadia, but as it appeared in his daily walks among the flats of Bedfordshire. To him we also owe the extension of the poetic circle to subjects which his predecessors had overlooked or considered as too trivial for their art. He has added new charms to the substantial comforts of the tea-table, the newspaper, the daily post-bag, the garden, the greenhouse, and the poultry-yard. He is the poet of home. Perhaps the solitude and similarity of his life, "malignant as they were to him

in some aspects," contributed to render this his peculiar province, opened to him and to the world "fresh woods and pastures new." For describing nature, indeed, on the grand scale of Wordsworth, he had no opportunities. He had beheld her in no one of her sublime or luxuriant forms. He had never travelled much at home: he had never crossed the Channel. The loftiest hill he ever looked on was Beachy Head. He had never seen a river broader than the Thames at Richmond; or a forest more extensive than the New Forest. He has been eclipsed by two opponents—the revival of a taste, or at least a talk, about Elizabethan literature; and the more formidable presence of the literature of the present century and the present generation. He may not henceforward be much read, but his name has the patent of perpetuity, even though it be no more than *Magni nominis umbra*. W. B. D.

**THE KING AND THE POTTER.**—In 1588, Henry III., then King of France, finding he could no longer withstand the clamor for Palissy's execution, and reluctant to sacrifice the old potter, whom he had known and respected from his boyhood, visited him in prison. "My poor Master Bernard," said the king, "I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you. They must be burnt to-morrow: and you, too, if you will not be converted." "Sire," replied the fearless old man, "you have often said that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you: who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay!" Not many months afterwards, the two fair girls were led to the stake, singing praises to God, as they received their crowns of martyrdom. A year later, in 1589, in his eighty-first year, Bernard Palissy, the potter, died in the Bastile.—*The Art of Doing our Best*.

#### A FAIR RETORT.

QUOTH Giles from the Dock to my Lord on the Bench,  
Who with poaching offences was twitting him;  
"If us poachers do live by the znaring o' hares,  
Zure you lawyers do live by the splitten 'em."  
THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 817

#### POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

*Respectfully dedicated to all true Americans.*

BY THE SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ONE grain of sense is worth a pound of bluster.

There is moderation in all things. Do not feed the boiler until you make it burst.

The head of Folly is generally crowned with a Mob-cap.

A nation saved from going to war is a nation preserved from ruin.

The vessel of a State was never yet kept afloat by a number of windbags.

A quarrel is like debt—much easier rushed into than got out of.

If two bedfellows are both determined to sleep in the middle of the bed, it is pretty clear there will soon be a falling out between them.

One falsehood entails several. As you make your bed with equivocations and deceits, so you must lie in it.

A pair of compasses, divided against itself, is good for naught.

Brag is a trumpet that's very loud before going into battle, but rarely heard in beating the retreat.

#### EPITAPH UPON A CAT

So rare her virtues, it were shabby  
Not to lament my faithful tabby:  
She lived as pure as any roach,  
She died "*sans Purr, et sans reproche!*"



From The Ladies' Companion.  
MY FIRST PORTRAIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PHOTOGRAPHER'S  
STORY."

PEOPLE who go out of the beaten road, wandering away to right or left, up any of the pleasant by-paths, are sure to be looked upon as lost by those relations and friends who, stiff-necked, can see no thoroughfare save that where the crowd jostles and the dust rises. Probably friends and relations are in the right. A good man, as a good dog, should follow at the heels of something that precedes it. That is the height of its best breeding. It is only your cur who leaps the hedge and takes to the lanes. Nevertheless, for curs, there are loadstone mountains at the end of these lanes, which they cannot resist. The well-conditioned dogs do not feel the power of the magnet: the attraction for them is to the heels of the well-conditioned dogs preceding. The well-conditioned are the wisest.

I have gained little money and little fame by taking to the by-path. My uncle was senior partner in a large linen-draper's establishment. The linen-draper's business was the line of life cleared before me. Whether from the designs of the prints in stock,—I think not, however; there was little in them to seduce in those days,—or whether from the elegant attitudes of the young men in attendance behind the counters,—I think not: I think disgust of them, above all, drove me into the by-path,—I, early in life, became passionately fond of drawing. This taste was encouraged in me while a boy. My cleverness in that way was paraded, and the taste fostered. When I produced a portrait of my little sister, true and yet untrue,—true in giving an abstraction of her, untrue in that every detail of the face was wrong; for I did not know how to draw,—when I produced this, my uncle gave me half a crown. I have this early sketch by me still,—as I have the finished painting, the story of which I tell here,—and I wonder that the obtuse men who praised it could see in it any faintest likeness to the original. It represented the notion of my sister which I had in my own mind—a possibility such as she might have been, but certainly was not. My sister ran away with a becurled counter-jumper. The sketch which I retain, ill-drawn as it is—Well, it could not have done that.

When I grew beyond the boy, and was just beginning to feel the weight and dignity of the talent entrusted to me, then I was told that I must put away this childish thing, and take to the linen-draper's manner of life. I feel again, as I recall that time, an ache of the cruel pain that I felt then. I have been stricken by no such sore wound in all my life since; the grief and the shame, and the uncertainty as to whether the talent which had come to be my sole aim might not be, after all, the mere childish pastime which they called it!

However, I need not dilate on this early struggle. Through strenuous opposition I became an artist: I took to the lane. Stones were thrown after me according to the desert of a cur. Still I met with friends. A local artist saw my sketches and took me by the hand: then I got to London, and found the kindest of friends in a great painter there. I became a student in the Academy; I went to Italy for three-quarters of a year; finally, I set up as an artist in a tiny studio, in a quiet street not far from Rathbone Place, where the color-sellers dwell. It is of an incident of my early days there that I now write.

Having taken to that by-path of the artist-profession, I was acknowledged by my friends, and belabored with their advice. The only part of the artist-profession which paid was portraiture. It was not so lucrative a trade as linen-draper's, but still portrait-painting might be made to pay. To this I must apply myself: all else was child's-play. Everything *is* child's-play which does not bring in so much money for so much work done.

I kicked against the notion of portrait-painting. Had I not my grand ideas to work out? The transformation of Medusa, the golden hair changing into serpents, the divine beauty into fatal horror? Isabella, from "Measure for Measure," in the fury of her chaste rage? Vulcan the strong, stricken with the weakness of a helpless jealousy? Virginia with the first blush called up by lewd eyes on her child-face? Peter weeping bitterly? The Christ in his garden agony? I kicked against the notion of portrait-painting.

While I yet resisted my fate, my first commission for a portrait came to me. The sketch of my Medusa was on the easel. I had been at work at it that morning, and had hit upon the indefinable expression of



face of which I had dreamed for so long. The face changed as you looked at it; it was all beauty; it was all a chaos; it was all horror; the golden hair glistened into snakes; the warm, loving light of the eyes died in the cold magical fascination; the sweet lips stiffened into fear, into pain, into death, into a devilish resuscitation. I was in the hour of my triumph, gulping down tears—for I did shed tears, as I think impressionable people mostly do in such moments.

Just at this time a carriage drove up to the door of the house where I lodged; I had heard it rumbling up the quiet street. The cessation of sound startled me from my reverie, and brought to an end my hurried paces to and fro. A lady was descending from the carriage as I looked out. I had no suspicion that she came to visit me. I had not yet entered upon portrait-painting, and my studio was visited by few people save brother-artists.

The small maid-of-all-work flung open my door, forgetting to knock in her trepidation.

"Please, sir, a lady wants to see you."

The lady had been left upon the stairs, but before I had time to answer she had entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Mazarine," she said.

"I wish to speak with you professionally."

The door was closed, and the servant had gone. I was busy in clearing a chair for the lady to sit down.

"I would rather walk up and down," she said! "I can speak more easily so. You paint portraits?"

Here she stopped suddenly opposite my easel, and I remained silent, while for a full minute she stood gazing on my "Medusa."

"What a ghastly face!" she cried. "What is the subject?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "you have imagination, I see. I don't care for the subject of the picture. You never saw that face, never could have seen it; and yet it is true. I recognize a truth in it. I interpret it according to my own fancy; so would every one else. It has a thousand meanings; but the secret of it is just this, that there is a real touch of humanity in it."

The lady spoke in a rambling manner as she walked restlessly to and fro. Her accent was slightly foreign, though she spoke very quickly, as people seldom speak a language not their own. Her thoughts seemed

pre-occupied. She appeared as if she were accustomed to talk fluently while thinking of other things. She gesticulated with her hands, and her features had a wonderful mobility, while her eyes remained dreamy and vague. She was tall and slim, and straight as an arrow; elastic, and full of exquisite life to her finger-tips. The blood came and went in her face; her footfall had changeful intonations like a voice; her black hair stirred and waved as she moved; her beautiful hands (she carried her gloves in, not on them)—thin, fine, long—were more expressive in their undulations and expansions and contractions than most people's faces. I never saw any person to whom the body was so little an encumbrance. It seemed merely the expression of the life-principle. She gave one an idea of nudity—I mean that she did not strike one with that intolerable obtrusion of being dressed and hidden and fettered and tortured, by which one is instantly stricken on sight of all other persons. Dress, whether of stolid flesh, or cumbrous drapery, fell away from her, and left her disfogged!

"You have imagination," she said; "have you the mastery of it? Can you give it rein, and at the same time keep it well in hand?"

I stammered and blundered in answer. I felt a very secondary person in my own studio. Brought down suddenly from my empyrean, my abstract Medusa faced and outfaced by this exquisite vision of life, I was bewildered and confused. This woman, with her perfection of nature, made me feel no longer a genius, but a slave.

"You paint portraits?" she asked again, pacing up and down.

"No," I said; "I am *not* a portrait-painter. My aims in art are higher and better."

She gave a swift glance round the room. On the walls, on easels, on chairs, leaning against the wainscot, or tumbling from portfolios, were my sketches.

A motion of her hand asked me "What are these?"

"Not a single portrait," I answered.

"*All* portraits," she exclaimed with an emphasis of the foot "*every one*."

She pointed to a Virginia; to a Miranda, dreaming of Ferdinand; to a Marguerite, devil-tempted in the church; to an Angelo, his cold blood hissing into burning lust; to



a Leontes, stung by jealousy ; to an Œdipus, looking his last upon the light of day.

As I explained, she said of each one, "A portrait."

I had never before observed a peculiarity—I suppose an imperfection—of my artist-talent. All of these sketches consisted of one figure only. I had not the power then, I have not the power now, of painting a dramatic scene. I should never have thought of painting the lewd eyes of Appius in the same picture with the blush on Virginia's face. Appius might have been a separate study ; but the two passions, even though they thus came together as immediate cause and effect, I could not have painted upon the same canvas. I honestly confess that I approve of my own practice. An ordinary picture is to me but a collection of incongruous figures. The passion of one creature is enough to fill the whole soul of an artist while he bodies it forth. Having perfected the one figure, when he passes on to others the tone of his mind has changed—he paints in a different key. Even the sight of the complete figure, the knowledge that face is separated from face by only the space of a few inches, that drapery crosses and contrasts with drapery—this knowledge would utterly prevent me from concentrating my powers on the new passion and the new figure. The crimson of Virginia's face would tame down the bestial fire in the eyes of Appius.

In the concentration of thought entirely on one passion and one face, each picture of mine was, in a sense, a portrait. As the lady said, pointing to one after another, "A portrait—a portrait," this peculiarity struck me forcibly for the first time.

"I want you to paint a portrait for me," she went on, as she resumed her paces and fro.

I was silent. The temptation was great. To have painted this glorious woman would have created a new era in my art-life.

"You must devote yourself to your work," she continued. "You shall name your own price—a hundred guineas, five hundred guineas, what you like. But until the portrait is complete you must put your hand to nothing else."

"I do not want money for such work," I answered ; and I spoke from the heart, and not impudently ; as an artist, not as a young

man. "I would give you money to let me paint you, if I had money."

"My poor boy !" she said, with a beautiful compassion for my enthusiasm. "It is not my own face that I want painted. It is the face of a dead man."

In my surprise I was silent for a time. Then I said, earnestly, "I will do what you tell me ; I would do anything for you."

"A dead man—a dead man—a dead man," she repeated to herself as she went to and fro.

"I am to paint," I asked, hesitatingly—"I am to paint from the—the corpse ?"

"No," she answered. "Buried long ago, and lying hundreds of miles from here."

Again surprise made me silent.

"You have a likeness of him—some miniature or chalk sketch, or—"

"None," she cried. "Why should I come to you, if I had a portrait of him already ?"

After a long pause of consternation, I said : "What, then, do you wish me to do ?"

"You think me mad," she said. "I do not wonder at it. You have not thought of the possibility of this as I have. But it is possible ; it can be done, and shall be done, and you must do it. Hush !" she went on, silencing me with a motion of the hand. "Do not speak until you have thoroughly grasped this notion. You are to paint the portrait of this dead man, whom you have never seen, whose dead face you cannot see, of whom there is no likeness left. The sole record that remains of him is one little lock of hair."

I was full of bewilderment and amazement. I had passed through extraordinary revulsions of feeling in the interchange of these few sentences. The sudden giving up of all my determinations against portrait-painting ; the delight in anticipation of painting so exquisite a creature ; the disappointment of this anticipation ; the shock on the supposition that I was to paint from the face of a corpse. I cannot describe how the contrast affected me, between my first hope of having for my model this woman so brimful of the essence of life, and the idea of copying the stark dead face. Lastly, the blank astonishment and dismay that the



lady's final explanations caused me—all these conflicting emotions struck me dumb and helpless.

"It is impossible," I said, at last. "You ask what neither I nor any one else can do."

"It is *not* impossible," she cried, with another emphasis of the slender foot. "This dead man has more life for me than you have. I can see him now more plainly than I can see you. All the world is full of him to me. I see portions of him in other people; I hear echoes of his voice in other voices. I distinguish a footfall like his among all the thousand footfalls of the streets. Patterns on carpets and on walls take for me the outline of his features. His face starts out of the darkness; his figure haunts me in long avenues of dreary country places. In crowded rooms, I see his reflection in the glasses. What do you talk of life and death? For me this man alone lives, and all others are ghosts."

"You can draw?" I asked. "If ever so little, you can draw?"

"Not a stroke. I have tried to learn... Should I come to you if I could do for myself what I demand of you?"

"You must learn to draw," I said. "I will teach you."

"I *cannot* learn," she cried vehemently. "That is denied me by the curse of God. Do you think I have not tried all means before I sought out you? I have had better masters than you can be. You are not to be my tutor, sir, but my slave. I *will* have you do this thing for me."

The lady was in the right. It was more impossible for me to disobey her commands than to attempt the impossibility she commanded. After vainly re-asserting the impracticability, I came to the helpless inquiry, how the thing was to be done.

"Are there any relations of this dead man whom I can see?" I asked. "Any one with any faintest resemblance to him?"

"None."

"Any chance likeness of him in another person? Chance likenesses are very common."

"None; at least none that can serve your purpose."

"Impossible!" I said again.

"You artists, whether you write or whether you paint," she broke out bitterly, "you artists pretend to a magical insight. You

conjure up an Othello; and you say this is the man whom Shakspeare saw—this, and no other. This creature of a poet's brain, which never had an existence, which comes to you through a few antiquated words, half of which you cannot understand, this shadow of a shadow you fashion forth. Look at your own pictures: Miranda you call this one, Marguerite that, and you say that they are the veritable creatures, which Shakspeare and Goëthe thought into being. I tell you to paint a man who really lived on this earth. I am here to be questioned—I am here to describe—to tear out of my heart every word he ever spoke to me—to tell you what he was to me. Perhaps I saw him untruly. That is nothing; I tell you to paint him as I knew and know him. Look into my eyes; your *insight* will find something of him there. Look at my hand; it has clung to his until some form and seal of his must be left indelibly behind. Look at my smile; I learned the trick of his in days gone by. Listen to my voice, transpose the treble into bass; mine is as some weak echo of his. Take me as I am—I am not my own, but his: I am a part of him. I am your book; study me. I will describe; I will answer ten thousand questions. I will sing to you the songs that he loved; I will read to you the reading that he approved; I will tell you of our talk; I will show you his letters; you shall see the one lock of hair. I say that it is *not* impossible; and you *shall* do it."

I can give but a faint impression of the torrent of her words here. I have put into her mouth but stilted commonplaces. I cannot help it. Her rapid utterance was not so much language as vocal thought. As one saw in her neither drapery nor flesh, but life; so one read thought and passion, not speech, in what she uttered.

"Now, you will paint me this portrait," she said, with recovered calmness, after a long silence.

"I will try," I said.

"I will not ask you to be secret. I will trust you. I am more certain that you will not betray me than if you had sworn the most solemn oaths. The first thing to tell you," she continued, "is my history; how I came to know this dead man, what we were to each other. There is that in the dead face. You must be told it."



I cannot disclose the details of her story. There were no names mentioned. I never learned her name. The story was a sad, not an uncommon, one: A young girl sold to an old man for money: a guilty love: the par amour had gone to India, with his regiment, and had died there, shot through the heart in battle, about a year before. This was all.

"There is *that* in the dead face," she said, and, as I write it, I recall Tennyson's description of Lancelot:—

"The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,  
In battle with the love he bare his lord,  
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.  
Another sinning on such heights with one,  
The flower of all the west and all the world,  
Had been the sleeker for it; but, in him,  
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose  
And drove him into wastes and solitudes  
For agony, who was yet a living soul."

The lady, after her first burst of passion, went on with a wonderful calmness. Her strange determination had evidently been formed for a long time, and she had thought out all the details with a morbid acuteness. The story told, she drew from her bosom a locket, in which was a curl of light brown hair. She confided to me, in the next place, the Christian name of the dead man. He could have had no other name save that, it seemed to her; this was another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence.

She described to me accurately his person, his manner, his tastes. She had the talent of describing. The picture that she had in her mind she could present to another. How she did this I cannot tell. I have said that the thought came through her language so vividly that one took no note of the words. Her description was like a sketch. But not only by voice, but by action of undulating hands, of emphatic foot, of all the light and shadow of her expressive face, she gave life to the image she sought to impress.

A shadow gathered itself together before me, dim, vague; its features shrouded, its figure wrapped in gloom—an indistinct form, but still a form. As by long study of a poet's writing one feels his creation gradually coming forth—such and no other, having a personality entirely its own; so a new image, distinct from all others, began to rise in my imagination as she spoke. How true or how false I cannot say. What two men read the

same poet precisely alike? What poet has ever said to the artist, "You have made my creature visible to others as I see it."

On this first day she was careful, I think, to give me only a general idea of the man I was to paint—the history, the name, the light brown hair, the description of him as a whole. Just as a lover, seeing his future mistress for the first time, carries away with him a vague impression of her as separated off from all the other girls, and yet scarcely knows the color of her eyes or the contour of her cheek; so I gained at this time but a general impression of the person she described. The lover learns afterwards his mistress by heart, trait by trait, line by line; and thus I learned this terrible figure, until at length I could see nothing, paint nothing, but the one face.

The lady's carriage returned for her. She shook hands frankly with me, saying, "I trust you. Remember you put hand to no work till I come to you to-morrow morning. Think of my portrait; dream of it; let it never leave your mind for a moment!"

When the sound of her carriage had died away I turned from the window, and took down my Medusa from the easel. What a change had come over me in the short time since I sobbed over my success in her beautiful horror! That picture was turned towards the wall. I sat down before my blank easel, thinking, thinking. The lady had had no need to say, "Let it never leave your mind for a moment."

"A spirit passed before my face. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof." So it is written in the book of Job; and such a terror of the formless presence as came upon the seer there came upon me. All day, whether in the streets or at home, I was haunted by this shape, "if shape it might be called, that shape had none." I was eager to grasp it; to force it to give up to me its hidden lineaments; to assume some definite form, false or true. I could not and dare not. I longed to take my pencil and compel out of this shadow some visible presentment. The commands laid upon me by the lady prevented this. I had entered upon the work. I felt that this was a first stage that must be gone through. I had laid aside the notion of impossibility, and felt the artist's all-mastering and patient desire of success. To think—that was



all I could do as yet; the time for working had not yet come. All night I dreamed of it; never for a moment did it gain definiteness. There it lay, an embryo—to grow into form only through painful and weary time.

I say that I had given up the notion of the impossibility of the thing. To a reader of this story, laying the case plainly before him, this will seem absurd. To humor and deceive a crazed woman at the price of so many guineas would be understandable; but that, after consenting to undertake this work, I should persuade myself into belief of the remotest hope of any success, must seem incomprehensible. The reader argues from a different standpoint to that which I occupied. The project once entertained, the previous notion of its impossibility was shut out. What best means to employ was the consideration henceforth, not the uselessness of employing any means at all. I was, as it were, in a dream, which, though logical in its own boundaries, could be fitted on to no premises of the daylight world—not an uncommon state of mind with the artist.

At the same hour on the following morning the lady came again. We met as old friends, and she entered at once upon the business in hand.

"You have obeyed me?" she asked, with one of her sad, winning smiles. "You have not been painting?"

"I have obeyed you; and will obey you to the very letter in all you command me."

"You artists," she said, "as I have read and know, have your early simple lessons in the drawing of the human face. There are different types of face, markedly distinct from each other, to one or other of which, or to some recognizable blending of which, all human faces may be assigned. These types you represent by mere simple lines, which of course you have by heart. Now, draw these for me."

This I did, and from the hasty sketches thus made, one was selected and put aside as the primary type—without individuality, without expression—of the face wanted.

Again: she spoke of the "temperaments." Of these she had read in some old book, and said she believed in them as guides in the matter in hand. In colored crayons I made another series of sketches, and from these again one was chosen and put aside.

The day was far spent by this time. While I had been sketching she had been impressing on me prominent points of the history told in brief the day before. Of the family of the dead man, of the manner of his bringing up, of the scenes in which he had lived, of the changes which he had gone through, she spoke, giving me, according to her talent, not words, but her own thoughts.

When she left, she again laid her commands on me that I must on no account attempt to draw the face—to draw at all—as yet. One day intervened before her next visit. During that space I had in some sort assimilated, as I remember, my first dim, formless impression with the sketches selected on the second visit.

Again, at the next sitting, I drew sketches. The passions: we artists, she had heard, had definite expression for each passion—coarse and general hints, no doubt, but still having in them some truth: such a downward curve of the lip for such a passion; such a contraction of the eyelid for another; such a wrinkling of the forehead or puckering of the cheeks for another.

I sketched off the old rude formulæ—a mapping out of the emotions into hyperbolic figures, not unlike the mapping out of the stars on a celestial globe. Then I softened down these exaggerated signs. I illustrated by my own old sketches. I showed the difference between love in the face of a Miranda and of a Juliet. I contrasted the base jealousy of a Leontes with the demoniac possession of an Othello. I put side by side child-Cleopatra blushing under the first gaze of Antony, and Virginia. Degrees of passion broadening into contrasts; the virtue that is vice; the love that is hate; the pride that is shame—such subjects came out of our morning's lesson.

Then we passed on from the fleeting expressions of passion, which pass over the countenance like shadows over hills, to that settled influence which any one passion long obeyed will stamp upon the features. Child-Cleopatra, in her quasi-innocence, was contrasted with the brazen harlot in whose lap Antony lounged away his life.

Upon the chosen type of face, these fleeting expressions of passion, these settled influences of passion, were tried. Something came out of this. "So he looked at such a time"—and the incident was told. "Not



like that—change, soften. Now it is better.” All this; and the dead face seemed to stir within its grave.

\* \* \* \*

I cannot write the history of day by day. The ingenuity of my patroness in gathering together every smallest detail which might help to bring home to me the character and the person of her dead lover, is the most marvellous matter that I have ever known.

One day she brought a collection of engravings—some old and shabby, some new and tawdry, some scarce and fine, evidently a collection made through years, gathered together month by month, from all places, and with always the same object. In some figure in each of these there was a certain likeness to him—here the position, there the turn of the head, there the eyes, there the smile. And these scraps of likeness she had the rare power of making me see, showing me in what the likeness consisted, where it began and where it ended. These scraps she would make me copy again and again.

Another day she brought a packet of his letters. She showed me the writing and the differences in it, according to the varying rapidity of it, and according to the emotions influencing him while he wrote. Here was a letter blotted with tears; another full of the wildest gayety; another acrid with jealousy and distrust. She read these letters to me, changing her intonations. “Thus he would have spoken this. So he would have flung his arms about. This is something like his laugh.”

She read to me books that he had liked, and told me the observations he had made upon certain passages. She sang to me songs that she had sung to him—told me how this had made him solemn, this brilliant and gay—how this had always filled his eyes with tears. One song in particular was his favorite; and this she was constantly crooning. To me, now, that strange episode in my life comes back set to the music of this song.

Day after day passed by. Almost every day, never suffering more than one day to intervene, she came to me. Whether true or false, I gradually created in my imagination a distinct picture of the dead man. Every story she told of him fitted itself to this image. In my dreams I seemed to have rev-

elations of him. The creation of my brain was complete. More distinct than of any ideal character, was the image now impressed upon my mind. Not with the passion of one especial moment upon him—the crimson blush of Virginia, the transforming agony of Medusa, the wretchedness of Leontes eying the “paddling palms”—but as a veritable human being, to be portrayed, when the time came, under influence of any passion, or at ease from all.

Hitherto I had been commanded to abstain from attempting the portrait. At last the converse fiat was issued. For one week the lady was to remain absent; at the end of that week, she was to see the portrait.

I painted my picture, and the lady came. A burst of tears; an agony of wringing hands and bowed head and writhing body; not a grieving woman, but grief itself. The portrait was a failure. Utterly unlike. All the labor and the pain thrown away. No hope left.

\* \* \* \*

Yet it came to be acknowledged, after the first shock of disappointment, that my unfortunate picture was not *totally* unlike. It was impossible, after all my study, that it should be so. There were portions of it in which some echo, some far-off shadow, of the reality was to be discovered.

We set to work with renewed hope.

I thought it strange then, I think it strange still, that my failure in my first attempt was so great. I knew very much more of this man whom I had never seen, than of any person whose portrait I have since taken. I knew from a thousand sources of chance likeness, of imitation, of description, of shrewd conjecture, of flashing intuition, what this person was like. What do portrait-painters usually paint but the best clothes of their sitters? The glossy coat and spotless shirt-front are not more mere dress than the sunny smile and the prim mouth and the dull wateriness of the set eye. I knew this dead man, his strengths and his weaknesses, his loves and his hates, his great sorrows and his great sins. Of no other people whom I have painted have I known more than that they had such a facial angle, such features, such a blemish to be toned down, such a half-beauty to be petted into completeness.

However, we set to work anew. I painted



now with the lady at my side. Why should I dwell on the details of this time? I can give no idea of how the portrait was painted. It is sufficient to say that I did at length succeed in achieving some faint and distant likeness, having more of death than of life in it—a galvanized ghastliness of expression, a cruel rigidity of outline, a sickly pallor of color—yet being, as some distorted reflection of the reality, recognizable by my monotress.

When this was achieved, I learned for the first time that a sister of the dead man was alive, and in London, and to be seen by me. Why had this not been told me before; I asked. Because the sister was unlike the brother, I was told, and would have been of no service to me until this time. One look only of the sister claimed any kinship with the brother's countenance. Under sudden surprise there was a lifting of the eyebrows, a compression of the lips, a steady glance of the eyes, which I should now be able to seize upon and appreciate.

How I was to see the sister was in this fashion: There was a *dejeuner* about to be given at some grand house on the river-side. For this the lady obtained a voucher for me. Here she undertook to show me the sister, and to call up in her face the expression upon which I was to seize.

I went to this *dejeuner*. The lady pointed out to me by a silent gesture and a momentary glance of the eye the woman whom I was to observe. This sister was a blonde, handsome, haughty, impassive. A crowd of young men surrounded her wheresoever she turned.

I never lost sight of this woman. My lady, too, hovered in her neighborhood. My lady, as the other, had a crowd of worshippers about her. They seemed to me two rival queens.

I had no enjoyment in the scene. The incongruity of seeking in the midst of this frivolous gayety for the expression of a dead man's face was constantly present with me.

The afternoon wore away wearily. I was conscious of my shabby clothes and my haggard face, so different from those of the men around me. I felt on an equality with my lady as we labored at our terrible work in my little studio; here I felt how far we were separated. She trifled with the men, she smiled upon them, she talked and laughed and listened. Her eyes were brilliant, her color went and came. She whispered, she sighed, she coquetted.

I was dissatisfied. I thought of the painted death-in-life upon my easel. I thought of the reason we were both there; and I mistrusted and misjudged her.

Suddenly she turned upon me her eyes. She rose from her garden seat and crossed over to the blonde sister. My lady extended her hand, and smiled a winning smile, and spoke soft words. On the face of the other there came the look I was to watch for—a lifting of the eyebrows, a compression of the lips, a steady glance of the cruel eyes. She put aside the extended hand, swept the ground with a low bow, and passed on. My lady turned to me with a crimson face, waving dismissal.

That was enough. The one look completed for me the picture studied for so long.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now to end my story. The portrait was finished. My money was paid me. On the next morning the lady was to take away the picture.

The lady never came—why, I cannot tell. On that morning a lady in high life died suddenly; whether my lady or not I do not know, for I had never heard her name.

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NEGROES IN AFRICA AND IN EUROPE.—“The Negro,” says a writer in the *Cornhill*, “invents nothing, originates nothing, improves nothing.” The same can pretty nearly be said of the Bourbon, with this addition—that your Bourbon learns nothing. In fact, it may be said with justice, and we wish to offend no black man with the comparison, that the Bourbons are the Negroes of Europe.—*Punch*.

WHEN you give a piece of your mind, take care it's not the biggest piece.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of thyme. This explains one's always tasting stuffing to-morrow.

ALAS! my son, how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle soup after the fourth plateful?



## LIFE'S QUESTION.

DRIFTING away  
Like mote on the stream,  
To-day's disappointment  
Yesterday's dream;  
Ever resolving—  
Never to mend :  
Such is our progress :  
Where is the end ?

Whirling away  
Like leaf in the wind,  
Points of attachment  
Left daily behind,  
Fixed to no principle,  
Fast to no friend ;  
Such our fidelity :  
Where is the end ?

Floating away  
Like cloud on the hill,  
Pendulous, tremulous,  
Migrating still :  
Where to repose ourselves ?  
Whither to tend ?  
Such our consistency :  
Where is the end ?

Crystal the pavement,  
Seen through the stream :  
Firm the reality  
Under the dream :  
We may not feel it,  
Still we may mend :  
How we have conquered  
Not known, till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,  
Sports of the wind,  
But stands to the winter  
The great tree behind :  
Frost shall not wither it,  
Storms cannot bend :  
Roots firmly clasping  
The rock, at the end.

Calm is the firmament  
Over the cloud :  
Clear shine the stars, through  
The rifts of the shroud :  
There our repose shall be,  
Thither we tend :  
Spite of our waverings  
Approved at the End.

HENRY ALFORD.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## MARE MEDITERRANEUM.

A LINE of light ! It is the inland sea,  
The least in compass, and the first in fame ;  
The gleaming of its waves recalls to me  
Full many an ancient name.

As through my dreamland float the days of old,  
The forms and features of their heroes shine ;  
I see Phœnician sailors bearing gold  
From the Tartessian mine.

Seeking new worlds, storm-tossed Ulysses plows  
Remoter surges of the winding main ;  
And Grecian captains come to pay their vows,  
Or gather up the slain.

I see the temples of the " violet crown "  
Burn upward in the hour of glorious flight ;  
And mariners of uneclipsed renown,  
Who won the great sea-fight.

I hear the dashing of a thousand oars,  
The angry waters take a crimson dye,  
A thousand echoes vibrate from the shores  
With Athens' battle-cry.

Again the Carthaginian rovers sweep  
With sword and commerce on from shore to  
shore ;  
In visionary storms the breakers leap  
Round Syrtes, as of yore.

Victory, sitting on the seven hills,  
Had gained the world when she had mastered  
thee ;  
Thy bosom with the Roman war-note thrills,  
Waves of the inland sea !

Next, singing as they sail, in shining ships,  
I see the monarch minstrels of romance ;  
And hear their praises murmured through the  
lips  
Of the fair maids of France.

Across the deep another music swells,  
On Adrian bays a later splendor smiles,  
Power hails the marble city where she dwells,  
Queen of a hundred isles.

But the light fades, the vision wears away ;  
I see the mist above the dreary wave ;  
Blow, winds of Freedom, give another day  
Of glory to the brave.

Cette, July, 1861.

J. N.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## FROSTY WEATHER.

Now frozen mists the trees with crystals grace,  
Robing each branch and twig in finest lace ;  
The ruddy sun peeps through the hazy air ;  
And snow-wreaths blush, to be so white and fair.  
The weary birds twice their keen hunger feel,  
For biting cold exacts a second meal :  
They in the sheltered banks lie mute and still,  
And stiff on end raise every feathered quill.  
Then, as the sun in midday gains more power,  
The lace becomes a glittering silver shower ;  
Down from the trees the needle prisms fall,  
Emitting sounds sharp, crisp, and musical.  
The boughs are bending with their fleece of snow ;  
The icicles, like giant jewels, glow ;  
While the white surface of untrodden fields  
Doubles the light the shortened daytime yields.  
Acknowledge then, O man ! the loving power  
That fills with beauty winter's trying hour ;  
Pure be thy thoughts, as yon broad plains of  
snow ;

Return God's love, as they the sun's bright glow.

CHARLES EDE.

—*Chambers's Journal.*



From Chambers's Journal.  
BLINDFOLD CHESS.

THE chess-world (for there is a "world" in chess as in other matters) has lately been startled by a very extraordinary performance at one of the "divans" of the metropolis. A young American has played *ten* games at once, against an equal number of players, without, on his part, obtaining a single glimpse at any one of the chess-boards.

The feat is not new; but never before was it performed so triumphantly as in the present day. The writers who have ferreted out the early history of this beautiful game have found the name of one Tchelebi, who, nearly nine centuries ago, was able to play at chess without seeing the board. Many persons in the East acquired the art of playing by *feeling* instead of *seeing* pieces; but that is a very different affair, since in such a case the sense of touch comes in aid of the memory. In 1266, a Saragen, named Buz-ecca, came to Florence and at the Palazzo del Popolo played three games at once, looking at one board, but not at the other two. He won two of the games, and made a *drawn* or abandoned game of the other. As all his competitors were skilful players, his achievement caused irrepressible astonishment. At various times, in later centuries, this mode of play was exhibited by different persons—Ruy Lopez, the author of one of the earliest treatises on chess; Mangiolini of Florence, Zerone, Medrano, Leonardi da Cutri, Paolo Boi, Salvio, and others, many of whom were Spaniards. Boi is reputed to have played three games at once without seeing the board. Damiano, an Italian, who wrote a treatise on chess more than three centuries and a half ago, gave what he called "Rules" for learning to play without seeing the board; but his rules are worth very little, amounting chiefly to a recommendation to cultivate the memory. Keysler, in his *Account of Turin* (1749), says: "The late Father Sacchieri, Lecturer on Mathematics at Pavia, was a remarkable instance of the strength of the human understanding, particularly that faculty of the soul we term memory. He could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the three chess-boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him

what piece his antagonist had moved, and Sacchieri could direct what step was to be taken on his side, holding, at the same time, conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist, from the beginning of the game, and in this manner uncontestedly decided the proper place of the piece. This uncommon dexterity at the game of chess appears to me almost the greatest instance that can be produced of a surprising memory."

The most celebrated player of the last century, however, in this peculiar achievement, was the Frenchman André Danican, who then, and afterwards, was generally known by the name of Philidor. In 1743, when Philidor was about eighteen years old, M. de Legalle asked him whether he had ever tried to play from memory, without seeing the board. The youth replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games, at night in bed, he thought he could do it. He immediately played a game with the Abbé Chenard, which he won without seeing the board. After that, a little practice enabled him to play nearly as well in this as in the ordinary fashion—sometimes two games at once. The French *Cyclopédie* told of a particular game in which a false move was purposely made by his antagonist; Philidor discovered it after many moves, and replaced the pieces in their proper position. Forty years afterwards, he was residing in England, where he astonished English players by his blindfold achievements at a chess-club in St. James' Street. He played three games at once, with Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, and Mr. Maseres, the first two of whom were reputed the best players at that time in England. Philidor won two of the games, and drew the third, all within two hours. On another occasion, in the same year (1783), he played three games at once, blindfold as before, and giving the odds of pawn and move to one of his antagonists; again did he win two of the games, and draw the third. His demeanor during these labors surprised his visitors as much as his skill, for he kept up a lively conversation during his games.

Many eminent chess-players, including



M'Donnell, La Bourdonnaye, Staunton, etc., have achieved these blindfold wonders, in greater or less degree, since the days of Philidor. M'Donnell, a famous player about thirty years ago, played his moves even more rapidly without than with the board; he did not object to any amount of conversation in the room during his play, but disliked whispers. La Bourdonnaye could play within a shade of his full strength without seeing the board; he won against good players, on some occasions two at a time; but when trying the threefold labor, his brain nearly gave way, and he wisely abandoned all such modes of playing his favorite game. Mr. Staunton, the leading English player at present (but who has almost ceased to play since he undertook the editing of an edition of Shakspeare), some years ago played many blindfold games with Harrwitz and Kieseritzky, foreign players of note.

Very recently, however, all the honors of Europe, in this department of indoor games, have been run away with by two young Americans, Morphy and Paulsen. Paul Morphy, a native of New Orleans, seemed to be born with chess in his blood; he played almost from childhood; and at thirteen years of age he proved a formidable antagonist to Herr Löwenthal, a noted Hungarian. In 1857, when just twenty years of age, Morphy encountered Paulsen, a native of Iowa, only a little older than himself, at a chess congress in New Orleans. All the gray-beards struck their flag to Paulsen, and then he struck to Morphy. Of Morphy's subsequent achievements in regular play, which stamp him as perhaps the first living chess-player (we say this with fear and trembling, however, for the knights of the game are a sensitive race), we will not speak here, for our purpose is only to notice the blindfold performances. At the chess congress above mentioned, he finely played a blindfold game with a leading German player. Early in 1858, he struck the New Orleanists with amazement by playing *six* games simultaneously, without seeing any of the boards; winning five of them, and exhibiting beautiful play throughout. He then came to Europe, not only to "lick the Britishers," but "all creation;" and it must be admitted that he made great progress towards that achievement. At a meeting of the Chess Associa-

tion at Birmingham, in August, 1858, he played *eight* games simultaneously, without sight of the boards. His opponents were Lord Lyttelton, and seven other persons, mostly presidents or secretaries of provincial chess clubs. Against such players, and under such tremendous conditions, he won no less than six games out of the eight, drawing a seventh, and losing the eighth. In the following month, he went over and astonished the Parisians in a similar way; he contended blindfold against eight practised players at once, at the *Café de la Régence*, a famous resort of chess-players; and out of these he did not lose even one; he was the victor in six, and drew the other two. In the spring of 1859, Morphy contended against eight of the most experienced members of the London Chess Club, including Mr. Mongredien and Mr. Walker, two distinguished players. He won two games, and drew the other six—all the players except himself being wearied out by a very protracted sitting. A few days afterwards, he played with eight members of the St. George's Chess Club, including Lord Cremorne, Lord Arthur Hay, and Captain Kennedy; he won five, and the rest were drawn through want of time to finish them.

Nevertheless, inconceivable as these mental labors are, Morphy yields to Paulsen in blindfold play. There are whispers of twelve or fifteen games having been tried simultaneously by the latter; but the number *ten* has been most certainly reached, under conditions of the utmost publicity.

On the 7th of October in the present year, at a Divan in the Strand, ten players accepted Mr. Paulsen's challenge to grapple with them all simultaneously, the boards being placed out of his sight. One of the players was M. Sabouroff, secretary to the Russian Embassy in London; the other nine comprised many names well known among chess-players. Ten chess-boards were placed on ten tables in the room. An arm-chair, turned away towards a window, was mounted on a dais. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Paulsen, a quiet, courteous young man, with not a trace of "brag" in him, took his seat in this arm-chair. For twelve mortal hours he never rose, never ate, never smoked, and drank nothing but a little lemonade. What were his mental labors during that time, we shall see. His ten antagonists took



their seats at the ten tables; and each table speedily became the centre of a group of spectators, whose comments were not always so silent as in fairness they ought to have been. Paulsen could not see any of the chess-boards. Herr Kling, a noted player and teacher of chess, acted as general manager. He called the boards by numbers—No. 1 to No. 10. Paulsen audibly announced his first move for board No. 1; Kling made that move; the antagonist replied to it; Kling audibly announced the reply; Paulsen considered what should be his second move, and when he had audibly announced his decision, Kling made the proper move on the board. Here No. 1 rested for awhile. No. 2 now made his move, leading to the same course of proceeding as before. Then No. 3 in the same way; then No. 4; and so on to No. 10; after which No. 1 began a new cycle, by playing a second move; and thus they proceeded over and over again.

Now let us see what all this implies and involves. Chess is not one of the most frolicsome of games; indeed, ladies generally declare it to be very dull, seeing that a chess-player is apt to be "grumpy" if spoken to on other matters while playing. The truth is, there is a demand for much mental work in managing a game well; the combinations and subtleties, the attacks and counter-attacks, are so numerous and varied, as to keep the mind pretty fully occupied. Nevertheless, a fine game between two fine players is mere child's play compared with this wonderful achievement of Paulsen. He was obliged to form ten mental pictures; and every picture changed with every move, like the colored bits in a kaleidoscope. Most persons, even though knowing nothing of the game, are aware that it begins with thirty-two pieces of different colors and forms, and that these move about over a board of sixty-

four squares. After every change of position in any one of the pieces, Paulsen must have changed his mental picture of the board, the field of battle, and then made that a fixture until the next move was made. This is hard enough in even one game, against an antagonist who has his eyes to help him in planning attacks and defences; but how hard must it be against ten! It is difficult to conceive what is the condition of the mental machinery under such circumstances; and yet, there he sat, the calmest man in the room. When told of his antagonists' doings, one by one, he looked quietly out of window, and rubbed his chin, as a man often does when thinking, and then announced his move—never mistaking board No. 1 for No. 7, No. 9 for No. 3—never failing to recover the proper mental picture, and make the proper change in it; never embarrassed; never making an unlawful move, or likely to lose sight (mental sight) of any unlawful move made by his antagonists. Nor did he obtain the least pause for mental rest. Without one minute's interval, as soon as he had announced a move for one board, he was required to attend to the move of another antagonist at another board. Hour after hour did this continue—all the afternoon, all the evening, midnight, until two in the morning. He made two hundred and seventy moves in the twelve hours, twenty-seven per game on an average; this gave two minutes and a quarter for the consideration of each move. As all his moves were met by corresponding moves on the part of his antagonists, he was called upon to form five hundred and forty complete mental pictures in twelve consecutive hours, each picture representing the exact mode in which all the sixty-four squares of a chess-board were occupied. Paulsen won two games, lost three, and drew five.

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As thorns are to the rose, so are pins to lovely woman. A female in full dress is never unprotected.

MILLINERS' bills are the tax which the male sex has to pay for the beauty of the female.

WHY is a screeching florid singer like a jeweller? Because he pierces the ears for the sake of introducing ornament.—[N. B. Name an artist, when you want to be spiteful.]



From The Spectator.

## FRENCH WOMEN OF LETTERS. \*

THE influence of women in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is one of the great facts of modern European civilization. What we now call "society," was the natural result of the cessation of civil war, and the decay of feudalism. And this form of life demanded its code of rules as much as the military form which was expiring. Hence the origin of manners, which are among civilians what discipline is among soldiers; and of which as an art we discover no traces previous to the seventeenth century. These Articles of polite war we owe almost exclusively to that dynasty of brilliant women who regulated Parisian life for a period of two hundred years. Of these the women of letters formed no insignificant portion, for although Molière did his best to make learned women ridiculous, and succeeded so far as to make ignorance fashionable, yet a counter influence was at work upon the other side, which secured to the women of Paris a higher place in the intellectual movement of the age than they enjoyed in either Germany or England. Debarred from politics and law, cut off from all local interests and provincial jurisdictions, the French aristocracy were compelled to rely upon society for that mental exercise of which all men feel the necessity in one shape or another. Thus, however illiterate the women of the time might be, they were forbidden to be mere butterflies. The masculine intellect must have something on which to whet itself, and in France the women were compelled to supply the substance. Hence it is possible to understand what otherwise would be inexplicable—the singular union of ignorance with influence for which they were conspicuous. M. de Tocqueville vouches for the first. The young ladies of the old *régime*, he says, were taught absolutely nothing. But they had tact and wit; and picked up knowledge from the men. Ignorance, it would seem, was necessary to obtain a husband; for to know anything would have been considered a mark of forwardness and immodesty. But wit and power were required to enslave a lover. The authority of Molière could not

go beyond a certain point. He might teach men to laugh at pedantry, but he could not make them relish insipidity: and the woman accordingly who should give law to French society was compelled to be something more than a mere agreeable beauty. Under these circumstances, it is clear that women of letters must have occupied an important social position, however far they might have shared in the general disfavor with which literature as a profession was regarded. For the French *noblesse*, we must remember, no more thought of associating with men of letters as their equals, than did any of the other aristocracies of the eighteenth century. It was necessary, says Miss Kavanagh, for Mademoiselle Scudéry frequently to remind the company of her own aristocratic origin, in order to make any head against the prejudice which her mode of life excited. Her constant allusions to the ruin of "our house," as though it had been a European catastrophe, became at last a standing joke. But the practice was not caused by pride, but by necessity. Still, in spite of these drawbacks, the authoresses of the period enjoyed an influence and popularity quite unknown to their English sisterhood till many years later; and Miss Kavanagh, therefore, is under no necessity of apologizing for these two volumes. They are extremely interesting, as they tell us in a short compass much that we are very glad to know of so splendid a society as existed under the Bourbon monarchy.

The original sources of the peculiar *esprit* of French women is found by Miss Kavanagh in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. This hôtel, the residence of the marchioness of that name, was, though for a much longer time, and on a much larger scale, what Gore House and Holland House were in England. Here, for exactly half a century, from 1600 to 1650, the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of intellect continued to be brought together. The presence of a woman at the head of this brilliant coterie naturally inspired other women with a desire for literary fame. The success which attended her assemblies inspired men of letters with a desire for something less desultory. From the first feeling sprang the French blue-stockings, "Les Précieuses." From the second sprang the French Academy. The learned ladies were attacked by Molière in "Les Pré-

\* *French Women of Letters*. By Julia Kavanagh. In two volumes. Hurst and Blackett.



cieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," with the effect we have already seen. But not until, according to Miss Kavanagh, they had effected much real good:—

"For depravity and impure language, whether spoken or written, they substituted the refinement of virtue and the delicacy of good taste. To them we owe it that the French literature of the age can, with few exceptions, be read without shame in ours; that, whilst poetry and prose were almost equally profligate in England, they were comparatively pure in France."

The ladies of whom Miss Kavanagh has given separate biographies are ten in number, and are all novelists; the reason which is assigned for this restriction being that novels are the most influential form of modern literature. She introduces into her list no later name than that of Madame De Genlis, who died in 1830, and her plan is to give first the life, and then an analysis and critique of the works of each writer. Miss Kavanagh had of course a right to confine herself to novelists if she chose; but we think it would have been better not to style the book *French Women of Letters*, for such a title is clearly incorrect, whatever the reasons which are given for it, and excites the suspicion that it was rather the difficulty of finding a better one than the propriety of the one chosen which led to its adoption. The first of the series is Mademoiselle De Gournay (1565–1645), the adopted daughter of Montaigne. This lady wrote largely upon a variety of subjects; and seems to have published only one novel, which is called "Alinda," "chiefly valuable to us as being the first genuine modern novel written in French by a woman." It is a most tragic story, of which the scene is laid in Parthia, consistent with the practice pursued by this lady's successors of founding their novels upon classical or antique incidents. Mademoiselle De Gournay was a frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, one of the *précieuses*, and took a prominent part in company with the embryo "Academy" in fixing the canon of the French language. The second lady on the list is Mademoiselle De Scudéry (1607–1701), who wrote altogether fifty volumes, averaging about a thousand pages each. Of these, three are romances which were eagerly devoured in their day by

the French public. They are entitled "Ibrahim," "The Great Cyrus," and "Clelia." The most popular of these and the longest was "The Great Cyrus," which our readers may remember was in course of perusal by Edith Bellenden in "Old Mortality." Its chief charm in the eyes of French readers would render it unbearable at the present day. "The historical characters, places, and events, are made to fit the men and women, the localities, the incidents, and the feelings of Louis XIV.'s court, reign, and kingdom." Thus, Cyrus himself was the great Condé, and madame, the heroine, was Madame de Longueville.

To Madame de la Fayette (1633–1693) we owe the first novel of what we may call the modern school: that is, a novel in which no use is made of historical characters and events, and monstrous or heroic exploits. It is a love story, and the whole interest turns upon the trials of the two lovers. This is "The Princess de Cleves." But she also wrote another novel of the old-fashioned school, called "Zayde," which was equally popular in its day. Madame de Tencin (1683–1749), sister of the infamous Abbé de Tencin, the friend of the Regent Orleans and John Law, first, according to our authoress, introduced "the eloquence of passion" into French novels, meaning by that phrase the tone of the "Nouvelle Héloïse." Madame was a woman of fiery passions herself. Divesting herself of the conventual fetters which had been imposed upon her at fifteen years of age, she came to her brother at Paris, consorted with a variety of lovers, and had at least one illegitimate child, whom she left upon a door-step, and who grew up to be the famous D'Alembert. She mixed eagerly in all the intrigues and profligacy of that awful time. She was intimate with Lord Bolingbroke, was for a time mistress to the regent, and afterwards to Cardinal Dubois, and she seems only to have taken to literature when her beauty and her lovers deserted her. Madame Riccoboni (1714–1792) is next upon our list. Her maiden name was Mézières. When about twenty years of age, she was seduced by an English nobleman, and on being deserted by him, adopted the stage as a profession. She married an actor named Riccoboni, and continued for many years in the position of a painstaking and meritorious,



but not very brilliant actress. As a novelist, we are told that her chief excellence consists in the cleverness of her stories, an art which she had probably picked up upon the stage, and that she was one of the first to make use of suicide in fiction. After Madame Riccoboni come Madame de Genlis, Madame de Charrière, Madame de Krüdener, Madame Cotton, and Madame de Staël. These ladies are all discussed in the same way. First we have their lives, and then an epitome of their writings. But as the chief incidents in their lives, as well as the character of their works, are probably well known to our readers, we shall not reproduce Miss Kavanagh's account of them. That the power of women in France survived the old society in which it had originally been formed, is clear from Napoleon's conduct to both Madame de Genlis and Madame de Staël. The first he admired,

made a regular correspondent of, and pensioned handsomely. The second he both feared and hated, and went so far as to say that if she had exerted in his favor all the influence which she put forth against him, his fate might have been different. This same feminine dominion lasted through the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and has at length expired, according to M. de Tocqueville, under the weight of the second empire.

With the execution of this work we have only one fault to find: the extracts given from the various works mentioned are far too long. They might be shortened by at least one-half without impairing their effect, and in that case the whole work might be completed in one good-sized volume, which is always preferable to two, if nothing is sacrificed to attain it.

#### A DISH OF LAVA.

WE are disappointed with Vesuvius. We had hoped better things from that old and respectable, if rather fiery party, than at a moment like this he should be so excited by the state of affairs in Italy as to lend himself to the general perturbation. But he has burst out into a furious eruption, and is frightening away the people, and swallowing up villages, just as the Dragon of Wantley used to do. It is inconsiderate, and what is worse, it is self-humiliating. We would apologize for the old mountain, but hardly know what to say. Does he recollect the days when Spartacus, with a band of slaves and gladiators, took possession of his fastnesses? and does he think the Italian brigands of our day unworthy to fill the place of men who fought for freedom? Does he remember that in 472 he sent his ashes as far as Constantinople, according to the historians, and does he want to give the Sultan Abdul-Aziz a hint that he will have to put other ashes on his head if he does not mind what he is about? We are not in the old crater's confidence, and cannot say; but unless he can give a very good reason for

his inflammatory conduct, we do not think that he is behaving well to Italy. He has destroyed that unlucky Torre del Greco exactly twenty-five times, and there is a monotony, arguing aridity of intellect, about his proceedings. We scorn to hint to him that there are several quacks in England who advertise remedies against all eruptions, and that we should have no objection to throw such remedies, and the advertisers, into his chasms, though such is our feeling. His years and history entitle him to reverence—Shakspearially speaking,—

“Respect for thy great place, and let the—  
Mountain  
Be sometime honored for his burning throne.”

But if Vesvius, *alias* Vesevus, *alias* Vesuvius, has any good feeling in his inwards, he will be quiet for the present. We suspect the old rebel does not like good sovereigns: his first break-out was under Titus, the Delight of Mankind, and his last is under Victor Emmanuel, who may not be perfect but is far and away the best king Italy has had for many a century. We fear the mountain has the revolutionary tendencies of its French namesake.—*Punch*.



From The Eclectic Review.  
JOHN PLUMMER.

LORD BROUGHAM pronounced a high encomium, twelve months since, on John Plummer, a working stay-maker, of Kettering, Northamptonshire. "This man," said his lordship, "has distinguished himself, not in mechanism, but in a subject of a higher order than working-men generally enter into—the subject of strikes. No man," he says, "can reason the subject better, and I hope," continued his lordship, "my old friends and constituents of Yorkshire will give a serious and calm attention to Mr. Plummer's reasoning." We have before us *Songs of Labor, Northamptonshire Rambles, and Other Poems, by John Plummer*,—the same self-taught, noble, right-minded and hearted, and indefatigable man. This little volume is dedicated by the factory operative to Lord Brougham. We are always glad to introduce such a volume to the notice of our readers; if we cannot help to sell, we may help to encourage; but indeed he does not need encouragement. A young man yet, he seems to have a large acquaintance among the noblest of our peers, as well as some of the most eminent of our men of letters. He has, in various periodicals, employed his pen on every variety of topic. Here is an affecting beginning to his life:—

"Near to the Tower of London exists a neighborhood unequalled for squalidness, poverty, and misery. I refer to the purlieus of Royal Mint Street, as it is now ambitiously designated, but which is better known by its ancient title of Rosemary Lane, although it is many, very many, years since it deserved a name which awakens the thoughts of sunny orchards, green meadows, and all the glorious beauty of nature. Old clothes' shops, kept by persons of unmistakably Jewish extraction; dirty low places, by courtesy termed 'grocery stores;' milkshops, potato sheds, and flaunting handsome 'gin palaces,' line the main street, which forms the chief artery of a labyrinth of long, narrow, filthy courts, inhabited by Irish laborers, and the lowest and most poverty-stricken of the London poor; and where scenes are daily, nay, hourly enacted, which are sufficient to make 'angels weep,' and to mock the proud boast of our vaunted progress in the path of civilization.

"In this locality I was born, on the 3d of June, 1831; my father being a stay-maker in a small way of business for himself. Of my infancy I can but glean few particulars; but I

was always considered a very precocious child, and passionately fond of pictures and books. My father's trade was not very profitable; and when I was five years of age a serious illness overtook him, which prevented him from attending to his business, thereby deranging his affairs, and breaking up his little connection. By this blow the family were reduced to a state of the greatest distress; and I was sent to St. Albans, where an uncle took charge of me for awhile, so that I should not be a burden on the efforts of my parents, who struggled, but, alas! in vain, to recover their former position; and were compelled to accept of the kindness of my grandmother, who kindly offered them an attic in a house, of which she had the sole charge. To add to their difficulties, my poor mother had the misfortune to fracture her leg by a fall, and was never afterwards enabled to leave the house, except on a very few special occasions, until the time of her death at Kettering: while, at the same time, my infant brother, Edmund, died; but, before his death, he was continually expressing a wish to see me, so I was sent from St. Albans in charge of the carrier; but my arrival was too late, for poor Edmund was no more. I have but a dim perception of what followed, for I can only recollect attending a funeral, and crying bitterly; as, immediately afterwards, all became a total blank, till I found myself slowly recovering—as from the dead—from the effects of a severe fever. When I began to recover my consciousness, I was surprised at the stillness which seemed to pervade the room. My parents were moving about, but I could not hear them! and, although they came to me, and moved their lips, yet I could not hear them—I was deaf! I tried to move, and to sit up in bed, but my limbs refused their office—I was lame! besides being deaf. The full extent of my affliction remained unfelt by me at first; and it was not till long, long months of bitter suffering had passed away, that I felt how my infirmities had deprived me of the enjoyment of all that is sweet and pleasing in the world of sound."

He knows not how he picked up the knowledge of reading and of books, but he has served his order so well, and disseminated views so conducing to the well-being of the community, that Lord Palmerston granted him £40 from Her Majesty's royal bounty. In this volume, which rebukes criticism by its modesty, and by the circumstances in which it was produced, and which yet charms the eye pleasantly along, from page to page, its author lingers over old Northamptonshire traditions, or soliloquizes among old North-



amptonshire ruins, or sings in unaffected and hearty measures the hopes and the sorrows, the miseries or the mistakes of the artisan, or the mechanic. Our author belongs to the county of John Clare; his sympathies do not, like those of poor Clare, call him especially into the more hidden walks and ways of nature. Man, and human history, these seem to be the topics of his pen; the struggles of his order interest him, the hopes of the world; from the dark world of the present he finds bright relief in the cheerful worlds of the imagination, and not occupying himself alone in dreaming, as we have seen, he labors to make even his imaginations practical. Every working man, able to reason rightly upon strikes, to withstand the madness of the mob who seeks to pacify lawless passions, deserves the heartiest words of commendation which can be spoken of him. As to the poetry of John Plummer, it is thoroughly scenic and historical; all poetry is the record of things seen and felt, but some things are seen and felt most by the apprehension of an inner consciousness. John Plummer's is more historical and sensible; there is frequently a happy wisdom in his verses. Here, for instance:—

“THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

“Thus spoke the Country to the Town:—

O Sister, are they true,  
These evil things which people speak,  
And dare ascribe to you?  
I hear of loathsome courts and lanes,  
Where Vice and Fever dwell;  
Where Crime and Hate, and Shame and Sin  
Combine for purpose fell:

“Where selfish parents drain the glass,  
Nor Love, nor Pity feel,  
But bid their offspring roam the streets,  
To starve, or lie, or steal!  
Where brutal fiends break the vows  
At God's high altar made:  
And kill the partners of their life  
By blows, or crimson blade;

“Where painted harlots frenzied smile,  
Or laugh in wild despair;  
Or reckless leap the silent bridge,  
And end their anguish *there*!  
O Sister—dearest Sister—hear  
The fond appeal from me—  
Arise, and in thy strength sublime,  
Say these no more shall be.

“Then to the Country spake the Town:—  
Why dost thou cast the stone!  
Art *thou* less stained with crime than I?  
Canst thou less evil own?  
I have no ricks for Hate to burn;  
Nor woods where keepers hide,  
To mark the poacher's crouching form  
Through fern and grasses glide.

“Hast thou less offspring born of shame,  
Our lasting stain to be?  
From drunken brawls and brutal fights,  
Say, Sister, art thou free?  
Then said the Country to the Town—  
We *both* are in the wrong,  
We *both* have erred, we *both* have fell,  
And yet we *both* are strong.

“Then let us both with cheerful Zeal,  
With Gentleness and Love,  
With Mercy, Hope, and Faith divine,  
These evils dare remove.  
Nor each reproach with gibe and scorn,  
Nor mutual strife endure;  
But raise our children from the dust,  
And bid them sin no more.”

And in another vein, the following:—

“NORTHAMPTON.

“I stand amid the moving crowds which throng  
each busy street,  
Where wagons, carts, and hucksters' stalls, in  
wild confusion meet;  
And pale-faced toilers listless roam, and country  
damsels stray;  
Or loud-tongued politicians blame the statesmen  
of the day!  
Here portly farmers speak of crops, or moot the  
price of grain:  
There Crispin's sons, with bitter speech, of new  
machines complain.  
But few who play their daily part in each  
strange scene of life,  
E'er think that here the robber Dane and Saxon  
met in strife.

“Ay, where the hawkers vend their wares, and  
noisy urchins play,  
To gloomy Thor, the savage Dane would bow  
him down and pray.  
To pray—his battle-axe still wet with Saxon  
maiden's blood—  
To pray—where smoking ruins marked where  
once a church had stood—  
To pray—while dark-robed monks and nuns  
lay bleeding in each cell;  
And all around the sword and flame worked  
War's own bloody spell.  
Oh! God be thanked, these times are past, and  
England may in peace  
Behold her glory, wealth, and strength, still  
evermore increase.



"And yet I fain would linger still, and with  
impulsive strain,  
Recall the splendors of the past, and bid them  
live again :—  
An endless train of noble forms slow pass be-  
fore my sight,  
The Monarch, Prince, and belted Earl, the  
Churchman and the Knight,  
Again arise the castle walls, and from their tur-  
rets high,  
The silken banners blazon forth, and angry foes  
defy.  
On every lofty battlement the warders' helmets  
shine,  
And archers on their trusty bows in watchful-  
ness recline.

"While slowly rings the vesper bell, or aged  
minstrels sing  
The famous deeds in Palestine of England's  
lion-king ;  
And high-born maidens cast their glance of ten-  
derness and love  
On gallant youths, who, for their smile, their  
skill in tournaments prove ;  
Again the fiery chargers prance before the cas-  
tle gate,  
Where pages young, in doublets gay, for steel-  
clad nobles wait ;  
And tease the burly serving man, or kiss the  
bashful maid,  
Or tremble at a monkish scowl, though never  
word be said.

"But, lo ! the dreams begin to fade, and other  
forms I view :  
The young and noble Cavaliers, to throne and  
monarch true :

Again they raise the wine-cup high, and mirth-  
ful ditties troll,  
Or drink a hump to their king, and raise a  
groan for 'Noll.'  
Away again—the fight is o'er, and all is flight  
and rout ;  
The clash of swords, and shrieks, and cries,  
mix with the victor's shout ;  
The crimson flames shoot madly up, and terror  
pales each brow—  
The star of Royal Charles has waned, and  
Cromwell triumphs now.

"Away again—no more the curse of strife and  
civil war  
Brings mourning to each peaceful home, and  
spreads distress afar ;  
But smiling crowds, and waving flags, and joy-  
ous clanging bells,  
And lusty cheers, and music strains, the march  
of triumph swells :  
'Tis England's Queen—her country's pride—  
who rests upon her throne,\*  
Surrounded by her people's love—secure in *that*  
alone.  
Oh ! contrasts strange, these epochs four—the  
fierce and cruel Sweyne—  
The Lion-King—the hapless Charles—and Eng-  
land's darling Queen."

Altogether a very modest sweet little vol-  
ume. We envy our stay-maker the intense  
and innocent pleasure these musings must  
have afforded. May he have for many  
years such, only still higher and happier.

\* Her Majesty visited Northampton, 1844.

**SUBSTITUTES FOR INDIGO.**—Owing to the  
scarcity and high prices of indigo, and the great  
demand for it for dyeing blue woollen cloth and  
flannel, some of the dyers are buying up carrot-  
tops and using them for dyeing blue. These  
are said to yield a species of indigo the same as  
woad, and they are used in what is called the  
"pastel vat." The color obtained from them  
is as durable as indigo, but a great quantity is  
required to yield a small amount of coloring  
matter. What is required is for chemists to  
discover a means of obtaining a fast blue color  
from coal or petroleum oils, and when we re-  
member that aniline was first obtained from in-  
digo, and the extraordinary prolificness in col-  
oring matters which the former body enjoys, it  
does not seem improbable that we may some

day be able to convert aniline back again into  
indigo.

**HINT TO SPORTSMEN.**—It is often a subject  
of remark that the left barrel of a gun bursts so  
much more frequently than the right, while, as  
is well known, the right-hand barrel is the most  
used. This bursting may be prevented by ram-  
ming down the charge in the left barrel every  
time the right is fired, as when the right is used  
several times in succession, the wadding in the  
left is separated from the charge and a vacuum  
ensues between them, which, on firing the sec-  
ond barrel, frequently causes an explosion.



From St. James' Magazine.  
AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I AM an old man ; yet it only seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar-tree that grew before the Vicarage, in search of the starling's nest. I can fancy I hear the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the crimson mounting to my cheeks as it did when, turning to the Vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father, as he stood at the Study window.

It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the centre of that group of lads, and now—

"They are all gone, the old familiar faces."

Dick, the surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harry Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo ; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and saw the blinds down, and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

It was a sad day for us at the Vicarage, especially for Emily. My father stayed in his Library all day ; though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark, deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting-place ; her golden hair—(I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memorials of other days, "the days of auld lang syne")—hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sunk almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startling beauty reminded me of the language of the Book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing-room. Her "face was as the face of an angel."

Ah, me ! how I am wandering from the circumstance I sat down to write about ; but you must forgive an old man, for whenever I think of Emily it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

It was Christmas Eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all the day, blotting out the hedges and walls which surrounded the Vicarage, and burying the sun-dial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

I had come from my father's Study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spirited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition ; though, when excited or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble, except my father. It was some time before my father came down ; but when he did, we heard him lock the Study door after him, and he came down alone. He looked very stern and angry : he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbreaks of passion.

"Willie will not come down to-night," said he ; "I have left him in the Study with a lesson that will keep him all night."

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which still continued to fall heavily.

It was the anniversary of Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of young friends (children of the neighboring gentry) to pass the evening at the Vicarage.

It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were, first, the children of Squire Harcourt, who came wrapped in soft furs and shawls in the old-fashioned cozy family carriage, with its couple of docile grays. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters, Emily and Agnes ; and, as the time wore on, about a score of young people were assembled at the Vicarage. It was a merry party. My father, whom it would be an injustice to represent as an unkind man, threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had been one of us. The furniture, excepting the old-fashioned piano, had been removed from the drawing-room, and it and the sitting-room had, by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which



had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The red berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green glossy leaves, and here and there my sister's hands had gracefully arranged bunches of many-colored ribbons.

Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children when they were told that Willie, the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

I knew that my mother was thinking of the dear boy in the room above us, for Willie was my mother's favorite. She was thinking of a handsome face pressed against the door, and of a tiny ear close to the key-hole, listening to the voices of the merry groups below. She knew these sounds would be exquisite torture to the prisoner. She knew how that quick, eager spirit would fret in the Study above like a wild bird in a cage.

Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father, —and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother's yet more sad and pained.

My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs upon the old piano; and then—the boys choosing their partners from the graceful little maidens who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes beneath the holly in a corner of the room—the dance began. Whilst this was going on, I saw my father put something into my mother's hand. It was the Study key. With a grateful smile—oh, how sweet that smile was!—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase; I saw her glide swiftly up the stairs; and I could hear when she unlocked the door,—and when she opened it to pass in, the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and as its light fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted but a few minutes of ten o'clock.

I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs when I heard my mother cry "Willie!" Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children,

went straight up to him, and crying, "Willie's gone! oh, Willie, Willie, darling!" fell fainting at his feet.

My sister immediately left the piano, and with the aid of some cold water, my mother was restored very soon. Of course, this put an end to the festivities, and the children were soon on their way home, except Harry Vernon, who stayed to assist in the search for Willie. Afterwards my mother told us, that as she was endeavoring to amuse a group of the younger children, she heard Willie's voice distinctly calling "Mamma! mamma!" She instantly got the key, as I have before related, and went up to the Study. As soon as she opened the door she felt the window was open, by the rushing of the cold, frosty air past her. The instant she entered the room, she felt a tremor seize her. Why did not Willie spring to meet her? She felt in a moment that Willie was not there! The Study lamp was flickering out; there stood my father's easy-chair opposite a table on which lay his books and manuscripts, and amongst them poor Willie's soiled and hated Latin Grammar.

He must have climbed down the side of the old house, by the aid of the ivy-stems, which grew up to the pinnacles of the gables, on to the top of the antique portico, and from thence have leaped to the ground. Willie, agile as a squirrel, could easily have accomplished this.

In a few moments from the discovery of Willie's absence we—that is, my mother and father, Harry and myself, and two servants, one of them old Walter, who passionately loved Willie—were out in search of the missing one.

The snow was still falling heavily, but by the light of the moon, which was at full, we could see almost as distinctly as by daylight.

Strange to say, my mother went instinctively towards a deep pool of water, beneath the orchard wall, called by the villagers the Black Pool—so called because of its depth. Near it, and overshadowing it, grew an old gnarled thorn-bush, which, after many winters' frosts and snows, still preserved its vitality. It was a pleasant place in summer; the broad, fanlike ferns, with their beautiful serrated leaves, loved to grow there, and in that old thorn, a summer or two before, a nightingale and made its haunt, and sung



through the long star-lit nights, and Willie and I had lain awake for hours listening to it.

I never, even now, hear the song of the nightingale without thinking of my darling brother and the chamber in which we slept. The villagers said it was haunted by something more than the nightingale; but that I never positively knew.

Well; I saw my mother bend down close to the water a moment, and then suddenly turn and pick something up from the ground at the foot of the thorn. She held it out a moment in the moonlight, and then gave a wild cry of pain. It was a little handkerchief of Willie's, edged with a particular kind of lace which she had put on herself. The water was still and rippleless—save a slight tremor, which might be caused by the breeze—and reflected the quiet stars in its dark face.

My father, who was a good swimmer and a stranger to fear, quietly took off his coat, and in a moment was down at the bottom of the pool. I shall never forget the expression of anxiety on my mother's face, as she bent forward over the pool. Her large dark eyes had something awful in the intensity of their gaze; her thin white hands were clasped convulsively upon her bosom; her lips were drawn tightly across her small white teeth, and we could hear her breathe as though she had been running rapidly.

It seemed an age before my father reappeared; but when he did, it was with Willie's pale, handsome face, looking more beautiful than ever, lying on his shoulder, and his long dark hair, which it always seemed a shame to cut, falling over his arm! I think I hear my mother's wild, despairing cry now, at the distance of seventy years. I have heard it at night in my quiet study; I have heard it on board ship, when the storm-winds have thrown us like a feather amongst the frothing waves; I have heard it in old continental cathedrals, above the voices of the choir, the music of the organ, and the ringing and clashing of the bells.

Hush! I thought I heard it then! My father carried Willie home, and old Walter and the other servant assisted my mother. Willie was instantly got to bed, and the ordinary means used for his restoration, whilst old Walter was sent off on the brown mare to the doctor's. We heard the dull, heavy sound of her hoofs upon the snow, as she

went off at a swift pace down the carriage-drive. In a short time she came back, bringing the doctor.

My mother was bending over Willie, and nervously swaying herself backwards and forwards, when he came in; but she rose immediately, and with wide, flashing eyes, exclaimed,—

"O! doctor, save my boy! O, Willie! Willie, darling! Speak to me, my child!"

I never read David's thrilling lament, "O, Absalom! my son, Absalom!" without thinking of my mother's great agony in Willie's chamber. The doctor was a remarkably skilful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother's eager eyes followed all his movements!

At last, when we were just despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes of his! There was unspeakable ecstacy on my mother's face, the like of which I have never seen since, and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

The many-colored rainbow of hope now hung over the Vicarage, alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and then, how he became afraid, and dared not look where the shadows lay in the library; and how, as he watched the moon rise through the poplars before the window, he was tempted to climb down by the ivy-stems; and how he had wandered to the Black Pool, and had been tempted to spring across it to get a bunch of crimson berries that hung from a branch on the other side, thinking he would give them her; and how he had missed his footing and fallen backward into the pond. Then he told her how he rose to the surface,—and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom with thoughts of her passing dreamlike through his mind,—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he were dying,—and that was all he knew. How my mother wept and smiled, and clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you now how my poor father



kissed him, and asked—ay, he, the stern disciplinarian, asked—pardon of his own child. Willie, fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again; but it was a troubled, broken slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he were very cold.

The doctor came again,—but this time he shook his head, and said there was no chance for him. My mother and father watched him night and day; but he grew worse and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bee's nest he had found a few days ago in a bank in the wood,—then he would shout as if at

play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands and the big tears trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones, “O papa, forgive me! I cannot!”

Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head with its splendid dark locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay in my father's trembling palm.

#### SAVING THE OCTOROON.

UPON the couch she lies so pale—  
’Tis but a graceful swoon;  
What? Poison?—nay—’tis sure a tale,  
He’ll never thus our hearts assail,  
And kill the *Octoroon*!

Say, Boucicault, that she survives!  
Grant us this public boon;  
If cats are blessed with ninefold lives,  
Give two to her, this pearl of wives,  
Don’t kill the *Octoroon*!

There still is time: that negress might  
By the uncertain moon,  
A phial give, which though to sight  
The same, would op’rate different quite,  
Nor kill the *Octoroon*!

*McClosky* fall’n by Indian blow,  
(Or to fall very soon)  
Cannot appear to bid her go,  
Then why that fact not let her know,  
And save the *Octoroon*.

True *Peyton* has another flame,  
Is somewhat of a spoon;  
But give him up Miss What’s-your-name,  
You must admit ’twould be a shame  
To kill the *Octoroon*.

So say I, and the public voice  
Sings to the self-same tune,  
It’s not as if you had no choice—  
Why break the hearts you can rejoice?  
*Why* kill the *Octoroon*?

Don’t tell us that the thing must be,  
You’re far too cute a coon;  
To be so reg’lar up a tree,  
You can’t find a catastrophe  
That saves the *Octoroon*.

Of law supreme, fate, and such rot,  
Preach on from this to June;  
I say—necessity or not—  
Poor *Zoe* must not go to pot—  
Don’t kill the *Octoroon*!

What if your logic comes to grief,  
When thus your play you prune?  
I still insist on the relief,  
Both to my nerves and handkerchief—  
Don’t kill the *Octoroon*!

Untruth to manners I’ll admit,  
Though clear as sun at noon;  
“Anything else we’ll stand or sit,  
But this,” cry boxes, gallery, pit,  
“Don’t kill the *Octoroon*.”

The author heard; he rubbed his chin;  
“They’ll call me a poltroon.  
But, if her death the houses thin,  
Perhaps ’tis time I should begin  
To save the *Octoroon*.

“Tragic necessity, good-by—  
And manners change your tune;  
The public voice I’ll ratify—  
My pretty *Zoe* shall not die—  
I’ll save the *Octoroon*!”

’Tis said; ’tis done; and now the play  
Goes blithe as songs of June:  
Miss What’s-her-name’s put out o’ the way,  
*Zoe* weds *George*. Hip! hip! Hooray!  
We’ve saved the *Octoroon*!

—Punch.



From The London Review, 21 Dec.  
THE NATIONAL CALAMITY.

THERE is room for but one thought and one sorrow in the whole soul of England. The vast and yet unfathomed calamity which has come upon us absorbs all lesser anxieties. Wars and rumors of war pass almost unheeded in the presence of this engrossing bereavement. England has lately lost too many of her wisest and best counsellors. The grave has but just closed over Herbert and Graham; and now, at a moment when "our need was the sorest," we have lost, by an unlooked-for and incalculable disaster, one who could be less spared than either. It is hard to clothe in words what all too eloquently feel. Speech is the vehicle of common thoughts; but there are emotions which an expressive silence best portrays. Nevertheless, a journal could ill pretend to interpret public feeling which did not offer an humble tribute to the memory of him who has so well earned a nation's honor and a nation's grief.

And, moreover, the character and conduct of the Prince were of so rare and peculiar a quality, that to analyze and dwell on them is to each of us at once a grateful and an instructive study. The pages of history abound in examples of shining and heroic characters. In troubled times, and in the midst of exciting events, it is not difficult for men of spirit, energy, and genius to achieve great and memorable deeds. The events themselves contribute hardly less to the greatness of the man than the man to the magnitude of the events. But in days comparatively smooth, and by the unobserved performance of difficult yet unobscured duties to accomplish a great and worthy end, is a more laborious and painful task, and one which requires moral qualities of a high and rare order. It is to this sphere that Prince Albert was summoned, at an age when the characters of most men are yet unformed, and in which he performed his task with a conscientious patience and a disinterested ability which has earned for him the lasting gratitude of the country.

The reign of Queen Victoria has seen a change in the moral and political influence of the monarchy over the popular mind, of which few countries or ages offer a parallel. Let any one compare the state of public feeling now with that which existed some

thirty years ago, and they will easily see on what a different basis of security the monarchical institutions of the country repose, rooted as they are in the esteem and confidence of the nation. There have been days and there were, alas! too many—when the obstinate loyalty of the English people had much to forgive and much which it would fain have forgotten. The disaffected had too much against which they could rail, and the well-conditioned had too little defence which they could in sincerity allege. But now loyalty is a universal passion, which no envious voice dare gainsay, and of which the sternest votary need not be ashamed. The homage which we pay to the crown is a service which needs no traditional sentiments to enforce respect, and which requires no apology to extenuate short-comings in our chief. Here there is nothing to forgive—nothing to forget. On the throne the strictest worshipper of the Constitution may without flattery admire the perfect type of the headship of a free people. In the palace the strictest censor of domestic purity will find the completest pattern of an English home. To whom is due this great and salutary change? Unquestionably to the virtues of the Sovereign and her Consort we owe the widened and immovable basis of love, esteem, and admiration, on which the fabric of the throne has been, as it were, re-edified and renewed. Who can tell, amongst the temptations to pleasure, idleness, and vice, which beset the great, how much of courage and self-denial is needed for the constant and untiring accomplishment of the daily duties of the most responsible of stations? To live in the sight of all men, and yet so to live that no man can say that what ought to have been done has been left undone, or that that which has been done had been better not done; this is the sort of labor which is unostentatious and often unmarked, but which, in the end, bears a fruit worthy of the toil and the self-denial which it has called forth.

And here let us not shrink from performing an act of justice, though it partakes somewhat of the character of a late repentance, to the memory of this faithful servant of the country of his adoption. England has somewhat of ingratitude to lay at her own door; and if there is anything which could add to the bitterness of the national



regrets, it is the sense that the Prince in his lifetime did not receive altogether in a full and hearty measure, the popular recognition of those great services, the loss of which is now felt to be so irreparable. Seldom, alas! does it happen that a friend is torn from the side of those who have not occasion to reproach themselves with too imperfect an appreciation of him they have lost. Can the conscience of England altogether acquit itself in the case of the friend whom she mourns? It were idle and unavailing to seek now for explanation and excuses of a fact which cannot honestly be denied or usefully concealed. But it is neither right nor just that this consideration should altogether be passed over, for two reasons.

First, because it is well to take blame to ourselves for a fault which is not less culpable in a nation than in an individual; and it is no sign either of greatness or goodness to slur over an error, which ought rather to be confessed and atoned. And secondly, because the circumstance of the popular coldness which Prince Albert too long experienced, and of which it is well known he was poignantly sensible, brought out the true greatness and dignity of his character in its most striking light. Men of a less magnanimous temper, and with a sense of duty less firm and exalted, might have been provoked or depressed by an indifference which they felt to be unmerited. In the exhausting labors of public life, statesmen are sustained by the excitement of party, and cheered by the breath of popular applause. But Prince Albert, in the discharge of duties not less weighty, and a toil not less incessant, had no dreams of ambition to stimulate his energies—none of the sweets of fame to recreate his fatigue.

“The applause of listening senates to command,”

was not permitted to him in his lifetime.

“To read his history in a nation’s eyes,”

has come to pass indeed at last—for those eyes are dimmed with tears; but for him it has come to pass all too late, when “honor’s voice” can no longer “provoke the silent dust,” nor “flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.” To him, in his lifetime, this coldness of ours was bitter, and to us it is, as it ought to be, a bitter reflection now. What would he not have given to have

known and to have felt for a single day, the glow of that gratitude and admiration of the nation which has burst forth, but burst forth only about his bier?

But it is in the fact that not being permitted to know and to feel this, he persisted manfully, cheerfully, and nobly in the path of his duty; that he accomplished the great task allotted to him without incitement and without reward; that he loved and labored for a people without stint, which repaid him with too niggardly a sympathy; in this we say, to those who view the lineaments of moral greatness aright, is to be found the heroic aspect of a really exalted character. In his conduct there was no peevish or undignified impatience. He was content to wait, and to work, and to abide the result of duty well fulfilled. The great Taskmaster has released him early from his toil, and the nation makes, if late, at least ample, amends, in accumulating upon his tomb a majestic monument of gratitude and grief.

But the sorrow for the dead is yet outweighed by the burden of sympathy for the living. If the soul of the nation is heavy for the Prince, its heart indeed bleeds for the Queen. Even the balm of solitude and rest, which is granted to the meanest of her afflicted subjects, is denied to the Queen of a great people. “The stricken deer” may hide itself in the thicket to assuage the deadly smart. But the noble and self-denying sense of duty, which is the conspicuous virtue of the Queen, has taught her to refuse herself even this, the most common consolation. Her first thought, as indeed it is known to have been the dying wish of her husband, was that in the midst of her affliction the interests of her people should not suffer. In the first hours of her widowhood the thoughts and the cares of the Queen have been chiefly for the nation. It is a terrible task which the providence of God has laid upon her. Marvellous and admirable is the meekness and courage with which she has accepted the lot in which she is cast.

No longer will she have at her call the tender care, the calm judgment, the cultivated intellect, the ripened experience, and impartial discrimination of him who shared at once her heart and her council. “*Je mourrai seul*,” said Pascal, and it is an awful thought; but *je vivrai seul* is, perhaps,



a yet more overwhelming reflection. The Queen cannot want friends, indeed.

In the old days, "the King's friends" was the title of a political faction. But now the friends of the Queen are all her people. Still a great station, like the lofty mountain, is, by an insuperable law, inaccessible and bare. There was but one who could be really her friend, and that one is gone. The equal mind and the twin heart can never be replaced. Her task must be a heavy one, but she has a great heart to bear it, and the blessing of God shall be with her in the lot which he has apportioned. She will not fail in the reward which the Prince's virtues and her own have earned for the crown. What the love and the sympathy of the nation can accomplish to lighten the burden of a queen who sacrifices to it even the sacredness of her grief will not be wanting.

No picture that the pen of romance has ever drawn is half so touching as the natural sorrow, the simple courage, and the self-denying simplicity of the Queen's affliction. These are scenes which imprint themselves deeply on the mind and conscience of a nation, and of which the memory will long survive. In the first hours of her grief it may be that the spontaneous testimony of love, respect, and esteem to him who is gone, by the people he served so well, will be the most welcome balm to her stricken spirit. And to the last moments of her life she will be sustained by the gratitude and affection of a nation which cannot forget that it was to them and not to herself that she gave the first days of that dark and dreary time which, while it made her a widow, still left her a Queen.

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From The Saturday Review, 21 Dec.  
THE NATIONAL LOSS.

In the very crisis of a great national difficulty, while any moment may bring the tidings of unexpected peace or of necessary war, the thoughts of the whole community have suddenly been diverted into another channel, and a deep and universal sorrow has, for a time, overpowered resentment, anxiety, and eagerness for action. Common domestic grief goes deeper than the disappointments and solitudes which turn on public affairs, and imagination readily brings home to the sympathy of all the irrep-

parable household loss endured by one to whom Englishmen stand almost in a personal relation. The simultaneous consciousness of any sentiment which pervades a multitude at the same moment, always intensifies its effect on each individual of the crowd; and, even if the public misfortune which has occurred had been in itself less serious, the feeling which it caused would have been multiplied and strengthened by the participation of the entire country. It is, however, superfluous to account by general reasons for the shock which was felt throughout England when it was known that the Prince Consort's short illness had ended in death. With one exception, it may be said that no life could so ill have been spared; for ministers and statesmen leave successors to fill their places, but it is impossible that the position of first and nearest adviser to the crown can again be so fitly occupied. When a temporary gleam of hope appeared a few hours before the fatal event, many persons probably reflected that the Prince, if he recovered, would enjoy a popularity which, in more than twenty years of public life, he had deserved more fully than he had acquired. The sudden perception of his value to the country would not have passed away with the occasion, and now it will be confirmed and perpetuated by experience. In this, as in a hundred preceding generations, worth is first appreciated when it is lost.

"Virtutem incolumem odimus;  
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi."

When Prince Albert arrived in England, little more than a boy in years, there lay before him innumerable opportunities of error and failure, counterbalanced by little facility for gratifying a vulgar ambition. If he had fallen into the common irregularities of princes—if, like Prince George of Denmark, he had been an insignificant appendage of the court—if he had resented or undervalued his ostensibly secondary position, or if he had sunk into a political partisan—in any of these cases he would have been a drag on the authority and influence which actually derived from his prudent devotion their most effective support. In pursuance of Lord Melbourne's wise counsels, the Royal Consort was, from the first, associated in all the duties and responsibilities of the crown. The long and prosperous



reign which has succeeded has, according to a frequent and just remark, not been disfigured by a single mistake. It is impracticable, as it would be unseemly, to inquire into the share which the prince may have personally taken in acts which were always performed with his privity and assistance. It is enough to know that one of the most accomplished men in Europe took part in the decisions of one who clung to him with attachment rarely equalled; and few will doubt that the proper sovereignty of the husband was reconciled with due and loyal deference to a higher worldly dignity. It is not an easy task to discharge, with general approval, the functions of a constitutional king, who must in public questions stand equally aloof from indifference and from partiality. The constitutional course of the Prince Consort was not rewarded by popular applause, and it was necessary that he should even court a certain comparative obscurity for the purpose of avoiding dangerous jealousies. A wiser, steadier, and less selfish career has seldom been accomplished.

Of those who approached Prince Albert personally, many were eminently qualified to judge of character and ability, and all of them agreed that the Prince would have risen to extraordinary eminence if he had been born in a private station. He was unusually familiar with several branches of science, and although literature has never been favored by an English court, he often paid graceful and significant compliments to conspicuous men of letters. The statesmen who were brought officially into contact with the Prince invariably acknowledged the extent of his knowledge and the soundness of his judgment. The most unfriendly critics of his conduct and demeanor were found among the duller members of the high aristocracy. It was, in fact, his chief defect that he never succeeded in attaining an easy and popular manner. He was accused of exaggerating the stiffness of German etiquette, and it is probable that he was always conscious of an embarrassing contrast between the real power which he exercised and his nominal position. The vulgar prejudice which occasionally found vent at his expense was provoked, not by his errors, but by the circumstances which he turned with admirable judgment to the best account. During the Crimean war,

the rabble, under the influence of some of their baser organs, suddenly burst into an uproar of abuse and suspicion against the Prince Consort. They said that, if not a traitor, he was at least a usurper, that he interfered in public affairs, and that he was even present at confidential interviews between the Queen and her ministers. The bubble was blown up by flatulent ignorance and malignity, and it curiously collapsed at a breath. In answer to a question, Lord Aberdeen stated in the House of Lords that the popular rumor was, by an extraordinary accident, literally true. The Prince really took a principal part in advising the crown; he was habitually present at discussions with the ministers; he exercised an undisputed influence; and it would be his duty to persevere in the same constitutional course. The propriety of the arrangement was manifest as soon as it was openly avowed, and the blatant multitude thenceforward acquiesced with perfect readiness in the confirmation of its own premature alarms.

There are many still alive who can recollect the burst of sorrow which was called forth by the death of Princess Charlotte. Her youth, her death in child-birth, her recent marriage, and even her father's unpopularity, appealed to the universal feelings of mankind as well as to the calculations of politicians and patriots. Prince Albert's death in mature years may perhaps be less touching, but the loss to the country is greater, and the grief which in one quarter it will occasion is incomparably more profound. He will perhaps be most regretted on his own account by those who are best qualified to appreciate his merits and services, but the nation at large will above all things feel the heavy affliction of the Queen. No sovereign of modern times has been the object of equal love and respect, and the loyalty to her person is as warm in the remotest corners of her dominions as in the imperial islands. On the Continent, her name is a symbol of honor and felicity, and in the United States of America she is regarded with enthusiasm, as the worthy chief of the whole English race. Thousands who know little of the Prince Consort's difficulties or deserts will feel, as if it were their own loss, the blight which has fallen on an ideally happy home. It will be the universal wish that the good sense and upright purpose



which have long been guided by faithful counsels may henceforward be able to stand alone. Although the place of the lost adviser cannot be supplied, a hopeful son is ready to take some share of the burden which has been borne by more experienced shoulders. The Prince of Wales is of the age at which his father became the chief assistant and supporter of the Queen. By taking such a part in public business as may become his years, he would be rendering the most effectual aid to the Sovereign, and he would at the same time, under the guidance of trained and experienced statesmen, be preparing himself for the great place which he must one day fill. It will be well if, in the discharge of a pious duty, he escapes the risks of idleness and frivolity which have too often beset the heirs of England. The popularity which naturally attends his birth and his youthful years will smooth for him many difficulties, and secure an immediate reward for his exertions. In the performance of his future duties he can propose to himself no nobler model than the grave, earnest, unselfish Prince who now lies lifeless at Windsor.

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From The Saturday Review, 21 Dec.

#### THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE late Prince Consort was a foreigner, in a country where foreigners do not easily find their way to the heart of the people. He was a German, in a country where a traditional prejudice against Germans in high places has descended from the time when the Hanoverian dynasty were aliens, and hated by a powerful section of the nation; and when it was always suspected, and sometimes with justice, that the interests of England were sacrificed to those of Hanover in the conduct of affairs. He had been brought up at small German courts, the worst possible school of manners for one who was to make himself popular with the English; and, as his tomb needs no lying epitaph, it may be admitted that he had thus contracted a certain stiffness which, combined with a reserve which was the offspring of genuine, though misconstrued, modesty, somewhat detracted from the effect of his sterling virtues and accomplishments on the minds of those with whom he came in contact. Yet, with all these dis-

advantages, his death has been bewailed as a heavy domestic affliction in every family throughout the land. It has been felt to add gloom to the dark prospect of an almost civil war. The feelings which it has awakened have been compared, without exaggeration, to those which were awakened in English hearts by the loss of our own Princess Charlotte, the hope and darling of the nation. It is true that the national grief for the Prince Consort has been blended with and heightened by intense sorrow and anxiety for the Queen. But this, instead of diminishing, enhances the honor of the dead. The bright omens of the marriage-day have been well fulfilled, though the happiness of which that day was the commencement has been prematurely closed.

It should be known that we owe to this man not only the grief which a loyal nation feels at every loss nearly affecting the sovereign, or that which is excited by the premature termination of a life so full of vigor, hope, and promise. We owe him a real debt of gratitude for important service—service not the less valuable because it was unostentatious. Amidst the European convulsions of 1848, the universal remark was that our monarchy, among the rest, would have been in peril if George IV. had been upon the throne. It may not, perhaps, be literally true that even a George IV. could have overturned institutions essentially popular, and based on a state of society essentially sound; but certainly the perfect security and almost undisturbed tranquillity with which England passed through that crisis was due in great measure to the loyal affection with which even the least conservative portion of the people regarded a virtuous court. And the virtue of the court must be attributed in great measure to the excellent influence of a prince who had been raised to a position of the greatest and most besetting temptation, as well as of the most important trust, before he had reached the age of twenty-one. Those who remember what the highest society of England was at the commencement of the present reign, and who can recall the royal scandals which disgraced the preceding period, feel most deeply the happy change that has ensued. Divested, by the development of the Constitution, of most of its direct political power, the crown has retained immense social influence for good or evil. That this



influence has been exercised, during the last twenty years, purely for good, is the high eulogy of the Prince who has just descended to the grave. Nor was the effect confined to the English people. The moral example of our royal family was felt in other courts and other nations; and the outburst of affection with which the Prince of Wales was greeted on his visit to America was the homage of a people among whom, amidst all their errors and failings, domestic virtue has always been honored and cherished, to the type of domestic virtue presented by the family of our Queen.

In a political point of view, the part which Prince Albert was called upon to play was not the less difficult from being one not of action but of forbearance. He was, and could not but feel himself to be, a man of great talents and great political acquirements, fitted probably to contend with success for the prizes of ambition in an equal field. Yet he found himself, amidst a nation of aspiring minds and stirring contests, alone debarred from the pleasures of exertion and from the hope of distinction, and compelled to regard it as his highest praise to remain politically unknown. Immediately on becoming an Englishman, he made it his business to study the principles of the English Constitution in the best books, and with the best living assistance; and he had the good sense to draw from his studies the true, though to a powerful and energetic mind unwelcome, inference. Jealousy and suspicion watched him closely, but his behavior gave them nothing whereon to fix. At one time, indeed, a loud cry was raised, principally by an inferior part of the press, that the Prince Consort was unconstitutionally tampering with our diplomacy; but the ambassador whose functions were supposed to have been interfered with came forward at once with a complete denial, and the calumny was scattered to the winds. Statesmen feel that they have reason to look back upon the conduct of the Prince Consort with peculiar gratitude. The relations of the different powers in our Constitution, though generally well understood, are not so explicitly defined that the intercourse of parliamentary ministers with their sovereign is always free from embarrassment. Had Prince Albert been other than he was, that embarrassment might have been extreme. But

when his conduct was called in question on the occasion to which we have already alluded, it clearly appeared that the advisers of the crown felt his presence to be a great assistance, instead of an impediment, in the fulfilment of their delicate task. Of few courts can it be said that they are even tolerably free from intrigue; but of the English court, for the last twenty years, it may be said that it has been absolutely free. The "Bedchamber Plot" by which Lord Melbourne's Government were restored to a power which the nation had pronounced to be no longer theirs, took place before Prince Albert's arrival in this country; and never since that time has Constitutional Monarchy been lowered in the opinion of the nation by cabals or sinister influences.

Debarred from the sphere of political action, the Prince Consort did not sink into listless and frivolous indolence; nor did he satisfy himself with ruling the dull pomp and etiquette of a court. He found means still to give scope to his faculties, and to keep the man from being merged in the prince. Art and science found in him their most constant and most judicious patron; and not only their patron, but their hearty friend. For a rich man to lavish money is easy; but the Prince gave to the pursuits which he sincerely loved an aid which only high self-cultivation and real effort could have enabled him to give. He detected the inferiority of taste betrayed in English manufactures with the eye of a highly cultivated foreigner, and he set himself to remedy it with the zeal of an Englishman devoted to the honor of his country. No remedy can be more effectual than the display of the more tasteful productions of the Continent placed side by side with our own under the eye of the nation. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was the Prince Consort's work. He conceived it, and carried it out with quiet resolution in the face of great difficulties and almost universal discouragement—even the Duke of Wellington having, it is said, uttered ominous forebodings of failure and confusion. From that period may be traced that increasing and successful effort not to fall behind the manufacturers of other countries in taste, while we surpass them in energy, of which the Prince Consort must mainly reap the praise. The Kensington Museum attests the same beneficent activity,



which indeed made itself felt in every department of art and in some departments of science. In the person of the Prince Consort, intellect almost for the first time took its place near the English throne, and perhaps some of the Prince's unpopularity among the vulgar great is traceable to the preference which he showed to the claims of real merit over those of grandees. The cordiality of his intercourse with those whose talents and accomplishments he valued was disclosed by the publication of Humboldt's Correspondence; and the betrayal of his confidence which that publication involved brought him much more credit than discredit in the eyes of right-minded men. His education had been as good as that of a prince, necessarily deprived of the advantage of equal competition with other minds, can be; and in the midst of a court he remained a student, zealously following the thoughts and discoveries of his age. To bring him forward as a candidate for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge was not in all respects a judicious proceeding; but those who did it, at least offered their homage, not to a mere royal personage, but to a real man of letters. Nor did the Prince fail to throw himself into those pursuits which are more especially English. His model farm at Windsor shared his attention, though not equally, with museums and schools of design. He had yet another sphere of beneficent action. George IV. called himself the first gentleman of the age. Prince Albert proved himself the first gentleman of the age, not only by affording a high example of honor and manly virtue, but by taking a leading part in all those benevolent enterprises for the relief of misery, and for improving the lot and character of the people, which are the prosaic but solid substitutes for the visionary enterprises of knight-errantry in forming the character of a gentleman at the present day. To these undertakings the Prince lent not only the ornament of a royal name, but assistance and advice which would have been valuable if given by a private man. As a speaker at meetings of this kind, he had the opportunity of showing that he could clothe thoughts of real weight in well-chosen words, and that, had destiny suffered him to be a statesman,

his eloquence would not have been wanting to the part.

One duty, indeed, there was, intimately concerned with the political welfare of the State, which the Prince Consort was called upon to perform, and which he performed in a most exemplary manner. Though the other functions of royalty belonged to the Queen, it fell to him to preside over the education of the royal children, and especially of the heir to the throne. This he did, it may be truly said, with the solicitude of a father added to the solicitude of a prince. Nor have his anxious labors proved vain; for, so far as his children have come before the public, they have won golden opinions in all quarters. The Prince of Wales especially has hitherto fully answered to the wishes of the nation; and it may well be hoped that his character, which rose to the exigencies of a difficult part in his visit to America, will also rise to the level of the new duties to which he is now called. He is young; and his age alone may well plead for a lenient judgment on his conduct in this emergency. Nor wisely as his education has been carried on, is it possible that he can have received the training which other young men receive from the society and emulation of their equals. In this respect he is at a disadvantage compared with his father, who, though brought up as a member of a royal family, was brought up in a comparatively humble station, and without the dangerous prospect of a throne. His situation, required as he is to act under grave responsibility and with all eyes upon him, is one which calls for sympathy as much as for exhortation. On the other hand, he has the strongest motives to pursue the path of duty; while the father he has just lost presents to him at once the highest example of an honorable life, and the surest pledge of its great reward. He may see that if it is hard amidst the temptations of a court to tread the steep and narrow path, perseverance leads to the highest of earthly prizes — an unbounded measure of affection, and the only royalty which is not uncrowned by death.



From The Press, 21 Dec.

# ENGLAND IN MOURNING.

THE year grows full of shadows as it nears its close. Gloomy from its first hour, the shadows have deepened, and when on the very eve of one of the sternest trials and calamities that can befall a nation, a leader of the people, a pillar of the throne, has been snatched away. When girding ourselves for war, our hearts have suddenly and unexpectedly been smitten by a visit of death. Little did we think a week ago that ere night closed, the bell of St. Paul's would be sounding the death-peal for the Consort of our Queen. Three bulletins from Windsor Castle in quick succession, and all was over. The calamity was so sudden and unlooked for that the public were stupefied—reflection was paralyzed,—and without seeking to estimate the loss to themselves, all hearts turned in deepest sympathy to the widowed Queen. The grief of our beloved Sovereign is still the first thought in every heart. The nation does not yet stop fully to reckon the consequences of the sad calamity to itself; yet the unanimous voice of mourning for the Prince Consort already manifests the high place he had won in the hearts of our people, and foreshadows the more deliberate eulogium which will be passed on his career.

The nation already awakens to a consciousness that the Prince, who for more than twenty years had lived amongst us, was a representative man, and one to whom we have been but niggard of our praise. Death has already placed him in the past, and we begin more clearly to appreciate the noble and important part which he has played in our history. Confronted at first by the difficulties and jealousies which must ever beset a foreigner who becomes a part of the royalty of England, with that discretion and modest spirit which characterized him, the Prince for several years was content to live quietly and unassumingly within the shadow of the throne, fulfilling the duties of his exalted position with a rectitude and amiability that won for him the regard of a people distinguished by its respect for the domestic virtues. It was not till eight years of amiable conduct and irreproachable life had disarmed the national jealousy, and proved him worthy, in the estimation of all, to be the Consort and counsellor of our be-

loved Queen, that the Prince began to come forth before the country in his own individuality, and to play a part which promises to mark an era in our national life. In 1848, when every throne on the Continent was shaking or overthrown, the youthful Consort of the Queen of England stepped forth from his modest retirement to take a part in public affairs, and to show alike his willingness and his ability to be of service to the country of his adoption.

Prudently keeping aloof from party politics where no amount of statesman-like wisdom would have sufficed to avert popular jealousy and anger, the Prince struck out a new path of usefulness for himself, and one happily in which he was pre-eminently fitted to excel. It was the claims of philanthropy which first drew him from the privacy of the royal circle; but, widening his aim as he felt his footing sure, he soon came, quietly and unostentatiously, to affect our whole national life, and to occupy a foremost and altogether novel place in the affairs of the country. He became to us an apostle of Humanity,—a wise and benevolent patron of and agent in the work of social improvement and refinement,—a Minister of Civilization, originating and heading a widespread movement for elevating the tastes and advancing the industrial power of the people. He made for Beauty a home in England, by uniting it with the Useful. He became a patron of the Arts, in a wider sense than ever hitherto has been applicable to that honorable title. He encouraged not only those efforts of artistic genius which can be the delight only of a few; but he wedded Art to common Industry—thereby developing a new value in our manufactures, and spreading a taste for refinement not only among the humble purchasers of those fabrics, but amongst the still poorer classes by whom those fabrics are produced. Foreigners wonder, we ourselves are surprised, that the noblest temple of Beauty ever reared in the world should be found in utilitarian England, and that on the slopes of Sydenham should have arisen a crystal palace containing within its lofty, glittering, transparent walls a scene of beauty, the collected beauties of the world, more like the embodied dream of a poet than anything which we could expect to see. To Albert of Saxe-Coburg belongs the high merit of having



originated the ideas and movement out of which that temple sprang, and of which it is the noblest type and expression—Beauty resting upon the marvels of manufacturing skill,—the great wealth of England for the first time manifesting itself in a grand culture of Art, by an expenditure which has already amply repaid itself by the improvement it has produced in the general taste and in the art-qualities of our manufactures.

Cultivated and contemplative, studious and accomplished, Albert of Saxe-Coburg was the only prince of his day, or almost of any day, whose acquirements in science and philosophy were such as to merit the flattering honor of being chosen President of so distinguished a brotherhood as the Royal Society. It is said that he prized that honor more than any other. But sacrificing perhaps private tastes to public duty, he placed in abeyance the merely personal enjoyment of artistic and intellectual pursuits; and as he transmuted his tastes and talent for Art into a means of public and patriotic usefulness, so did he also with his attainments in the domain of Intellect. He was no longer the student of Bonn, but the foremost man in England. Therefore it was not the abstract speculations of philosophy, fascinating as those are, which engaged his thoughts, but knowledge and philosophy in their relations to national life and common humanity. It was not the science of the closet and the laboratory which occupied his leisure, but science in its application to the material interests of the community. If we admired his thoughtful and eloquent address to the Royal Society, we had still more reason to appreciate his ceaseless labors in behalf of Social Science. Model farms, model houses for the working classes, and philanthropic schemes and institutions occupied the leisure of a prince who nobly rose above the temptations to indolence and personal indulgence, and to whose amiable and benevolent nature Pleasure and Duty seemed to be synonymous terms.

Such was Prince Albert's place in the public life of England. He has not lived to reap his full reward. But the good which he has done will live after him. The schemes which he has set on foot, the grand movement for social elevation which he has originated will, we feel assured, be taken up by

the nation itself, and will become to future times the noblest monument to his memory.

But we have as yet done justice to but half the Prince's fame. As the husband and counsellor of our Queen, as the father and guide of the rising royal family of England, common consent points to him as a model prince. How much the young Queen who chose him for her husband owes to his judicious counsels we shall never fully know; but it is impossible to withhold from him a large share of the credit for the perfection of constitutional government, and the harmony which has so happily prevailed between sovereign and people, since Her Majesty ascended the throne. How much mischief a foreigner in his position might have done, even with the best intentions, is obvious,—but his discretion, so far above his years, saved us from it. How much misery to the crown, and injury to the country, would have flowed from vicious conduct and evil example in so high a position as his, need not be told,—for happily in his case we have had no experience of them. Therefore it is that the nation grieves so much for his loss, and grieves most of all for the bereavement which has befallen the Queen. He helped to bear the burden of royalty; he was ever by her side to share the cares of government, to support her with his counsels, to comfort her with his love. Reserved in action, unostentatious in spirit, he was nevertheless acknowledged to be the third statesman in Europe—if indeed he did not stand on a level with the other two—Leopold, Napoleon, Albert; and every Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs of late years will bear testimony how much they as well as the Queen have been aided by his calm, broad, and statesman-like views. A support to our Queen in the Cabinet, he was her all-in-all in the family. As husband and father he shared every care and responsibility in domestic affairs, and in the guidance and up-bringing of the large family with which Providence has blessed them.

And now that royal support and comforter is gone; and in a few brief hours more—ere the Christmas chimes of a saddened Christmas begin to peal—the royal vault will close over that noble-hearted prince, that accomplished, amiable, and benevolent man. That goodly Presence—the free, open



face and handsome figure—those graceful manners—that quiet look of high intelligence, and the benevolence which cared for all—are passed away, and his place shall know him no more. No more shall we meet him in the little Art-world of his creating at Kensington,—no more shall we see him opening great halls or presiding over societies devoted to the conjoint culture of Art, Industry, and Humanity. When the great World's Fair, the Exhibition of all Nations, opens a few months hence, the eye will seek in vain for him to whom the heart would fain pay its homage. And will not thousands then revert in memory to the time, eleven years before, when they beheld him standing in youthful prime beside his Royal Consort, commencing that career which death has now sanctified and which history will not fail to blazon? He needs no tears from any one. He has fallen in the heyday of life—without experiencing the sorrows of family bereavement or knowing the impression of decaying strength. His sun has gone down while it was day. And in that drear chamber in which he lay, in the room where the last two sovereigns of England breathed their last, with death consciously approaching, he could calmly say, “It is well!” Looking from his death-bed upon his children and their queenly mother, so soon to be deprived of his protecting care, he had the consolation to know that they were encircled and supported by the love and loyalty of all England,—that not upon his life, as upon that of a despotic ruler, depended the fate and fortunes of his family, but that, guarded by the loyalty of a united people, the stately machine of Government would still roll on, stable and secure, and the crown descend to children and grandchildren in unbroken line so long as they proved worthy of the high trust. He has left them that best inheritance, the example of a model life. In this solemn hour the nation breathes the prayer that the Son may prove worthy of his Sire, and that our widowed Queen may be sustained in her bereavement by that merciful Providence which never errs, and without which not a sparrow falls to the ground.

From The Economist, 21 Dec.

#### THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

So much has ere this been said upon the life and character of Prince Albert, that scarcely anything now remains except to join very simply and plainly in the regret and sympathy which have been everywhere expressed by all classes of the nation, the low as well as the high. A long narrative of a simple career would now be wholly needless, for our contemporaries have supplied many such, and any protracted eulogy would be unsuitable both to our business-like pages and to the simple character of him whom we have lost.

If our loss is not, as has been extravagantly said, the greatest which the English nation could have sustained, it is among the most irreparable. Our parliamentary Constitution in some sense renews itself or tends to do so. As one old statesman leaves the scene, a younger one comes forward in the vigor of hope and power to fill his place. When one great orator dies, another commonly succeeds him. The opportunity of the new aspirant is the departure of his predecessor; on every vacancy some new claimant—many claimants probably—strive with eager emulation to win it and to retain it. Every loss is in a brief period easily and fully repaired. Even, too, in the hereditary part of our Constitution most calamities are soon forgotten. One monarch dies, and another succeeds him. A new court, a new family, new hopes and new interests spring up and supersede those which have passed away. What was is forgotten; what is is seen. But now we have the old court without one of its mainstays and principal supports. The royal family of last week is still (and without change) the royal family of to-day; but the *father* of that family is removed. For such a loss there is not in this world any adequate resource or any complete compensation. In no rank of life can any one else be to a widow and children what the deceased husband and father would have been. In the court as in the cottage, such loss must not only be grief now, but perplexity, trouble, and perhaps mistake hereafter.

The present generation, at least the younger part of it, have lost the idea that the court is a serious matter. Everything for twenty years has seemed to go so easily and so



well, that it has seemed to go of itself. There is no such thing in this world. Everything requires anxiety and reflection and patience. And the function of the court, though we easily forget it when it is well performed, keeps itself much in our remembrance when it is ill performed. Old observers say that some of the half-revolutionary discontent in the times preceding the Reform Bill was attributable to the selfish apathy and decrepit profligacy of George the Fourth. The crown is of singular importance in a divided and contentious free state, because it is the *sole* object of attachment which is elevated above every contention and division. But to maintain that importance, it must create attachment. We know that the crown now does so fully; but we do not adequately bear in mind how much rectitude of intention, how much judgment in conduct, how much power of doing right, how much power of doing nothing, are requisite to excite the loyalty and to retain the confidence of a free people.

Some cynical observers have contrasted the unlimited encomiums of the last week with the "cold observance" and very measured popularity of Prince Albert during his life. They remember the public hisses of 1855, and perhaps recall many hints and whispers of politics that have passed away. But the most graphic of our contemporaries have found nothing to record of Prince Albert so truly characteristic as this change. His circumstances, and perhaps his character, forbade him to attempt the visible achievements and the showy displays which attract momentary popularity. Discretion is a quality seldom appreciated till it is lost, and it was discretion which Prince Albert eminently possessed.

allowed him no right, but that his disposition tempted him with no inclination. But the English journals, since his death, have given many evidences, new to the people, that the Consort was the chief adviser of the royal lady; that, standing in the shadow of the throne, he held a strong hand upon the Government; that, while keeping carefully aloof from partisanship, he held many checks and balances upon the ministers; that often the manifest mind of the Queen was only the secret mind of the Prince.

But, in view of the manner in which he exercised this influence, it was to his credit rather than discredit. For it cannot be doubted that he was a conscientious man, scrupulous of his conduct, not ambitious of power, well satisfied with a station which he well filled, and prudent enough to know that the only way to maintain it was by not seeking to exceed it.

The short-lived popular rumor raised against him during the Crimean War, of mingling too busily in the public business, was handsomely turned in his favor by Lord Aberdeen. The objection was, that the Prince was always present at the confidential interviews between the Queen and the ministers. The reply was, that the popular rumor was literally true; that he was not only present, but that his presence was felt to be a help, not a hindrance; and that it would be difficult to supply the place of an adviser who held the Queen's interests so near at heart, while at the same time, from the peculiarity of his position, he could not be personally affected by the fortunes or misfortunes of any rising or falling party in the state.

We observe that the *London Critic*, taking this same view of the Prince's political behavior, has a singular story of his falling out with Lord Palmerston, which we here quote:—

"In order that those of the University of Cambridge may know what they contemplate doing when they talk of elevating the present Premier (Lord Palmerston) to the Chancellorship of the University, we will recall to mind one or two simple historical facts, not very remote from this time. About the year 1851, and during the years in which the war with Russia came about, the public was agitated through the press about the interference of the Prince Consort with foreign politics. The plaintiff in that matter was

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From The Independent, 9 Jan.

#### THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT.

SINCE the death of Prince Albert, which we announced a fortnight ago, the English journals have borne testimony, with singular unanimity, to the great services rendered by the Prince to the Queen in the conduct of public affairs. A common impression existed in this country, and to a great extent in England, that the Prince took no part in politics; that not only his position



Lord Palmerston, who complained that he never could see the wife without the husband being present. *In 1854 that noble lord was charged by the Queen with sending despatches to foreign powers without her royal sanction—in other words, with having usurped the office of the crown.* In consequence of that, Lord Palmerston was dismissed the Foreign Secretaryship, and this (as was generally understood at the time) was through the direct personal influence and advice of the late Prince Consort.

“The revenge which the noble lord took upon that occasion was peculiar and characteristic; he cultivated the personal acquaintance of the editors of some so-called ‘liberal’ journals, and persuaded those gentlemen to ‘write down’ the Prince, denouncing him as an enemy of England, and a supporter of what were then called ‘German interests’—as if anything could be to the interest of Germany which was not also really to the interest of England. The unthinking people took up the cry, and the Prince was actually hooted in the streets of London. The journals which seven years ago did this to the Prince are now among the loudest and most pretentious of the mourners. So short are human memories.”

The Chancellorship of the University, mentioned above, is an honor which was held by the late Prince. Among the candidates for the succession are his son the

Prince of Wales, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Devonshire, and others. To judge from various indications manifest in the English journals, the choice is likely to be a test-question between the party of the late Prince and the party of the Premier. In late years, no love has been lost between these two distinguished gentlemen. The same journal gives a very decided expression of the Prince's views—and possibly the Queen's—concerning the British difficulties with this country. We quote:

*“We have reason to believe that, up to the time of his death, the Prince Consort raised his voice energetically against the haste with which England is rushing into a war with the United States—an event which he denounced as subversive of her interests, dangerous to the real sources of her power, and certain to be advantageous only to the despotic powers of Europe. Whether that view was right or wrong, such, we believe, was the faith in which the Prince Consort died.”*

If this be a true statement of the opinions of a man who now, after his death, is seen to have exercised so great an influence on the public affairs of Great Britain, we cannot but regard his death as not only an English but American misfortune.

From The Press, 23 Dec.

#### THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE solemn ceremonial which turned all eyes to Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel on Monday morning was carried out strictly according to the programme which had previously been published. In all the forms that were observed, the funeral was, in as far as the funeral of so illustrious a personage as the late Prince Consort could be, a private one. There was no funeral car, no streets lined with troops, no heralds to proclaim in the highway the titles and qualities of the dead, no solemn salvos of artillery to give enhanced solemnity to the event. But, in as far as the feelings of the people were concerned, it was a public burial in the best sense of the word. The procession at ten minutes to twelve o'clock proceeded from the castle at a slow pace to St. George's Chapel, where the Prince of Wales and other

royal personages assembled to await its arrival. Before the procession entered the nave, some two or three minutes were consumed in marshalling it, and during this time the chief mourners remained at the head of the coffin, motionless. The Prince of Wales bore up with great fortitude, and though he, like all the rest, at times gave way to irrepressible bursts of tears, he evidently tried to the utmost to restrain his feelings, though it could be seen sometimes from the working of his countenance that the effort was too violent for long endurance.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who was devotedly attached to the deceased Prince, to whom he bears a strong resemblance, was deeply moved and wept incessantly throughout the ceremony. The Crown Prince of Prussia, too, was equally affected. Poor lit-



the Prince Arthur's grief was enough to move the sternest. He, of course, made no attempt to check or hide his feelings. His eyes were red and swollen, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he entered the chapel. As they stood at the head of their father's coffin, the Prince of Wales turned and spoke, apparently, a few soothing words, for after this Prince Arthur, for a minute or so, seemed to bear up better. It was not until the procession began to move forward, and the long melancholy wail of the dirge went echoing through the building, that all the little fellow's fortitude gave way, and, hiding his face in his handkerchief, he sobbed as if his very heart was breaking. As the procession advanced the commencement of the Burial Service, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," was sung by the full choir to the music of Dr. Croft. At the conclusion of the first portion, the bier had crept slowly down to the western extremity of the church, where it was gently moved up the incline to the platform up the nave. At the nave was commenced the passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," still sung to Croft's melancholy dirgelike music, so touching, so inexpressibly mournful in its long, soft cadences. All the servants of the late Prince stood in the nave as the bier passed, all seemed deeply moved, and the grief of many was quite audible. With the concluding words of the passage, "We brought nothing into this world," the bier was moved up very slowly, its gorgeous pall concealing the bearers, who slowly wheeled it forward with a stiff, creeping motion, into the choir. It was nearly twenty minutes before the cloth-covered platform over the entrance to the royal vault was reached. Those walking at the feet of the corpse filed off to the right and left as the bier neared the communion rails, and was slowly placed, amid solemn silence, on the spot whence it was to be lowered out of sight forever. The pall-bearers took their stand near low crape-covered stools on either side of the coffin. Viscount Sydney, as Lord Chamberlain, stood at the foot of the bier, with Lord Castlerosse, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, and Mr. Marsh. Garter King-at-Arms stood on the right. The Prince of Wales, with the Prince Arthur and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, remained standing at the head of the coffin, and the other mourners in the order in which they had entered the

choir. By the time these arrangements were completed the chant of the 39th Psalm, "I said I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue," had concluded, and as the last faint tones of the music died away the platform on which the bier stood was slowly lowered till the coffin itself was level with the floor. The pall was then disposed around it equally on all sides, so as to cover all the opening leading to the depth below, and the Crown and Feld-Marshal's insignia were placed at the head and feet.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, then advanced to the communion rails and in a faltering voice, at some times almost inaudible, read the lesson, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." Once or twice during this solemn portion of the service, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Saxe-Coburg, were totally unable to restrain their tears, in which they were silently joined by nearly all present in the choir. At the end of the lesson the choir sang the German chorale, "I shall not in the grave remain." This hymn, like the chorale which followed it at a later portion of the service, were favorite chants with the late Prince Consort, by whom it is said their music was composed. It is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely touching than the cadence to the lines,—

"So fall asleep in slumber deep,  
Slumber that knows no ending,"

which was chanted by the choir in whispered tones that seemed to moan through the building with a plaintive solemnity as deep in its sorrow as the notes of the "Dead March." A rough translation from the German gives the words of this mournful hymn as follows:—

"I shall not in the grave remain,  
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed;  
By hope with Thee to rise again,  
From fear of death delivered.  
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,  
Live with Thee, from Thee never part;  
Therefore to die is rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,  
My longing arms extending;  
So fall asleep in slumber deep,  
Slumber that knows no ending,  
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on  
To Heaven, to life eternal!"



Again the Dean resumed the service in a strained and broken voice—for all in the chapel now made no attempt to conceal their emotion—with the sublime passage, “Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.” Then was sung, with exquisite pathos, by Mr. Tolley, Martin Luther’s hymn, “Great God, what do I see and hear.”

As the last strains of this solemn chant ended the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness advanced and slowly removed the heavy pall, leaving the coffin in all its mournful gorgeousness uncovered. As this was done, Earl Spencer, Groom of the Stole to the deceased Prince, placed on the head above the inscription plate the crown of a Prince Consort. At the same time Lord George Lennox, Lord of the Bedchamber, laid the baton of the late Prince as Field-Marshal, crossed with the sword, and surmounted with the Field-Marshal’s hat and plume, on the foot of the coffin, above the insignia of the Garter. All these memorials were fastened to the heavy black velvet cushions on which they were laid. Thus left alone in the midst of the wide expanse of black, the melancholy gorgeousness of the crimson coffin stood out the one conspicuous centre in startling contrast, almost the only solitary object in all the chapel which was not covered with black and draped in solemn mourning. As this last ceremonial ended the attendants retired from the grave, and there was a silent pause, during which, as the wind mourned hoarsely against the casements, the quick, sharp rattle of the troops outside reversing arms was plainly audible. Then came the muffled toll of the bell, the boom of the minute guns, and the coffin slowly and at first almost imperceptibly began to sink into the grave.

There was more than mourning at this most solemn time. The princes hid their faces and sobbed deeply. All, not only in the royal train, but in the chapel, allowed their tears to flow almost unchecked, and some, such as the Crown Prince of Prussia and the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness, among the pall-bearers seemed not less deeply moved for a time than the royal orphans themselves. Still, the coffin continued to sink. It is but a few short months ago since the late Prince stood at the head of the same sombre opening and

wept as the remains of the Duchess of Kent were in the same manner lowered slowly to the royal mausoleum. The ceremony then was gloomy, and mournful enough, though, after all, it was but the burial of a member of the royal family long retired from public life, full of years and honors, and one who had already passed the term allotted to mankind. But here, with the Prince Consort, the husband of our Queen, a young man in the pride of life and usefulness, of health and strength and manly beauty, the loss seemed more than could even then be realized; and it was difficult—it seemed almost impossible, to believe that the coffin then so slowly creeping down the wide black groove held all that was mortal of Prince Albert. It was a solemn period, and a most trying one for the mourners, whose half-stifled sighs were audible from all parts of the choir, as with the faintest and slowest motion the coffin still continued sinking. The silence within the chapel was intense: every movement among those present could be distinctly heard; the wind moaning round the building sounded with a hoarse rush, which now and then was almost noise, and the muffled knells from all the spires of Windsor seemed booming above the royal grave itself. Slowly fading from the sight the coffin gradually became level with the floor, then sank deeper and deeper, casting almost a glow of color from its deep crimson sides upon the cloth-lined walls of the grave, till it was lost to view forever.

As the last trace of its gold and crimson crown disappeared the service was continued amid the deepest grief, with the passage, “Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed.” At the proper interval the earth was thrown upon the coffin, and fell upon its ornaments and plate with a sharp rattle that was heard throughout the building. Then was sung by the choir, “I heard a voice from Heaven,” to Croft’s plaintive music; and after the reading of the prayer, “Almighty God, with whom do live,” was chanted an English translation of another of the late Prince’s favorite chorales, as follows:—

“To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,  
Who break’st in love this mortal chain;  
My life I but from Thee inherit,  
And death becomes my chiefest gain.



In Thee I live, in Thee I die,  
Content,—for Thou art ever nigh."

The collect concluded the service, and Garter King-at-Arms, advancing to the head of the grave, proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased Prince, saying :—

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life to His Divine mercy the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Illustrious Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the most dear Consort of Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, etc., whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and honor."

This formal proclamation has hitherto always concluded with the words, "Whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and happiness." But on this occasion, for the first time during Her Majesty's reign, the prayer for happiness was left out, and only that for "life and honor" offered. The

change is mournfully significant, though the words we have quoted were in fact not spoken; for with the first mention of the Queen's name Sir Charles Young's voice faltered, and the concluding sentence of the mournful prayer, if uttered, was quite inaudible. Then Dr. Elvey, who presided at the organ, began the solemn strains, of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, as the mourners advanced to take a last look into the deep grave. The Prince of Wales advanced first, and stood for one brief moment, with hands clasped, looking down; then all his fortitude seemed suddenly to desert him, and bursting into a flood of tears he hid his face, and, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain, slowly left the chapel. Of the two, Prince Arthur seemed the more composed at the end of the ceremony, as if his unrestrained grief had worn itself out. All the mourners and those invited to the ceremony advanced in turn to take a farewell glance at the coffin, and not one looked down into the deep, black aperture unmoved—none quitted the chapel without traces of deep and heartfelt sorrow.

#### THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement  
And looked upon the night,  
And saw the westward-going stars  
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession  
Went down the gleaming arch,  
And my soul discerned the music  
Of their long, triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,  
Stretching far beyond the poles,  
Became the eternal symbol  
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,  
Red Mars led down his clan;  
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,  
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,  
And some were faint and small;  
But these might be, in their greatest height  
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,  
Behind Earth's dusky shore,  
They passed into the unknown night,  
They passed—and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so!  
And downward is not just;  
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim,  
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,  
Though they seemed to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their embattled lines  
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshalled brotherhood of souls  
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,  
I see their march sublime,  
And hear the glorious music  
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember  
That the palest, faintest one  
May to diviner vision be  
A bright and blessed sun.

THOMAS BUCHANAN REID.



## DR. TURNER.

DR. SAMUEL H. TURNER, whose death we mentioned last week, was born in Philadelphia, in 1790, of an old respectable family in that city. He graduated in the University of Pennsylvania, in 1809, and for awhile, if we are rightly informed, practised law. He soon afterwards, however, entered the ministry, where he became distinguished for his learning and piety. Shortly after the opening of the New York Theological Seminary, he was appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in that institution. This post he continued to occupy until the time of his death. In addition to this, Dr. Turner was Professor of the Hebrew language and literature in Columbia College, New York.

Dr. Turner was not only a learned philologist and scholar, but an exact and perspicuous writer. Four commentaries were contributed by him to our theological literature; the first, published in 1852, being on the Hebrews; the second, in 1854, on the Romans, and the third and fourth, published in 1856, on Ephesians and Galatians. These, in their peculiar binding of black and red, are now before us; and a cursory glance at their pages renews our conviction that although Dr. Turner's style was dry, and though he scrupulously shunned exegetical boldness, for sober, and at the same time enlightened, fidelity, he is equalled by no English commentator except Elliot.

In the measure of his condition, he was greatly in advance of the average in our American Communion. He was not only well versed in the old-fashioned English commentaries, but he appears to have diligently searched both the German and Dutch theological literature.

Thus, in his Galatians, he largely relies on the treatise of Borger, which we believe has never been translated from the Dutch; and in his Hebrews, we find him combating De Wette, and drawing in the aid of Olshausen and Stier. It is true he does not push his researches into recent days. The scepticism of the Tübingen school he does not touch; nor do we find him appealing to that acutest of recent critics, Meyer.

But for the training of the ordinary American scholar, Dr. Turner produced just what was wanted, and did this all the better, from the fact that he produced nothing more.

In theology, Dr. Turner had one leading tenet to which all else was made subordinate. This was a piacular atonement by Christ, removing the believer's sins by the sacrifice of the cross. Holding this doctrine in all its sublime simplicity, he rejected with great resolution the several themes of priestly mediation. He held, in respect to the Church, the views of Bishop White and of Stillingfleet; holding that there is no sacramental apostolic succession; that Episcopacy, though existing from the apostles' times, is the creature of the Church; and that neither in Church nor clergy is there any gift of authorized interpretation or sacerdotal power. These views brought him directly in conflict with his brethren of the seminary, and sometimes made his position very painful. But he continued, almost to his death, to occupy his chair, and to teach these views with the same fulness and boldness, holding that as he was originally elected as an evangelical Churchman, in an institution meant to be general, it was his duty to maintain his post to the last. There he lived, labored, and died; and with him will almost die the institution of which for so long he has been the ornament. It lingered along under great financial mismanagement, while he lingered; and now that he has gone to his honored grave, it will be dispersed, or sink into a New York Diocesan training-school.

In one point, Dr. Turner's theological views have been much misconceived. He has been cited as an Arminian of the old-fashioned establishmentarian school of Secker and Tillotson. But this is a mistake. His Arminianism was that of Fletcher, of Wilberforce, of Bishop Meade; and was separated by an impassable gulf from Pelagianism in all its shapes. He clung to the cross, as his great trust and comfort; and making the cross his own in life, God has now given him a crown of joy in heaven.—*Episcopal Recorder.*



## VESUVIUS.

A LETTER from Naples of the 21st instant, gives a highly interesting account of the spectacle presented by Vesuvius on the 18th :

"On Tuesday we had another eruption, equal in magnificence to any I have yet witnessed. It was beginning when I despatched my last letter; as, however, the day wore on it increased in power, and the same wonderful and beautiful effects which I have already described were again observable. At every shot that was fired by the mountain there rose a cloud of ashes in the form of a pine-tree, which filed off to the south as another shot was fired and another cloud arose. As the heavy-laden clouds escaped beyond the power which had expelled them, and as the aqueous vapor was condensed, we could see at intervals showers, nay, storms, of ashes falling like avalanches on land and sea, and still the black gorgeous masses rolled on towards Capri, obscuring the coast which lies opposite to Naples. Thunder and lightning, or the roaring of Vesuvius, and electric lights, were frequent incidents in this awful scene; the latter, shot up from the mouth of the crater to the summit of the dark cone, played about its involutions, and revelled, as it were, in the license of freedom—the daylight could not obscure its brilliancy. Towards sunset we marked that effect of color which is only to be seen in Southern latitudes, for then the mass of dark cloud which hung over Vesuvius and the entire bay was lit up with the most delicate roseate tints. Then came on gray eve and darker night, rendered still more so by the electric flashes which continued to dance above Vesuvius.

"On the next morning I went down to Torre again. Alas ! it is a city on crutches ; many cripples have fallen, and many are falling. Professor Palmieri, the great Vesuvian authority, confirms the report of the elevation of the soil, and 'hopes that the proprietors will not rebuild until the depression which may be expected has taken place.' Yet, with a fatuity which appears like madness, the people are with difficulty held back from returning to their perilous dwellings. It is the fact that General Della Marmora has been compelled to station soldiers there to prevent such folly. From all I can gather, the mountain was split from top to bottom, the fissure reaching far into the sea. In a few words I will show this. There are eleven craters above Torre del Greco, all emitting sulphurous vapors, and the largest is from seventy to eighty feet deep and one hundred feet wide. From this point on the 8th inst., after heavy rumblings and heaving of the surface, the ground was split open, and

fiery fissure was made almost to the outskirts of the city, through which the same unseen power passed, opening the streets and laying bare some parts of the former buried town, and then running into the sea. All this is evident to the eye. You see the fissures in all directions, and walk daintily at times lest you fall in, or lest some rickety building may come down.

"Yesterday the *Exmouth*, which went out to try its Armstrongs, returned by Torre del Greco, and made the circuit of a whirlpool, now formed, which must be about three hundred and sixty feet in diameter. It was boiling violently, and emitted a strong sulphurous odor. A boat thirty feet in length was let down and sent into the centre of the whirlpool, when it was turned rapidly round by the volcanic force beneath. The sounding gave twenty-three fathoms of water, and the plummet brought up sand and sulphur. From a part of the circumference a tail, so to call it, about sixty feet in width, runs away in the direction of Sorrento, and is of a beautiful light green color. All the water here was tepid, and had a strong sulphurous smell, and many fish have been destroyed. The precise elevation of the soil on which Torre stands is 1·12 metre, and I may observe that the gases which are emitted on land are stronger than those at sea, so much so that one man was killed on Wednesday, and several of my friends nearly fainted from pausing near them. It is unnecessary to say that the principal element developed is carbonic acid gas. On the part of the authorities the greatest energy still continues to be displayed for the relief of the late inhabitants, and I must particularly note the devoted sympathy which Torre dell' Annunziata has shown towards the poor fugitives, whose number I have not exaggerated.

"The official journal of Naples publishes the latest report of M. Palmieri, Director of the Observatory of that city, containing an account of the decline of the present eruption up to the 17th. He states that, although Mount Vesuvius has nearly subsided into its usual quiet state, yet a quantity of carbonic acid is still being evolved from the soil of Torre del Greco, leading to the belief that all the crevices opened there communicate with a vast subterranean receptacle of that gas, extending far under the sea, where numerous bubbles are seen to arise, and the death of a large number of fish has been remarked in consequence. This time the eruption has not been announced by the disappearance of water from the wells, but, on the contrary, by the opening of new springs strongly acidulated with carbonic acid, which has also tainted the water of several wells, which, at the same time, has risen to a higher



level in them. But the most singular phenomenon mentioned by M. Palmieri is, that the soil has risen nine-eighths of a metre above the level of the sea; and since this rising has taken place above the old lava of 1794, the latter has been broken and cracked in various directions, which has caused the fall of many edifices built upon it. The true cause of the receding of the sea, so often mentioned by authors, and not credited, as no cause could be assigned for it, is now fully explained; it is not the sea that recedes,

but the soil that rises. 'It now remains to be seen,' says M. Palmieri, 'whether this rising will go down again; and I would, therefore, recommend the landowners of Torre del Greco not to set about rebuilding their houses just yet.' The craters continue to emit sulphurous hydrochloric acid, and also a certain quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen. Among the sublimations may be mentioned a large amount of sulphur, the usual chlorides of iron, and a little specular iron ore."

From The Independent.\*  
NEW USES OF PRAYER-MEETINGS.

IN *The Christian Intelligencer* of last week is given an incident of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting:—

"A gentleman said he belonged to the church of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and he wanted to present him and his church as a subject of prayer. He gave some reasons why he made the request. The response was made by a prayer, full of earnestness, by a Presbyterian minister, that the pastor and church might exemplify the gospel of Christ in doctrine and example, and be made to use their influence in saving souls. He prayed that the pastor might preach the preaching to which he had been consecrated, and set apart by the laying on of hands—knowing nothing in his doctrines and teachings but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The spirit of the prayer was one of great brotherly kindness and charity, and yet it was felt that there was good reason for earnest supplication that the high position and influence of this pastor and people might, in the highest sense, subserve the cause of truth and holiness."

The pastor of Plymouth Church thanks the brother who introduced this request, and the Presbyterian brother who uttered the supplications. He would esteem it a favor, if without prejudice to other persons in like need, the brethren of this admirable and honored meeting would again and often remember him. How much better is it to pray for men, than to criticize and find fault? If one's fears or suspicions of brethren were uttered only in the ears of God, would it not promote charity and harmony? And if by putting the fact in the newspapers, others shall be incited to add their petitions, we ought to waive the mere matter of taste for the sake of the greater spiritual advantage.

There are some things which can be better done by a prayer-meeting than by a synod. There is a sacred liberty in prayer not accorded to documents coldly penned. There are intimations, and devout fears, and vague suspicions, which, if formally stated to men would impose grave responsibilities. And it is a mercy to have one place where one can say whatever is in his heart without being called to account by men, and say it, too, benevolently. There is something discursive and uncertain in a speech. Somebody is apt to answer you. It opens the way to correct mistakes; and obliges

[\* Readers will bear in mind that Mr. Beecher is Ed. of *The Independent* and pastor of Plymouth Ch.]

men to stick close to facts and the truth. There is no such liability in a forensic prayer. One can say what he pleases about brethren, and his prayer will not be answered. This is one of the difficulties that conscientious persons have always experienced—how to take off a man's head and not let him know it; how to give a man a deserved thrust without incurring risks; how to table charges against troublesome persons without having to defend them; how to set the Christian Church upon its guard against men without the imputation of slander.

The Fulton Street prayer-meeting is not the first to employ this not altogether new artillery. We have heard brethren set each other down in church prayer-meetings in the most edifying manner; nor could we conceive of any other way in which so many disagreeable duties could be so deftly performed, and under such judicious appearances. We have heard men moved to confess the sins of the church in such an inspired manner as must have made sundry consciences tingle. Not only was a quarrel avoided, but the exercise seemed blest to the awaking of a like spirit in several whom it concerned, and in this way the heavenly auditorium was made the repository of all the feuds of the brotherhood. This is one advantage which our churches have over the Episcopal. Precomposed and established forms render it difficult to reach many special cases. All that can be done is to *emphasize* certain words, and to *think* whom you mean by them. But this is only a limping liberty after all.

Might we not banish from conversation and letters and newspapers much personal matter, by removing it into the safer channels of a prayer-meeting? It is worthy of thought.

There are many men, besides the pastor of Plymouth Church, who need the kind sympathies of judicious Christians to enable them to "preach the preaching to which they have been consecrated;" there are many Christian agents of the Church, and committee-men, who need help to "preach the preaching," and do the doings, and publish the publishings, to which, and not *from* which, they have been set apart. May they not share? Meanwhile, there are added reasons in our own case for renewed sympathy. Will not some reader of *The Independent*, wonted to those meetings, explain to the brethren the weight of those duties that rest upon an editor, and ask that we may be strengthened? To all our other onerous duties will now be added the weekly reading of *The Christian Intelligencer*. May we be wakeful and patient!



From The Spectator, 28 Dec.

M. THOUVENEL'S DESPATCH.

M. THOUVENEL'S despatch to the American Government will not altogether please those who remember that under the modern system of Europe, every public act constitutes a precedent. It is, of course, *primâ facie* pleasant to find our conduct approved of by a sensitive and *exigeant* neighbor, and to be sure that we are not blinded by national pride and self-interest. It is also—at least to those who seek the honor of England, and not merely the humiliation of America—satisfactory to feel that an excuse has been offered which may fairly enable a self-glorious people to submit, without the sense of having yielded to menace. No man's pride is offended by yielding to the voice of a calm bystander, and even the Americans who have been fed upon praise as other men are fed upon pap, have never asserted their ability to face all Europe combined. The despatch, therefore, is at once soothing to England and favorable to ourselves, but its publication is none the less an unsatisfactory event. It is one step more, and a great one, towards that reference of all national questions to the decision of Europe which Napoleon so affects, and for which Europe is by no means yet prepared. The French Government is always wanting to call a congress to settle somebody's affairs, and only twelve months ago Earl Russell was compelled to place on record a grave protest against this tendency as applied to Syria.

This notion of submitting everything to collective Europe is the more dangerous, because it is the only practical mode of carrying out that notion of arbitration which is becoming so popular. No court or individual could enforce its award against a first-class power on any point which roused the popular passions, and a powerless court tribunal is always, sooner or later, a disregarded one. Europe *could*, if it chose, in most cases enforce its decrees; and it is for that reason that these incessant appeals to its vote are so exceedingly dangerous. There is something in the idea of collective civilization enforcing peace which fascinates the imagination, and leads men who are instinctively thirsty for an established order to forget that peace is not in itself an end. Its value depends entirely upon the sort of

peace secured. The world has never had such peace as it enjoyed during the reigns of the first twelve Cæsars—never had such free trade, such an universal direction of energy towards material progress and mental cultivation. The sway of the Flavian House secured all for which Manchester sighs, even down to direct taxation. But that is not the condition for which Europe is longing, or which statesmen ought to desire. Peace would be dearly purchased at the price of freedom, nor would free trade be a full compensation for the diversities of national life, and separate developments of civilization. This objection applies to any such central authority, but the case against any authority Europe could *now* establish is heavier still. The reference of all disputes to a congress, formal or informal, is really a reference to the Continent, and moreover to the courts of the Continent, and they are not yet fit to be trusted. We have not yet forgotten that the last great Congress formally passed a resolution which, had it possessed an executive force, would have restricted the liberty of the press, and any congress now collected would undoubtedly show a majority biased in favor of authority and against political freedom. It is very pleasant, of course, to hear that Europe has pronounced in our favor; but suppose the decision had been the other way: is the law of the seas to be settled by powers whose first interest is to cripple the British marine? Or, to illustrate the case more clearly; suppose, as may happen still, that the American Government endorsed Captain Wilkes in full, and claimed the right to seize Mason and Slidell simply as political criminals, and that this demand were referred to "Europe." Freedom would scarcely have a third of the votes. Austria has always denied the principle of the right of asylum. Prussia has not affirmed it. It is opposed to the object of the Assassination Bill, which the French colonels urged so violently, and to the fundamental ideas of the Russian monarchy. England, Italy, Belgium, and Holland would probably stand in the conclave opposed to the rest of Europe, and unable either to resist or to obey the decree. Resistance would be a breach of international law, while obedience would be prohibited by public feeling, which on this particular point is prepared for resistance to any conceivable exertion of force.



There are many such questions perpetually arising, upon which nations with free institutions, and nations governed either by Divine right or by Cæsarism, cannot hope to agree, and on which any central body must either give a nugatory vote, or one which, so far from preventing war, would only extend its area. Yet it is to this result that despatches like this of M. Thouvenel inevitably tend. This time the system is employed to uphold a neutral right, but next time it may be directed against territorial independence—may, for example, decide that an infraction of the Canadian boundary is not a just cause of war. We may then be told that it is not necessary to obey the European verdict, but to justify the assertion we must not attach too much importance to that verdict now. The friendly opinions received from France and Austria may be acknowledged in the same spirit, but as an opposite vote would not have proved us wrong, so the approval does not prove us to be in the right.

But we may be told by many to whom peace seems always the dearest of blessings, "Although Europe is not yet ready, surely, any step towards an international tribunal must be beneficial." We are by no means satisfied that under any circumstances any such scheme could succeed for important questions. So long as each nation is independent, the decree of a congress is worthless unless supported by force, and whence is the force to come? The plan is tried in a way already among the Germanic States,

and has been comparatively useless. When Prussia and Austria are united they can utter their joint decision through the Diet, but a resolution against either of them would be practically inoperative. The Germanic States, it is true, remain at peace with each other, but their tranquillity arises from causes of cohesion other than the Diet—from a growing sense of national unity, and a deep-rooted idea of national danger. But the Diet will not prevent the King of Prussia from fighting the King of Denmark, also a German sovereign, nor could it for an hour stay Prussia from contesting by force the right of Hanover to the heritage of the Duchy of Brunswick just now in dispute. The Diet has, in fact, done nothing except to retard, by the unity which it nominally enforces, the independent development of each separate state, two of which, but for its interference would by this time be constitutional. There can be no better evidence of the prospects of a European Areopagus than the position of this Diet. It has all which the wildest dreamer could hope for the larger institution—popular favor, executive force, arms, money, and intellect, yet it can accomplish nothing without the consent of the very powers whose possible bickerings it was established to prevent. Its establishment has, it is true, increased the desire for unity, but that is to our minds another reason against any imitation. European unity means, we fear, the extinction of European life.

**THE BLACKBIRD.**—When a blackbird once learns a tune, he never forgets it nor any part of it. I once knew a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with wonderful accuracy. His owner sold him, at the same time making the purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as the gentleman got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, and going to the piano, struck up "Polly Hopkins." The bird's new master, however, introduced parts into the tune that he had never heard before; so, after listening awhile, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his distaste of the whole performance. Much surprised, the gentleman left off playing, and then the blackbird opened his throat, and favored his new master with his version of "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version. This same blackbird, after staying in the service of the above-mentioned gen-

tleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins" and all such profanity were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe"—the blackbird's name—attempted to strike up the old tune, a cloth was thrown over his cage, and he was silenced. The family consisted of an old lady and her two daughters, and every night, at seven o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening Hymn" sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform to the habits of the house, speedily learned the tune, and regularly whistled it while the old lady and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died, and the daughters separated, and Joe, now an aged blackbird, fell into new hands; but to his dying day he never gave up the "Evening Hymn." Punctually as the clock struck seven he tuned up, and went straight through with it with the gravity of a parish clerk.—*Beeton's Home Pets.*



From The Saturday Review.

THE ROMANCE OF A DULL LIFE.\*

THIS is a novel standing somewhere between those of Miss Austen and those of Miss Brontë. It has affinities with each of the schools which they represent. The treatment of the central figure is a good deal after the manner of the latter authoress. Apart from this, there is a great deal of the same descriptive power, the same picturesque style which may be found in *Jane Eyre*. On the other hand, many of the minor characters are delineated in a way that reminds us of Miss Austen. They are not mere sketches thrown in by way of contrast, or as foils to the principals, in which light too many novelists are apt to regard them. They bear the mark of high finish; and when they talk or act, it is with a consistency which indicates so many complete conceptions. And, speaking generally, these pages are marked by nice observation of character, and readiness in seizing on its salient points, as well as by a vein of quiet satire, such as that which gives piquancy to *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*. We shall take occasion, further on, to point out where it falls immeasurably below the standard of excellence to which we have compared it. But it is no slight praise to say that in some respects it approaches that standard. We cannot refrain from adding a word of advice. The *Romance of a Dull Life* is marked by freshness and originality, but there are indications of its authoress having not yet arrived at her full powers. It is interesting, not only on its own account, but also as holding out the promise of something still better. If that promise is ever to be realized, it will be by a closer study of human nature from its objective side, and by checking the propensity to dive into psychological problems and the complex mechanism of motives and feelings. If human nature is to be painted in colors that will last, the basis of the portraiture must be something broader and more solid than the mere sensational experience of the artist. A novel should reflect life as it appears from the outside to any intelligent observer—not the idiosyncrasy of one mind, however gifted. If the authoress of the volume with which we are now dealing is wise, she will aim at

\* *The Romance of a Dull Life*. By the Author of "Morning Clouds" and "The Afternoon of Life." London: Longmans. 1861.

lessening the distance which separates her from Miss Austen, rather than that which still lies between herself and Miss Brontë. If she must drink of both, let it be in larger proportions from the still well of Hampshire than the boiling passionate geyser of the West Riding.

Of course only one thing can impart romance to a dull life; namely, love. Constance Felton is a young lady who leads a very secluded life in the country where her father owns an estate, but owing to embarrassed circumstances, does not mix at all in society. Mr. Basil Hyde, a young man of fortune, is staying, when the story opens, in the neighborhood, and makes the acquaintance of the Feltons. An attachment springs up between him and Constance. The effect which each produces on the other is very happily described, and with great delicacy of touch. Constance, who is thoughtful and intelligent, but utterly unsophisticated, can only fall down and worship the hero of her dreams. The man of the world, on the other hand, is interested and fascinated, but makes his advances nevertheless with extreme caution. After sundry meetings at the house of a mutual friend, as well as in each other's homes, affairs appear ripening for an *eclaircissement*, when an unfortunate occurrence mars all. Constance had agreed to ride home from a picnic party with Basil, who was about to go abroad, and intended to declare himself before leaving. This afternoon is the crisis of her life. Her father, anxious for her health, insists on her returning from the party in a carriage; and Basil, not knowing the reason of her apparently fickle conduct, leaves the neighborhood the next day in dudgeon, without any explanation. Subsequently a report reaches him that she is engaged to another man; but, as a motive for Mr. Hyde's conduct, this is kept quite in the background. After awhile, he returns from Italy, where he has fallen in with a dashing young lady, Miss Anne Cartaret, who ultimately succeeds in catching him; not, however, before he has met Constance Felton once more, and had full opportunity for removing all misunderstanding with regard to their mutual feelings. But this he is too proud to attempt doing, conceiving himself to be the injured party, and being blind to the true state of her heart. So he drifts into a marriage with



a woman he despises, leaving the real object of his affections to die of a broken heart. This, however, is not to be her fate. She finds a consoler in the person of a Welsh uncle, who gives her excellent advice, and endeavors to promote her marriage with a pleasant young doctor who attends him. But Constance is too faithful to the memory of her first love to think of a second; so she returns to her home, and the dull life there from which all romance has now faded. The curtain falls on her peacefully engaged in all kinds of good works, discharging the duties of a daughter and sister with exemplary devotion.

The story which we have thus briefly analyzed is not very new nor particularly well constructed. Nothing can be more remote from ordinary probability than that a casual disappointment, as in the matter of the ride, should so rankle in any sensible mind as to entail such disastrous consequences. As the crisis of the story, it is wholly inadequate. Here is the happiness of two very superior persons, both endowed with great intelligence, ruined through a misconception of the most trivial kind. This is a fault of construction which seriously vitiates the interest of the story. Blunders of this sort Miss Austen never commits; and in nothing is her art more admirably shown than in the rational and intelligible way in which the events she describes unfold themselves. When she deduces consequences, they are such as would ordinarily ensue upon such and such acts or occurrences—not what might possibly follow in a total eclipse of common sense. Nor are the characters of Constance and the hero of her romance calculated to awaken legitimate sympathy. The hapless love of the first is told with great pathos, and its various stages of uncertainty, rapture, anxiety, despair, and resignation, are described with great force and power of expression. But she is little more than an object of pity. We have had enough of this morbidly sensitive, nervous, self-conscious type of heroine. We feel provoked at her headaches, and long for her to get rid of her feelings. What good is there in the study of Clarendon, and Channing, and Behmen, if the result is only moral imbecility in any important crisis? We protest, too, against the transcendental absurdity of degrading love to a mere question of taste. Struck by compunction for the gross

ill-treatment, her heroine has suffered at the hands of Basil Hyde, our authoress ends by asking, with great *naïveté*, what he had done to deserve her love? Very little indeed, that we can see. Her answer, however, is different. He had been all that her taste required. A broken heart is a heavy price to pay for the gratification of taste. This is indulging an æsthetic turn with a vengeance. Constance's taste happened to be for a certain sort of flashy small-talk, in which Mr. Basil Hyde was a great adept. But the tastes of women differ. Six feet four of scarlet and blue cloth is all that the taste of Betsey Jane requires. But she probably finds the predilection expensive in more ways than one; and her mistress will do well to warn her against indulging it. In love affairs, the more restraint women put upon their tastes the better. Let them, be guided, in placing their affections, by sterling good qualities on the part of those to whom they would entrust their happiness. One word as to Basil himself. He is not quite such a brute as Rochester in *Jane Eyre*. But he has thus much in common with that character, that he is essentially a man evolved out of the internal consciousness of a woman. Jane Eyre worshipped an impersonation of animal force; Constance Felton erects mere intellectual smartness into ideal perfection. It matters little to either that her pet fancy is found in connection with egotism and self-conceit, and with either incredible obtuseness or a wanton disregard of another person's feelings.

We turn with relief to the minor characters of the story. Many of these are well drawn, and almost all have a distinct individuality of their own. Mrs. Felton, the stepmother of Constance, is sensible, but commonplace. She has a mind of the Martha type, always revolving the petty problems of the household. Nothing can be happier than the following: "Mrs. Felton woke up the day after the Hydes left Ashenholt with a comfortable feeling that *now* they would be themselves again, and need not use the best breakfast service." Mrs. Robert Felton is a woman of another kind. She is an embodiment of fashionable religion. Her conversation is a curious compound of worldly interests and religious phraseology. Constance goes to stay with her aunt, who sets herself to improve the opportunity of having her niece under her roof:—



"One day when they were alone together, up-stairs, she exhorted her to avoid the snares of self-righteousness, or cease from her own works, to make sure of her election; and when, from modesty, or sheer weariness of ineffectual argument, Constance remained silent, she added, she knew her dear niece would be much edified if she would study a few sweet biographies which she was going to put in her hands. In vain did Constance point out that the works about which she thought it *right* to be anxious were not those outward performances on which pride or self-pleasing could build, but those works of the Spirit which are spoken of in Scripture as the only test of a living faith. Mrs. Robert Felton could not enter into such nice distinctions, and jumping up as the door-bell rung, went to the glass to smooth her curls, saying, with glib emphasis, 'By faith, my love, by faith are ye saved,' and was out of the room in another second."

Johanna Podmore is a good picture of another school of religion—the sincere but morose. In all that she said or did, there was the unmistakable stamp of religious motive. Her mind was very narrow, but intent on the fulfilment of duty. The effect which contact with such a nature produces on one more frank and gentle is described with great delicacy. "Constance felt the softness and sweetness of her own nature come against the harder manner of the other with a contrast unpleasant to both—less so to herself, for she was more conversant in differences of character, than to Johanna, who in her unpliant bluntness, knew not what *instinctive* courtesy meant. When, therefore, Constance spoke to her, the effect produced was often as evident as on the application of soda to acid—something equal to a hiss—a rougher manner and a harsher tone, making Constance aware that unless she could veil her own constitutional delicacy and grace they would be mistaken for affectation, and despised accordingly." There is a pleasant picture of an old maid who haunts the village where Constance lives—"one of those cheerful monuments of complete resignation which may be met with in

almost any village or town, walking about briskly in clothes of defunct fashion, with a joyousness that many young hearts might envy." One of the prettiest touches in the book is the way in which, after her own troubles, the heart of Constance instinctively warms towards this old lady, whom she had previously thought somewhat of a bore. "It did not take long to disinter the buried treasure of her patient heart—its grave was green still; a prelude of sighs, and it all came out—declared affection on both sides, a father's stern prohibition, a lover's speedy attachment to another, his widowhood, and comparatively recent marriage to an intimate friend of her own, 'though he knew, my dear, that I remained single.'" Her story moved her hearer to tears; but Miss Tennent only took another piece of muffin.

These are some of the subordinate personages who figure in this tale. The *forte* of the authoress seems to us to lie in the delineation of the various phases of female character. She is less successful with her men—least of all when she writes with sympathy. The best of her male characters, we think, is James Podmore, a discarded lover of Constance. He is a heavy young man, with a talent for business. With neither wit nor penetration, he had a great desire for exactness, and just that sort of detective agility of mind which enabled him at once to overtake a cleverer person in the commission of a blunder or unconscious misstatement. Constance found herself often tripped up, as she ran on in some amusing recital, by his grave voice begging her pardon, but she must be aware that so-and-so was a slightly incorrect statement. Probably most of us have at some time or other suffered under this kind of conversational Shylock.

We have said enough to indicate that this is a novel decidedly above the common run. In spite of a somewhat diffused style, and occasional obscurity, it contains many eloquent and striking passages. It will be the fault of the authoress if it is not the precursor of greater achievements.



From The Athenæum.

## THE CYRENE MARBLES.

THE following extract from a letter of an officer on board the *Melpomene*, which conveyed the marbles to Malta, will be read with interest :—

"We reached Marsa Sousa on the evening of the 26th September. Lieutenant Porcher arrived early the next morning, and made all necessary arrangements; so that afternoon, at 4 P.M., I landed with one corporal and nine men, as a guard for Cyrene, and eleven carpenters. Cyrene is twelve miles from where we landed. At the above hour the men and myself started, carrying our haversacks, water-bottles, and arms. The first part of the road was very fatiguing, for we had to climb the height of two thousand feet on a road not of the best, a great portion of which was very precipitous. At first I could hardly keep up with my men; however, we maintained a good pace, halting occasionally to have a pull at our water-bottles, for it was awfully dry work, till about 6.30 P.M., when it became dark. At this time the men began to lag; and, for the last four miles, I had great difficulty in keeping them from halting altogether. However, by persevering, I succeeded in reaching Cyrene about eight. The carpenters and one or two of my men got so foot-sore they could hardly walk; some began reeling about, like drunken men, and these were the men with whom, on first starting, I could with difficulty keep up. The great reason of their feet becoming so sore was, because they never wear shoes on board ship, and each man had served out to him, only that morning, a pair of ammunition boots, and these of course are indifferent fits. We surprised Lieutenant Smith, who had just finished dinner, not thinking for one moment we should be marching in such a rough country at so late an hour, for we could not get the Arabs to hurry the loading of their camels at Marsa Sousa. Captain Ewart thought it better I should push on at once, leaving the baggage to follow; so the men that night, having only what they stood up in, had to make themselves as comfortable as they could in a tomb, which Lieutenant Smith used as a kitchen, and, having a number of grass mats, they spread them on the ground. Being so very tired, the men were almost instantly stretching themselves at full length upon them; but, as for sleep, not one of them got a wink the whole night, on account of the fleas, of which there are millions. Smith gave me a comfortable shake-down in his tomb, on a cork mattress on the top of some

boxes; so that, by being off the ground, I managed, in some measure, to cheat the fleas, for I slept about half the night. Next day the camels arrived with our tents and baggage, and with wood with which to make the cases to receive the marbles. One camel was missing, and never afterwards turned up. I have not the least doubt, appearing the most valuable, it was coveted and stolen by the Arabs, for they are most inveterate thieves; it does not matter from whom they rob, whether friend or foe, all is fish that comes into their net. As ill-luck would have it, it happened to bear my portmanteau, bed and bedding, and four great coats and blankets belonging to the men of my guard.

"I was at Cyrene for sixteen days, during which time my duties were not very arduous, so I had plenty of leisure time to wander in all directions in and about Cyrene, everywhere meeting with the most interesting ruins of temples and other public buildings, and immense columns of marble and red granite, the ground being much broken with mounds which, no doubt, cover some magnificent remains, and may be some day excavated. Lieutenants Smith and Porcher, in the few places they dug, have succeeded in making a splendid collection of marble statues, statuettes, heads and several inscriptions. Some of the statues are more than eight feet high, and are pretty perfect, very beautifully sculptured, especially the drapery. Some of the statuettes, particularly those of women, are superb; the heads also are very beautiful, and strange to say, the hair is dressed much in the same fashion as at the present day. '*A Vimpératrice*' seems to have been the general mode in those days. The tombs are still very perfect, and extend on the hill-side for a distance of four or five miles, the hill-side being intersected by ravines, on each side of which they are to be seen; most of them are hewn out of the living rock, some are of great extent. Smith and Porcher counted in one no less than one hundred and eight niches for sarcophagi—the majority, however, hold only from seven to ten, with a few small niches, evidently for children; the faces of the tombs are still very perfect, and carved in the Doric style. Traces are still to be seen of the painted decorations, which were principally of gladiators, birds, and flowers; they apparently only used the primary colors. Several of the sarcophagi are still well preserved, some being of the best marble, measuring about seven and a half feet in length by two and a half in width—others are built tombs; all have been opened and rifled ages ago; the spoiler's hands have not left even a solitary one untouched. The site of the city is magnificent, and the country very rich and fertile.



Were the water not allowed to run to waste, there would be an ample supply; the view is grand, and the horizon must be at least a distance of from forty to fifty miles.

"The working party from the ship consisted of about ninety seamen and marines, who were told off to three artillery wagons used for the purpose of transporting heavy guns,—they managed to get up from Marsa Sousa to Cyrene in two days, resting always a day at Cyrene, carrying with them by camels their tents, baggage, and water; there being no water between the two places, that at Marsa Sousa was left under the charge of a small guard at the beach, where two tanks are sunk in the sand and well supplied from the ship. The men worked very well, and made three trips in sixteen days, taking on each wagon two or three heavy statues, some weighing more than a ton. It was no joke taking them down the hill-side to the beach; and great care had to be used, the whole of the men being required to lower one wagon at a time. The statuettes were all sent down by camels. It was well we managed everything so quickly, for the Arabs were becoming very troublesome and threatening, one tribe on the road being anything but friendly; they did their best to extort as much as possible, but only succeeded in getting two bullocks' hides as a peace-offering. The chief of this tribe was a Sheikh Sayed, who tried to pick a quarrel with us, collecting about four hundred men at the Fountain of Apollo. He made washing clothes and the bathing of our men at the fountain the cause of dispute. These practices we gave up, on learning the commotion they produced, for although we were strong and well armed, it was good to keep friends almost at any price, for their fanaticism is very great, and very little would have brought the whole country

down upon us. I do not know what length they might not have gone to, had it not been for one or two friendly tribes. Affairs looked so serious a day or two before leaving, that it was thought necessary to apply at the nearest military station to the governor, and acquaint him with the state of matters, that he might hold himself in readiness to co-operate with us in case of need. There is no government in the country, the natives are perfectly free and lawless, and the Turks with difficulty squeeze a heavy tax out of them. Their meetings are very stormy, attended with firing guns in the air, and other noises; they look down with contempt upon any one who is not armed.

"The most luxurious bath I ever indulged in was in the Fountain of Apollo—a natural basin, six feet by two, and one foot deep, formed just at the exit of the water from the rock, at the foot of the hill, close to the ruins of the temple, the water always running at the rate of about five miles an hour, and always at the same temperature of 63°, nice and cool in summer, and comfortable in winter. The climate is splendid, the temperature all last summer never exceeding 80°. After the hot summer I had experienced, I was very loathe to leave the place. The day before leaving, two or three men belonging to No. 2 wagon party, in walking about the ruins, came upon a beautiful statuette, about four feet five inches long, the arms alone being wanting. It was an Egyptian figure, and, for want of a better name, we christened it Melpomene: the men were very proud of their trophy. There is still much to be done in the way of excavation at some future time. Smith's collection, though, is very large and valuable. We brought away in all sixty-three cases, and twenty-seven had already been sent home."

[Copy of a letter from Gen. Washington to Mrs. Bache—daughter of Franklin.]

HEADQUARTERS IN BERGEN, N.J.,  
July 14, 1780.

MADAM,—I have received with much pleasure—but not till last night—your favor of the 4th, specifying the amount of the subscriptions already collected for the use of the American soldiery.

This fresh mark of the patriotism of the ladies entitles them to the highest applause of their country. It is impossible for the army not to feel a superior gratitude on such an instance of goodness. If I am happy in having the concurrence of the ladies, I would propose the purchasing of coarse linen, to be made into shirts, with the whole amount of their subscription. A shirt extraordinary to the soldier will be of more service to him than any other thing that could be procured him; while it is not intended

to, nor shall, exclude him from the usual supply which he draws from the public.

This appears to me to be the best mode for its application, provided it is approved by the ladies. I am happy to find you have been good enough to give us a claim on your endeavors to complete the execution of the design. An example so laudable will certainly be nurtured, and must be productive of a favorable issue in the bosoms of the fair in the sister States.

Let me congratulate our benefactors on the arrival of the French fleet off the harbor of Newport on the afternoon of the 10th. It is this moment announced, but without any particulars, as an interchange of signals had only taken place.

I pray the ladies of your family to receive, with my compliments, my liveliest thanks for the interest they take in my favor.

With the most perfect respect and esteem, I have the honor to be, madam, your obedient and humble servant,  
GEO. WASHINGTON.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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## ROCK OF AGES.

[Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has turned into Latin verse Toplady's familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages." We give both the original and the translation.—*Eds. Independent.*]

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone!  
Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to thy fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.  
Tu per lympham profluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tepentem  
In peccata mi redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,  
Quamvis totâ vi laborem,  
Nec si fide numquam cesso,  
Fletu stillans indefesso;  
Tibi soli tantum munus;  
Salva me, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,  
Sed me versùs crucem gerò;  
Vestimenta nudus oro,  
Opem debilis imploro;  
Fontem Christi quæro' immundus,  
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedens Judex inter nubes;  
Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.

## “IT IS MORE BLESSED.”

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;  
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,  
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing,  
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river  
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the  
giver;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!  
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?  
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,  
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,  
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,  
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.  
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?  
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?  
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,  
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:  
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,  
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from  
lover;

What shall thy longing avail in the grave?  
Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are break-  
ing,

Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy  
waking,  
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,  
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he  
gave.

## DAY BY DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLE-  
MAN.”

EVERY day has its dawn,  
Its soft and silent eve,  
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;—  
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years  
Before us and behind,  
And scorn the little days that pass  
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face  
As beautiful as near;  
Because it is so small a face  
We will not see it clear:

We will not clasp it as it flies,  
And kiss its lips and brow:  
We will not bathe our wearied souls  
In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes  
Away in sad disdain:  
Though we would give our lives for it,  
It never comes again.

Yet, every day has its dawn,  
Its noontide, and its eve:  
Live while we live, giving God thanks—  
He will not let us grieve.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*



From The Saturday Review.  
FOOLISH THINGS.

THE subject of folly is a wide one. Mr. Buckle's sixteen volumes would hardly exhaust its various manifestations; what, then, can be expected in a single page? But it is also attractive. Nobody is disinclined to have his belief in the universality of folly confirmed by a new instance—every one is ready to speculate on the motive or want of motive of ridiculous human action. But the foolish things we have here set ourselves to speak of are not attractive. They furnish food for anything rather than amused supercilious analysis. Are there any of our readers who never in their own persons say or do foolish things—who are never conscious of having been deserted by their good genius? If there are, we do not write for them. It is one's own foolish things which at present engage our attention, for which we assume the sympathy of fellow-feeling, and reckon on touching an answering chord in other breasts not a few. We are not speaking now of grave errors and mistakes, but of the inadvertencies, weaknesses, and follies which haunt our subordinate, social, man-fearing conscience—which we may not know to have been perceived by any but ourselves, but which nevertheless affect us, not because they are wrong, but silly, and because they may be thought more silly by others even than by ourselves—which leave a sense of self-betrayal, making us ask in bitterness:—

“Who shall be true to us

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?”

They are the things which allow us to go to sleep at night with an undisturbed conscience, but wake us with a start hours before the dawn, and set us wondering, How could I make such a fool of myself? Where was the impulse to that vain show-off? What could have induced me to talk of such an one—to confide my private concerns to So-and-so? For it may be noted that sins of omission play but a small part in this periodical tragedy. It is not lost opportunities, but heedless ill-considered speech and action, that fret us at unseasonable hours—some thoughtless license of the tongue, perhaps, or some passing vanity leading to misplaced confidence and weak reliance on sympathy. In the young, the fear of presumption is a fruitful yet innocent source of these stings of memory. Young people are sometimes

made uneasy for days from the notion of having committed some unwarrantable familiarity, which under excitement seemed, and very likely was, perfectly natural.

We are advised to sleep upon certain designs, but it means really to wake upon them. Nothing is more curious than the revulsion a short interval makes in our whole view of things—no magic more bewildering than the transmutations which a few hours of insensibility produce—a few hours of being thrown absolutely upon ourselves. What an idea it gives us of the effect of association, of the action of man upon man! Nobody can allow himself to be real and natural in his intercourse with others, and act as he laid himself out beforehand to act, or as he wishes (we may too often say), on looking back, that he had acted. If this is true in the solemn and weighty affairs of life, it must of necessity be true in the light or less responsible contact of society where the little turns and accidents of the hour are constantly throwing us off our rules, and tempting us to ventures and experiments. All wit, all repartee, all spontaneous effervescence of thought and fancy are of the nature of experiment. All new unplanned revelations of self—all the impulses, in fact, which come of collision with other minds in moments of social excitement, whether pleasurable or irritating—are apt to leave qualms and misgivings on the sensitive and reflective temperament. Thus, especially, sins against taste fret us in the heavy yet busy excitable hour which we have fixed on for the levee of these spectres, when our thoughts, like hounds, scent out disagreeable things with a miraculous instinct, drag them to light, fly from subject to subject, however remote and disconnected, and hem us round with our own pécadilloes. Society in the cold dawn looks on us as a hard taskmaster, exacting, unrelenting, seeing everything, taking account of everything, forgetting nothing—judging by externals, and holding its judgments irreversible. For, after all, it is a cowardly time. We are not concerning ourselves now with *bonâ fide* penitence, but only with its shadow and imitation—a fear of what people will think, a dread of having committed ourselves, whose best alleviation lies in empty resolutions of dedicating the coming day to a general reversal or reparation of yesterday, to a labo-



rious mending and patching, which is to leave us sadder and wiser men; along with a certain self-confidence (also the offspring of the hour) that if we can only set the past to rights,—rectify, explain, recant effectually,—our present experience will preserve us from all future recurrence of even the tendency and temptation to do foolish things. We own this to be cowardly. It is fortunate that we cannot mould ourselves on the model of these morbid regrets; for the influences which make us seem to ourselves so different in the rubs of domestic and social life from our solitary selves—so that we are constantly taking ourselves by surprise—are not all bad ones. They may be more unselfish than those which impel to remorse, and make us feel so sore against ourselves. There is a certain generous throwing of one's self into the breach in some crisis, whether grave or gay, which often brings us to grief. There is a certain determined devotion to the matter in hand, a resolution come what may to carry a thing through, which is better than caution, though by no means a subject for self-congratulation at five o'clock in the morning; or, indeed, so long as it lives in the memory at all. On the whole, it is better as it is. We are gainers in freedom by living in a world where it is possible to commit one's self—to go beyond intentions—to be impulsive, incautious. If everybody were as self-possessed, as much on his guard as we wish we had been in these periods of harassed meditation, society would not be a very refreshing or invigorating sphere.

This is a surer source of consolation, as far as our observation goes, than any argument from analogy that our fears delude us. If we look round on those of our friends whose prudence we can scarcely hope to equal, far less to surpass—whom we trust for manner, discretion, and judgment—there is scarcely one who does not now and then disappoint or surprise us by some departure from his usual right way of thinking and acting, by committing some moral or social solecism, just one of the things to haunt the first waking hour. We are not meaning merely *clever* people—for cleverness has a prescriptive right to do foolish things—but wise and sensible people who have a rule of action, and habitually go by it—habitually, but not always;—and a foolish thing done or said

by a wise man certainly stands out with a startling prominence and distinctness, pointing out the weak place there is in the best of us. When our wise friend, under some malignant influence, says or does something exceptionally silly, the thing assumes a sort of life from contrast. It is quoted against him, and perhaps in some quarters a permanently lower estimate of mind and character is the consequence. Do the same things that in this case strike us strike the perpetrator? Can a wise man say a foolish thing and remain forever unconscious of it? One thing we must believe—it cannot be only a latent self-conceit in the midst of our humiliations and self-reproaches that leads us to assume them not universal. There are people so uniformly foolish, so constantly impertinent, rash, talkative, unsecret, or blundering, that if revisited by their errors, solitude would be one long penance which could not fail to tell upon their outer aspect. The fool *par excellence* is not, we gladly believe, haunted by his folly. It is when we have departed from our real character—when our instincts have failed us—when we have gone against ourselves—that we writhe under tormenting memories.

The subject is worth dwelling upon for one reason. If, with the exception of conspicuous fools, we could realize that this class of regrets are not due to our particular idiosyncrasy, but are a common scourge of weak, vain, irritable, boasting humanity, it ought to conduce to charity in our judgments. If we could believe that the people we dislike suffer these penances, and could give them credit for waking with a twinge an hour earlier than usual, under the remembrance of impertinence, vanity, unkindness, persuaded that certain definite offences against our taste and feeling would haunt their solitary walk and make the trial of their day, we could not but learn patience and toleration. But we are apt to regard our annoyance as the penalty of an exceptionally sensitive social conscience. We and the people we care for cannot do foolishly without feeling sorry for it—without going through the expiation of a pang; but the people we dislike are insensible, coarse, obtuse, dull, and brutish. Theirs has not been a mistake, which implies a departure from their nature, but an acting up to it and according to it. They are therefore showing



themselves as they are when they show themselves most unpleasant and repulsive.

Another mode of reconciling ourselves to this prompt Nemesis of minor follies is that it may possibly preserve us from greater ones. It may both imply caution, and keep our caution in practice and repair. We have already made an exception in favor of fools; but are people subject to rash impulses—impulses swaying their whole destiny and the fate of others—who find a pleasure in staking the future on some unconsidered chance, ever visited by regrets for having merely exposed themselves in no more weighty matter than some foolish breach of confidence or lapse of propriety? Are people habitually unguarded ever visited by lesser remorse? Is not this rather a conflict where habitual caution is every now and then betrayed by counter influences? Does a man who is always boasting ever remember any particular boast with a pang? Does one who is always betraying secrets and revealing his own and other people's privacy—always talking of himself, always maudlin, always ill-natured or sarcastic—ever writhe under the recollection of his follies? It is hard to be lenient towards some people, however much it is our duty to think the best.

But whatever tenderness may be shown towards foolish things acted or spoken, whatever beneficent purpose may be assigned to them in the social economy, our leniency ends here. Little can be said ethically, and nothing prudentially, for foolish things written—for outbreaks of our follies and tempers on paper; and yet what a fruitful source of these regrets has the pen been with some of us! And never has the sting been sharper than when we realize that our imprudence is in black and white, beyond our reach, irrevocable. The pen gives us a power of having our say out which speech seldom does. We are free from the unaccountable, almost solemn, control that man in bodily presence has over man. Fresh from some injury, we have the plea, the retort, the reproof, the flippancy, the good things in our hands without danger of interruption. We will write it while the subject is fresh and vivid, and the arguments so clear that our correspondent cannot fail of being struck, persuaded,

crushed by them. In the heat of composition we foresee those cooler, cautious hours in the distance, and defy them. We have a dim notion that we are doing a foolish thing, but we will act while conviction is supreme, and we send off our letter—to repent sometimes how bitterly!

It has been cleverly said that the whole folly of this proceeding lies not in the writing, which is an excellent valve to the feelings, but in the sending; and certainly very few letters, written under immediate provocation, would be sent if the writers slept a night upon them. But the pen can do foolish things—things below the writer's standard of speech and action—without provocation. There are many people whose intellect and judgment would stand much higher in the world's estimation if they had never been taught to write. Men write letters and women write notes in total neglect of the rules which guide their conversation, and which win them sometimes an extraordinary reputation for good sense. A whole swarm of absurd impulses cluster round the pen, which leave them alone at other times. A propensity for interference and giving advice is one of these—a passion for explanations, a memory for old grievances, and a faith in the efficacy of formal, prolix, minute statements of wrong, along with querulous hints, unpalatable suggestions and insinuations generally—all of which are foolish because they cannot, in the nature of things, have a good issue, and flow from the ready pen in oblivion of obvious consequences, which elsewhere hold the writer in salutary check. Indeed, the pen often wakes a set of feelings which are not known to exist without it. If we must be foolish sometimes, let us then give our folly as short a term as possible. If it must leave traces behind, our memory is a better and safer archive than our enemy's, or even our friend's, writing table. Therefore, if any warning of the fit is granted, if a man have any reason for misgivings, let him, before all things, beware of pen and ink. Things are seldom quite hopeless till they are committed to paper—a scrape is never at its worst till it has given birth to a correspondence.



From The Saturday Review.

THE UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ROUSSEAU.\*

THE "Unpublished Writings and Correspondence of Rousseau" consist of a variety of papers in the possession of a Genevese family named Moulton. M. Paul Moulton, the great-grandfather of the editor, was a minister of the Evangelical Church of Geneva, and, strange as it may seem, an intimate personal friend both of Rousseau and of Voltaire. Many of the fragments contained in the recently published volume are parts of works which Rousseau describes himself, in his *Confessions*, as having committed to the flames; but the philosopher is known to have been never weary of copying and recopying the manuscript of his favorite productions, and now and then one or other of the foul copies, having been probably submitted originally to M. Moulton for his critical opinion, appears to have remained in his hands. The book given to the world by M. Moulton's descendant has for the most part that interest only which belongs to the accidentally preserved remains of a great writer. Englishmen, who are little under the influence of Rousseau's doctrine, and not at all alive to the witchery of his style, will probably consider the rhetoric of the contents inflated and the reasoning flimsy; and if they do not happen to be aware of the strong evidence of Rousseau's sincerity which has gradually been collected, they will be sure to think the sentiment hollow, pretentious, and hypocritical. There is, however, one fragment in the volume which merits attention, even in this country, as forming one stone in a great landmark of the history of opinion. This is a paper, singular in form, and consisting chiefly of mere scattered sentences, which has for its title *Project of a Constitution for Corsica*. Rousseau, like most earnest theorists, had a passionate desire to see the practical application of his principles. It happened that in 1761, after the Corsicans under Paoli had all but driven their Genoese masters out of their island, a M. de Buttafuoco, a Corsican officer in the service of the King of France, took it into his head to write a letter to Rousseau, requesting him to frame laws and a constitution for the emancipated people. Nothing

can be more characteristic of the time than M. de Buttafuoco's letter, and Rousseau's reasons for eagerly acceding to the suggestion. The officer is convinced that nobody but the author of the *Contrat Social* can ensure the future welfare of his country; and the philosopher is sure that there can be no better field than Corsica for his experiments, because it is nearer its natural condition than other communities in Europe, the social inequalities which it undoubtedly exhibits being mere superficial irregularities artificially introduced by the tyrannical Genoese. But Rousseau, though he instantly began to labor at the Corsican institutions, was not permitted to proceed far with them. In 1764, the French Government took possession of the coast towns of Corsica under pretence of mediating between the Corsicans and the Genoese. For three years the French troops remained in the island, professing all the while the utmost sympathy with the efforts of the Corsican patriots, and disclaiming the smallest intention of restoring the tyranny which had been overthrown. The convention under which they had entered provided for their withdrawal in 1768, by which time they had become virtual masters of Corsica; but just when their retirement was expected, it turned out that France had obtained the cession of the island from the Senate of Genoa. The King of France immediately assumed the sovereignty; the patriots were pitilessly put down, and Rousseau threw aside his Constitution in indignation and despair. The history, so far as concerns the conduct of the French Government, is one which has been repeated since, and probably not for the last time.

Rousseau, with the curious pedantry of his age, had derived his ideas concerning Corsica from a passage in Diodorus, "The Corsicans," says that writer, "feed on milk, honey, and meat; they observe among themselves the rules of justice and humanity with more exactness than any other barbarians. The first person who finds honey in the mountains or in the hollow of a tree has the certainty that no one will dispute his right to it." But, in point of fact, the island which was thus selected as the theatre on which the regeneration of the world was to begin, was the spot in Western Europe which remained longest in pure barbarism. Its society, far from being distinguished by the

\* *Œuvres et Correspondance Inédites de J. J. Rousseau*. Publiées par M. G. Streckeisen-Moulton. Paris: Levy. London: Jeffs. 1861.



simplicity of its mechanism, consisted in an intricate system of relations between families and clans; and the habits of the people, instead of displaying the innocence which Diodorus and Rousseau attributed to them, were formed by the observance of cruel or unmeaning customs, adhered to with a tenacity which civilizing influences have scarcely even now overcome. The *Vendetta*, or traditional family feud, had to be suppressed by the French Government as late as 1845; and in 1848, at the outbreak of the Revolution, it is known to have had a temporary revival. If Rousseau's legislation had been put into force in Corsica—and there was at one time much chance of its adoption at the recommendation of Paoli—it must have miscarried as thoroughly as Locke's famous project of a constitution for the Carolinas. Yet the opportunity which was denied to Rousseau during his lifetime came with a vengeance twenty years later. Corsica became part of France, and in 1789 the country which had appropriated the little island in defiance of all justice was induced to try on itself the very experiment which it had prevented Rousseau from trying on Corsica. The principles intended to be embodied in the Corsican Constitution are those of the *Contrat Social*, and they are those which the Frenchmen of 1789 were feeling after when they overturned the world. It is astonishing to reflect on their history, and to observe the *naïveté* with which they are here set forth by Rousseau. Some of them seem almost silly, but their childishness only arises from their having passed into the commonplaces of this century. Others appear preposterously untenable, but then it is only the terrible experience of the French Revolution which has taught us their emptiness. Those, however, who know what Rousseau's influence has been, will be on their guard against supposing that any fragment of his writings is rendered unimportant by false logic or false taste. It has been the fate of this extraordinary man to have sown no seed, bad or good, which has fallen on stony ground. The greatest of his contemporaries have produced no effects as yet which can be compared with his. Montesquieu, the highest intellect of the eighteenth century, has had but one intellectual descendant in France, Alexis de Tocqueville; and he is infinitely more of a prophet in

England and in the United States than in his own country. The influence of Voltaire's negative criticism has of course been immense, but his few positive opinions were soon forgotten, and towards the comfortable practical philosophy which he inculcated his countrymen of our day have no feeling except an extreme repugnance. But no word or line of Rousseau's has been lost. The *Confessions* are the fountain, not only of Byronism and Lamartinism, their immediate progeny, but also of that host of works in which the self-analysis of the writer supplies him with the means of unlocking other men's hearts. Without them there is no certainty that France would have had a Balzac or a Charles de Bernard, or England a Charlotte Brontë and a Thackeray. With the *Nouvelle Heloise* began the modern apotheosis of the lower passions—the theme which inspires almost all French romance, and not a little of English fiction. The *Vicaire Savoyard* is the parent of modern sentimental religion. In France, where its effects have been profound, it gives the one ingredient which distinguishes the Neo-Catholicism of Lacordaire or Montalembert from the native dogmatism of Roman Catholic theology. The *Emile* is the source of half the notions which, sixty years after its publication, appeared in a new dress as the tenets of the Communists and Socialists. Even Rousseau's music is said to have been infinitely more studied than would be expected from its apparent merits; and more than one French composer is believed to owe his peculiarities to an affectation of following the *Devin de Village*. But for direct influence on the fortunes of mankind, nothing of Rousseau's can be compared with the *Contrat Social*, of which the positive conclusions were intended to be embodied in the Constitution for Corsica. The fermentation of its principles produced the great explosion at the end of the century, and streamed out in a movement of which the end is not yet.

So remarkable an influence can only be explained by the antecedent readiness of men's minds to respond to it. Most French critics have accounted for it by the eloquence of Rousseau's style. Others have supposed that the secret lay in his anticipation of modern theories of progress. Some, with more reason, have called attention to the



marked religious turn of his mind, and have pointed out that, amid the general discredit of received systems of religion, the vague doctrine of Rousseau had almost a monopoly of the whole field of belief. An explanation, different from all these, is afforded by Mr. Maine, in his recently published volume on *Ancient Law*. Mr. Maine thinks that the parentage of Rousseau's ideas is not chiefly imaginative, nor chiefly metaphysical, nor chiefly religious, but principally *legal*; and that his philosophy is in substance a popular exposition of certain theories of the Roman lawyers which had long had currency in modern Europe. According to this view, the lawyers of Rome, in the absence of a more definite rule of legal progress, had placed the perfection of law in symmetry and simplicity. A law corrected by these standards they called the law of nature, and they seem to have been under a vague impression that mankind had practised it before civil history began, in a state or condition of nature. The vision of some beautifully simple and harmonious code, answering to the ideal picture of the natural state, had long danced before the eyes of the better class of lawyers in all countries in Europe, taking occasionally a more definite and precise shape when it passed over into England, but fancifully and vaguely conceived in general, yet not too indistinctly to irritate and vex the lawyers of France and Italy by its contrast with the perplexity and confusion of existing customs. Of this mythus of jurisprudence, Rousseau made himself the popular expositor. He collected into a focus the ideas of natural perfection which floated in the atmosphere of legal thought, and when they were collected they set the world on fire.

No doubt much support is lent to this theory by the newly published *Constitution for Corsica*. The greater part of the fragment consists of detached notes in an aphoristic form, not unlike the *Pensées* of Pascal, and these crude statements of Rousseau's thoughts betray their legal pedigree more clearly than the balanced rhetorical sentences of the *Contrat Social*. The method which Rousseau proposed to follow in framing his code was to take the institutions of Corsica as he found them, and then cut them down to his own measure of harmonious simplicity. In his letters to M. de Buttafuoco, he states

the necessity of carefully studying the actual laws of Corsica with an emphasis which might belong to a disciple of Montesquieu; but it soon appears that he merely wishes to know what existing institutions are, for the purpose of pruning away the irregular excrescences on the simplicity of nature which he supposes to have been introduced by the usurping Genoese. And, when he begins to work out his conception, nothing can be clearer than that his mind is full of the legal commonplaces of his day and country concerning natural law. In the passage of Diodorus which took so strong a hold on his fancy, he is particularly impressed with the statement that among the primitive Corsicans the first person who found honey in a hollow tree was admitted by his neighbors to be proprietor of it—this, as Mr. Maine has shown, being the exact theory of the origin of property which prevailed among jurists in the last century. Again, in recommending the ancient customs of Switzerland to the adoption of the Corsicans, he tells them that all the cattle of the canton were allowed to roam together on the mountains, and that the *first occupants* of any one of them was allowed to keep it—thus reproducing in terms the rule of Roman law with respect to the acquisition of ownership in animals which are in a state of nature. But perhaps the most startling illustration of the influence which legal theories had over him is a proposition which he evidently took from the writers on Public Law. The Publicists lay down that national communities, when independent, are subject only to the law of nature. Rousseau inverts this assumption, and transfers it to civil society. Having made up his mind to create a society which shall be governed only by natural law, he concludes that all the persons who live in it must be independent of each other; and his reflections on the point lead him to this startling aphorism, "From that mutual dependence of men on each other which is believed to be the bond of society, spring all the vices which destroy it." Rousseau's line of thought can be traced in numberless passages of the *Corsican Constitution*, but in none so instructively as this. First, he misunderstands the proposition of law. Then, he transfers it to an inappropriate subject-matter. Lastly, he transforms it into an audacious general maxim which militates against all received ideas, and which could not possibly be applied without a subversion of all existing order. Such is the history of much which seventy years ago passed as a revelation of new and beneficent truth.



From The Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE.\*

AN accurate and outspoken life of Queen Hortense might have some interest for the world. The fate of all these Bonapartes was so remarkable, their rise so rapid, their fall so complete, and their lives so full of incident, that the insignificance of their personal characters is lost in the wonder created by their fortunes, and mankind read their histories as children read the account of Whittington, with the unconscious feeling that luck so unmerited makes their own prospects brighter. All of them, too, were connected more or less with the career of the one great man among them, and everything which relates to Napoleon, like every fact which elucidates the character of Cæsar Augustus, is of perennial interest. But the life which is to satisfy curiosity must be something very different from this specimen of book-making. Written in the style of a French courtier, who hopes that anecdote may supply the place of facts, and adulation that of analysis, it is absolutely devoid of any proof of its own authenticity. For all they tell us, its authors might have derived their facts from the lips of Louis Napoleon, or from a collection of memoirs of the Restoration, or from their own imaginations. The book has no preface or introduction, or explanation, and not one reference to any authority of any kind, except, indeed, Madame de Cochelet; but the extent to which her authority is relied on is never so much as indicated. There is scarcely one document the authenticity of which is proved, and not one attempt to justify the assertions on which the story is at variance with accepted narratives. Yet it is a memoir of that kind which, of all others, most requires elaborate justification. Everything is related as if the writers had been the most intimate friends of the ex-queen, had access to the cabinet of Louis XVIII., or had heard Louis Napoleon relate the most familiar reminiscences of his childhood. What, for example, is the meaning of this style of paragraph, unless uttered by Josephine herself:—

“Hortense looked into the future with that childish curiosity which makes the eye behold the world through the rose-colored light of fancy. She expected some great and

brilliant event that should make her perfectly happy, without, however, knowing, or endeavoring to know, what it would be. She still loved all men, and believed in their faithfulness and sincerity. No sting had as yet wounded her heart, no blighted hope, no illusion destroyed, had thrown a shade of discontentedness upon her smooth forehead. Her blue eye beamed with joy and happiness, and her mirth was so hearty and innocent, that it sometimes made her mother feel quite melancholy. She well knew that the happy period when life stands before us like the golden dream of morn could not long endure.”

The book is full of such sentences, unreal descriptions which might not be out of place in a watery novel, but which, inserted in a memoir, simply demonstrate that its authors are writing either for effect or for sale. Their utter vagueness diminishes instead of increasing our means of judging of character, and the readers of this book, after perusing all kinds of anecdotes, will still find that its heroine is to them a lay figure without one quality except affection for her children and dread of her imperious stepfather. Messrs. Wraxall and Wehrhan endeavor, indeed, to analyze her character, but it is in sentences like the following. Hortense had a girl's liking for Duroc, and the compilers, after taking the few facts known from Bourienne, remark:—

“For some time past, however, Hortense had taken a less lively part than usual in the fêtes and amusements; she no longer seemed to derive great gratification from the festivities of the court, but preferred retirement and seclusion in her own apartments. The soft melancholy notes of her harp seemed to charm her more than the witty and polite conversation in her mother's salons.

“Hortense sought solitude, because to solitude alone could she open her heart, to it only could she whisper the fact that she loved with all the innocence and fervency, all the energy and self-denial, of a first love. How delightful did these hours of wakeful dreaming appear to her! The future presented itself to her eye as one long and glorious summer day, that was just dawning, and whose sun she shortly expected to rise.”

That description may be quite true, though it reads so exactly like the description of a love-sick girl in a good young lady's novel, but there is not a particle of evidence for it all, or indeed for anything, except that Hortense, as passionate as any other Creole,

\* *Memoirs of Queen Hortense.* By Lascelles Wraxall and Robert Wehrhan. Hurst and Blackett.



used to carry on a clandestine correspondence with Duroc through Bourienne. The negotiation was broken off, Duroc, says our authors, making love only out of ambition, and Hortense consented to marry Louis Bonaparte, whom her mother had selected as the one of her husband's family most likely to be an ally. The motive is likely enough in itself, but who revealed the annexed facts? Hortense herself, or her spirit through some "medium"?

"Josephine joyfully embraced her daughter. She little thought what a night of agony, what a night of prayer and despair, Hortense had passed. She little suspected that her daughter's seeming composure was nothing but the despairing resignation of a broken heart.

"Hortense smiled, for Duroc must not see how she suffered. Her love for him was dead, but the pride of a betrayed woman still lived within her. It was this pride that wiped away her tears and summoned up a smile to her pale lip."

Her union was not a happy one; among other reasons, because Louis was not a man to be loved by any woman, but, say the memoir writers, this might have passed away, for scenes like these used to take place between the unhappy pair:—

"Already would Louis sit for hours, with his wife, endeavoring to amuse her by a witty conversation; and Hortense began to consider it her most sacred and sweetest duty to make her husband forget, by kindly showing him all possible attention, how miserable he was at her side. They both hoped that the child they expected would indemnify them for an unhappy union and the freedom they had lost.

"'If I should give you a son,' Hortense said, with a smile, 'when he first addressed you by the sweet title of father you would perhaps forgive me for being his mother.'

"'And in pressing that son to your heart, in feeling how dearly you love him, you might forget that it is I who am his father. You will at least cease to hate me, for I shall be the father of your beloved child.'

Exquisitely French that, certainly, but was the little comedy enacted in public, or, if not, who related Louis' ideas with so painful an accuracy? Scenes of this kind, if real, illustrate character more clearly than any public acts, but then they must be supported by the most decisive testimony. In the present instance the description may of course be absolutely exact: Louis, the reserved scholar,

may have recorded his most secret emotions towards his wife, and Hortense may have analyzed the special kind of indifference in her heart, but there is not the slightest evidence offered to prove either, and without evidence the conversation is simply absurd. The story that they lived as such couples usually live—he occupied with his own duties and amusements, and she with flirtations more or less prononcés—is at least more probable. What is certain is, that she was popular in Holland; that in the quarrel between Louis and his brother she adhered to the winning side; that when after Fontainebleau the Emperor Alexander visited Maria Louisa at Rambouillet, *he found Hortense consoling her instead of Josephine*, and when the Bonapartes were proscribed, the Emperor Alexander made terms for her which gave her the title of Duchess, and a great estate in France. She defended her conduct by her care for the interests of her children, but her brother, as cruelly wronged as herself by Napoleon, took a different view of his duty, and in a noble letter to Alexander refused a duchy as the price of his allegiance:—

"'SIRE,—I have read the proposals of your Majesty; they are doubtless very kind, but they cannot shake my resolution. I am afraid I manage to express my thoughts badly when I had the honor of seeing you, if your Majesty can believe for one moment that I am capable of selling my honor for any price, however high it may be. Neither a duchy of Genoa, nor a kingdom of Italy, can tempt me to treason. The example of the King of Naples does not seduce me; I would sooner be an honest soldier than a treacherous prince.

"'The Emperor, you say, has wronged me. If so, I have forgotten it. I only remember his kindnesses. Everything I possess or am, I owe to him; my rank, my titles, my fortune, and, above all, what you kindly call my glory. Therefore, I am determined to serve him as long as I live. My heart and my arm are equally his. May my sword shiver in my hand if ever I draw it against the Emperor or my native country. I flatter myself that my well-founded refusal will at least secure me your esteem. I am, etc., etc.'"

Louis had returned to France from his Styrian retirement to share his brother's fate; Jerome had no option, Joseph was always obedient, and Hortense, therefore, shares



with Murat the credit of being one of the two Bonapartes who made a "transaction" with the conquerors. That appearances did "the queen" some injustice may be allowed. She had no special reason to love Napoleon, and Napoleon's mother never included her in the condemnation she passed on the Queen of Naples; but hers was certainly not a great or an exceptional nature, and the best that can be said of her is that she was wholly without vindictiveness, an admirable mother, ever ready for self-sacrifice when her sons required her aid. She saved Louis Napoleon from the consequences of his early devotion to the cause of the Italian Revolution, and up to her death in Switzerland, in 1837, it was to the queen that the future Emperor turned for guidance and sympathy in his greatest straits. But though not great as one of the marvellous family who from 1785

have helped to make European history worth studying, she deserves a better panegyric than this vague paragraph:—

"And yet, in spite of all this sorrow and humiliation, Queen Hortense had the courage not to hate humanity, and to teach her children to love their fellow-men and treat them kindly. The heart of the dethroned queen bled from a thousand wounds; but she did not allow these wounds to cicatrize, or her heart to harden beneath the broad scars of sorrow. She loved her sufferings and her wounds, and kept them open with her tears; but the very fact of suffering so fearfully caused her to spare the sufferings of others and try to appease their grief. Hence her life was one incessant act of kindness, and when she died she was enabled to say of herself, as did her mother, the Empress Josephine, 'I have wept greatly, but I never caused others to weep.'"

### THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

#### RESIGNATION OF DR. COGSWELL.

OUR literary readers will learn with lively emotion that the faithful and learned superintendent of the Astor Library, Joseph G. Cogswell, LL.D., has felt himself compelled, by the pressure on his physical powers of advancing years, to resign the station which he has filled with so much honor and success from the very foundation of the noble library with which his name and fame must ever be identified.

The present is not the occasion for recapitulating the long and varied services of Dr. Cogswell both at home and abroad, in actively, judiciously, and economically collecting and arranging that immense body of books in most of the languages of civilized man, which is destined to stand among us for coming ages, a living record of his devotion to the cause of learning. We feel well assured that appropriate measures will be adopted in our literary and scientific circles to give due expression to their feelings of grateful appreciation.

It was in September last that Dr. Cogswell brought to its final close his arduous undertaking of preparing the catalogue of the library, filling four massive volumes of 2,110 pages, accurately arranging in alphabetical order the titles of all the volumes, nearly 120,000 in number, now on the shelves; and of which every syllable and letter underwent his personal and careful inspection.

On receiving the work the trustees resolved,—

"That they hereby record their high appreciation of the eminent service rendered to the library by the elaborate and admirable catalogue just completed by Dr. Cogswell, and now tender him their thanks for the untiring industry and self-sacrificing devotion he has exhibited in

this most laborious task, reflecting in its successful accomplishment additional and enduring honor on the institution he has so long and so faithfully served."

At the succeeding meeting of the trustees Dr. Cogswell declared his unalterable determination to resign the office of superintendent, to take effect at the close of the year, whereupon they passed the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That the trustees accept the resignation of Dr. Cogswell with sincere regret. They thankfully acknowledge his devoted, faithful, laborious, and most valuable services to the institution, from its organization to the present day, they record, with gratitude, their sense of the pleasure and instruction they have derived from their intercourse with him, and they tender him their warmest wishes for his future welfare"

By a further resolution they requested him "to use, as long as he may find agreeable, the rooms he has hitherto occupied in the library building."

Dr. Cogswell retains his seat in the Board of Trustees, and will continue, as we fervently hope, for many years, while relieved from more active labor, to aid his colleagues by his ripe and varied experience.

The trustees, on his recommendation, and in accordance with their sense of the merits of the successor named by him, have selected as superintendent Francis Schroeder, Esq., late of Rhode Island, and former *charge d'affaires* from the United States to the court of Sweden, a gentleman of fine literary culture, extensive knowledge of books, and courteous and attentive manners.—*New York Evening Post*.



From The Economist.

*Pulmonary Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Cough, and various other Diseases of the Chest, successfully treated by Medicated Inhalations.* By Alfred Beaumont Maddock, M.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationer's Hall. H. Baillière, 219 Regent Street.

FOR the last twenty years Dr. Maddock has urged upon the attention of the medical profession, and the public at large, the efficacy of medicated inhalations in the cure of the diseases treated of in the volume now under our notice, which has reached a tenth edition. The remedy itself is not a discovery of Dr. Maddock. As he asserts in his preface, he claims "no merit beyond that of extending and promoting" it. More than forty years ago Sir Alexander Crichton pointed out the strong inference from analogy in favor of direct applications by inhalation to the seat of the disease. "It seems," he says, "a strange hope and strange conduct to pretend to cure an ulcer on the lungs, whether scrofulous, or phlegmonous, or of whatever kind it may be, by internal remedies alone, while it is acknowledged that ulcers on other parts of the body require a local application independently of all internal treatment." Various physicians have taken up the idea, and carried it out in their private practice, but Dr. Maddock alone has given up his whole time and attention to the subject, and endeavored to make the new plan of treatment more widely known and more generally accepted among a profession jealous of innovation and distrustful of novelties. Time and experience have but confirmed our author in the truth of the theory, and the benefits of the practice of inhalation; and, when we consider that in the United Kingdom above sixty thousand persons annually fall victims to consumption, and that that disease, when once established, has been hitherto considered as beyond the reach of medical art, we cannot but wish full success to his endeavors at obtaining a fair trial for a course of treatment so simple in itself, and so promising in its results as far as it has hitherto been tested.

Dr. Maddock opens his case by showing conclusively, from the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, that consumption, even in its advanced stages, is not incurable; that it has been oftentimes arrested, not so

much by medicine, as by the healing powers of nature. The tubercle has hardened into "a chalky concretion," the abscess has healed and been covered over with a cicatrix. Professor J. H. Bennett found such concretions in twenty-eight out of seventy-three bodies he examined. Rogée asserts "that in the course of a single year he had been able to collect ten or twelve incontrovertible examples of the same kind. Dr. Carswell, late Professor of Morbid Anatomy at University College, writes in his *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*: "The important fact of the curability of the disease has, in our opinion, been satisfactorily established by Laennec. All the physical signs of tubercular phthisis have been present, even those which indicate the existence of an excavation. Yet the disease has terminated favorably, and its perfect cure has been demonstrated by the presence of a cicatrix in that portion of the lung in which the excavation had formerly existed. . . . Pathological anatomy has, perhaps, never afforded more conclusive evidence in proof of the curability of a disease than it has done in tubercular consumption."

These are cheering words, and with such testimony in favor of the possibility, at least, of recovery, surely, it is only right that every rational means of cure, however novel they may be, should be thoroughly investigated; for, as Dr. Maddock justly observes, "If consumption be curable by the operations of nature, in even a single instance, after it has reached its worst stage, where the lungs are broken down with cavities, it must surely be within the reach of art to aid nature so far as materially to increase the frequency of such recoveries."

Dr. Maddock's mode of treatment has two great advantages,—so great indeed, that we are surprised that they have not secured for it a readier acceptance. It is, in the first place, easy and pleasant to the patient, soothing the irritable throat or chest, and giving relief where it cannot cure. Dr. Maddock's experience is that he has rather to restrain than to incite his patients in the use of the inhaler, so great is the sense of ease it brings. In the second place, it largely dispenses with the necessity for the wearisome internal medicines, cough mixtures, opiates, etc., whose constant action so weakens the digestive powers as often to



outweigh in constitutional disturbance the good they may locally effect. The very same medicines may be applied directly, in warm steam, to the surface of the lungs without producing any disagreeable or injurious results. This is especially the case with regard to iodine, a most valuable remedy in scrofulous disorders, but one which often produces "great derangement of the system," and needs "the greatest caution and circumspection in its use." Of this medicine, Sir James Manning, as quoted by Dr. Maddock, writes: "With respect to the inhalation of iodine, if I had not abundant proofs of its value, I would not be the first to make use of it; but I can with safety as-

sert that it will sometimes heal it early applied; and it will give rest and repose and relief, in cases where it is impossible to cure."

Dr. Maddock states the arguments and evidence in favor of the system of medicated inhalations clearly, succinctly, and forcibly, and follows them up by brief reports of fifty cases in which, under his own eye, it was practised with the most fully satisfactory results. We recommend their perusal to all who wish to know the practical results of his mode of treatment, or who are interested in the advancement of medical science.

*Athelstan: a Poem.* Edward Moxon.

"At last they met—one desperately brave, and staking all he lived for on a blow; the other timid, lest from the same hole whence life escaped, he might let slip the chance of seeing his lent gold come home again. In the short fight the elder combatant let pass some chances, for the miser's soul restrained the arm from doing all its ill, and strove to overpower the youth, but not to disable him from payment. A strong blow, which broke his guard and beat him down to earth, showed how his wisdom was pure foolishness. There lay he in his imbecility, and swore to spare the payment of the debt in payment for his life. The victor smiled a most unchristian smile, and cried, 'My friend! one fact is worth ten possibilities. The living may keep promises; the dead can never break. Thou'rt my prize by right of lawful war—thus I dispose of thee!' And with a thud he dropped his heavy maul upon the wrinkled front. The old man's eyes closed in eternal night, and his last thoughts mixed horribly up the matters of two worlds—God's coming judgment, and his stolen gold." If that be poesy, then is *Athelstan* a poem.—*Spectator*.

My first denotes a company,  
My second shuns a company,  
My third calls a company,  
My whole amuses a company.

—Co-nun-drum.

Why is a kiss like a sermon?—It requires two heads and an application.

Why are teeth like verbs?—They are regular, irregular and defective.

Was Eve high or low church?—Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

If a bear were to go into a linendraper's shop, what would he want?—He would want muzzlin'.

Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies?—He takes every Miss for a Myth.

When are weeds not weeds?—When they become widows.

In what part of the *Times* can we find broken English?—The bankrupt list.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?—The Fin-is.

Which of our English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress?—John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed?—When he was out at Elba (elbow).

What fish is most valued by a happy wife?—Her-ring.

What part of a fish weighs most?—The scales.

LORD BACON.—We hear that the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls are inclined to have the important documents whose recovery to the uses of history—and especially in connection with Lord Chancellor Bacon—we recently announced, set in order, abstracted and calendared—at least, so far as Lord Bacon's decrees and decisions are concerned. We trust that our great legal authorities will go a step further. No better service could be done to historical inquiry. The light which these papers shed on the judicial acts of Bacon they also shed on the judicial acts of his successors. For personal history these Chancery Records are more important than the regular State Papers; and it is greatly to be desired that some means will be found for rendering them accessible to the public.—*Athenæum*.



From The Examiner.

*The Breath of Life, or Mal-Respiration and its Effects upon the Enjoyments and Life of Man. (Manograph.)* By George Catlin, Author of "Notes of Travels amongst the North American Indians." Trübner and Co.

THE adventurous artist traveller to whom we are indebted for so many good sketches with pen and paint-brush of the native tribes of North America, has a very strong feeling upon "the disgusting and dangerous habit of sleeping with the mouth open." His master passion would now seem to be a desire to inspire the world with his own horror of an open mouth. The breath of life was breathed into the nostrils, and only through the nostrils is it to be taken in a proper state. The raw air that goes through the mouth into the lungs by day or night having helped to destroy the teeth on its road, attacks the life within; and the raw night air so taken is of all things most horrible. Mr. Catlin is so much in earnest that he writes on stone with his own hand and distributes as "a manu-graph" his monograph upon the horrors of an open mouth, and illustrates it with some amusingly extravagant sketches of men, women, and children asleep or awake with their mouths open or shut; the open-mouthed sleepers looking like Bedlamites in anguish, and the people who sleep with their mouths shut smiling with an exuberant jollity of self-satisfaction. Mr. Catlin (who says that in youth he fell in love with a little girl because she never opened more than the middle of her mouth, and seemed to have the sides of her lips "honeyed together") has himself conquered delicacy of the lungs by conquest of the habit of sleeping with his mouth open. When he was among the Indian tribes, sleeping often in boats or in the open air, he learnt the value of the American Indian's composure. He never opens his mouth wide in emotion, or if he does, he covers it with his hand, and he scorns as weak the man who does not keep his lips and teeth well closed. The consequences of this, says Mr. Catlin, are teeth that have tempted the civilized American artificial toothmaker with his forceps into the Indian burial-places; there is also none of our mortality of children. In a village of two hundred and fifty persons, after the chief and his wife had talked some time,

they could recollect only three deaths of children within the last ten years: one was drowned, one was killed by the kick of a horse, and the third by the bite of a rattlesnake. Another chief over a tribe of one thousand five hundred could learn from inquiry among the women of no deaths of children within that time, except from accident. Among two thousand Mandans Mr. Catlin was told that the death of a child under ten years old was very unusual, and he found very few young skulls in the Indian burying-places. But the result was not so good where the men had become so demoralized by excessive use of rum or whiskey that they fell into the civilized habit of sleeping with their mouths open. It is by the enervating luxury of food, by the over-heated sleeping-rooms and feather beds of civilization, that the habit is acquired which Mr. Catlin places very near to the root of all evil. Are not the victims of cholera and yellow fever those persons who sleep with their mouths open in infected districts?

When children sleep with their mouths open, says Mr. Catlin, their teeth are let loose to grow of divers lengths and in the wrong direction, while the passages of the nose "being vacated, like vacated roads that grow up to grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases." Let us not be idiots, but let us all go to bed resolved that we will not let our mouths fall open during the night.

"Open mouths during the night are sure to produce open mouths during the day; the teeth protrude, if the habit be commenced in infancy, so that the mouth can't be shut, the natural expression is lost, the voice is affected, polypus takes possession of the nose, the teeth decay, tainted breath ensues, and the lungs are destroyed. The whole features of the face are changed, the under jaw unhinged, falls and retires, the cheeks are hollowed, and the cheek-bones and the upper jaw advance, and the brow and the upper eyelids are unnaturally lifted; presenting at once, the leading features and expression of *Idiocy*."

Of course it is a pity that we have to use our mouths at all. This Mr. Catlin feels,—

"It is one of the misfortunes of civilization that it has too many amusing and exciting things for the mouth to say, and too many delicious things for it to taste, to allow of its being closed during the day: the



mouth, therefore, has too little reserve for the protection of its natural purity of expression; and too much exposure for the protection of its garniture: and ('good advice is never too late') keep your mouth shut when you *read*, when you *write*, when you *listen*, when you are in pain, when you are *walking*, when you are *running*, when you are *riding*, and, *by all means*, when you are *angry*. There is no person in society but who will find, and acknowledge, improvement in health and enjoyment, from even a *temporary* attention to this advice."

The pictures which illustrate this odd publication are as curious and amusing as the text, and the work altogether is a curiosity of literature. It need not be said that there is a simple truth under all the sincere extrav-

agance of emphasis. It is wholesomest to sleep with the mouth shut and the nose in pure air, and in daily life and conversation the open mouth is a sign of weakness, though we can hardly take it to be, as Mr. Catlin says, the cause of it. "Men," he writes,—

"Men who have been jostled about amongst the vicissitudes of a long life, amidst their fellow-men, will have observed that all nervousness commences in the mouth. Men who lack the courage to meet their fellow-men in physical combat, are afraid, not of their enemy, nor from a conviction of their own inferiority, but from the *disarming* nervousness of an open and tremulous mouth, the vibrations of which reach and weaken them, to the ends of their fingers and their toes."

*Travels of Rabbi Petachia of Ratisbon.* Translated by Dr. A. Benisch. Longman and Co.

It was a happy thought of Dr. Benisch to translate from the original Hebrew this quaint record of travels in the twelfth century. The Rabbi indisputably belonged to "the tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast." At a time when travelling could only be accomplished at great personal risk, and with an amount of fatigue that would appall the most muscular Christian, he traversed large portions of Poland, Russia, Little Tartary, the Crimea, Armenia, Assyria, Syria, Palestine, and Greece. Whatever he relates as having fallen beneath his own observation is truthfully told, and even when he repeats at second-hand the marvellous legends he picked up in the course of his peregrinations, he is careful not to vouch for the veracity of his informants. This itinerary, however, was not actually written by himself, but was probably noted down by his friend Rabbi Yehoodah the Pious, to whom Petachia was in the habit of recounting his adventures. In the original text many of the allusions would have been quite unintelligible to the general reader, but for the explanatory notes supplied by Dr. Benisch and Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, and which bear strong evidence to the erudite researches of their authors.—*Spectator*.

which her own lot has been cast. Occupying a small farm of one hundred acres, not far from Toronto, her husband was enabled to turn his very small capital to such good account that by the end of the second year he was almost independent of tradespeople, and in possession of a goodly flock of sheep, a young herd of cattle, numerous pigs, three horses and a colt, and unnumbered poultry. A rapid fortune is not to be looked for by emigrants with small means, but they may certainly do worse than rent a farm in the neighborhood of any of the large towns. The climate, though extremely variable, is by no means unhealthy; and a sober, industrious man, blessed with a good-humored and "handy" partner, is nearly certain to succeed. Neither fine ladies, nor fine gentlemen, however, have any chance of doing well, for Canadian settlers must be sufficient unto themselves. To all persons intending to emigrate, this little volume will prove useful and suggestive.—*Spectator*.

*Euclid's Elements of Geometry.* By Robert Potts, M.A. J. W. Parker and Co.

THE complete success of the first edition of this course of elementary geometry is the best proof of its adaptation to the wants of the age. While adhering to Dr. Simson's text, Mr. Potts has added a large amount of explanatory notes, of the greatest utility to students, and a considerable augmentation has been made in the present edition. The geometrical exercises are also excellent of their kind, and three separate classes have been formed of those which relate to Loci, Maxima and Minima, and Tangents. Of the many versions of the elements of geometry, this is, beyond all question, the best.—*Spectator*.

*Canada: Why we Live in it, and Why we Like it.* By Mrs. Edward Copleston. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

VERY simply and pleasantly does Mrs. Copleston relate her experiences of Canadian farm-life. She makes no parade of hardships undergone and difficulties overcome, nor does she exaggerate the advantages of the colony in



From Once a Week.

## THE POISONED MIND.

## PART I.—LAPIS PHILOSOPHORUM.

IT is with a forced calmness that I write the history of that time in my life which has now passed away: a time combining so much happiness and agony, that I almost wonder now that I am alive and with a whole mind to tell it. The study that I then pursued was so fascinating, so wholly absorbing, that it seemed as if every other thought had been engulfed in it. It was not covetousness, nor the love of gold, that led me on in my researches. Wealth and position were both mine; but a particular course of study and reading had led me to pursue that part of science which relates to the mutability of metals—the possibility of resolving those bodies which we at present call elements. I was no visionary. It did not appear to me that I was following an unhallowed or unlawful employment: on the contrary, every supposition on which I acted was confirmed and supported by the leading men of science of our own day.

I do not wish to justify or palliate what I am about to relate in these pages. My old delight in the study of chemistry is long since vanished, and not a vestige of my laboratory or its contents now remains. All I wish to impress is, that I commenced my researches in a true spirit of love for science. It appeared to me that the study of chemistry began with a cloudy, poetical dream of a *menstruum universale*, that was to give endless youth and ceaseless health. Wild hope! Vain dream! Civilization pulled down the airy edifice, and left only the little foundation-work of utility. Yet to me, looking around in this unfanciful and iron age, it appeared inconsistently strange that we were once more tending back to that cloudy, poetical dream of the alchemists. Faraday and Murchison in England, and Dumas in France, seemed to point out clearly to my mind that the so-called elementary bodies are reciprocally resolvable. By degrees I became more and more absorbed in the subject: my laboratory and my study became my home. Gradually I separated myself from all my friends, and gave up every energy and faculty to the pursuit of my investigations.

My library contained a strange and valuable collection of books obtained at great

expense and trouble. There were dingy papyrus leaves covered with mysterious characters, and bearing the name of Hermes Trismegistus; parchment rolls and palimpsests of Greece and Rome; rare manuscripts from the time of Caligula, and others that had been saved from the fire of Diocletian. Arabian and Egyptian works filled one part of the shelves, and in another those of Raymond Lully, Paracelsus, and Basilus Valentinus. I was not, however, content, and still added to the collection whenever an opportunity offered itself.

I had heard that some very scarce books and manuscripts were to be sold in Paris. I immediately set out for the Continent, as I believed that several of the works for sale would assist me in the discoveries which I had now determined to make.

It was at the sale of these literary treasures that I first met with Antonio Maffi, who had been, I believe, an Italian monk, but whose previous history I never learned. My attention was called to him by observing that he seemed anxious to buy the very books and documents in which I took an interest. My purse was longer than his, and the consequence was, that they nearly all fell to my lot.

As I was glancing over one of the purchases that I had just made, I suddenly became conscious that this man was looking at me intently. From the place where I stood I could see his reflection in a mirror which was placed against the wall. He perceived this, and turning round, looked into the mirror also, and thus our eyes met. He smiled—a thin, faint, forbidding smile—bowed slightly, and then came up to me. He apologized for his intrusion, as he called it, on the ground that he fancied that our tastes and studies led us both in the same direction.

He spoke in English, and remarkably well and fluently; I had observed that before this he had spoken both in Italian and French. I must confess that, although his face and expression were not pleasing, still there was something about his address and manners that prevented me from refusing his proffered acquaintance.

Let me describe him as he then appeared. He was tall and slender, with a slight stoop, and he appeared to have numbered about forty years. He was dressed entirely in



black, with a loose black cloak over his shoulders. A dark sombrero or wide-awake threw his face into the shade; but it was so striking in its character, that I remarked it well, and remember it well. Ay! and I shall remember it as long as memory lasts. It was long and pale—deadly pale. His eyebrows, which were small and very dark, almost met at the top of his straight, delicate nose, the nostrils of which seemed always dilated. A very black moustache entirely hid the expression of his mouth, except when smiling. His face, otherwise, was cleanly shaved, and his hair was cropped closely over his head. His brow was low, but square, and projected slightly over his bright, black, beadlike eyes.

After conversing with him for a short while, I was extremely struck with the intelligence of his remarks and the acuteness of his observation. Even in the short period during which I was with him in the saleroom I perceived that he was a man who had read profoundly, and in whose memory was stored up all that he had read. The charm of manner to which I have before alluded almost took away the sinister effect which his countenance had at first produced. I longed to see and know more of him, and we interchanged cards. From the card he handed to me I observed that he lived in furnished apartments, in a part of Paris that led me to suppose that his means were limited. At any rate, it furnished me with a plea for asking him to dine with me at my hotel that evening. After some slight hesitation, he consented.

We parted, and met again at dinner. I spent an evening in entire accordance with my own tastes, chemistry and speculative philosophy being the standard themes of our discourse.

During the course of the evening I could not help asking Signor Maffi of his intentions and prospects in life. At first he seemed reserved; but observing that I was not asking through idle curiosity, but more for the purpose of assisting him, if it lay in my power, he told me in a very few words his position. He had heard of the probable sale of these books and manuscripts in Palermo, his native town. Poor as he was, he had intended to offer everything in his power for them. Fortunately, he had found an occasion for going to England, he might call it a business object, since he was paid for it. Avail-

ing himself of the opportunity, he had determined to make Paris a station in his route, and thus try to secure the treasures in which I had forestalled him. He then pointed out and proved to me that several of the manuscripts which I had purchased were of much greater value than I had supposed.

More than ever fascinated by his manner, I asked him if he had made any definite engagement as to what he would do after his arrangements in England were completed. He told me that he had no fixed purpose, and no particular tie that bound him to Palermo. He was a man of few words, and in a short time we made an agreement that as soon as possible he was to join me as assistant and partner in my studies and researches. I explained that my laboratory was not conducted for any personal profit, but for the love of science alone; however, in case any advantageous discoveries were made, he was to receive his full share of the prize.

We parted, to all appearances mutually satisfied, Antonio promising to meet me, in three days' time, at Boulogne.

My affairs all being settled in Paris, on the third day I set out by rail for Boulogne, and arriving there in the evening, I at once went on board the steamer. It was a beautiful summer evening, and as I walked backwards and forwards on the deck, I waited impatiently for the arrival of my new colleague. I had made several cigars vanish in smoke in the still air, passengers and luggage had come bundling on board with their usual noise and confusion; but still there was no appearance of my Italian friend. Darkness came on, for the moon had not yet risen, and my eyes ranged ceaselessly along the dusky quay line, but I waited and looked in vain. The bell rang, the official with the cocked hat and cutlass growled his last ill-natured growl about the *visés*, strangers left, ladders were removed, and with much screeching and splashing we steamed out between the piers.

I was disappointed at not having met my new acquaintance; but having given him my address in London, I still hoped to see him shortly, as I felt convinced that he would be a valuable auxiliary.

It was a lovely night. There was very little wind, the sky was cloudless, and as the moon rose she cast a long glancing white pathway on the crests of the waves. I stood,



leaning over the side-rail, watching the beautiful change and glancing of the reflection, and forgetting everything else around me. There was, however, a considerable swell on the sea, notwithstanding the calmness of the weather, and in a short time most of the passengers were either below or *hors de combat*.

I looked round at the remainder, and was immediately struck with a young lady who was sitting in the covered seats a short distance from me. I never gazed on so lovely a face. She seemed to be dressed in deep mourning, and had thrown back her thick crape veil in order to look at the reflection of the moonlight on the waters, which I had just been watching. Her complexion appeared almost paler than was natural in the moonbeams, while her large brown eyes had a tenderly mournful expression in them that thrilled through my heart, and I fancied I saw tears in them; a suspicion almost confirmed by the nervous movement of her exquisitely formed mouth.

Seeing that she had no wrappers, I hastened to offer her some that I had, for it was now very cold. She accepted them with a startled flush and a pleased and gratified smile—such a smile, it appeared to me, as we only meet with in those who are not much accustomed to meet with even little acts of kindness. I sat down opposite to her, and we soon entered into conversation. I was charmed with her freshness, her frankness, and her simplicity. As she spoke on any subject that interested her, her face lighted up with such intelligence and enthusiasm, that in my eyes she looked more and more beautiful every instant.

With an almost childish cry of delight she pointed out a falling star, and I, instead of looking at the star, was looking at her with feelings of admiration and affection that had long been strangers to my breast, when I was suddenly conscious that I was watched by one who stood between me and the light.

With a start of astonishment, I discovered in the dark figure before me the Italian chemist, Antonio Maffi.

I rose up instantly, saying,—

“Signor Maffi, I am glad to see you. I had given you up, as I did not observe you on board before we left the harbor.”

“I have to request your pardon, signor,” said he, “for not having seen you before. My passage is taken in the fore part of the vessel, and as I felt tired when I came on

board, I have been asleep ever since. Pray accept my apologies.”

He bowed, and passing me, went up to my young companion, who had drawn down her veil on hearing his voice. He addressed her respectfully, but in rather stern tones.

“Miss Hawthorne, I am rather surprised to find you on deck. Would it not be better for you to go below to the cabin?”

She excused herself in a collected manner, saying that the cabin was very close, and that she was warmly wrapped up. Antonio sat down by her side, and, as I walked away, I heard them speaking earnestly in low tones.

As I could see that my company was not then desired, I kept away; but, on returning about half an hour afterwards, I found my young friend once more alone, and again had the pleasure of hearing her speak and of gazing on her beautiful face.

The brief account which she then gave me of herself, rather reluctantly, I may as well now state:—

Louisa Hawthorne was the only daughter of a clergyman who died a few years after her birth. Her widowed mother strove to give her daughter a lady's education, but, in consequence of poverty and ill-health, Louisa, shortly after leaving school, was obliged to take the post of governess in an English family about to travel on the Continent. She obtained this situation through the exertions of the lady principal in the school where she had been educated. The family in which Miss Hawthorne was engaged at length determined to settle in Palermo, and whilst in that town she received the news of her mother's death. Her health and spirits both sank, and she was advised by the medical men of the town to return to England. Through the exertions of the gentleman in whose house she was residing, she was now returning to her old instructress, under the guidance of Signor Maffi.

The simplicity and artlessness with which she told her history endeared her to me more than ever; but I could not help thinking that Antonio had spoken to her in a more dictatorial manner than his position warranted. I stated this to her as delicately as I possibly could. I thought she blushed as I spoke; but she answered rather hurriedly,—

“Signor Maffi has several times spoken to me in a manner that is painful to me. I am,



however, in his charge and under his protection at present. I am afraid that I have spoken to him rather too plainly this evening, as he is very hot-tempered and unforgiving. Still, he has been very kind—but, hush! Let us change the conversation, if you please, for I see that he is again coming this way.”

Antonio came up a few seconds afterwards; but I could not see the expression of his face, since his hat was drawn over his brow. He spoke, however, calmly, and to me alone. He led the conversation dexterously to my favorite topics, and for the rest of the night, close to the time of our arrival at Dover, we walked the deck speculating and philosophizing. I forgot everybody and everything, except our one grand subject, until we were almost in port, and then I suddenly recollected my beautiful young friend. She was asleep, but woke as I came up. I apologized for my rudeness, and begged to know if I might call upon her in town. She smiled pleasantly, and gave me her address; but seeing her draw down her veil again rapidly, I turned, and once more saw the ill-omened figure of the Italian.

I took him rather roughly by the sleeve, and led him away.

When we had arrived at a quiet part of the deck I spoke,—

“Antonio Maffi, I have only known you a short time, but I consider that I am justified, knowing what I do, in warning you that your conduct is exciting both fear and distrust in the mind of that young lady.”

“Signor,” he replied, coldly, “I regret to hear you say that which I have feared myself, but—and remember that my pulse at this moment is beating more evenly than yours—I love Louisa Hawthorne—I love her, I tell you—and it will be an evil day for the man that steps in between my love and her.”

His manner and his voice were cold, but I could see that his eyes flashed as he spoke.

“Antonio,” said I, reluctantly, laying my hand upon his shoulder, “believe me that you will never gain that young girl’s heart by harsh language and cruelty of manner.”

He moved from under my hand with a muttered laugh, saying,—

“Thanks, signor, for your advice; but I pray you, do not forget the words that I have said.”

He left me, and went forward into the shadow of the boat, and I neither saw him nor Louisa till we landed, when they both bade me farewell, Maffi promising to call upon me in a day or two.

I travelled alone and undisturbed in the railway carriage to London, at times falling into uneasy slumber, haunted by the white face and dry, sardonic laugh of the Italian; but as the daylight filled the air, pleasanter recollections of Louisa’s beautiful eyes and beaming smile drove my more gloomy thoughts away. I longed to see her again.

After a few days, during which I never saw Antonio, I determined to call at the address which Louisa had given me. I found her at home, and could not mistake her smile of welcome, and I left her, more than ever charmed with her society. She had not seen Maffi since the day of their arrival in London. As I was leaving the house I fancied I saw a tall figure in a black cloak which reminded me of him, but I lost sight of it a moment afterwards. However, I had a note from him, the next day, informing me that he had met with some old friends from Italy, and was about to go with them into Scotland for a short time, at the expiration of which he would be ready to commence his engagement. Notwithstanding this information, I frequently thought that I perceived his figure at a distance, especially when I had been calling upon Louisa. This, however, might have been fancy only.

It would be needless to dwell on the next few months. Suffice it to say that my visits to Miss Hawthorne became very frequent and regular; my love was proffered and accepted, and very soon afterwards we were married. All thought of the future and dread of the past vanished from our minds, and we lived on, happy in the present and in each other’s society.

But this was not the last.

A few days after we had returned from our short wedding-tour, I thought of my laboratory. Alas! all my old aspirations and ambitions had evaporated. I gave orders for my rooms to be opened and ready for my inspection on the morrow.

My library and working-room were situated at the end of the garden behind the house, and opened into the street beyond. The next morning, leaving my wife under



the porch, I went down through the garden once more to my well-remembered toil. As I opened the dark door I glanced round, and saw my wife standing in the sunlight—a smiling sunbeam herself—and then I passed into the gloomy shade of the laboratory.

A tall black figure was standing over the furnace, peering into a crucible, and the red light of the glowing charcoal glanced upon a face that I remembered only too well.

“Ah! did you think that I had forgotten you, signor? No, no; Antonio Maffi never forgets.”

The words of the Italian sank deep into my heart, and I shuddered with an inexplicable dread of coming evil.

#### PART II.—THE FATAL SECRET.

THUNDERSTRUCK as I was by the sudden appearance of Antonio, he accounted so readily and naturally for his presence, that the feeling of terror which rose at first in my mind quickly disappeared. His old manner had its old fascination for me, and in a short time I found myself talking with him exactly as I had talked in Paris only a few months before.

He told me he had called at my house some days previously, and had found I was away from home, but that I was expected to return shortly. He had been awaiting my arrival ever since. My laboratory he had easily discovered, and on passing along the street that morning had seen that it was open. He immediately entered, requesting the servants not to disturb me. Although, through deference to my wife's feelings, I had never told her of my alliance with Maffi, still I had told my domestics I expected a foreign gentleman to assist me in my researches, and his request was consequently acceded to.

The disagreeable impression produced by his first appearance wore off rapidly, and I soon felt quite at ease. I perceived he had already laid the foundation work for a new course of research, and as he proceeded with his work noiselessly and carefully, I was struck with the extreme adroitness of his manipulation. When he had completed the preliminary stage of his experiments, we both adjourned to my study, which opened into the laboratory, and there we endeavored to decipher and unriddle the mystical contents of my Parisian purchases. I was

again astonished at the clearness of mind and calmness of judgment with which he discriminated facts of value among the vast amount of cumbersome uselessness with which they were surrounded. As he pointed them out, I made notes from time to time, and was delighted to find how important a fund of materials he soon extracted.

Time passed away unheeded, until the evening shades began to warn me it was late in the day. I was about to propose we should abstain from our labors, when I became aware that some one was moving about in the outer laboratory.

Antonio had risen, and was standing at the window, in order to see more distinctly the volume which he had taken up. Glancing from him to the doorway behind me, I saw the curtain gently lifted up, and my wife standing in the opening. As her eyes wandered through the gloom, they at last fell upon the form of Maffi. She started, and seemed spell-bound for an instant, and then dropping the curtain, moved silently away. I heard her passing quietly through the outer room, and the sound of the further door as it opened and shut.

All this time I remained silent,—a feeling of sorrow and remorse taking possession of me. I felt that I ought to have spoken to Louisa of my arrangements with the Italian, and it seemed now as if I had been deceiving her, if not with a *suggestio falsi*, at least with a *suppressio veri*. It had been often in my heart to tell her all, during the calm and happy time that had just passed away. But I feared to give her pain, for I knew she disliked if she did not fear the man. Latterly, however, I had become so wrapped up in my own happiness and in her society, that I had almost forgotten his existence, or if I did remember him, I almost fancied I should never see him again. When, therefore, my wife appeared thus silently, with that strange look of mingled sadness and terror in her face, I felt guilty,—guilty of treason to her young confiding love.

Full of these thoughts, I glanced up at Antonio, who was still reading intently, in the fading daylight, at the window, and I could not prevent a feeling of distrust and suspicion from rising in my breast. It might be the increasing uncertainty of the light, but certainly at that moment his coun-



tenance seemed absolutely fiendish,—and I fancied I saw that deadly smile hovering about his mouth.

At last he shut the book, and replaced it, saying,—

“Well, signor, I think we have done enough preliminary work to-day. We had better lose no time, but begin our practical investigations to-morrow.”

I cannot tell how it was, but whenever that man spoke to me on the subject of my studies, whenever he said a word that buoyed up my infatuated hopes and ambition, I forgot his repulsiveness immediately. He seemed to have a mysterious influence over my intellect and will.

I at once acquiesced in his proposal for avoiding delay, and promised to have everything arranged for commencing with our work in the morning.

As he drew on his hat and folded his cloak round him before leaving, he said,—

“Remember we will be long together. The undertaking which we are about to commence is no trivial one, and will absorb much of your time,—that is, if you enter upon it in the same spirit in which you spoke to me in Paris. In order that we may work together effectually, it is necessary that you inform the signora, your wife, of the whole of our engagement. I could see plainly,” he continued, lighting a cigar with deliberation, “by her look of astonishment this evening, that I was an unexpected guest.”

I had fancied he did not observe Louisa's entrance. He noticed my start and said, with that laugh which I had begun to hate,—

“Aha, signor! We, who have looked so long into the dark secrets of nature, are not quite blind. Good-night.”

He was gone, with the evil smile upon his face; and again that gloomy expectant feeling of evil fell around me with the shadows of the place.

I found my wife pale and frightened, but I endeavored in every way that lay in my power to re-assure her. I explained to her my reasons for not having told her before of my agreement with Antonio, and expatiated so fully on his knowledge and ability, and of the great assistance he was able to afford me, that she soon coincided, or appeared to coincide with me, fully. She confessed to a feeling of distrust towards the Italian, and so did I; but we both determined we would en-

deavor to conquer a feeling which could only be a prejudice. Louisa herself remembered that in Palermo he was esteemed as a very learned man, against whom nothing could be said except that he was reserved and cold.

I myself had not forgotten the words which he had uttered to me on board the steamboat. But now, these words seemed to mean very little, although at the time they were spoken they appeared to me to be uttered with all the depth and feeling of his heart. I can only account for this change and deadening of perception on my part, by the strange effect of the man's conversation and manners upon me, when in his company. He seemed so utterly bound up in, and carried away by, our grand pursuit, that I could not disunite him from it. He appeared to be almost *part of my own mind*,—so congenial was he to my tastes, desires, and hopes. Singular as it may appear, although I feared and distrusted him, I felt I could not separate myself from him.

On the next day Antonio and I were deep in our chemical researches. Every fresh experiment and every result called forth my wonder and delight, and the time passed over rapidly. Days succeeded days, and we became more and more devoted to our tasks.

Engaged as we were thus constantly, it would have appeared strange if I had not asked my companion to spend a few of his leisure hours in my house. I often did so, but he as often declined. He remained in the laboratory all day, usually arriving before me in the morning, and often remaining till late in the day.

During this time, although I felt I was absenting myself too much from my young wife's company,—and although I struggled hard to overcome it,—I felt I was drawn towards my colleague by a sympathy and attraction too powerful to resist.

At length we had our arrangements so far completed that we determined to make a decisive trial of the reality of our projects. We failed signally. Antonio laid the entire blame on our not having devoted sufficient time and attention to the work. This was disheartening to me, for I had bestowed every available moment on it, and had had many a heartache in consequence; for I knew that all day long Louisa was alone, and pining at my absence. He noticed my look of discomfiture, and with his diabolical



laugh he taunted me with growing tired of my hobby,—of being palled with my own enthusiasm. I could not bear his sneers; I writhed under them. I insisted upon recommencing our labors at once, and declared that not one moment should be wasted by me, and that if necessary I would watch and work night and day in order to secure my long-dreamed-of desire.

I think I see him now, as I spoke in my enthusiasm, with his cold, cruel smile and his glittering black eyes fixed upon me. Why did I not fell him to the earth then and there? Why did I listen for a moment to his smooth-tongued words, that now, molten hot, are searing into my inmost soul?

We commenced our work afresh with more assiduity and application than ever. My thoughts and imagination were so carried away by our plans that—I am almost ashamed to write it—I seldom, if ever, thought of my young wife.

My colleague, as the time passed on, very rarely left the laboratory,—encasing himself in his ample cloak he would take his rest hurriedly either in the study, or on the floor outside of the furnace doors.

Louisa, who had begun to look pale and ill, at length spoke to me about my apparent neglect. I tried to excuse my conduct, but failed; and she entreated me so earnestly that she might at all events be allowed to come into the laboratory with me during my work, that I at last consented.

I spoke to Maffi on the subject, but he scarcely made any remark,—only observing, in an undertone, that he did not think a laboratory a suitable place for a lady.

However, during the day, as he saw me trying to make the room a little more orderly,—arranging a work-table with flowers, and placing a couch by the window overlooking the garden,—I thought I saw him, once or twice, look up from his work stealthily, with his deadly smile.

The next day Louisa came down with me, and remained for the most part of the day. It was a pleasant relief to me, at times, to turn my eyes from the smoke and gloom of the furnaces to the bright little form of my wife, as she sat reading or working at the window. Whenever I looked towards her she met me with a pleasant smile. All the while Antonio Maffi worked on, scarcely ever raising his head.

At length we made our arrangements so complete that we once more determined to make the great attempt. Assiduous as we had been before, we now doubled our assiduity. I only snatched a few hours' rest now and then. One of us was always awake. The boiling over of a crucible, or the fracture of a retort was liable to throw us back in the ground we had gained; therefore we were always on the alert. My wife hovered ever in or near the room, like a ray of sunlight through the storm-clouds of my anxiety.

The decisive night at last arrived. Louisa, seeing my troubled expression, begged she might be allowed to stay with me. I wished her to retire to the house, but she entreated me to grant her this favor. She made her request so touchingly,—I could not bear to see the tears in her deep, brown eyes,—that I consented. As I did so, I glanced at the Italian. Although he was busily engaged, to all appearances, I found he was regarding us with a deep scowl of—what appeared to me—malignant satisfaction. He cast down his eyes, however, as he met mine, warning me coldly that there was no time to lose.

He had never yet spoken to my wife since she had commenced her visits to us. He merely bowed politely when she entered or left the room. This line of conduct was on the whole, I think, satisfactory both to Louisa and myself.

Cautiously and resolutely, then, Maffi and I began our final experiments, my wife sitting at the table, by the lamp, reading.

There was a small chafing-dish, containing spirits of wine, which stood on a raised tripod, in the middle of the apartment, and which we used occasionally, when we wanted a very subdued light.

We had been working for some time in silence, when it was found necessary to use this chafing-dish. I lighted the spirits of wine, and walking forward to the table where my wife was, I turned down the flame of the lamp. The burning spirit in the chafing-dish cast a flickering and ghastly light through the room. Strange, black shadows like phantoms leapt and danced about the walls and ceiling, while the uncouth retorts, stills, phials, and electric apparatus loomed dusky and mysteriously in the uncertain light.

As I looked about me, I could with diffi-



culty distinguish the black form of the Italian, as he glided noiselessly through the gloom. I lost sight of him, but was conscious that he was behind me—at my elbow. A strange feeling of faintness suddenly came over me, from which I was roused in an instant by a few low words, spoken by my wife at my side.

"Fools that you are!" she said, "you would seek for the Great Secret, and yet you still stumble blindly on, from error to error, from lie to lie."

I shuddered from head to foot, and gazed on her with unspeakable feelings of terror. Yet she spoke calmly and distinctly,—repeating slowly what she had just said, seeing that I was at first too agitated to understand her.

I could hardly believe my senses, as she continued to speak; she seemed to understand the whole of our operations, and pointed out, with a strange tone of contemptuous authority, several mistakes we had made, and cleared up, also, several points on which we had been in doubt.

It was the wonderful knowledge which she exhibited that struck me with terror. Up to that moment I had fancied she was entirely ignorant of the true nature of our researches; nay, from many conversations I had had with her, I felt convinced she knew nothing more than the bare rudiments of chemistry.

As she continued to speak I felt the strange faintness that had come over me before, again stealing about me; but I was conscious throughout that Maffi was close behind me, though I did not see him.

Indistinctly, I perceived my wife rise from her seat; she laid her hand upon my arm, and led me to one of the furnaces; then, still in the same low, clear voice, she pointed out an error that would have been fatal to our undertaking, if persisted in. I heard her drowsily, as if in a dream; but nevertheless, I felt in my mind her remarks were correct. A peculiar humming noise now sounded painfully in my ears, and the light in the room seemed changed to a deep rose color. I saw my wife suddenly raise her arms and press her hands violently against her temples, and a piercing shriek rang through the air. Casting off my faintness with a desperate effort, I caught her as she was falling to the ground. At this instant I became aware that Antonio had opened the door leading to the garden, and rushing past

him I stumbled forward, bearing the fainting form of my wife into the cool night air.

Some days elapsed before Louise entirely recovered. The physician who attended her said she seemed to be suffering from the effects of some narcotic poison. I told him she had been seized with fainting while sitting with me in my laboratory. He said, and I agreed with him, that the heat and closeness of the air in the room, together with the escape, perhaps, of some volatile essence, had brought on the attack. He advised that she should not again venture into its precincts.

While my wife was unwell, I seldom entered my work-rooms, except for a short time now and then, to see how Antonio was progressing. He spoke little, but continued his work laboriously. I refrained from alluding to the events which had occurred, but I noticed, with a strange feeling at my heart, that he seemed to be acting entirely on the advice which had fallen from my wife on that memorable night. I said nothing, but watched him going on quietly and deliberately, step by step, correcting the errors she had pointed out, and proceeding in the manner she had indicated.

Up to this period I had never spoken to Louisa of the night in the laboratory. However, as she was now well enough to be down-stairs, and nothing ailing her more than a little weakness and languor, I thought I would ask her for some explanation. To my surprise, she denied all knowledge of what had taken place; she asserted she never did and never could understand chemistry; that she was perfectly ignorant of our experiments and ultimate intentions, and again repeated she had no recollection whatever of the events of that strange night.

I would have felt angry and indignant at these strange assertions—indeed, words of reproach were on my tongue—but when I looked at her ingenuous face I could not help feeling she spoke the truth. Many times I tried afterwards to lead her to talk about the object of our experiments, but I could only get one reply from her, that she was entirely ignorant of the whole subject.

All she could tell me of the night in the laboratory was this. She remembered my igniting the spirits of wine in the chafing-dish, and then coming forward to dim the



light in the lamp. She recollected also that as I lowered the flame she saw Antonio step up noiselessly behind me; he had a mask or respirator on the lower part of his face. She then saw him distinctly pour a few drops from a phial into the chafing-dish, and she remembered that the flame changed from violet to a deep rose color. All this occupied only a few seconds, after which the Italian stepped backwards into the shadow, holding out his arms towards her, as if making mesmeric passes. She remembered nothing more.

Her story never varied: but I could not help thinking it was the result of an overheated imagination; yet the fact that she had shown herself perfectly acquainted with the science of chemistry, and with our intricate experiments, remained deeply rooted in my mind. I could not think of it without a feeling of mysterious awe.

I went out of town for a few days with Louisa, and on my return I visited the laboratory. I found Maffi in the study, leisurely engaged in perusing a manuscript copy of one of Geber's mystic works on alchemy. On my asking him how matters were progressing, he told me that at present they were stationary. He was and had been waiting for me for some time.

"And now," he continued, looking at me intently, "let me impress upon you once more that if we are to gain our ends we must work with heart and soul in our work. Are you tired of it? Shall we give it up, and throw all our labors to the winds?"

"I will never give up the search," I replied; "latterly I have not been with you as much as I desired, but somehow it appears to me as if our investigations were all fraught with evil results to—to to one whom I love—"

"A coward easily peoples the dark with difficulties," he sneered.

"I am no coward," answered I, warmly, "nor will I permit you to taunt me with such a name." I saw his eyes flashing as I spoke. "I care nothing for your sneers," I continued, "and I should never have experienced them if it had not been that ever since the last night I spent with you in yonder laboratory, I have feared for the happiness—nay, for the life—of one whose life and happiness are dearer to me than—"

"Peace, idiot!" he exclaimed, in a tone

and with a gesture that made me start back. "Peace! Do you think I am blind, and that I have not noted everything that has occurred? Do you think I was not listening to every word *SHE* uttered on that night? Who, think you, was it that made *her* speak? Who drew from her the secret knowledge of *her* inner spirit?"

As he spoke he rose up to his full height, his eyes sparkling and flashing, while I almost crouched into a seat under his impetuous bearing.

"Listen," he continued, scarcely less calmly; "it was not long after I met *HER*—you know whom I mean—that I discovered I had encountered no ordinary being. I read it in the deep glow of her brown eyes. I read there that in her inmost soul lay the secret which I was striving for, and which you were longing for. I loved her—I told you I loved her—but I loved science more. If I had gained her, the Great Secret would even now have been mine; but she is yours, and all is left with you—all to lose, or all to gain."

Since the time when my wife declared that she was in a trance and utterly ignorant of all she had uttered in the laboratory, an unacknowledged dread had possessed me that the Italian had a strong influence over her mental powers, and the words he now spoke confirmed my suspicion.

I know now also he must have exerted a power over me that subdued me almost to servility when in his presence. Whence otherwise could have come that strange mixture of abhorrence and attachment which I always felt in his company?

I listened to his harangue in amazement, and then asked him, in a faltering voice, how he could possibly suppose that Louisa was able to comprehend the secret of our search.

He smiled—his deathlike smile—and drew from his bosom a small phial of cut crystal, silver-clasped and containing a bright amber-colored liquid. It was about three parts full.

"Bright, translucent, and harmless though it looks, there is nothing more powerful, more deadly than the poison this phial contains. I tell you this in order that there may be no secrets between us. Five years ago it was given to me in Rome, by one who had chosen for his study the direct action of poisons on the physical and mental powers. He



is dead now, but this secret of his is alive with me.

"If a few drops of this potent poison volatilized are inhaled by any one, a dull faintness immediately ensues. Ha! I saw you start. You are right, though, you *have* breathed it. Listen! Under that faintness, if the organization is of the character I desire, I can draw out the inner secrets of the soul, by the influence of a powerful exertion of will."

How I sat there and listened to his fiendish words I cannot tell. I seemed under a spell, but I listened to him attentively and in silence. He went on:—

"I found in the signora, your wife, a mind of the most sensitive and impressible kind, What I had long suspected I proved the other night, and you yourself must have seen that, under the influence of only a few drops of this elixir, I was able to make her disclose, in an instant, truths that might have taken us months to discover. Notwithstanding its seemingly baneful effects you perceive you feel no ill effects after inhaling it, and the signora, your wife, though slightly overcome at the time, is now as well and as lovely as ever. See, there she is under the trees in the garden."

I looked from the window and saw Louisa walking slowly along one of the paths. She looked exquisitely beautiful, but as I gazed I felt surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery and terror. The Italian continued speaking earnestly, and I listened to him moodily, while the serpent of ambition quietly coiled itself round my heart.

He pointed out to me, with great force, that the object of our pursuit was now in my grasp. He made light of my hesitation, and laughed at my fears. Never venture, never win, was the theme of his discourse, to which he constantly returned. As I have observed, an atmosphere of mystery seemed round me—I was bewildered. I longed, with all the desire in my being to possess the great secret now within my reach, but I dreaded hurting a hair of my young wife's head. I was silent.

The demon Maffi saw my weakness and indecision in a moment. His words seemed absolutely to creep insidiously into my brain. He pointed out that the present time—that very instant—was the proper time for exerting the new power we possessed.

O Heaven! How can I live to think of it now? That I—I who loved her so dearly—should have gone out to her there,—in that still summer afternoon, among the flowers, and have led her into the dark, hateful shadow of that cursed room. Everything appears to me now more like a dream than a reality.

But it was done. Again, she was sitting on the couch by the window and talking with me, while the subtle Italian again glided noiselessly about the room.

Without seeing him I was conscious he had ignited the spirits of wine and had poured the deadly drops into the flame. I knew it by the faint rosy glow and a delicate perfume like that of *jasmin* pervading the apartment.

I hastily placed a small respirator containing an antidote, which Maffi had forced upon me, over my face, and with a mind torn by conflicting emotions, I watched the result.

My wife's face turned to an ashy paleness, and she darted one look at me full of pity, anger, and surprise. I shall never forget that look. It rises up before me in the solemn dead of night, and will haunt me to my death. But it lasted only for an instant. She rose quickly, and again, with that unnatural air of contemptuous authority, passed across the room. She examined all the apparatus and every particular of our process, as far as Antonio had completed them. She expressed her approval of what we had done haughtily,—in such a manner as an empress might speak to her slaves. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, and then retired slowly towards the table. She sat down again, leaning her head upon her hand, and gazing straight forward with a listless expression.

Although diffused daylight, mingled with the red glow from the tripod, spread through the room, yet I had never distinguished the form of Maffi. He either kept behind me, or else in the darker parts of the laboratory. Without seeing him, I now felt his hot breath on my cheek, as I leaned over Louisa, and I heard his hateful whisper in my ear.

"Speak to her now—ask her for the secret that we long to know—time is passing."

I did speak to her, but she gently put my hand from her and motioned me to be silent. She still gazed forward fixedly into vacancy.

A minute or two elapsed in profound si-



lence, until the Italian again muttered his request angrily in my ear. Trembling with anxiety and fear I spoke to her once more, but she did not seem to heed me. Urged on by Maffi's whispered solicitations, I begged, I entreated, I threw myself at her feet and prayed that she would speak to me. I spoke wildly, but she sat pale and unheeding, until at last she turned her white face languidly towards me and essayed to speak once or twice. Her face had in it the look of death, but my heart was callous. I saw one bright flash in her eyes, and then she fell forward and down on the floor lifeless at my side.

I was stunned and paralyzed, but was roused by the maddening sound of the Italian's laugh. In an instant I sprung from the

earth and seized him by the throat, but his hand was upon me like a vice. We struggled long and violently. Ah! how I longed to kill him; but his strength overcame me, and he dashed me with tremendous force to the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long afterwards I awoke, in the darkness, from a deep swoon—awoke to find myself alone among the ruins of my wild hopes and ambitious dreams; alone in my bitterness and despair; alone—and yet not alone, for stretching out my arms I felt the dead, cold hand of my young wife who lay by my side a corpse, in the gloom and stillness of that awful night.

A. G. G.

*A Fac-simile of the Original Autograph Manuscript of Gray's Elegy.* Photographed by Messrs. Cundall, Downes, and Co. Low, Son, and Co.

THERE is an autograph copy of Gray's *Elegy* at Pembroke House, Cambridge, made by the author from the complete poem for the use of friends. But the famous MS. here perfectly reproduced in photograph, to the very color of the ink, the blots and stains and creases, by Messrs. Cundall and Downes, was a copy that Gray himself must have carried about before the last touches had been put to it, and while yet the "mute inglorious Milton" was a "mute inglorious Tully," and the Cromwell was a "Cæsar guiltless of his country's blood." From the version here published in fac-simile, lines were omitted and words changed. In not a few places there is an undetermined choice of words set down to await further consideration. Horace Walpole in 1751 published the poem in a six-penny quarto at Gray's request, without author's name, to forestall its transfer out of tea-table into public life by the *Magazine of Magazines*. And "if," said Gray, "you would add a line or two to say it came into your hands by accident, I should like it better." The valuable MS., wholly contained on the four sides of a sheet of letter paper, came into the hand of the gentleman who has procured its photograph for the public, by no private accident but in the most public way. It was among the papers bequeathed by Gray to Mason, who left them to Mr. Bright, his curate. By the curate's son they were sold in 1845, and this was bought for a hundred pounds by Mr. Penn, of the Manor House, Stoke Pogis. Nine years afterwards it came again to the hammer, when the present possessor, Mr. R. C. Wrightson, bought it for £131. Its exact likeness, neatly mounted on

drawing paper, and contained within a folio of explanatory text, is now to be had for half-a-guinea, and as a dainty present its place is with the most welcome publications of the season.—*Examiner*.

*A Charge delivered to the Clergy and Churchwardens of his Diocese of Lincoln, in October, 1861.* By John Jackson, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. W. Skiffington.

On the whole, Dr. Jackson takes a hopeful view of the future destinies of the Church of England, and while regretting that such a work as the "Essays and Reviews" should have been written by clergymen, is disposed to regard as a healthy sign the widespread interest and astonishment it excited. He admits that the High Church movement, though carried too far, did good service in stirring up the clergy and the people, and in introducing a more careful and reverential performance of divine service. With his own diocese in general he is well satisfied, except with the unfrequent administration of the Holy Communion.—*Spectator*.

*The Shadow of the Almighty.* By Newman Hall, LL.B. James Nisbet and Co.

THE purport of this well-intentioned little pamphlet is apparently to urge the weary and wayworn to rest and take shelter "under the shadow of the Almighty." It is, in fact, a meditation on Psalm XCI.—*Spectator*



From The United Service Magazine.

# THE BHATS AND CHARONS OF GUZRAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF HIS HIGHNESS MEER ALI MOORAD."

LATE accounts from India mention a very tragical event which took place on the 22nd July last, at Nuriad, in the Kair Collectorate of the Bombay Presidency. Such of our readers as are acquainted with the provinces of Guzrat and Kattywar, will remember a class of persons in those provinces called Bhats and Charons, or hereditary Bards and Genealogists, who boast of their celestial origin, and would seem very generally to believe it themselves, but as such provinces are a *terra incognita* to the public at large, a brief sketch of the customs peculiar to those people is essential to the comprehension of the sad occurrence to which we refer. The Bhats and Charons have from time immemorial exercised most extraordinary influence on the wild and ignorant population amongst whom they dwell, the more so, probably, as the men are in some degree versed in the sacred books of the Hindoos, and profess to understand the rites and ceremonies which propitiate Siva and his consort Parvati, their favorite deities; they further add to their other means of influence an acquaintance with the genealogies of chiefs and tribes. These people have a custom called Traga, or the infliction of self-wounds, sometimes even unto death, as also the sacrifice of relations, to force the persons against whom the Traga is directed to fulfil engagements made under their guarantee. This forms a peculiar feature in the manners of the Bhats and Charons, amongst whom there is a deep impression that to be in any way instrumental in shedding the blood of their sacred race by forcing them to perform Traga in redemption of a pledge, or for other cause, will bring certain destruction, or at any rate, the most dire misfortunes on him against whom the Traga is directed. In this belief the Bhats and Charons are brought up from their earliest childhood, being moreover taught not merely to hold themselves ever ready to part with life if requisite to preserve the honor of their caste, but to feel such an especial honor; and it is on record that "from the feeble female of four-score, to the child of five years of age, they are eager to be the first to die," and this, it

is added, is no rare feeling, but one which appears to belong to every individual of this singular community, whose persons are thus held sacred by the Rajpoots and Kattys, and who, as family priests and astrologers, have been from the earliest ages allowed peculiar immunities. With these preparatory remarks we shall now give the particulars of the sad affair at Nuriad, which seems to have been the most fearful Traga that has occurred for very many years past. The Bhats and Charons have, it seems, enjoyed, from the remotest antiquity, exemption from every kind of taxation, both local and imperial, and having lately been called on to contribute income-tax, in common with the rest of Her Majesty's subjects in India, they considered themselves grievously wronged by such an encroachment on their rights and privileges. Under this impression they refused payment of the obnoxious impost, but as the assessor of the district considered them liable to the tax, notices were served upon them, which led to petitions on the part of the Bhats, to the officers employed to carry out the Income-tax Act, respectfully, though firmly, urging that their forefathers, from time immemorial, and themselves, had been exempt from all taxes, and very earnestly praying that the petitioners might be exempt from the operation of the Act. Unhappily their petitions were not attended to, and the assessor made out an assessment list against those whom he considered liable, and excusing others. The list was submitted to the special officer, who, it is alleged, without making any inquiry, assessed most of the Bhats in sums varying from four to six rupees each per annum, making the total assessment of the village about four hundred and fifty rupees. Accordingly, payment of the tax was demanded in the usual manner, but the Bhats refused to pay, as they considered the demand of the obnoxious impost a violation of their rights from time immemorial established. On this it was deemed proper to enforce payment by the assistance of the Superintendent of Police with his mounted corps, who were consequently in attendance. At this the Bhats became exasperated, and prepared for resistance by Traga, under the impression that it would be better to sacrifice their lives than to submit to dishonor, by the violation of their rights and privileges. But previous to the



adoption of extreme measures, they respectfully addressed the Superintendent of Police, entreating him to preserve inviolate their privilege of exemption from taxation. Under the impression that the suppliants were giving way, Captain Nuttal, the Superintendent of Police, threatened them the more, and his men succeeded in disarming a few of the Bhats, who, with knives in their hands, were forward in opposing the levy. Then the storm arose, for, grown desperate at what they saw was inevitable, the remaining Bhats, about two thousand in number, commenced cutting and stabbing themselves with their kuttars or kreeses, some in their faces, some in their chests or arms, others in their legs, all the while casting imprecations on the officers employed in the collection of the income-tax, and bespattering them with, as they said, their "innocent blood." Some of these misguided men were apprehended on the spot, but this made matters worse, as their wives and other female members of their families rushed out with frantic cries, and began cutting and gashing their own persons with a view to inspire the authorities with pity. In these desperate attempts, several Bhats of either sex lost their lives, and numbers were grievously injured, before the tumult could be quelled. So terrible a Traga as this had not indeed occurred for many years, and it is much to be lamented that precautionary measures were not adopted for its prevention.

Those unacquainted with the Bhats and Charons can hardly imagine what they are capable of under the influence of their extraordinary superstitions; and the people of Guzrat and Kattywar, from the powerful chief to the most barbarous and faithless freebooter and Coolie, under dread of the consequences of urging the Bhat or Charon to such fearful extremes as they are capable of, coupled with the belief of their divine origin, all submit to this wonderful influence. No Rajpoot or Katty will, indeed, ever undertake any act of importance without first consulting his personal conscience keeper, for the Bhats and Charons are family priests and astrologers, as well as Bards and Genealogists. They undertake to become security for money, for a very trifling percentage, and this sometimes to an enormous amount; they also become what is called *Feil Zamin* or security for good behavior,

and *Hazir Zamin*, or security for appearance. These securities are taken by Government from the chiefs in addition to *Arr Zamin*, or counter security. The personal security of Bhats and Charons is considered the best that can be had, as no instance is on record of one of them forfeiting his pledge, although to redeem that pledge, may have compelled him to immolate a beloved child, or otherwise do violence to his own tenderest affections. Of this abundant instances are on record, and from these we shall select a few as illustrative of our statement.

In 1806, a Bhat of Veweingaum, named Kunna, became security in a large amount to the Guicowar's Government, for Dosajee, the chieftain of Mallia. When the time for payment arrived, the chieftain being unprepared or unwilling to pay, the Government came down upon the Zamin or Munotedar for the amount. The Zamin going down to the chieftain, repeatedly besought him in the most moving terms to act up to his engagement, but to no avail, for the chieftain, a hard selfish man, was obdurate. Heart-broken the unfortunate Bhat went home, and shutting himself up alone, passed a considerable time in prayer, and then assembling his family, communicated to them the sad necessity of sacrificing his little daughter in redemption of his pledge to the sovereign, and directed his wife to prepare the child for Traga. The mother, though doatingly fond of her child, as, indeed, both parents were, knowing that remonstrance could be of no avail, informed the child of her father's order. The sweet innocent, who had been taught from earliest infancy to reflect on the sacred character and divine origin of her family, and the necessity which existed for the sacrifice, required no compulsion to obey the decree by which the honor of her caste was to be preserved. Having bathed and dressed herself in her best clothes, she went to her father, and smiling, knelt down, laid her head upon his knee, and holding aside her long hair, resigned herself, not only without a struggle, but with looks of dutiful love to the sword of her unnatural parent. The blood of the hapless victim was then sprinkled on the gate of the chieftain, who, horrified at the blood of a Bhat having been spilt on his account, whereby himself and family were threatened with the most



dreadful misfortunes, instantaneously paid the money due, presented a valuable jagheer, or freehold estate to the father, and erected a splendid doree, or mausoleum, over the remains of this poor little victim to a most barbarous superstition.

Another instance is recorded of a Charon having actually slain his own mother, to deter a chieftain from appropriating some ground that belonged to him.

Todd mentions a Traga in the courtyard of the palace of one of the Rajpoot sovereigns, in which either seventy or eighty victims were sacrificed at one time, but this was in the olden days when Tragas were frequent; however, Captain McMurdo, resident at Augur, relates that so lately as 1814, the practice of Traga was carried to a terrible extent in the country between Guzerah and the Indus, which was then much infested by plunderers, and when any property belonging to Bhats or Charons was carried off, the owners tracked the plunderers to their village, and in failure of the restoration of their cattle, Traga was at once resolved on, and the heads of several of their aged people were cut off, which at once had the desired effect of producing restoration. On one occasion four Bhats, to enforce a payment, spitted themselves in a string upon the same spear, which passed through their necks.

On another, a Bhat dressed in a garment of quilted cotton steeped in oil, set fire to it at the bottom, and then dancing before the person against whom the Traga was directed continued to do so until he dropped dead, without groan or cry. Even a lad of fourteen was seen by the resident at Augur, with a spear-blade pushed through both cheeks as a Traga for the purpose of recovering a debt from a Rajpoot, and when the Traga had taken effect, and the blade had to be removed, it had become so rusty and was so firmly fixed, that the father was forced to place his knees on the boy's head and drag the spear out by main force. On the resident asking the boy if it pained him much, he said "yes," but added, "that he did not cry out, as if he had done so it would have been no Traga;" indeed, if he had shown any symptoms of pain, he should have been deservedly laughed at by the person against whom he was acting, and ever afterwards have been consid-

ered as a useless wretch, unworthy of the name of Charon.

The foregoing illustrations of the practice are, however, extreme cases; for Traga, as generally performed, extends no further than a cut on the arm with the kuttar or kreesse to compel payment of money, for which the Bhat or Charon has become responsible, or to deter robbers from plundering a traveller under his protection. Europeans naturally shudder at such savage practices, but, at the same time, they appear by no means ill suited to the state of society where they were employed in districts and amongst people who were totally uncurbed by law, and could only be restrained by working on their superstition. The kuttar or kreesse, a double-edged dagger, is the insignia of the Charon or Bhat, and fifty years ago no traveller could venture to journey through Kattywar unattended by one of these people, who for a small consideration was satisfied to pledge himself to conduct the traveller in safety, or sacrifice his own life. These guards are called Wollawars, and they hesitate not to inflict on themselves grievous stabs, ultimately even unto death, should the robbers persist in plundering those under their protection; but this is seldom necessary, as the most barbarous Coolies and Kattys hold sacred the persons of Bhats and Charons, thus it is hardly surprising that these people should imagine themselves a privileged race, and claim rights, or fancied rights, even from Europeans.

The women of the Bhats and Charons are clothed in flowing robes, of a dark color; their dress consists of a gogra or petticoat, made very full; the neck covered with a choolee, which descends below the hips, and covers the stomach, but is open behind, where it is fastened with two strings; a wide muslin scarf attached to the gogra passes round the body and over the head, completely concealing the wearer from view. These women wear few ornaments, as deeming such inconsistent with their sacred character; but they are not restrained from appearing in the presence of strangers, thus in passing through one of their villages the fair sex often appear *en masse*, invoking blessings on the stranger's head (in hopes of a consideration), by joining the backs of



their hands and cracking their knuckles over his head in that position.

Whilst upon the subject of the Charons we shall here say a few words regarding the Kattys, with whom they are so intimately allied. The Kattys or inhabitants of Kattywar, are undoubtedly a fine people, and possessed of energy and courage superior to most oriental nations. In stature they frequently exceed six feet, with bony and athletic frames; many of them have blue eyes and fair hair and complexions, but the expression of their countenance is far from pleasing. Their dress is peculiar—the turban, formed of loose twists of muslin, is tied on the head to a great height; their sleeves are proportioned in length to the rank of the wearer, occasionally three times the length of the body, and pushed up in folds along the arm. The Katty shoe is a curiosity—it is made of soft leather, and being stuffed with cotton is pleasant to the foot, and over this there is a strong outer leather highly ornamented, and the point turning up perpendicularly to the knee, and quite stiff, terminates in points of loose leather, cut to resemble the beak of a bird. These preposterous ornaments being however found

in the way are generally cut off by the lower orders. The Kattys are excellent horsemen, and they possess the finest breed of horses in India; mares are preferred by them, as being considered more tractable than horses, and capable of enduring greater fatigue. The mare of a Katty is one of his family, she lives under the same roof, is fed out of his hand, and is thus familiarized and obedient to her master's voice in all situations. The horses of this people are never shod, but their hoofs are so tough and excellent that they travel with speed over the most stony ground without injury. The Charons are all horsedealers and horse-fanciers; indeed, the reciprocal attachment between them and their mares is something extraordinary.

The Bhats are more immediately connected with the Rajpoots, and the Charons with the Kattys. The two castes will eat of each other's food, but never intermarry. Of the Charons there are two principal tribes, the one called Nesai, who are public carriers, and live in camp with their cattle; the other, called Goojer, who reside in cities, and occupy themselves as merchants. The widows of both are permitted to marry.

*Punch*. Vols. VIII. and IX. January to December, 1845. Bradbury and Evans.

To future historians *Punch* will be an invaluable accessory in illustrating not only the humors and follies of the age, but also the undercurrent of political events. How vividly do the passions and turmoils of the period recur to one's memory on glancing over these volumes. And how few of the principal characters therein ridiculed or commemorated, survive at the present moment. Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Graham, and Dan O'Connell, again and again offer their "counterfeit presentments" to view. The poet Bunn, poor Jullien, and Mr. Silk Buckingham with his British and Foreign Destitute, also come in for their share of Mr. *Punch's* delicate attentions. Nor must the Great Unaccountable, Alderman Gibbs, be forgotten. Lord Brougham's well-known caricature turns up in almost every number, and scarcely less favor is shown to Lord John, the present Earl Russell. Mr. Disraeli, too, was then uttering his bitter invectives against a far wiser statesman and truer patriot than himself. Foreign politics attracted but little attention in comparison with the great

free-trade struggle that was threatening to convulse the kingdom, though once or twice the eye alights upon the well-remembered toupet of the Citizen King. In that year took place the memorable visit to Tréport, precursor of the more memorable visit to Paris after Mr. Smith and his umbrella had been wellnigh forgotten. As to the letter-press, *Punch* of 1861, is unworthy to hold a candle to the *Punch* of 1845. "The Candle Lectures," "Our Fat Contributor," and "Mr. Jeames's Diary," kept the British public in roars of laughter, in spite of Capel Court and its "stags" and swindlers. King Hudson was then at the zenith of his notoriety, and was even more talked of than Colonel Sibthorpe. "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" was, however, the real "question" of the day, and one that produced quite as much excitement as Prince Albert's shako. In short, we are here presented with the most complete phantasmagoria of 1845 that can possibly be imagined, and the effect of turning over these pages is something akin to what a humorous madman might be supposed to feel in striving to recall his reminiscences of that period.—*Spectator*.



From The Examiner.

*On the Study of Character, including an Estimate of Phrenology.* By Alexander Bain, A.M. Professor, of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

ONE-HALF of this book has already been printed in a series of contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*; the other half is little else than a repetition, sometimes with more brevity, sometimes with more fulness, of portions of the author's earlier works. But, as a whole, the work breaks almost new ground in philosophy. Theophrastus, the friend and pupil of Aristotle, wrote a clever book, in which he delineated thirty characters or sorts of men; but his classification was altogether bad. Some parts were treated with great redundancy, while many obvious divisions of the subject were omitted. There was omission, indeed, of everything good and honest, all the portraits being drawn from men's vices or weaknesses. La Bruyère translated the "Characters" of Theophrastus, and supplemented them with a collection of his own. But he erred more even than his master, producing simply a satire on the whole of mankind, and on some classes of men and women in particular. Better worth reading, though not so famous in their day, and not referred to by Mr. Bain, were the English character books of a period a little earlier than La Bruyère's. From the genial essays of writers like Bishop Hall or Sir Thomas Overbury or Bishop Earl, our forefathers might draw much kindly knowledge of the various moods of human nature, although they affected nothing like scientific instruction. That affectation was reserved for the phrenologists, whose errors Mr. Bain might have left quietly to die, had he not wished to use the few solid bases of their pseudoscience as stepping-stones to a truer and broader philosophy.

But let not phrenology be mulcted of its share of praise. "Notwithstanding its one-sidedness," says its last and kindest critic, "it has done good service by showing with more emphasis than had ever been done before that human beings are widely different in their mental tastes and aptitudes, and by affording a scheme for representing and classifying the points of character, which is in many respects an improvement upon

the common mode of describing individual differences."

Believers in phrenology, content to exhibit busts adorned with curious lines and colors, and to feel for corresponding peculiarities in the human head, have almost ceased arrogating for their hobby a rank above that accorded to metaphysical research. With that view, however, it was started. In it, thought its founders, was contained the solution of the riddle which had occupied philosophers from Aristotle downwards. By it for the first time was given a true account of the brain's influence on mental life, of the elementary faculties and feelings of the mind, and therewith of the one complete theory of human character. Mr. Bain, following up the arguments adduced by Mr. Bailey in his "Letters on the Human Mind," shows how utterly untenable is the claim of phrenology to be regarded as a science of mind. Beyond vague assertions, which if true would force us to the grossest materialism, it says nothing to indicate the real confirmation of the soul, the sensations and emotions, the wishes and thoughts which make up our spiritual life. At best it affords only empirical views of those outward movements of the mind which constitute the science of character.

In calling attention to these movements phrenologists have been of use. Undoubtedly they are right in finding evidence of mental powers in the modifications of various parts of the brain. But then it must be remembered that, while these distinctions are by no means infallible, like distinctions may be made from observation of any other portion of the bodily system. Because the brain is the chief centre of mental activity, and because the nerve-currents of that activity are most finely developed in the parts nearest to the centre, examination of a man's head may help us to know what is his frame of mind. But much of this knowledge is not to be predicated of the brain alone. Light shines to us from the eye, and truth is written in the curl of the lip. There is utterance of character in every movement of the hand, and in every tread of the foot. Not only can we tell whether, on particular occasions, a man is pleased or angry, hopeful or desponding: in his gait and aspect there is permanent token of the kindness or



wrathfulness, the hope or despondency prominent in his nature. It was but half in burlesque that some years ago there was invented a science of "nosology," purporting to deduct a man's whole temperament from the study of his nose. There is a measure of truth even in the pretensions of those quacks who undertake, on the receipt of thirteen postage-stamps, to tell any one's character from his handwriting; and a little of reason also was in the old science of chiromancy, the starting-point of the gypsy's trade of fortune-telling by observing the shape and configuration of the hand. Phrenology is better than all these, and if its votaries are content to place it in the same category with them, solid good may result from their studies, just as already sound encouragement to one branch of mental science has come from its erroneous classification of the primitive faculties of the mind.

Of these faculties—split up into nine propensities, twelve sentiments, and fourteen intellectual properties—Mr. Bain gives a more careful and generous criticism than we should have thought them entitled to receive. He shows how their arrangement is confused and illogical, how numerous secondary effects are regarded as final, and how several modifications of character have no provision made for them. There is very inadequate account taken of the vocal powers, as represented in the structure of the head. The temperaments aroused by touch, smell, and taste, are not included, and to those connected with hearing very incomplete reference is made. No justice is done to sympathy or love of truth, and in giving one title of ideality to the numerous susceptibilities to beauty, whether in art or in poetry, there is grave error.

Professor Bain's own classification of the elements of human character is very different, and far more philosophical. The mind's action, he teaches, being volitional, emotional, and intellectual, it is clear that its character is evinced in each mode of activity. Apart from any stimulation of the feelings or any studied movement of thought, there is an inborn tendency to action, which should be taken as the basis of all the variations of temperament in both man and beast. This is partly muscular, but chiefly nervous. The man of most muscle is often not the strongest man, even from a physical point

of view. The energy by which the mere power of limb is put to use flows through the nerves, and according to its will, irrespective of the emotion or the intelligence by which he may be swayed, we estimate the man's primary character. One person is by nature active, vivacious, and enterprising; another is languid, indifferent, and reluctant. It is the same with masses of men. In Europeans there is more energy than in Asiatics, and Englishmen take the lead in modern Europe, just as the Romans did in former days.

Superior to the fundamental property of the constitution, the machinery of action without reference to objects, is the emotional temperament. Like the other, it is partly made up of strictly physical material, but often it excels most where the energy is weakest. In women it is far stronger than in men, and those women have it least who have or gain most likeness to the other sex. Fat men possess it richly. The best historical type of the emotional character, says Mr. Bain, was Charles James Fox. Round in his person, full of an intense enjoyment of life, violent in his expressions of liking and dislike, a marvellous lover of company, of play, of recreative reading, and of every other exercise of untrained feeling and unbridled power, he was psychologically no less than politically the converse of Pitt, a man endowed with a singularly dry, hard intellect, but with the scantiest proportion of sentiment.

Of this emotional character there are many divisions. The humblest sort is that dependent on simple muscular exercise, shown in the enjoyment of gymnastic movements, of a brisk walk or of a fox hunt. Next, according to Mr. Bain's classification, is the amorous sentiment, which, parted from the intellectual and higher emotional tendencies that give it beauty, is lower in nature than the simple love of eating and drinking. Justice is seldom done by philosophers to what is here called "alimentary sensibility," the due regard to digestion and nutrition, to the preserving and improving of the entire tone of animal life. It differs essentially from taste; which has its own share in the formation of a man's character, and is on a par with the other special senses, smell, touch, hearing, and sight. There is no limit to the influences coming to us



through the eye, whether it be adapted to form and movement, or to color and its harmonies. Other influences reach us through emotions which are not sensations. Wonder, most prominent in children and savages, stamps the character of many all through their lives. More notable is the feeling of terror, as the tyrant over multitudes, and only properly destroyed by the acquirement of that noblest courage, which is animal and intellectual, no less than emotional. Linked with courage as closely in psychological grouping as in the events of daily life is the apparently different emotion of tenderness and affection, whether felt for animals and plants or shown to the fellow-beings most nearly bound to us. In another category is love of self, within measure a necessary and a noble sentiment, and only bad when it sinks into self-complacency, or rises to vanity, or branches out as an undue love of power, often identical with love of tyranny. Tyranny begets wrath, of which the main element is a mere pleasure of malevolence, and against which the true safeguard is the cultivation of the noblest of all emotions, that of sympathy, the power by which we joy with those who joy and weep with those who weep.

Higher than emotion, however, in the formation of character is intelligence. The feelings are only half capable of training; a wise man can develop his intellect almost without limit. Under three divisions are comprehended the distinguishing properties of the mind. It can discriminate; it can retain; it can identify. Discrimination grows with the use of our faculties. One whose business it is to taste wines gains a marvellous susceptibility of palate. A chemist can detect the subtlest properties by the sense of smell. A practised hand can almost dispense with weights and measures; and where, as in the case of blind people, most burden lies on the power of touch, no work is too minute, no form too delicate, to be traced by the unaided hand. The ear, the eye, and the vocal organs have still larger scope for increase and refinement by means of discrimination. Built on discrimination is retentiveness. No one can remember a melody who has not first listened to it attentively. The artist's skill in the discernment of endless varieties of form and color is of little use to him unless

he can take hold of his impressions and fix them on the canvas. Without retentiveness no language, not even a mother tongue, could be learnt. But neither discrimination nor retentiveness are sufficient for the full growth of intellect. Its grandest power is in identification, the ability to link like with like, in spite of accompanying diversities, and notwithstanding the separations of time and space. "A retentive mind is measured by the rapidity shown in making acquisitions, by the fewness of the repetitions, stimulants not being employed, that are requisite to cement a firm connection between a number of distinct impressions. The identifying mind, on the other hand, is proved by the number of occasions where an identity too faint or too disguised to be apprehended by men in general, makes itself felt by a stroke of recall."

Intelligence is often displayed most strongly where emotion has least sway. The philosophers of old—Socrates and Plato, Aristotle and Archimedes—are famous for their slight susceptibility to the common feelings of mankind; and Bacon is not the only holder of a kingly intellect who seemed to have no heart at all, and in whom wonderful grandeur of thought was joined to a strange meanness of action. But emotion is never wholly absent, and many men have an even balance of the two constituents of character. Intellect also shows itself in the senses, and in their use it is hard to separate exactly between it and emotion. Taste and smell have little intellectual capacity, but it is widely shown in sight and hearing. To the artist, the poet, the naturalist, and the architect, the optical sense, revealing form to some and color to others, opens broad channels of communication between the mind and the outer world. The musical sense, the sense of cadence in elocution, and the sense of articulate form, are three great sorts of capability possessed in various degree by all who speak or sing, and all who hear. Courage is a finely complicated element of character. Animal courage, the mere strength of limb and bodily fitness, endurance of evils seen or unseen—emotional courage, the overthrow of the excitement of fear by exciting thoughtfulness, self-esteem, generosity, or patriotism—and intellectual courage, the calm balancing of the advantages and du-



ties, with the perils and misfortunes belonging to the strife—all go to the making of a truly brave man.

Intellect should be always the guide of emotion, and memory—of which, according to Hobbes, hope is an outgrowth—should be its constant instrument. If men would only remember what things in former cases have brought them pain, and whence have come their greatest pleasures, there would be a universal prudence. In some cases people are anxiously imprudent. Few pains are more grievous than toothache; yet few people take any precaution against it. No one is without knowledge of the disastrous issue of evil life, yet experience must repeat its lessons many times, and there must be numberless repentings of sin before most men bring themselves to live with persistent uprightness. The gaining of the steadiness

of purpose, the firmness of life, which procures happiness in things little and great, is the grandest work of the intellect in governing the world of self. There is one grander work open to it, just as a truer wealth is ours when we give to others than when we take for ourselves, so prudence is a less noble property of soul than sympathy. To the emotional part of sympathy we have already referred. It is for intellect to train the emotion, and raise it to a heavenly dignity. To adapt all the powers of mind to the effecting of some high purpose for the good of others was the effort of such a man as Howard. It was the perfect achievement of him whose birth we at this season celebrate with some of our actions, and desire to celebrate by daily effort to approach through Him to the ideal of human character.

THERE never was, and probably never will be, a more interesting subject of political study than the present condition of America. Every problem of the past, and every political difficulty of the present, is there working itself out visibly before our eyes. Evils which have perplexed the nations since the dawn of history demand their instant removal, while every form of government from mob-rule to the closest oligarchy is asserting by force its right, not only to exist, but to become supreme. The comparative force of democracy and aristocracy, their relative power of remedying discovered mischiefs, their ultimate tendencies, and their common evils, are exhibited on a scale and with a rapidity which affords to mankind the opportunity of a political education such as it has not enjoyed since Greece was submerged under the Roman wave. And, amidst all these difficulties, the American people alone in history have to work out, not in the course of ages but at once, the problem which is older than any form of government now in existence, the extinction of human slavery.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

nature, the reverent faith and love for the Word, which have made this veteran in the Bible cause so honored through the land. Some of the hymns are graceful, and will eventually find their way into the collections. The book is prettily printed and illustrated. It should be bought and read as a memento of one who has tried to put to good use the gifts with which a generous Providence has endowed him, and done great good in his day. And the quaint autobiography in the Appendix, will make it all the more welcome to those who love him.—*Evangelist*.

SCOTT'S NOVELS FOR CATHOLICS.—It is not generally known, we believe, that an expurgated edition of Walter Scott has been published for the benefit of Roman Catholics; but the fact is recorded in the new edition of Feller's "Biographie Universelle," published at Lyons, with a continuation by the Abbé Simonin. "Though Walter Scott," we are told in the notice of his name, "is not a romancer of the dangerous class, he gives, nevertheless, too lively a picture of the passions, and makes frequent attacks on Catholic institutions; this has led D'Exauvillez to undertake a new and abridged translation of his works, in which he has taken care to omit all that is condemnable. This translation is published under the auspices of the Society of St. Nicholas, No. 39 Rue de Sèvres, Paris, and is principally suited for young persons." It will be long, we presume, before there is any English "Family Walter Scott" to take its place by the side of the Family Shakspeare.—*Athenæum*.

*Poems.* By Rev. T. H. Stockton, Chaplain to Congress. William S. & Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

THIS little volume has three divisions, Rhythm, Rhyme, and Hymns, in all of which will be found much that is characteristic of its well-known author. A patient reader will fall upon many pleasant passages, sometimes highly poetic in conception and finished in form; and always pervaded with the geniality and good-



From The Saturday Review.

# RESULTS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

AMONG the popular commonplaces which have usurped the place of political axioms, none is more generally accepted than the profession that, in every respect, the independence of the United States has been a gain and a benefit to Great Britain. It is put forward by grave authors with no less positiveness than by beardless politicians on their maiden hustings, or young writers in their maiden essays, as if it were a maxim that it argued only blind bigotry or stolid obstinacy to controvert. We are told to compare the exports of Great Britain to the United States with the exports to the colonies, old and new, as if that one comparison settled and bounded the whole question of the advantages or disadvantages which resulted from the disruption of the Thirteen British Colonies on the Continent of North America. And yet there are many points of view from which that great historical event may be regarded, besides that which is purely commercial. Looking at the question in all its bearings, moral, social, and political, we may reasonably doubt whether too facile and too credulous an assent has not been given to this allegation. That the material development of the United States has been enhanced and accelerated by their independence is probably true. But whether this development has been beneficial to themselves or to the world at large, may reasonably appear doubtful to any one who has studied their history, their government, their manners, and their dealings with foreign nations. That, under any circumstances, they could have remained for a century longer dependent upon a remote insular power like that of England, may perhaps be regarded as entirely impossible; but that a longer connection with the mother country, followed by a peaceable and pre-arranged separation, would have been eminently salutary to both, seems to us to admit of no doubt.

Generally, we may lay it down as a principle, that colonies are happy and civilized in a direct ratio to the intimacy of their connection with the mother country. The colonies of England are for the most part small antitypes of England. They repeat the constitutional and social forms of the old country with a minute imitation which, in the

smaller and less wealthy dependencies, almost degenerates into caricature, and is not exempt from inconvenience. An Englishman travels abroad with the conviction that in every remote sea, and almost in every strait, he will touch at some cape, continent, or island where the English standard waves, where the English tongue is spoken, where English law is administered, where supplies are voted and enactments passed by a tripartite Legislature, and where the social hierarchy is graduated on a similar scale and governed by similar codes to those which obtain in his native land. That the laws, customs, social instincts, and national feelings of these communities have not been warped into provincialism or hardened into rusticity, is the result of the communication which commerce, adventure, and steam have cemented between England and her forty or fifty colonies. Every year some colony, except the poorest and smallest, attracts to its shores a greater or lesser number of young Englishmen—many of gentle blood—almost all educated, both morally and intellectually, up to a far higher standard than was attainable by the same classes when the States of the North American Republic were colonies of Great Britain. The young lawyer, the young clergyman, sometimes the young merchant or banker—often the young planter—is a member of one of our two ancient universities. Other immigrants, again, who have not had the advantage of a Cambridge or Oxford education, have been trained at the London University, at Edinburgh, at Dublin, or at some of the better of those proprietary schools which are doing for the higher sections of the middle classes that which the great public schools do for the upper classes. Add to these the young military officers fresh from school and English homes, and the Creole youth—who for the most part at the suggestion of wise and liberal governors, and rarely at the instigation of the Downing Street authorities—have been sent for their education to England, or, as they themselves say, with a fond and generous patriotism, “sent home.” Add also another element, important in proportion to its rarity,—the young Creole ladies who have received an education in quiet and elegant English houses,—and it is easy to see why the English type is so visible in the social structure of our colonies. The same effects were



not apparent in America, because the same causes were not in operation there. The emigration to the American colonies was sparse, uncertain, and rarely of a high or very respectable kind. That to the Northern colonies was composed mainly of those whom religious sympathy identified with the descendants of the Puritans—men probably of strong, stern, and strict characters, but of no breadth of moral view, utterly destitute both of secular learning and polite manners, not wholly free from the imputation of hypocrisy, and too often remarkable for very loose commercial ethics. In the South, after the first settlement of the Cavalier colonies, the emigration to them from Europe was scantier than that to those of the North. Except here and there a cadet of the old Cavalier stock, or a youthful adventurer who looked to find in America a field for the display of his energies and courage, which the cessation of great continental wars and the discontinuance of foreign military employment denied to him in Europe, the immigrants into Virginia, Carolina, and latterly into Georgia, were, we fear, men of whose antecedent history their descendants could not be proud. There was no steam in those days. Little was known of America. The little that was reported was not such as to attract colonists from the better portion of society. Moreover, there was not in England that pressure of population or that competition for employment which, at a later period, drove young men of respectable positions to hew down forests, plow virgin land, or open virgin mines. Such hard work too, as was to be done, was, we fear, often done by the hands of white slaves—convicts, at least, little better than slaves in treatment or self-respect, and who met the few black slaves of those days on a footing of equality.

Thus, then, at the beginning of the great revolutionary struggle, the state of American society did not bear to the contemporary state of English society that resemblance which colonial society bears to the English society of the present day. There were, indeed, gentlemen in America equal to any gentlemen in Europe. George Washington was a thorough gentleman. His friend, A. Hamilton, was a gentleman. There were other gentlemen and scholars among the authors and leaders of the Revolution; but

they were too few to impress their own characters and principles on the mass of men by whom they were surrounded and the principles which the Revolution ultimately made supreme in the new Republic unfortunately rendered it impossible that popular respect or popular imitation should be attracted either by gentlemanly manners or gentlemanly attainments.

It is now useless, though not uninteresting, to consider how different might have been the condition of American society and the tone of American manners, had the Revolution been postponed for half a century. We make due allowance for the effect of climate, of situation, and, above all, of large, open, and unappropriated territory. We know that in an extensive province, sparsely peopled, the physical conditions of the country forbid the exact reproduction of metropolitan life and society. We know that the concurrent amplitude of untilled land and paucity of laboring hands is favorable neither to polite manners nor to polite learning, nor, strange to say, to the manly sports of England. We cannot help seeing also that there is a mysterious *genius loci*, which in time does strangely change the ancestral type of a race. It is not the large influx of Irish, French, and German immigrants which has alone so completely changed the English physiognomy in America, for a somewhat analogous change is going on among our cousins in Australia. But what we contend is, that despite the operation of these various causes, the postponement of the American Revolution would have greatly modified their effects and retarded the estrangement between England and her transatlantic child. This postponement would have ensured in the mean time a closer and more frequent communication with Europe. A higher class of immigrants would have settled in the American colonies. Their influence would have reacted on their friends and connections of their own rank in England. A more courteous, and more liberal tone would have been infused into any controversial discussions with the mother country. A race of men would have grown up imbued with English predilections, and trained up in the manly sports, in the manly school-lore, in the generous school-feelings, of English boys. Above all, a race would have grown up imbued with the English principle of fair



play, amenable to the give-and-take practice which equity and good-humor equally recognize among us, loving a good stand-up fight, but loathing as alike unmanly and inhuman the arts and arms of the rowdy and the assassin. New York and Virginia would have developed masculine feelings and habits of thought in sufficient vigor to neutralize, or at any rate dilute, the acrid sectarianism and the sordid commercialism which, originally confined to the New England States, have flowed into the whole Union, souring the national mind and lowering the national character. Above all, the founders of the American Constitution (if at a later date a new Constitution had been deemed necessary) would have digested their plans under the lurid warnings of the French Revolution. Not yet committed to universal suffrage, to division of property, to the fatuous worship of an impossible equality, they would have sought to avoid the horrors and the failures of that dismal epoch, and to impress upon their commonwealth some of those characteristics which reconcile a reasonable freedom of individual thought and action with the preservation of general order and the due gradations of human society. They would have eschewed as the conception of impertinent sciolists the doctrine that all men, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, honest or dishonest, have an equal right in dictating the tone of the national government, and tracing the course of the national legislation. Viewing, with a larger and more liberal scope than the actual founders of the great Republic could view, the process of European administration, and contrasting the effects of the different forms of European government, they would have recognized the value of traditions which only pert ignorance

presumes to despise, and the necessity of those social distinctions which are odious only to the vain, the vulgar, and the discontented. They would have disciplined their wild and unruly immigrants by an apprenticeship to systematic labor and the exercise of wholesome control in the neighborhood of settled cities and districts, instead of prematurely creating new States and throwing millions of acres into the hands of uncivilized occupants. Thus they would have saved their country from its ignominious subjection to Celtic rowdyism, and Europe from the reactionary tide of low American democracy.

But such a course of things was forbidden by fate. It was left to a medley composition of *quasi*-Puritan fanatics, half-Gallicized Jacobins, philosophical infidels, and acrimonious demagogues, to draw up a political Constitution for a people who had no powerful neighbors, no historical traditions save those of the conventicle and Congress Hall, no experience save that of handicraft-labor and civil war, and who, in the immense and trackless expanse of frontier forest and waste, beheld a continual incentive to adventure, aggression, and migration. Can we wonder, then, at the result which followed? Can we wonder when we see twenty millions of men, governed on the principle of anarchy, dictating at once two gigantic wars without deigning either to ponder their equity or to estimate their cost? Can we refrain from contrasting the state of things which exists, with the state of things which might have been if the Republic had been constituted by men who knew that there were higher objects of national ambition than a vulgar level of all citizens, or a rapid expansion of material prosperity?

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A DEBATE has occurred in the Cortes on the character and pretensions of the nun Patrocinio, who, through the queen, governs Spain. A minister quoted her as the savior of Spain, and was told by M. Olozaga that she was a convict, having been formally condemned by the Judge of First Instance in Madrid for imposture, she having exhibited the marks of the crucifixion on

her hands and feet. The woman, in short, was an Ecstatica, and, unlike most Ecstaticas, convicted of fraud, and she is now believed by the court to be possessed of miraculous powers, and her advice, said to be dictated by the pope, is asked on every emergency. In other words, Spain is really governed by some priest who may have a genius for statesmanship, and has certainly one for intrigue.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.



## SIXTY-ONE AND SIXTY-TWO.

On wide wing floats the angel Time,  
That everlasting rover :  
I listen for the midnight chime—  
Twelve strokes—the year is over !  
The stars shine clear above my roof,  
The fire burns bright thereunder :  
I think of the past year's mingled woof  
Of sorrow, fear, and wonder.  
Fill gayly up the claret cup,  
And drink, ye Tories true,  
A draught begun in '61,  
To end in '62.

Though human nature is the same,  
And human life's a bubble,  
And mortal wisdom's rather tame,  
And man is born to trouble,  
Though boys will always fall in love,  
And girls will like flirtation,  
And stolid Whigs, despised by Jove,  
Will always plague the nation,  
Though the rich will dine, and the poor will  
whine,  
And the many serve the few,  
Yet we cannot guess, from '61,  
Of the deeds of '62.

Palmerston perhaps may joke his way  
Through another year of office :  
Gladstone's tax we shall have to pay  
On our incomes, teas and coffees :  
Earl Russell will write at least a brace  
Of contradictory letters :  
John Bright will roar out commonplace,  
Abusing all his betters :  
Blockheads will prate at a fearful rate,  
As they're always wont to do,  
And the twaddle talked in '61,  
Will be heard in '62.

Napoleon the Little may strive to do  
Some deed of dire disaster :  
Kaiser and Pope may both look blue  
If thrives rebellion faster :  
Frigates of iron on the deep  
Will be a standing menace :  
Whispers of war will surely sweep  
From Pesth to seagirt Venice :  
And tiger France may spring, perchance,  
And the war-flag wave anew—  
Though rather hard up in '61,  
They may fight in '62.

The *Times* will eat its share of dirt,  
And varying nonsense utter :  
Fierce Garibaldi, red of shirt,  
Perhaps may cause a flutter :  
And war will rage 'twixt North and South  
Across the wide Atlantic,  
Till hotter grows the cannon's mouth,  
And statesmen grow more frantic.  
King Cotton will make his subjects quake,  
And we fear, whate'er men do,  
That the quarrel begun in '61  
Will not end in '62.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell's Court, no doubt,  
Will sunder many bridals :  
The Laureate will, I hope, bring out  
At least a dozen Idylls :  
Spurgeon will vainly strive to hide  
His mental inanition :  
Great London's crowds will be multiplied  
By the marvellous Exhibition.  
And the page of *The Press*, ye well may guess,  
Will stand by the old true blue ;  
For the truths we spake in '61  
We shall utter in '62.  
—*Press*.

C.

## THE ORPHAN.

My father was a captain wild,  
One hundred men lie dead with him,  
Because he would not turn and fly  
Upon the battle day.  
My mother was an only child,  
Who left her home to wed with him ;  
And nothing could she do but die,  
When he was ta'en away.  
And I alone am left behind  
To breast the storm and face the wind,  
As bravely as I may ;  
While I think of those who love me  
In the heaven so far above me,  
And the evening sweet, when the loved ones  
meet,  
Never more to part or stray.

My playmates late, who courted me,  
Pass on, and never seek for me ;  
I hear them laughing in the grove,  
While I am in the gloom.  
My lover he deserted me  
When none were left to speak for me,  
And, loving riches more than love,  
A wealthy bride took home.  
And thus by fate unmerited  
Cast out and disinherited,  
The dreary earth I roam.  
But the heaven is calm above me,  
With my dear ones there who love me,  
And in day's despite I have dreams by night,  
When they bid their daughter come.

H. F. CHORLEY.

Love not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart—  
For those may fail, or turn to ill ;  
So thou and I shall sever ;  
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why—  
So hast thou the same reason still  
To dote upon me ever !



From The Christian Observer.

THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS, AND ITS DISREGARDED LESSONS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was a native of Genoa. He was the son of a wool-comber, and his forefathers had followed that trade or handicraft for several generations. But as he soon showed a predilection for a seafaring life, he was sent for a short time in his youth to the university in Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation. At about the age of fourteen he made his first voyage, after which he is to be regarded as one devoted to the calling of a navigator. For twenty years we have only faint glimpses of his life as a seaman, but these show us that up to his thirty-fifth year he was ceaselessly employed; sometimes in commerce, sometimes in war; but invariably in active life on the ocean.

It was about the year 1470 that Columbus arrived in Lisbon. The efforts and enterprise of Prince Henry of Portugal had attracted to the Lusitanian capital "the learned, the curious, and the adventurous," from all parts of the world. This distinguished man, the son of King John I. and Philippa of Lancaster, sister to our own Henry IV., had for years been laboring in the study of the sciences, and in the promotion of geographical discoveries, and had assembled around him men who were devoted to scientific researches from various countries. Under his auspices a great part of the west African coast had been explored, several important settlements founded, and a way opened for the grand discoveries of Vasco de Gama, which rendered memorable the close of that century.

Columbus had been a thoughtful, reasoning, and enthusiastic navigator from his youth; and when he visited Portugal he was led there by the interest he took in Prince Henry's undertakings. While resident in Lisbon he married the daughter of an Italian lately dead, who had been one of Prince Henry's most distinguished navigators, and from his wife's mother he obtained the papers, charts, and journals of the deceased commander. During the intervals of his voyages to Guinea or elsewhere, he constructed maps and charts, and corresponded with men of science in Italy and other countries. The moment was one in which, all over Europe, the question was agitating men's minds, "How India was to be reached

by sea?" The route afterwards taken by Vasco de Gama, by the Cape of Good Hope, had not yet been discovered; the existence of the American continent was wholly unknown; and, among other problems then under examination, that which chiefly interested Columbus was, whether a voyage from Europe, *due west*, would not, in process of time, bring the voyagers to the eastern side of the Asiatic continent?

It is abundantly evident that, in the course of the twenty-two years which elapsed between his arrival at Lisbon in 1470, and his agreement with the sovereigns of Spain in 1492, the mind of Columbus became quite settled upon this point. And the difference which existed between the scientific view taken by him, and the popular notion which was generally prevalent, may be easily stated.

No one had yet proved that the earth was a globe, by walking, or riding, or sailing round it. Men in general regarded it as a flat surface, extending over many thousands of miles, and divided, in common language, into three great districts—Europe, Africa, and Asia. All round this vast continent flowed the measureless ocean, whose extent no one had attempted to ascertain; and beyond which there might exist what no one could divine. Taking this view, it was natural that the man who proposed boldly to plunge into this unexplored abyss of waters, and to discover *what might lie beyond it*, should be regarded in very nearly the same light as any enthusiast would now be who should fill his balloon with gas sufficient for a month, and leave this earth on a voyage of discovery among the stars. But to Columbus, and many other men of that time who had studied the subject in the light of science, the whole matter presented itself in a totally different aspect. They had fully satisfied themselves of the globular figure of the earth; and this fact, when once it was firmly believed, changed entirely the whole position of the question. Since some travellers had journeyed half round the earth, why should not others complete the circuit? Marco Polo and Mandeville, journeying *to the east*, had travelled over thousands of miles until they reached the eastern limits of Asia. What was to prevent a navigator, keeping in the same latitude, and sailing *to the west*, from arriving at the same point? These



questions were revolved in the minds of Columbus and his friends, year after year, till it became established in his mind and theirs, as a settled principle, that a ship, properly equipped and provided, and sailing from the coasts of Spain to the westward, must, in due time, arrive at the eastern shores of the great Asiatic continent.

When this belief had been thoroughly adopted, it became very natural that an ardent and enthusiastic man like Columbus, being also a fearless navigator, should begin to entertain a vehement desire to be himself the first discoverer of the great western road to China, India, and Japan. And accordingly, about 1483 or 1484, some ten or twelve years after his attention had first been directed to the question, we find Columbus asking an audience of John II. of Portugal, and laying his calculations and his plans before him. His offer was entertained, and several conferences were held upon the subject. But already we begin to meet with that fatal mistake which embittered the whole of the great navigator's after life. Himself the son of an Italian artisan, and entirely destitute of all means for the fitting out a proper squadron of discovery, he yet "demanded," says Mr. Irving, "high and honorable titles and rewards, that he might leave behind him a name and a family worthy of his achievements."

John II. is accused of double-dealing in this negotiation; but, however this might be, it is certain that the negotiation between him and Columbus came to an unfavorable close, and, towards the end of 1484, the enthusiastic navigator, whose whole soul seems to have been now wrapped up in the great idea which had possessed him, quitted Portugal, and passed into Spain. It seems probable that he had to leave behind him creditors whom he could not satisfy. Like thousands of other projectors, "he had suffered his own affairs," says Mr. Irving, "to go to ruin, and was reduced to struggle hard with poverty. He had to beg his way from court to court, to offer to princes the discovery of a world."

A notion prevails, which seems to have some probability, that his project was next urged upon the government of his own State, Genoa, but urged in vain. It is towards the end of 1485, in the fiftieth year of his age, that we find him in the south of Spain, seek-

ing to interest in his great object the Spanish nobles of Andalusia. The Duke of Medina Celi entertained him at his house, and, for a time, seemed disposed to provide him with two or three vessels fit for such an enterprise. But the project appeared too vast for a subject, and the duke finally preferred to give Columbus a letter to Queen Isabella, recommending him to her notice. The ardent navigator was thus once more engaged in the anxious toil of a court-suit, and he spent the following six years of his life in the painful and harassing task of following the king and queen from place to place, waiting their leisure to attend to him. At last, in February, 1492, he turned his back on the Spanish court, and set out for France, with the purpose of addressing his application, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, to a *fourth* government, undismayed by three previous failures. Mr. Irving justly remarks that it is impossible not to admire the great constancy of purpose and loftiness of spirit displayed by Columbus. More than eighteen years had now elapsed "since he first espoused the project. What poverty, neglect, ridicule, contumely, and disappointment had he not suffered; yet nothing could shake his perseverance."

But while we readily accord to the great navigator all this praise, it would be wrong to overlook the fact, which now begins to be very apparent, that a disregard of the counsel of God to Baruch (Jer. 45: 5,) was the grand mistake of his life. He quitted the court of Spain—not because the king and queen refused to entertain the project, but on a *quarrel about terms*! "His principal stipulation was," says Mr. Irving, "that he should be invested with the titles and privileges of admiral and viceroy over the countries he should discover, with one-tenth of all gains, either by trade or conquest." "More moderate conditions were offered to Columbus, and such as appeared highly honorable and advantageous. It was all in vain; he would not cede one point of his demands, and the negotiation was broken off."

We do not meddle with the dispute, whether this conduct on the part of Columbus was "mercenary" or not. We merely take notice of the fact, that this determination to be *great* was the one grand source of all the miseries of his subsequent life. The



position assumed by him was unlike that of any other discoverer. Vasco de Gama, Cabral, and others, were, again and again, sent forth by the neighboring government of Portugal. They expected, and received, honors and rewards for their courage, enterprise, and success; but we never hear, on their part, of any strife or contention about *terms*, or of any "demand" for such or such great honors, titles, or privileges. This peculiar pretension was put forth only by this son of a Genoese wool-comber. As we have already said, we mean not to discuss the abstract justice of his pretensions; we desire not to stigmatize him as greedy of gain; but we point out *this* as the one fatal mistake of his life; as that which embittered every step of his otherwise splendid career; and, finally, overshadowed his latest days with all the gloom of disappointed hopes and frustrated expectations.

Columbus was, amidst all the superstition of his age, a sincerely religious man. He must have had, also, some knowledge of Holy Writ, if it be truly stated of him that "he met the dignified ecclesiastics on their own ground; pouring forth many magnificent texts of Scripture, and predictions of the prophets, which he regarded as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed."\* Yet it is hardly to be supposed that he had a thorough acquaintance with God's word. He had either never seen, or else had overlooked, the last lessons of the wisest of men. A serious consideration of the recorded experience of the great king of Israel, if rightly taken to heart, might have saved Columbus years of anguish and of bitter suffering. His whole soul seemed bent upon becoming a prince;—upon rising to high estate, and accumulating great wealth. Had he contemplated with the religious feeling which generally distinguished him the confessions of King Solomon, they must have given to his heart some juster notions of the True Wisdom. For all that *he* desired, the Israelitish king had *possessed* in the fullest abundance. He himself says, "I was king over Israel in Jerusalem;—I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I had great possessions; I gathered me silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces. So I was great,

and increased more than all that were before me: also my wisdom remained with me. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do:—and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit." It was this one lesson which Columbus needed. He had the noble enthusiasm of a great discoverer, but with it was mingled the meaner craving for earthly honors, titles, rank, and great possessions. This lowered his character, and the "strifes and emulations" into which it led him, made the last ten years of his life one long series of painful struggles and unmerited woes.

We left Columbus, however, on his journey out of Spain, in 1492, to seek for better entertainment in some other court. But it was the will of God that Spain, and not France or England, should, for two or three centuries, possess the wealth of Mexico and Peru. Hence, the disconsolate projector while in the act of leaving Spain, was suddenly recalled, and found all his demands at once conceded. An ardent admirer of Columbus, and one who had entire faith in his project, rushed forward, after the Genoese navigator had actually departed for France; and passionately entreated Queen Isabella not to forfeit so great a glory as was tendered to her. The appeal succeeded—Columbus was overtaken and brought back, and on the 17th of April, 1492, the final agreement was signed, by which this poor Genoese, who probably scarcely knew where to find food or clothing, was invested with the viceroyalty of a new world. On his side we see nothing but a grand idea, an enthusiastic resolve. Means he had none; these were to be furnished to him by the Spanish king and queen. Yet, simply for propounding this one idea, and offering his own services in carrying it out, he demanded and obtained "the office of high-admiral in all the lands and continents which he might discover or acquire; also, the office of viceroy and governor-general over all the said lands and continents, with the privilege of nominating all the provincial governors, under the approval of the Spanish sovereigns."

The remaining provisoes were equally pretentious on his part; making him the actual sovereign of these unknown lands, which others were to provide him with the means of discovering.

\* Irving's Columbus: Book ii. chap. 3.



Now to these demands many plain and palpable objections will instantly occur. The one pursuit for which Columbus was well fitted was that of a discoverer; and, in fact, it was to this work that the remainder of his life was really devoted. But the work of an exploring navigator, and that of a viceroy and governor-general, are entirely different,—so different as to be practically incompatible. And it was the attempt to unite the two, that constituted the main difficulty of Columbus' subsequent life; and gave rise to more than half of his sufferings and distresses.

Again: it was Columbus' firm belief that it was to Asia,—to a land of great khans and moguls, of wealth and settled government,—that his course was directed. He knew not, he never dreamed, that his actual landing would be among tribes of naked savages. Yet did he calmly propose to take into his possession those great Asiatic kingdoms of which Marco Polo and Mandeville had spoken; and with three small vessels, and about a hundred men, to make himself lord, grand-admiral, and viceroy of the empire of China! It is abundantly clear that had things turned out as Columbus expected, a Chinese or Japanese prison would probably have been his residence for the brief remainder of his life. That his whole project was not thus nipped in the bud, arose from the fact, that the real state of things was wholly different from what he had supposed; and that his landing, when actually effected, was not upon a wealthy and civilized Asiatic continent, but among the naked Indians of the American islands.

However, having thus obtained his desire, little knowing what "apples of Sodom" he was eagerly grasping, Columbus set forth; quitted Palos on the 3rd of August, 1492; landing on an island which he called San Salvador, on the 12th of October. And here we meet with the first exhibition of his eager desire for greatness, in that, the moment he had landed on this insignificant spot, among wild Indians, he forthwith called upon all present "to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns."

Soon leaving this newly discovered island, the voyagers proceeded onwards to the more important islands of Cuba and Hispaniola. Here they found, indeed, great and valuable

territories, of which they took possession; and on the latter of which Columbus raised a fort. Leaving here a few men, in the month of January, 1493, the admiral quitted the American seas for Europe; arriving in Lisbon early in March; and proceeding onwards till, in April, he presented himself before Ferdinand and Isabel in Barcelona. Here, doubtless, was the meridian splendor of his life, so far as outward pomp and show and seeming glory could gratify and content the heart of man. Yet was hollowness and falsehood in everything beneath the surface. With the queen, indeed, sincerity and truth existed; but Ferdinand had never heartily consented to Columbus' demands, and soon found means to nullify all his concessions; while, among the courtiers generally, hatred and jealousy of the "upstart foreigner" were universal.

An otherwise slight circumstance seems to exhibit, at this point, the self-worship, the self-seeking, which was the one unfavorable feature in Columbus' character. A pension had been promised to the man who should first descry the western land. A sailor, one of the crew, who had first hailed the land, expected this honor and reward. But Columbus himself, on the previous evening had seen a light on the waters, and had pointed it out to a companion. On this ground, the pension was adjudged to the admiral, and the poor sailor in a passion of anger and disappointment, foreswore his country, and fled to Africa.

But now, amidst acclamations of joy on all sides, the second expedition was rapidly prepared. On the 25th of September, 1493, the bay of Cadiz saw a squadron of three large ships, and fourteen smaller ones, with fifteen hundred men, surrounding "the admiral" on his second voyage. Lust for gold was the prevalent feature with all; and all were confident of realizing enormous riches. The golden visions of Columbus had seized hold upon all imaginations; he himself was so carried away by these baseless fancies, as to vow to furnish, within seven years, an army of four thousand horse and fifty thousand foot, for the rescue of the holy sepulchre. Nothing could more vividly show the excited state of his mind than this monstrous speculation. All the lands he had yet discovered were peopled by naked Indians, wholly destitute of wealth. Yet, with this fact be-



fore him, this ardent and enthusiastic man, who died, after all, in the deepest poverty, deemed himself the possessor of the wealth of empires. There was nothing mean or sordid in his views; he was magnificent in his plans and purposes; but still, to *be* great, and to *do* great things, was the temptation which ruled and overbalanced his mind.

This second voyage of Columbus extended from September, 1493, until June, 1496; and it might have served to prove to the enthusiastic navigator how different is the *reality* of a course of ambition from the *romance* which imagination so vividly portrays. More islands were explored; the mainland of America being still not even imagined by Columbus or any of his followers. But the glorious expectations of enormous wealth which Columbus had himself encouraged, and which had filled his vessels with greedy hidalgos, who dreamed of nothing but easy and abundant gains, were all grievously dissipated. Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica, and Gaudaloupe were not, to any great extent, gold-producing countries. Provisions for so large a body of adventurers soon ran short; and Columbus was obliged to order and compel his followers to labor for the production of food. Great indignation was excited among the hidalgos or gentry; insurrections and conspiracies broke out; bitter complaints were carried home to Spain, and in 1495, Juan Aguado, in manifest contravention of the agreement which the Spanish sovereigns had signed, was sent out to investigate his conduct. From the very commencement, the "demand" of Columbus had been that he should be supreme, under the crown of Spain, in all the lands which he should discover. Yet here was a man sent forth, under royal authority, to receive complaints against him. Could there be a stronger or a more instructive proof of the intrinsic folly and emptiness of all such "demands" and "conventions"?

Very naturally we next hear that Columbus, grieved and indignant at such a proceeding, resolved himself to return to Spain, and to meet the accusations which Aguado had received from crowds of discontented persons. He landed in Spain, on this, his second return, in far different guise from that in which he had presented himself on his first. Not now in the splendor of a warrior on his day of triumph, but clad in the hum-

ble garb of a Franciscan monk. "The change agreed but too well with his faded hopes and altered prospects. Of the dreams of conquest and glory which had filled his mind, how little had been realized, and how much of suffering and disappointment had been endured." The aspect of his companions, also, told a like tale. From his shattered vessels "a feeble train of wretched men crawled forth, emaciated by the diseases of the colony and by the hardships of the voyage, and who had nothing to relate but tales of sickness, poverty, and disappointment."

Columbus, however, was kindly received by Ferdinand and Isabella, and ships for a new expedition were promised him. But the secret opposition of those who envied his fame and advancement, so delayed the preparations, that nearly two years were wasted before the six vessels provided for this third voyage were ready to sail. At the end of May, 1498, Columbus again departed.

But his downward course, not indeed, into crime, but into undeserved misery, was rapid. This third voyage, while he acted as an explorer and discoverer, was a memorable one, for in it he first discovered and landed on the great American continent. But when he resumed his office of viceroy, that post which he had so much coveted, he found nothing but turmoil, contention, and actual disgrace before him.

Trinidad and the mainland of America having been discovered, Columbus returned to Hispaniola and St. Domingo, in August, 1498. Here he found all things in confusion. His brother Bartholomew, whom he had left in charge of the colony, had been involved in war, first with the Indians, and then with a conspirator, named Roldan. The latter had gathered such a party that the admiral was compelled to make a treaty with him, and to overlook his many offences. Other outbreaks and conspiracies followed, and the discontented, when put down and expelled from the colony, returned to Spain, and carried thither such stories of the tyrannies and cruelties of Columbus, that even Isabella herself, his faithful friend and patroness, was forced at last to consent to the sending forth, again, a royal commissioner, to inquire into the truth of these complaints. These disastrous events were not at all surprising, in



the commencement of a new and distant colony; but they exhibit in a strong light the fatal error of Columbus, in claiming to unite with the fame of a discoverer, the more hazardous function of founder and governor of a great foreign possession.

The new commissioner, Don Francesco de Bobadilla, received the fullest powers to investigate and redress the grievances of the colonists; powers so full, indeed, that under them he proceeded, on his arrival at St. Domingo, to put the admiral and his brother into irons, and to send them back to Spain. Thus the great discoverer of the new world left the lands which he had given to Spain, in October, 1500, "shackled like the vilest of culprits, amidst the scoffs and shouts of a miscreant rabble, who sent curses after him from the shores of the island he had so recently added to the civilized world." He arrived at Cadiz, in December, a prisoner and in chains. There was a general burst of indignation throughout Spain, and the king and queen so far shared in the feeling, as to send instant orders that he should be released, and treated with all distinction. He appeared before the sovereigns in Granada on the 17th of December. "When the queen beheld the venerable man approach, and thought on all he had done, and all he had suffered, she was moved to tears." Very naturally, the long-suppressed feelings of the injured hero burst forth; "he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word, for the violence of his tears and sobbings." Was there ever a more striking proof given, of the wisdom and kindness displayed in the counsel to Baruch, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord"? The whole of these unmerited sufferings of the great navigator may be traced to his unwise determination to be "great;" to have great wealth, great power, great honor and distinction. By this one error, he made thousands of foes, and no degree of purity or virtue could avail, in the presence of such hosts of envenomed detractors.

One more step remained, between him and the grave. Columbus was now in Spain; he was soothed and comforted, but to his greatly coveted government and dignity he was never restored. Ferdinand had but grudgingly conceded his "demands" in 1492, and now, ten years having passed

away, and the admiral being in Spain; there was no alacrity shown in doing him the justice which he sought, or in replacing him in the "vicerealty" of the new world. Another commissioner, Ovando, was appointed to supersede Bobadilla, and Columbus was told that an interval of repose would allow bad passions to subside, and would promote the peace and welfare of the colony. Thus, all through 1501 and the first portion of 1502, Columbus was detained in Spain, while old age was rapidly creeping upon him. But his active mind could not rest, nor could he fail to perceive that his discoveries were still exceedingly imperfect. Reflection on the past only served to convince him that much remained to be done, and he soon made a fresh application to the sovereigns to be allowed to prosecute his still unfinished investigations. Ferdinand judged this a good opportunity of keeping the admiral employed at a distance from Cuba and Hispaniola. Four small ships were granted him, and in the sixty-seventh year of his age, he again sallied forth on this his last voyage of discovery. His first occupation, which consumed four months, was in exploring the Bay of Honduras, and the whole of that coast, in search of a strait which he still fancied would open to him the road to India and to China. The whole of this voyage was one of hardship, toil, and danger. Storms, strife with the natives, and the weak and shattered condition of his vessels rendered it, from May, 1502 to June, 1503, a period of great difficulty and trouble. At last, in the latter month, he brought his two remaining vessels into harbor at Jamaica, where he stranded them, to avoid their total loss by foundering. Here he was detained a whole year, by the cruel disregard of Ovando, the governor of St. Domingo, who, not desiring his presence in that colony, sent him word that "he could not spare vessels to bring him off." Twelve months elapsed before this ruthless man felt compelled, by mere shame, to take steps for the admiral's release. At last, on the 28th of June, 1504, two vessels having arrived, Columbus left his island-prison for St. Domingo; from whence, on the 12th of September, he took his last voyage back to Spain. In November he reached Seville—"a broken-down old man, encumbered with debt, and surrounded with needy adventurers, who laid their ruin



at his door." He had purposed, in the days of his golden dreams, the equipment, like a prince, of a royal army, for the rescue of the holy sepulchre! Instead of which, hear his own description of himself, in one of his letters to his sovereigns:—

"Such is my fate, that twenty years of service, through which I passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing; and at this day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own. If I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and I seldom have wherewith to pay the bill. I have not a hair upon me that is not gray; my body is infirm; and all that was left me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away and sold, even to the frock that I wore, to my great dishonor. I implore your highnesses to forgive my complaints. I am, indeed, in as ruined a condition as I have related. Hitherto I have wept over others; may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me!"

In this spirit he returned to Spain—to find a grave. His sincere friend and patroness, the admirable Isabella, died shortly after his return, and Ferdinand was ever cold-hearted and selfish. "He received him with many expressions of kindness, but with those cold, ineffectual smiles which convey no warmth to the heart." Appeal after appeal was made, but the replies of Ferdinand were always evasive. In fact, the king had no intention of conceding the one point respecting which Columbus was chiefly anxious. To bequeath the perpetual viceroyalty of "the Indies" to his son Diego, and to his descendants, as a matter of hereditary right, was the point always uppermost in his mind. "This," he writes to the king, "is a matter which concerns my honor. As to all the rest, do as your majesty may think proper—give or withhold as may be most for your interest, and I shall be content. I believe the anxiety caused by the delay of this affair is the principal cause of my ill-health." Strange infatuation! Had Columbus calmly reviewed his past life, he might have seen that this greatly prized viceroyalty had been his ruin—had been the cause of all his sufferings. And to his son it must have brought equal woes. If it were a power real and absolute, it would have uncrowned the king of Spain, and rendered the heirs of Columbus "lords of the Indies." But if

unreal, as in times past, it was sure to bring other Bobadillas and Ovandos from Spain to harass, counteract, and persecute the viceroy. Columbus could hardly have left to his son a more fatal legacy. Yet he himself confesses that the denial of this claim was breaking his heart: "the anxiety caused by this affair is the principal cause of my ill-health." "It appears that his majesty does not see fit to fulfil that which he, with the queen, who is now in glory, promised me by word and seal. I have done what I could, and must leave the rest to God!"

And so he died, in May, 1506, being about seventy years of age. He was a sincerely religious man, after the religion of his day. He was enthusiastic, noble-minded, sincere, and warm-hearted. Of the grand mission and achievement of his life it is needless to speak, for men are forward and eager to recognize and extol it. Our object has been, while sympathizing with his wrongs, to point out the chief lesson which is taught us by his history. Had he possessed the practical wisdom of our own Wellington, whose noblest distinction it was, that he never sought, never asked, anything for himself, how different would have been his fate! His fame, the honor attaching to his name and family, was already assured by his own deeds, and needed not the extrinsic help of titles or privileges. And had he left his reward to the free will of the sovereigns whom he so greatly served, it could not have been a niggardly one. Leaving the toils and anxieties of government to others, had he asked and obtained better and more efficient fleets of discovery, he might, in his own lifetime, have circumnavigated America, and colonized Mexico and Peru.

Among the many lessons of practical wisdom for every-day life which are scattered up and down the pages of the word of God, there is, perhaps, scarcely one which is more needed for constant use, or one which men are more ready to pass over with silent disregard, than God's message to Baruch, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord." Although again and again enforced by Christ himself, in such words as,—"*Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth; for where your treasure is, there will your hearts be also:*"—"*A man's life consisteth not in the abun-*



dance of things which he possesseth :”—“How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of God :”—these emphatic warnings fall ineffectually upon “ears that are dull of hearing.” Apostles have followed their Master in warning their hearers, that “they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition ;” and in exhorting them to “set their affections on things above, not on things on the earth ;” but, throughout all ages, “the love of this present world” has carried away the vast majority of hearers, and “the deceitfulness of riches has choked the word, so that it remained unfruitful.”

Yet beacon-lights, marking the rocks on which many gallant ships have foundered, are not wanting. Numerous, indeed, are the fearful mementos which have come to us from past ages, of those who either have “made shipwreck of the faith,” or else, as God’s erring children, have had their “offences visited with the rod, and their sin with scourges.” We are not called upon, nor are we able, to discriminate actually between the one class and the other ; but when

we observe a notable instance of a great and perhaps a good man, bringing suffering and humiliation on himself by disregarding all these warnings, it seems a plain duty to compare the fault with its consequences ; so that, even to human eyes, “God may be justified when he speaketh, and be clear when he judgeth.” And among all the records of the past, we know of no more remarkable proof of the practical wisdom and benevolence of the message to Baruch than is given in the biography of which we have sketched the outline.

We follow the great navigator with sympathy and with painful commiseration. We abhor the hard-hearted selfishness of his numerous enemies, and the frigid indifference of those who ought to have been his zealous protectors. But still, amidst all this, we trace the main cause of all Columbus’ sufferings to *himself*. Not to any crimes, not to any excesses, not to any immoralities, but simply to that one mistaken idea with which he set out ; an idea which ran entirely counter to that divine wisdom which had said, “Seekest thou great things for thyself ? *seek them not*, saith the Lord.”

CAMBRIAN AND BORDER LITERATURE.—You were good enough some time since to call attention to my collection of Cambrian and Border County Literature ; and also to my intention of publishing a Catalogue of the same. I have devoted the whole of my spare time in 1859, 1860, and 1861, to a compilation of the proposed work, and now have the satisfaction of saying that the full titles of *four thousand volumes* have been copied in manuscript ; and that the whole of the duplicates, necessarily found in such a collection, have been weeded out and put aside for sale. I have been at work on this collection for twenty years, and my experience has shown what must, I think, be obvious to collectors, that next to “scarce works” the greatest difficulty lies in getting together Welsh Magazines, and in completing sets of them. I shall have to reprint some odd numbers of several to perfect sets, and before I do so I venture, in the interest of literature, to suggest that some effort should at once be made to fix a clear and definite period down to which the collector may with something like satisfaction confine himself. With this view, I think

it must be useful to have supplied through the press a concise list of defunct and existing Welsh Serials. And that collectors should then address themselves, through some committee, to publishers of existing works, asking them to close the running series of Serials at the end of 1862 ; commencing with January, 1863 new and distinct series of their respective works. I have no doubt, but that this must be a wise thing to them in a commercial point of view, for it must act as a stimulant to two classes : the collector of the present day in making his collection perfect ; the collector of the coming generation who, with a new literary period at his command, would be induced to buy all up, from a desire to get together perfect and complete sets of current literature. I write this letter with considerable diffidence ; but I am so persuaded of the necessity for some such effort as that indicated, that I have ventured to ask you to lend your valuable aid in bringing it about.

E. R. G. SALISBURY.

Glas-Aber, Chester, Dec. 7, 1861.

—*Athenæum*.



From The Cornhill Magazine.

# THE FAIRY-LAND OF SCIENCE.

WE have often been reminded (in popular lectures and elsewhere) how curiously the achievements of modern industry embody, while they often even surpass, the imaginations of the youthful world. Who has not been invited to compare Chaucer's horse of brass, the shoes of swiftness of the *Niebelungen Lied*, or the seven-leagued boots of the renowned Giant-killer with the railway train, to the manifest advantage of the latter; Aladdin's ring by rubbing which he could instantaneously communicate with the genii at the ends of the earth, with the electric telegraph; or the magic mirror in which were portrayed the actions of distant friends with the reflecting telescope? Science has realized, and more than realized, some of these early dreams, and seems to cast on them almost a prophetic lustre. We can easily persuade ourselves that those weird tales were told half in earnest, and hid beneath their grotesque exterior the sincere anticipations of gifted souls, whose farsighted gaze caught the dim outline of the future time. Nor is there any good reason against our indulging in this pleasing thought. What undeveloped power is there, in man or beast, that does not, by sportive freak or mad extravagance, foretell the achievements that are to come? Who can explain the promptings of nature in his own bosom even, until experience casts its light (and gloom) upon them?

Its light and gloom—for seldom indeed is the brightness of the hope undimmed by the fruition. The golden splendor of the dawn fails not of the promised noon, but the noon veils itself in clouds. The history of man is written in the gleesome fairy tales of old, and the heavy burden of the modern life: picture of hope, and hope fulfilled.

A pretty fairy-land our science has brought us to. It is like the "behind scenes" of a theatre. There are all the fine things we admired so innocently at a distant view; we can't deny that we have got them "but oh, how different!" The dazzle, the sparkle, the romantic glory, where are they? Are these realities of life, also, only meant to delude an imagination that makes itself a party to the charm? Is all the world a stage?

Not that we are among the grumblers at

our life. Stern realities, it is true, have upreared their solid framework in regions which the very wantonness of fancy claimed, crushing fancy with their weight; and sterner duties, multiplying evermore, have put chains upon the hands which once were filled with flowers, or clapped in happy play. But the sternness is better than the play; the chains are the instruments of a higher liberty. The laughing imagination gives place to dull and sober fact, only because man's heart is large, and his destiny sublime; because his nature grows with the growing centuries, and his soul learns to fill out more worthily the compass of his powers. The realization of one dream is no end: it is but another dream. The prophetic cycle of humanity contains wheel within wheel, and each fulfilment carries on the burden in a higher strain, and with a wider sweep.

Our realization of the dream of fairy tales is but another dream; it is a revelation, an onlooking, and no end or substance. A divine fatalism is upon the world, and upon man in his dominion over it:—a beneficent necessity, which forbids the lower to be grasped save through the recognition of a higher. The achievements of which Science boasts, and justly boasts, as its peculiar glory, are permitted to it only by the adoption of principles which compel it to bear witness to a truth beyond itself. By science man may control nature, and work marvels that outrival magic, but in the very act he concedes that the world is not what it seems. We can easily see the proofs of this.

In a former paper,\* we took into consideration the scientific view of nature, and found how greatly it turned upon the idea of force. And as we pursued this idea, we found it to be, on the one hand, a very simple one, flowing directly from our own experience; while on the other, it furnished exactly the key we needed to help us to understand the world around us; enabling us to regard all material changes, of whatever kind, as exhibitions of a common fact. Thus we recognize in all the "Forces," as they are called—motion, heat, light, electricity, etc.,—forms of one activity, different in mode, but always essentially the same. And this activity we saw reason to believe never alters in amount; never begins really afresh, nor comes to a true end; but only passes from one form to an-

\* "FORCE," *Cornhill Magazine*, October, 1861.



other, maintaining a constant equivalence through all seeming changes. So we see all things under a new aspect. This simple idea places us without difficulty in a position from which the most varied phenomena present themselves as one. All processes in the material world arrange themselves under it at once: all are instances of the shifting forms, and permanent balance of force. A unity is grasped here which no variety can obscure, nor seeming unlikeness contradict. And this is no matter of arbitrary arrangement. It is the very unity of nature that we have seized. For no grouping of events can be more natural, or can bring us nearer to their source, than that which regards them as embodiments of power, and fixes our thoughts on the force by which they are produced.

Nor is there wanting another charm, besides that of simplicity, in this view: it is fraught with mystery; it is rich with life. Can any thought be more pleasing to the mind, than that which thus presents nature as a perennial fountain of activity, ever flowing forth, ever returning, inexhaustibly; which recognizes in the endless series of her creations continually fresh forms of the old powers; and finds in the simplest objects storehouses and reservoirs of the most subtle energies?

For this the doctrine of force, and its unalterable constancy, involves. It carries our thoughts beyond the objects which present themselves to our senses, and makes us recognize in everything the operation of a power impalpable to sense: a power which reveals itself to us in one and in another form, but which itself eludes our grasp, and then most flies from us when we seem most nearly to approach it.

Thus, for example, in the telegraph, a magnet attracts a needle: it seems to us that there is here a power of magnetism displayed; but when we look farther, we find that this magnetism is but the representative of a galvanic current. Do we say, then, that it is galvanism that attracts? Again we look back, and we find that the galvanic current represents some chemical action—it is chemical affinity that is operative in the galvanic wire. But this affinity refers us to something still further back, and that again to something else. Which of these forces is it that produces the effect? Clearly it is

neither of them, but something which is each of them in succession; which appears to us, that is, first as one and then as another, being truly none of them, because it embraces all. To think rightly of it, we must alter our point of view, and instead of regarding the series of operations from the side, look along the axis of them, as it were, from which position the longest line appears as a point. Or again: our own bodies will one day no more be bodies such as now. They will be dust, they will be other forms of life; we can neither trace nor put limits to their changes. And equally, they have been other things before—grass, air, we know not what. The substance here, then, is not the body; it is something which can be all these, and yet remain itself.

Dwelling on this idea of one unalterable power, we begin to feel ourselves in a new world of fascinating interest and mysterious awe. The solid globe seems almost to melt and become fluent before our eyes. All things put forth universal relations, and assume a weird and mystical character. The world becomes doubled to us: it is one world of things perceived; one unperceivable. The objects which surround us lose their substantiality when we think of them as forms under which something which is not they, nor essentially connected with them, is presented to us; something which has met us under forms the most unlike before, and may meet us under other forms again. In short, all nature grows like an enchanted garden; a fairy world in which unknown existences lurk under familiar shapes, and every object seems ready, at the shaking of a wand, to take on the strangest transformations.

We cannot escape this result of regarding nature from the scientific point of view. The most solid substances become mere appearances, and we feel ourselves separated from the very reality of things by an impenetrable barrier. Struggle against the conviction as we may, we have to accept it at last. It is, indeed, accepted by the cultivators of science as an established fact, that the very reality of things is not within their sphere; and this idea is embodied in a word that has grown into familiar use, but the real significance of which, being so much opposed to our ordinary thoughts, has not become equally familiar—the word “phenomena.” This term is merely a learned word for “ap-



appearances ; " and when it is said—as it is said wherever the principles of science are discussed—that we only know *phenomena*, the meaning simply is that our observation and our thought penetrate only to appearances. Science deals, therefore, with an apparent world. The facts which it affirms are true of appearances, and its command is over them. The true reality of nature remains beyond its grasp, and respecting that it is silent, save as it affirms that all the changing things with which our experience is concerned are the appearances of an existence which does not share their change.

Have we not well said, therefore, that science wins its triumphs in a fairy-land, and in fulfilling one vision teaches us to recognize another ?

From this point of view we can appreciate the full meaning of the confessions of ignorance, and references to some unfathomable reality, which fall so continually from the lips of those who, in these days, reveal to us the wonders of the material world. Scarcely ever do great discoverers, or leaders in science speak, without bidding us mark to how small a depth our knowledge reaches, and how profound a mystery hides itself behind all that they can teach us ! Thus Professor Faraday says : " We are not permitted, as yet, to see the source of physical power." And Professor Owen : " Perhaps the best argument from reason for a future state and the continued existence of our thinking part, is afforded by the fact of our being able to conceive, and consequently yearning to possess, some higher knowledge. The ablest endeavors to penetrate to the beginning of things do but carry us, when most successful, a few steps nearer that beginning, and then leave us on the verge of a boundless ocean of unknown truth." And Sir J. Herschel : " How far we may ever be enabled to attain a knowledge of the ultimate and inward process of nature in the production of phenomena, we have no means of knowing." And a writer in this magazine has well put the case : " We talk proudly of man's dominion over nature, of scanning the heavens, of taming the lightning ; but we can see little beyond the shows of things. The shadow is there, but the substance eludes our grasp. Like the physiognomist, we may indeed decipher something of Nature from the aspect of her countenance, but

we cannot see the workings of her inmost heart."

They cannot speak otherwise, for their instructed sight has caught a glimpse in nature of a mightier presence than the uninitiated eye perceives. They have felt the awe which the consciousness of something above sense and above thought inspires, and their language takes from thence a tone of higher meaning.

But is it merely to an unfathomable mystery that we are led, when there dawns on us the conviction that there is a deeper existence in nature than that which we perceive :—a profound Unity unreached by that natural apprehension to which the varying forms are all ? Truly the problem appears dark enough ; we seem to peer into a gulf, black from mere fathomless vacuity. But it is not so. Gazing into nature beyond the region to which our sense can carry us, we do not gaze upon vacuity, but on an existence, real, however dimly illuminated. The mystery which science encounters, arises not from the cutting off of light, but from the pouring in of more ; from the looming into view of that which was unperceived before. May we not compare our experience in this respect with the effect produced by the dim light of the commencing dawn ? The darkness of the night derives a certain clearness from its own excess. Where everything is hidden, mystery is not. But as the gradual light comes feebly on, a feeling of vague mystery creeps over us ; indistinct outlines elude the baffled sight, and objects half perceived assuming distorted forms, fantastic visions throng upon the eye. Yet let the day advance, and the mystery its dawn created, its completeness soon dispels. May it not be thus with that unknown reality in nature which science bids us recognize ? Our advancing insight makes us conscious of a mystery at first, and even yet it is but struggling with the mists of night. But why should it not bear unlooked-for revelations in its train ?

For even now it tells us something and suggests much more. If " all things end in mystery," as we gladly own, the very darkness to the intellect, if it be not " from excess of light," yet may be fairly said to be made visible by light. And to other faculties of man, and nobler faculties, this dark-



ness is no darkness at all, but a bright gleam of encouragement and hope. Is not our manhood lowered when the necessities or luxuries of life absorb us wholly; when higher aims and other objects do not permeate and leaven even our enjoyment or pursuit of these? What feeling, therefore, but one of gladness should it call forth within us to be told that there is something more than gold in money, something more than food in bread, even though we know not what it is? "Every inquiry," says Sir John Herschel, "has a bearing on the progress of science, which teaches us that terms which we use in a narrow sphere of experience, as if we fully understood them, may, as our knowledge of nature increases, come to have superadded to them a new set of meanings and a wider range of interpretation." And has not every inquiry that brings forth such fruit a bearing on the advancement of our manhood too?

It were a pity, therefore, to avert our eyes from this revelation, dim though it be, which science makes to us of a deeper meaning in all the objects with which it deals. Even in the utterest obscurity to thought, it elevates and inspires the heart; and the resolute eye, patiently gazing, may even now discern some lineaments on which thought may fix. There are pictures, by great masters in their art, which, on the first view, present an almost shapeless mass of color in which no meaning can be found, but which reward the studious eye with rich shades and outlines full of meaning—if too deep to be distinctly uttered, capable of being felt the more.

For it is this recognition of a hidden essence in all things (appealing as it does to the highest portion of our nature, and giving the freest scope to the imagination) which surrounds science in our day, in spite of the stringent severity of its attitude towards facts, with an unquenchable halo of poetry. No justification of those poetic instincts which insist on finding a spiritual significance in all material things, could be more complete than that which is thus given by science. For be this "hidden essence" what it may, of this at least we may be sure, that it has a beauty and a worth which our perceptions do not exaggerate. It is something adapted to produce in us the impressions which nature produces, and to rouse in us the emotions which nature rouses. Granted

that in these mere forms, which we deal with in the shape of material things, no such adaptation can be recognized—that it is an utter mystery how vibrations of the air should convey to us the infinite meanings with which music is fraught, or how any of the things we see or touch should generate thought and emotion within us—yet the mystery clears off when we remember that it is not truly they, but some deep and unknown existence, of which, they are but appearances, which affects us so. Some deep and unknown existence, of which, with all the sanction of modern demonstration, we may affirm that there is that in it to which pleasure, pain, love, desire, and hatred are akin. Pursuing material laws, we do, as Sir J. Herschel says again, find that they "open out vista after vista, which seem to lead onward to the point where the material blends with and is lost in the spiritual and intellectual."

For it is to be observed that while on this point our positive knowledge is so limited, there is still much that we can affirm. We can correct some false ideas we are prone to entertain. Thus, whatever be that secret activity in nature of which all the "forces" are exhibitions to our sense, we know one thing respecting it; namely, that it is not *force*. Receiving so directly from our own action the impression of force, and seeing similar actions taking place on all hands around us, nothing could be more natural than that we should have supposed force to exist in nature. Yet when we test this idea, we find that it must rank with the child's notion of the world, which ascribes pleasure and pain to inanimate objects. Force is a sensation of our own; and is no more to be attributed to the objects in connection with which we feel it, than are the brightness of a color or the sweetness of a taste. "When we take upon ourselves to alter the arrangements of the universe, we feel *pressure*, *push*, or *pull*. Accordingly, we attribute to insentient matter our sensations, and we speak of an arch pressing upon its abutments, of particles of matter attracting and drawing one another, and so on. But if, instead of what we call pressure, it had been an arrangement of the creation that contact with external matter should produce a mental emotion of kindness, we should certainly have said that the particles of matter made love to each



other with an affection varying conversely as the square of the distance. What a moving story the problem of the three bodies would have been then!"

We may understand this the better if we reflect that the feeling from which we derive the idea of force, rests upon a consciousness of difficulty, of opposition, of imperfect ability. It arises from resisted effort. In fact, it is our own imperfection we ascribe to nature when we imagine that our feeling of force truly represents its working. In it there is neither exertion nor resistance; but a perfect Order. An Order, to explain which, if we look into ourselves at all, we must look deeper than to our sensuous experience. Nor do we look entirely in vain. There are other necessities we wot of than those of mechanical connection; another order than that of passive sequence. We cannot be rising too high in our thoughts when we bring the highest within us to interpret that which we perceive without; and recall (as we are justified in doing by all that sci-

ence teaches us) the long-banished powers of the heart and soul, to aid us in our thought of nature. Goethe says, in Dr. Whewell's translation:—

"All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another;  
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law—  
Points at a sacred riddle. Oh, could I to thee,  
my beloved friend,  
Whisper the fortunate word by which the riddle is read!"

But here we do not feel ourselves compelled to end. Our thoughts pursue the path that has been opened to them; and it hardly seems extravagant to us (ascribing a strict truth and universal application to the words of another poet) to say of all our intercourse with Nature, in her loftiest and lowest forms alike:—

"A Spirit—  
The undulating woods, and silent well,  
And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom,  
When deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,  
Holds commune with us."

#### PRAYERS BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

*A Prayer for the Grace of Obedience, to be said by all Persons under Command.*

O ETERNAL God, great Ruler of men and angels, who hast constituted all things in a wonderful order, making all the creatures subject to man, and one man to another, and all to thee, the last link of this admirable chain being fastened to the foot of thy throne; teach me to obey all those whom thou hast set over me, reverencing their persons, submitting indifferently to all their lawful commands, cheerfully undergoing those burdens which the public wisdom and necessity shall impose upon me, at no hand murmuring against government, lest the spirit of pride and mutiny, of murmur and disorder, enter into me, and consign me to the portion of the disobedient and rebellious, of the despisers of dominion and revilers of dignity. Grant this, O holy God, for his sake, who, for his obedience to the Father, hath obtained the glorification of eternal ages, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

*A Prayer to be said by Subjects when the Land is invaded and overrun by barbarous or wicked People, Enemies of the Religion or the Government.*

O ETERNAL God, thou alone rulest in the kingdoms of men; thou art the great God of battles and recompenses; and by thy glorious wisdom, by thy almighty power, and by thy secret providence, dost determine the events of war, and the issues of human counsels, and the returns of peace and victory: now, at last, be pleased to let the light of thy countenance, and the effects of a glorious mercy and a gracious pardon, return to this land. Thou seest how great evils we suffer under the power and tyranny of war, and although we submit to and adore thy justice in our sufferings, yet be pleased to pity our misery, to hear our complaints, and to provide us of remedy against our present calamities; let not the defenders of a righteous cause go away ashamed, nor our counsels be forever confounded, nor our parties defeated, nor religion suppressed, nor learning discontinued, and we be spoiled of all the exterior ornaments, instruments, and advantages of piety, which thou hast been pleased formerly to minister to our infirmities, for the interests of learning and religion. Amen.



From Temple Bar.

### SHOT IN THE BACK.

*To Mr. Godfrey, Rector of Harston, Devonshire.*

WHEN you came to me yesterday, sir, to tell me that the doctor says I have got my route, you were sure that I had something on my mind, and urged me to confess to you what it was. I would not do so at the time, but have thought the matter over, as I promised, and have come to the conclusion that you are one of the right sort, without any nasal twang or humbug about you, and that you would not have said what you did out of curiosity, far less for the purpose of betraying a poor fellow, but because you know that I shall die easier if I make a clean breast of it. You need not have been so cautious about giving me your message, though. Every bullet has its billet; and a man does not lie down to sleep, sit down to eat, day after day, week after week, with death hurtling and whistling about him without a moment's pause, as I have done, without getting familiarized with it; besides, when I got my pension, I heard one surgeon say to the other, "He will not draw it long, poor fellow!" And, indeed, any one might guess that a bullet through the lungs would not improve the constitution. Still, I had sooner die in my bed than on the gallows; and so I have kept my secret to myself hitherto. However, as the end is so near, and since you, sir, urge it so much, I will trust to your honor not to mention a word of the matter until I am beyond the reach of human justice, and will write down an account of what I have done. I prefer this to telling it you, because, if you are to have any part of the story, I wish you to know the whole, else you would not be able to judge me fairly; and this murdering cough stops me if I try to talk for five minutes together.

Well, then, I have killed a man,—murdered him, I suppose you will say; and since you have sat and talked with me so often during the last year and a half that I have been in this pretty village, I begin to think that is the right name to give the business, though before that I always flattered myself that I was not without justification. But the story is the story of my life.

My real name I will not mention, as I have relations in a better class of life than myself, who would be ashamed of me; however, the

name of Thomas Brown, which I enlisted under twenty years ago, and have borne ever since, is not mine. My father was a Suffolk farmer, as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had been before him for I don't know how long, generation after generation, renting the same acres, and living in the same old house, with its flat roof, walls a yard and a half thick, and moat surrounding it, and its little flower-garden. Branches of the family had at different times gone out into the world, some of whom rose high in the various professions,—Parliament, and so forth; but there was always one member a tenant of that same farm, till at last, as I said, it came to my father. He had two children,—myself, and my sister Annie, who was a year younger than I was; and as we lost our mother while very young, we were thrown on each other almost entirely for company; and I loved her more than brothers often do their sisters, I think, for I was so fond of her it seemed just like selfishness. You see, we were never separated. I have not got a single childish reminiscence unconnected with my sister. The bond between us got no weaker as we imperceptibly grew up, and we took—I to the farming, she to the dairy and general housekeeping. Of course, when I was about twenty, I had a sweetheart; but that made no difference, for Annie was fond of her too, and liked to hear me talk about her. She had no lover of her own; for though many young farmers in the neighborhood tried to make up to her, she did not think them good enough; and the only young fellow who seemed to hit her fancy was a Mr. Ashley, a friend of our landlord, who used to come down into those parts for the shooting. He was a boy of about fifteen when I first remember seeing him, and then he came to our house to lunch, and my father went with him over the farm to show him where the game lay. He returned every year after this, and always called on us when he shot over that part of the estate, and seemed very fond of chatting with Annie. I did not quite like it: he was so polite and attentive, and she seemed so taken with him; but I could not say anything, as he was quite respectful, and my father did not see any harm. And yet I began to hate the sight of the gentleman.

When I was twenty-two, my father died, and I took on the farm, Annie keeping house



for me till I should be married, which was not to be for a couple of years, my sweet-heart being a good deal younger than I was, and her parents not wishing her to marry until I had proved that I could manage the farm. I was content to wait, with a sister I was so fond of to make a home for me; and after we had recovered from the shock of our father's death, all went on happily enough till the shooting season came round, and with it Mr. Ashley, who was now always beating over our farm, and whom I suspected of prowling about the house while I was away; for Annie became nervous and absent, and often had a forced manner about her when I came in of an evening. At the end of October, however, he left the country, and during the following winter I forgot all about him, and was happy. Ah! that was the last happy—I have had plenty of *merry* ones—the last *happy* Christmas I have ever spent.

One afternoon in the following May, I had started off on horseback for the town, intending to spend the evening with the family of the girl I was courting; but happening to meet a neighboring farmer, who wanted to see some very fine barley I had for seed, I rode back for a sample of it. The house was, as I said, an old-fashioned building, surrounded by a moat, and was situated at some little distance from the farmyard, from which it was hidden by a copse, so that my return to the stables was unnoticed. Being in a hurry, I did not call for any one to hold my horse, but dismounted, threw my reins on to a hook in the stable-wall, and walked up to the house. As I passed the bridge crossing the moat, I saw a woman's dress through the shrubbery of the little garden, and, looking after it, perceived that it was my sister, walking with a man. Thinking that perhaps some one had called whom I might wish to see, I struck into the same path, and soon came up with them. Annie's companion was sauntering along with his arm round her waist, his head bent over her, talking low; in another moment they stopped, and their lips met. At the sound of my footsteps they sprang asunder, and I was face to face with Mr. Ashley. He was rather disconcerted at first, but soon recovered himself, and said, "Ah! how are you? You did not expect to see me, eh? I am staying in this neighborhood, and thought I would just look you up. How are the young birds getting on?"

"Annie!" said I, "you had better go in;" and she went towards the house, her face hidden in her hands, taking no notice of Ashley, who called after her, "Don't go, Annie; what right has your brother over you? Do you know," he added to me, as she disappeared, "your manner is very offensive?"

"One word," I answered. "Are you here as my sister's accepted lover?"

"That is rather a delicate question;" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, no evasion," said I. "Are you going to take my sister for your lawful wife?—yes, or no?"

He looked me full in the face, and burst into a sneering laugh, which made my temples throb again with passion, as he replied, "Well, upon my word; I have heard that you and your family thought no small beer of yourselves; but I did not think you would carry conceit so far as that, either!"

"Rascal!"

"Come, hands off!"—I had seized him by the collar. "It is a mere question of damages; how much—"

He did not complete the sentence; for, unable to contain myself any longer, I struck him with the hunting-whip I held in my hand, double-thonged. Do you think, sir, that a man in a very violent rage is possessed with a devil? I have often fancied that I was at that time; my eyes swam, my brain reeled, my right arm seemed somehow to swing independently of my will as I went on flogging him. He swore, threatened, entreated, grovelled before me,—oh, how delicious *that was!*—and still I lashed on, till his clothes were cut to ribbons. Once, in the strength of his pain, he tore himself from my grasp, and sprang at me; but I knocked him down with my fist, and he lay faint and motionless. Then a feeling of shame came over me at beating one who was helpless in my hands so mercilessly; and I threw cold water over his face, helped him to his dog-cart, which was waiting for him in a lane skirting the farm, and slunk home like a criminal. There was one comfort,—such a thrashing would probably keep the young puppy off for the future; but still, I need not have gone so far.

When I reached the house, I found Annie in hysterics—crying, very low. I did what I could to rouse her, and showed her that



Ashley was a rascal, whom she was not to think about any more; but that only made her worse, so I left her alone, thinking she would come round in a day or two. But time passed, and her melancholy increased. It is a dreadful thing, sir, to see the face of one you love getting thin and pale and careworn, and not to know what to do to help her; for I could not understand it. That she should have taken a fancy to this fellow was perhaps natural, but that she should not have spirit enough to fight against a love which was an insult to her pride, was what I could not imagine.

I never guessed the truth till it was thrust upon me. You will understand what I mean when I say that, had I known it a couple of months earlier, I should not have horsewhipped Ashley,—I should have cut his throat.

I was nearly mad with shame and wounded pride. Stopping in the old farm was out of the question; to meet any of those people over whom we had held ourselves so high, would have been insufferable torture. I never again communicated with one of them, except the girl I was engaged to, and I wrote her a farewell letter, lest the breaking-off of the match should come from her side, and not from mine. Perhaps I was hasty: perhaps she would have married me, in spite of all, and I have sacrificed my life to Pride. Well, if so, I am not the first who has done that, and shall not, I reckon, be the last.

I took my sister away to London, by night, and settling in a small lodging there, proceeded to dispose by agent of the remainder of my lease, together with the stock, etc., of the farm; and this brought us enough to live on for the present. Though I did not desert my sister, I fear that my manner towards her was cold and harsh, especially when I was half drunk, which was often the case now; for I found that spirits made me feel as if I did not care; and on one occasion, when she lost her baby, I told her—God forgive me!—that it was a good job. She never forgave me for that, and one day she answered me back when I spoke crossly to her, and I saw that she had discovered and had recourse to my remedy for the blue-devils. After this, we had several quarrels, and—enough, enough—she grew weary and left me. Utterly unsettled and reckless, I too went to the bad, and when all my money

was drunk out, enlisted. Being a smart young fellow, and pretty well educated, I soon got made lance-corporal, corporal, lance-sergeant, sergeant; for though I never lost the propensity for drink which I got while in London, I was not so infatuated as to be unable to restrain my appetite when it could not be indulged with safety. For the rest, a soldier's life suited me well enough, though it was not so stirring at that time as I should have liked; still, there was a good deal of change of scene, moving about as we did from place to place, and country to country; and as time went on I thought less of what had passed, until the year 18—, when we were ordered out to Canada, and my captain, who had been living beyond his means, exchanged into a regiment going to India.

We were on parade at Plymouth, and I had just finished calling over the names of my company, when my new captain came up, and I faced and saluted him. It was Ashley! He turned deadly pale on recognizing me, and an expression of intense hate passed over his eyes and mouth; but he soon recovered himself, and neither then, nor afterwards, with the exception of one occasion, did he ever utter a word of reference to the past.

But after a few weeks had passed, I saw that he was *spiting* me; for though I had hitherto got on well enough under an officer who saw that I knew my duty, and did it well as a whole, still a man given to pleasure and jollity as I was could not avoid a few slips, and of these my new captain took advantage with devilish ingenuity; so that I, who until now had borne as good a character as any non-commissioned officer in the regiment, was always in hot water, and began to be looked upon as a man who was going wrong. This was the more marked, because a sergeant in my company, named Smith, who had struck up a great friendship with me, who shared all my scrapes, and led me into the most serious of them, was a special favorite of Captain Ashley and never came in for a reprimand. It was safe to be a losing game for the inferior, this match between master and man; but still it was upwards of a year before I made a fatal error.

It was one night in Halifax, when the weather was very cold, the fire bright, the



grog hot, good, and plenty of it, the company jolly, and no prospect of duty, that I forgot my usual caution, and got regularly drunk. The news was taken to my enemy, who did not let such an opportunity slip. On some pretext, he sent for me to the mess-room, where the colonel and all the officers were assembled after dinner; and the night-air made me so helpless, that I disgraced myself, got put under arrest, tried by court-martial, and reduced to the ranks. I was now delivered over, bound hand and foot, as it were, to my enemy; for Sergeant Smith, who had before appeared to be my friend, turned openly against me, and played into his officer's hands: and you may imagine what chance a private has with his sergeant and captain plotting his ruin. Why, if I had been white, they would have found some way of painting me black; but white was not my color, and it got less so than ever now that I grew reckless, and indulged myself in drink whenever I could get the opportunity, so that my name was perpetually in the defaulter's book; and when I was had up in the orderly-room before the colonel, the sergeant-major introduced me with, "Brown again, sir!" and the good old colonel used to shake his head and say, "Ah, drink, drink, that bane of the British soldier!" mistaking an effect for a cause. Not but what he was right enough in the main; English soldiers have perhaps a greater tendency to get drunk than any other class of men, except sailors, and this must be so as long as the natural reaction towards license from strict discipline is sharpened and directed by the craving in the stomach caused by insufficient food. If you were to go round a barrack-room at the dinner-hour, sir, you would see set out for each man a mess of weak broth, with a few potatoes, and a bit of sodden meat about the size of your thumb in it,—a better dinner than many a poor fellow who has been driven to enlist by want has been used to, it is true, but still not enough to silence a voice inside him which keeps calling out "Give, give;" for military exercises, taking place in the open air, and expressly calculated to bring all the muscles into healthy play, have a wonderful effect upon the appetite, I assure you. Suppose, sir, a party of gentlemen, dining together, were told, when they had done their soup and fish, that there was nothing else

coming, they would find an extra glass of sherry very comforting, and yet they have probably had a good meat lunch or breakfast, perhaps both. I say this, however, for others, not for myself, who took my dram for mental, not physical relief.

There was a man in our regiment named Harrison, a wild, devil-may-care sort of fellow, but shrewd and well educated, for he had been a medical student at one time; and as he and I were of a better class, and had more conversation than others, we were a good deal together. This man asked me to take a walk with him one afternoon, and when we were quite alone, turned round upon me, and said abruptly, "Brown, what have you done to Captain Ashley?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you know that I acted as his servant last week, while Jones was in hospital. On Saturday afternoon, when the captain was out, I went up to his barrack-room to see if he wanted anything."

"While he was out?"

"Hum! I also thought I might see if there was a spare drop of anything to be got at easy, and while I was looking in the cupboard I heard footsteps outside the door, and had just time to slip into the bedroom, when Captain Ashley and Sergeant Smith entered, and began talking about you. I did not catch all that was said, but I heard the captain say this distinctly, 'Well, then, Smith, it is agreed; you shall have a hundred pounds down on the day Brown is seized up at the triangles.' And soon after they went away, without discovering me. Now, I ask, what have you done to him?"

"I had a quarrel with him, years ago, before I enlisted, and I gave him a thrashing," I replied.

"Whew! He has made up his mind to have his revenge, and he will, too, if you don't take care; what do you intend to do?"

"I don't know; take my chance, I suppose."

"Better take a trip to the States."

"I have thought of that, too, only I hate deserting my colors."

"Nonsense! I am going, and want a companion. Come with me."

We were quartered just then within a hundred miles of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and desertions were frequent, and generally success-



ful. The temptation was great, and I soon made up my mind. Directly we could raise the money, we bought second-hand laborers' clothes, which we hid in a wood lying outside the town; and when all our preparations were complete, we set out one moonless night, sealed the barrack-wall, disinterred our disguises, buried our uniforms, and started for the land where we hoped to find freedom and fortune. We walked all that night, all the next day; then, after a few hours' sleep, on again, meeting with no interruption till we were close upon safety, and then we were stopped. Whether it was bad luck, whether the many desertions which had taken place had caused excessive watchfulness, or whether in the perpetual close observance of all my movements by Captain Ashley's spies my intentions had been discovered, I know not; but just as we came in sight of the haven of our hopes, a picket came down upon us. We fought all we could; but in a minute poor Harrison had impaled himself on a bayonet, and I was overpowered and a prisoner. I was carried back to my regiment, and after a short time was once more tried by court-martial; and now I thought seriously of laying before the court what had happened between Captain Ashley and myself, how that officer had hunted me down, and the conversation overheard by Harrison between him and Sergeant Smith; but if I did that, my real name, my sister's shame, must all be made public, and I shrank from such an exposure. So I held my tongue, and was sentenced to be flogged. I hear that this punishment is falling by degrees into disuse, and that it must, after awhile, be abolished; the sooner the better, for it is a mistake. The principal value of a soldier lies in his courage, and you cannot rule him by physical fear without damping that quality, which, on the contrary, is cultivated by acting on his natural desire to be thought well of by his companions. Living in fear of the lash would spoil any man's courage, if the effect were not counteracted by the greater fear of being thought a coward; and if you could only establish in a regiment a feeling that insubordination or neglect of duty was as disgraceful as lack of coolness under fire, English soldiers would become as manageable in barracks as in the field. Indeed, many experienced officers uphold corporal punishment on the principle that it attaches

a stigma to the man who suffers it, and so to the offence which he has committed; and there is something in this, only the evils of the practice are greater than the advantages. Certainly the shame is excessive, even for the man whose sensibilities have from childhood been blunted by the apathetic ignorance of the country, or degraded by the vice of the metropolis; imagine what it was for me. But you cannot; I could not myself; for if I had had any idea beforehand of the unutterable shame I felt on being led out into that square of gazing fellow-creatures,—on having to strip myself,—on being tied up to the triangle,—I should have committed suicide. But the thought had come too late, and all I had to do was to strive with all my soul, with all my might, to let no cry or contortion increase the piquancy of my enemy's triumph. To this end, I set my teeth close, and tightened every nerve, as I heard the cat whistling through the air; but it was all I could do to help screaming when it cut into the flesh. I had expected pain, but had not any idea there was an agony in the world like this. It was as if the devil had set his claw upon my back, and was tightening his grasp, until his scorching talons penetrated my very entrails. But I conquered,—not a cry escaped me; and after the first three dozen my flesh became numb, and my task of endurance more possible.

But in that furnace of agony I moulded a purpose, the aim of my after-life; and when at last I was cast off, I turned to where he stood, saluted him, and said, "Captain Ashley, thank you, sir!" and he turned as pale as a sheet.

About a week afterwards Captain Ashley visited the hospital where I lay, and as he passed my bed he stooped down, and said in a low tone, "Whipping for whipping, Private Brown."

"Yes, sir," I answered; "it is your game this time. I wonder if I shall ever have another chance?" And those were the first words alluding to past events we had ever exchanged, the last we ever spoke to each other at all.

When I got well, and returned to my duty, my conduct was quite changed; never was there such a wonderful instance of the effect of corporal punishment. I became a reformed man, winning golden opinions from my officers,—for I was removed to another



company; sober, attentive, with a particular turn for musketry-practice, which caused me to become the best shot in the regiment.

I might often have killed him; I might have sent my ramrod through him at a review, or even have stepped out of the ranks and bayoneted him on parade; but then I should have been punished for the act, which would have given him the last blow, and made my revenge very imperfect: so, with the aid of temperance, I resisted a thousand temptations, and bided my time. It was long in coming, and I began to grow moody and uncompanionable, when an event occurred which acted on my spirits like rum.

The Russian war broke out!

For the next few months I led the life of a gambler watching the chances; I feared lest my enemy should show the white feather, and leave the army, or get a staff-appointment, and quit the regiment. Then reports were rife that peace would be established without a battle being fought, or that the war would be settled by the navy. But all these fears were unfounded; Captain Ashley remained within my reach, and we landed in the Crimea.

The morning of Alma broke, and now I had only one fear left: I dreaded lest a Russian bullet should rob me of my prey; his death was nothing if he did not meet it at my hands. I have often thought since, that it was strange that I did not relent when I found myself fighting on the same side as himself against a common enemy; strange that I, who had been piously brought up, felt no fear at meeting death face to face with my heart full of revenge: but so it was—the

courage with which he led on his company struck me with no admiration; the probability of my being myself hit never occurred to me. Vengeance for my sister, vengeance for myself; to that eager yearning the destinies of nations, the lives of thousands, the fate of my comrades, were but accessory and immaterial. I was glad when the shells, bursting over our regiment as it waded through the brook, threw it into confusion; for confusion was what I wanted. I cheered for joy when the line, broken into a mob by grape, surged back from the Russian batteries; for then I found my opportunity. Through all the fire, smoke, blood, and confusion, I had never lost sight of *him*, and I rejoiced to see that he was still uninjured, as I raised my musket, and carefully sighted him between the shoulders. I pressed the trigger: he threw up his arms, and fell on his face—dead.

I ought to have felt remorse when the deed was done, I suppose, but I did not. That day and afterwards I shot many an inoffensive Russian in the public quarrel, and one life seemed a small matter on my own private account. Even now that I wish to repent and forgive, I do not feel remorse. No one suspected me; on the contrary, I gained great credit for my behavior that day, and at Inkermann, where I was wounded. The cloud of my life seemed to have passed away now that my enemy was dead, and I once more rose to be sergeant. When the war was over, we went to India, and there I got a ball through the lungs, was invalided, pensioned, and here I am, dying in my bed, not at the end of a rope.

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*Through Life and for Life; a Story of Discipline.*  
By D. Richmond. Routledge and Co.

HOWEVER willing we may be to find sermons in stones and good in everything, we protest against being beguiled into the acceptance of a volume of tracts under the guise of an imaginative story. If it be really necessary to "tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet," in order to deceive the rebellious palate of a sick and fretful child, it would still be as well to be certain that neither the medicine nor its mask was inappropriate to the disease. It is certainly a violent remedy for an ordinary degree of female vanity, combined with no extraordinary amount

of feminine duplicity, that the poor girl should be continually preached at, then lose her lover because she accompanied her godmother to a Volunteer ball, and finally burst a bloodvessel and die penitent—and all this because she once went to a review with a few rosebuds in her bonnet, though aware that her puritanical aunt had an unreasoning dislike to ornaments of any kind. Nor do we object to the physic alone—the "juices sweet" positively set one's teeth on edge. Let a sermon be a sermon, and a fiction a fiction, but a confused medley of things sacred and profane is unseemly and irreverent.—*Speculator*.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
TO ESTHER.

THE first time that I ever knew you, was at Rome one winter's evening. I had walked through the silent streets—I see them now—dark with black shadows, lighted by the blazing stars overhead and by the lamps dimly flickering before the shrines at street corners. After crossing the Spanish-place I remember turning into a narrow alley and coming presently to a great black archway, which led to a glimmering court. A figure of the Virgin stood with outstretched arms above the door of your house, and the light burning at her feet dimly played upon the stone, worn and stained, of which the walls were built. Through the archway came a glimpse of the night sky above the courtyard, shining wonderfully with splendid stars; and I also caught the plashing sound of a fountain flowing in the darkness. I groped my way up the broad stone staircase, only lighted by the friendly star-shine, stumbling and knocking my shins against those ancient steps, up which two centuries of men and women had clambered; and at last, ringing at a curtained door, I found myself in a hall, and presently ushered through a dining-room, where the cloth was laid, and announced at the drawing-room door as Smith.

It was a long room with many windows, and cabinets and tables along the wall, with a tall carved mantel-piece, at which you were standing, and a Pompeian lamp burning on a table near you. Would you care to hear what manner of woman I saw; what impression I got from you as we met for the first time together? In after days, light, mood, circumstance, may modify this first image more or less, but the germ of life is in it—the identical presence—and I fancy it is rarely improved by keeping, by painting up, with love, or dislike, or long use, or weariness, as the case may be. Be this as it may, I think I knew you as well after the first five minutes' acquaintance as I do now. I saw an ugly woman, whose looks I liked somehow; thick brows, sallow face, a tall and straight-made figure, honest eyes that had no particular merit besides, dark hair, and a pleasant, cordial smile. And somehow, as I looked at you and heard you talk, I seemed to be aware of a frank spirit, uncertain, blind, wayward, tender, under this some-

what stern exterior; and so, I repeat, I liked you, and, making a bow, I said I was afraid I was before my time.

"I'm afraid it is my father who is after his," you said. "Mr. Halbert is coming, and he, too, is often late;" and so we went on talking for about ten minutes.

Yours is a kindly manner, a sad-toned voice; I know not if your life has been a happy one; you are well-disposed towards every soul you come across; you love to be loved, and try with a sweet artless art to win and charm over each man or woman that you meet. I saw that you liked me, that you felt at your ease with me, that you held me not quite your equal, and might perhaps laugh at, as well as with, me. But I did not care. My aim in life, Heaven knows, has not been to domineer, to lay down the law, and triumph over others, least of all over those I like.

The colonel arrived presently, with his white hair trimly brushed and his white neckcloth neatly tied. He greeted me with great friendliness and cordiality. You have got his charm of manner; but with you, my dear, it is not manner only, for there is loyalty and heartiness shining in your face, and sincerity ringing in every tone of your voice. All this you must have inherited from your mother, if such things are an inheritance. As for the colonel, your father, if I mistake not, he is a little shrivelled-up old gentleman, with a machine inside to keep him going, and outside a well-cut coat and a well-bred air and knowledge of the world to get on through life with. Not a very large capital to go upon. However, this is not the way to speak to a young lady about her father; and besides it is you, and not he, in whom I take the interest which prompts these maudlin pages.

Mr. Halbert and little Latham, the artist, were the only other guests. You did not look round when Halbert was announced, but went on speaking to Latham, with a strange flush in your face; until Halbert had, with great *empressement*, made his way through the chairs and tables, and had greeted, rather than been greeted by, you, as I and Latham were.

So thinks I to myself, concerning certain vague notions I had already begun to entertain, I am rather late in the field, and the city is taken and has already hoisted the



conqueror's colors. Perhaps those red flags might have been mine had I come a little sooner; who knows? "*De tout laurier un poison est l'essence*," says the Frenchman; and my brows may be as well unwreathed.

"I came up-stairs with the dinner," Mr. Halbert was saying. "It re-assured me as to my punctuality. I rather pique myself on my punctuality, colonel."

"And I'm afraid I have been accusing you of being always late," you said, as if it were a confession.

"Have you thought so, Miss Olliver?" cried Halbert.

"Dinner, sir," said Baker, opening the door.

All dinner-time Halbert, who has very high spirits, talked and laughed without ceasing. You, too, laughed, listened, looked very happy, and got up with a smile at last, leaving us to drink our wine. The colonel presently proposed cigars.

"In that case I shall go and talk to your daughter in the drawing-room," Halbert said. "I'm promised to Lady Parker's to-night; it would never do to go there smelling all over of smoke. I must be off in half an hour," he added, looking at his watch.

I, too, had been asked, and was rather surprised that he should be in such a desperate hurry to get there. Talking to Miss Olliver in the next room, I could very well understand; but leaving her to rush off to Lady Parker's immediately, did not accord with the little theories I had been laying down. Could I have been mistaken? In this case it seemed to me this would be the very woman to suit me—(you see I am speaking without any reserve, and simply describing the abrupt little events as they occurred)—and I thought, who knows that there may not be a chance for me yet? But, by the time my cigar had crumbled into smoke and ashes, it struck me that my little castle had also wreathed away and vanished. Going into the drawing-room, where the lamps were swinging in the dimness, and the night without streaming in through the uncurtained windows, we found you in your white dress, sitting alone at one of them. Mr. Halbert was gone, you said; he went out by the other door. And then you were silent again, staring out at the stars with dreamy eyes. The colonel rang for tea, and chirped away very pleasantly to Latham by the fire.

I looked at you now and then, and could not help surprising your thoughts somehow, and knowing that I had not been mistaken after all. There you sat, making simple schemes of future happiness; you could not, would not, look beyond the present. You were very calm, happy, full of peaceful reliance. Your world was alight with shining stars, great big shining meteors, all flaring up as they usually do before going out with a splutter at the end of the entertainment. People who are in love I have always found very much alike; and now, having settled that you belonged to that crack-brained community, it was not difficult to guess at what was going on in your mind.

I, too, as I have said, had been favored with a card for Lady Parker's rout; and as you were so absent and ill-inclined to talk, and the colonel was anxious to go off and play whist at his club, I thought I might as well follow in Halbert's traces, and gratify any little curiosity I might feel as to his behavior and way of going on in your absence. I found that Latham was also going to her ladyship's. As we went down-stairs together Latham said, "It was too bad of Halbert to break up the party and go off at that absurd hour. I didn't say I was going, because I thought his rudeness might strike them."

"But surely," said I, "Mr. Halbert seems at home there, and may come and go as he likes." Latham shrugged his shoulders. "I like the girl; I hope she is not taken in by him. He has been very thick all the winter in other quarters. Lady Parker's niece, Lady Fanny Fareham, was going to marry him, they said; but I know very little of him. He is much too great a swell to be on intimate terms with a disreputable little painter like myself. What a night it is!" As he spoke we came out into the street again, our shadows falling on the stones; the Virgin overhead still watching, the lamp burning faithfully, the solemn night waning on. Lady Parker had lodgings in the Corso. I felt almost ashamed of stepping from the great entertainment without into the close racketing little tea-party that was clattering on within. We came in, in the middle of a jangling tune, the company spinning round and round. Halbert, twirling like a Dervish, was almost the first person I saw; he was flushed, and looked exceedingly handsome, and his tall shoulders overtopped most of



the other heads. As I watched him I thought-with great complacency that if any woman cared for me, it would not be for my looks. No! no! what are mere good looks compared to those mental qualities which, etc., etc. Presently, not feeling quite easy in my mind about these said mental qualities, I again observed that it was still better to be liked for one's self than for one's mental qualities; by which time I turned my attention once more to Mr. Halbert. The youth was devoting himself most assiduously to a very beautiful, oldish young lady, in a green gauzy dress; and I now, with a mixture of satisfaction and vexation, recognized the very same looks and tones which had misled me at dinner.

I left him still at it and walked home, wondering at the great law of natural equality which seems to level all mankind to one standard, notwithstanding all those artificial ones which we ourselves have raised. Here was a successful youth, with good looks and good wits and position and fortune; and here was I, certainly no wonder, insignificant and plain and poor, and of commonplace intelligence, and as well satisfied with my own possessions, such as they were, as he, Halbert, could be with the treasures a prodigal fortune had showered upon him. Here was I, judging him, and taking his measure as accurately as he could take mine, were it worth his while to do so. Here was I, walking home under the stars, while he was flirting and whispering with Lady Fanny, and both our nights sped on. Constellations sinking slowly, the day approaching through the awful realms of space, hours waning, life going by for us both alike: both of us men waiting together amidst these awful surroundings.

You and I met often after this first meeting—in churches where tapers were lighting and heavy censers swinging—on the Pincio, in the narrow, deep-colored streets: it was not always chance only which brought me so constantly into your presence. You yourself were the chance, at least, and I, the blind follower of fortune.

All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces, with glinting shadows, with honeysuckle clambering in desolate

luxuriance; roses flowering and fading and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains plash in their basins, statues of fawns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress-trees and cedars, with the sunset showing through their stems. At home, I lead a very busy, anxious life: the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those mouldering pontiffs, whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men. Taking a long walk out of Rome one day, I came to the gates of one of these gardens. I remember seeing a carriage waiting in the shade of some cedar-trees; hard by, horses with drooping heads, and servants smoking as they waited. This was no uncommon sight; the English are forever on their rounds; but somehow, on this occasion, I thought I recognized one of the men, and instead of passing by, as had been my intention, I turned in at the half-opened gate, which the angels with the flaming swords had left unguarded and unlocked for once, and, after a few minutes' walk, I came upon the Eve I looked for.

You were sitting on some time-worn steps; you wore a green silk dress, and your brown hair, with the red tints in it, was all ablaze with the light. You looked very unhappy, I thought: got up with an effort, and smiled a pitiful smile.

"Are you come here for a little quiet?" I asked. "I am not going to disturb you."

"I came here for pleasure, not quiet," you said, "with papa and some friends. I was tired, so they walked on and left me."

"That is the way with one's friends," said L. "Who are the culprits, Miss Olliver?"

"I am the only culprit," you said, grimly. "Lady Fanny and Mr. Halbert came with us to-day. Look, there they are at the end of that alley."

And as you spoke, you raised one hand and pointed, and I made up my mind. It was a very long alley. The figures in the distance were advancing very slowly. When they reach that little temple, thought I, I will tell her what I think.

This was by no means so sudden a determination as it may appear to you, reading



over these pages. It seems a singular reason to give; but I really think it was your hopeless fancy for that rosy youth which touched me and interested me so. I know I used to carry home sad words, spoken not to me, and glances that thrilled me with love, pity, and sympathy. What I said was, as you know, very simple and to the purpose. I knew quite well your fancy was elsewhere; mine was with you, perhaps as hopelessly placed. I didn't exactly see what good this confession was to do either of us, only, there I was, ready to spend my life at your service.

When I had spoken there was a silent moment, and then you glowed up—your eyes melted, your mouth quivered. "Oh, what can I say? Oh, I am so lonely. Oh, I have not one friend in the world; and now, suddenly, a helping hand is held out, and I can't—I *can't* push it away. Oh, don't despise. Oh, forgive me."

Despise! scorn! . . . . Poor child! I only liked you the more for your plaintive appeal; though I wondered at it.

"Take your time," I said; "I can wait, and I shall not fly away. Call me when you want me; send me away when I weary you. Here is your father; shall I speak to him? But no. Remember there is no single link between us, except what you yourself hold in your own hands."

Here your father and Halbert and Lady Fanny came up. "Well, Esther, are you rested?" says the colonel cheerfully. "Why, how do you do (to me)? What have you been talking about so busily?"

You did not answer, but fixed your eyes on your father's face. I said something; I forget what. Halbert, looking interested, turned from one to the other. Lady Fanny, who held a fragrant heap of roses, shook a few petals to the ground, where they lay glowing after we had all walked away.

If you remember, I did not go near you for a day or two after this. But I wrote you a letter, in which I repeated that you were entirely free to use me as you liked: marry me—make a friend of me—I was in your hands. One day, at last, I called; and I shall never forget the sweetness and friendly gratefulness with which you received me. A solitary man, dying of lonely thirst, you meet me with a cup of sparkling water: a weary watcher through the night—suddenly I see the dawn streaking the bright horizon.

Those were very pleasant times. I remember now, one afternoon in early spring, open windows, sounds coming in from the city, the drone of the *pfifferari* buzzing drowsily in the sultry streets. You sat at your window in some light-colored dress, laughing now and then, and talking your tender little talk. The colonel, from behind *The Times*, joined in now and again: the pleasant half-hours slid by. We were still basking there, when Halbert was announced, and came in, looking very tall and handsome. The bagpipes droned on, the flies sailed in and out on the sunshine; you still sat tranquilly at the open casement; but somehow the golden atmosphere of the hour was gone. Your smiles were gone; your words were silenced; and that happy little hour was over forever.

When I got up to come away Halbert rose too: he came down-stairs with me, and suddenly, looking me full in the face, said, "When is it to be?"

"You know much more about it than I do," I answered.

"You don't mean to say that you are not very much smitten with Miss Esther?" said he.

"Certainly I am," said I; "I should be ready enough to marry her, if that is what you mean. I dare say I sha'n't get her. She is to me the most sympathetic woman I have ever known. You are too young, Mr. Halbert, to understand and feel her worth. Don't be offended," I added, seeing him flush up. "You young fellows can't be expected to see with the same eyes as we old ones. You will think as I do in another ten years."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Isn't it the way with all of us," said I; "we begin by liking universally; as we go on we pick and choose, and weary of things which had only the charm of novelty to recommend them; only as our life narrows we cling more and more to the good things which remain, and feel their value ten times more keenly? And surely, a sweet, honest-hearted young woman like Esther Olliver is a good thing."

"She is very nice," Halbert said. "She has such good manners. I have had more experience than you give me credit for, and I am very much of your way of thinking. They say that old courtly colonel is dread-



fully harsh to her—wants to marry her, and get her off his hands. I assure you you have a very good chance.”

“I mistrust that old colonel,” said I, dictatorially; “as I trust his daughter. Somehow she and I chime in tune together;” and, as I spoke, I began to understand why you once said wofully, that you had not one friend in the world; and my thoughts wandered away to the garden where I had found you waiting on the steps of the terrace.

“What do you say to the ‘*Elisire d’Amore*’ Lady Fanny and I have been performing lately?” Halbert was saying meanwhile, very confidentially. “Sometimes I cannot help fancying that the colonel wants to take a part in the performance, and a cracked old tenor part, too. In that case I shall cry off, and give up my engagements.” And then, nodding good-by, he left me.

I met him again in the Babuino a day or two after. He came straight up to me, saying, “Going to the Ollivers’, eh? Will you take a message for me, and tell the colonel I mean to look in there this evening. That old fox the colonel—you have heard that he *is* actually going to marry Lady Fanny. She told me so herself, yesterday.”

“I think her choice is a prudent one,” I answered, somewhat surprised. “I suppose Colonel Olliver is three times as rich as yourself? You must expect a woman of thirty to be prudent. I am not fond of that virtue in very young people, but it is not unbecoming with years.”

Halbert flushed up. “I suppose from that you mean she was very near marrying me. I’m not sorry she has taken up with the colonel after all. You see, my mother was always writing, and my sisters at home; and they used to tell me . . . and I myself thought she——, you know what I mean. But, of course, they have been re-assured on that point.”

“Do you mean to say,” I asked, in a great panic, “that you would marry any woman who happened to fall in love with you?”

“I don’t know what I might have done a year ago,” said he, laughing; “but just now, you see, I have had a warning, and besides it is my turn to make the advances.”

I was immensely relieved at this, for I didn’t know what I was not going to say.

Here, as we turned a street corner, we

came upon a black-robed monk, standing, veiled and motionless, with a skull in one bony hand. This cheerful object changed the current of our talk, and we parted presently at a fountain. Women with black twists of hair were standing round about, waiting in grand, careless attitudes, while the limpid water flowed.

When I reached your door, I found the carriage waiting, and you and your father under the archway. “Come with us,” said he, and I gladly accepted. And so we drove out at one of the gates of the city, out into the Campagna, over which melting waves of color were rolling. Here and there we passed ancient ruins crumbling in the sun; the roadsides streamed with color and fragrance from violets and anemones and sweet-smelling flowers. After some time we came suddenly to some green hills, and leaving the carriage climbed up the sides. Then we found ourselves looking down into a green glowing valley, with an intense heaven above all melting into light. You, with a little transient gasp of happiness, fell down kneeling in the grass. I shall always see the picture I had before me then—the light figure against the bright green, the black hat, and long falling feather; the eager face looking out at the world. May it be forever green and pleasant to you as it was then, O eager face!

As we were parting in the twilight, I suddenly remembered to give Halbert’s message. It did not greatly affect your father; but how was it? Was it because I knew you so well that I instinctively guessed you were moved by it? When I shook hands with you and said good-night, your hand trembled in mine.

“Wont you look in too?” said the colonel.

But I shook my head. “Not to-night—no, thank you.” And so we parted.

My lodgings were in the Gregoriana; the windows looked out over gardens and cupolas; from one of them I could see the Pincio. From that one, next morning, as I sat drinking my coffee, I suddenly saw you, walking slowly along by the parapet, with your dog running by your side. You went to one of those outlying terraces which flank the road, and leaning over the stone-work looked out at the great panorama lying at your feet:—Rome, with her purple mantle of mist, regally spreading, her towers, her domes, and great St. Peter’s rising over the house-tops,



her seven hills changing and deepening with noblest color, her golden crown of sunlight streaming and melting with the mist. Somehow I, too, saw all this presently when I reached the place where you were still standing.

And now I have almost come to the end of my story, that is, of those few days of my life of which you, Esther, were the story. You stood there waiting, and I hastened towards you, and fate (I fancied you were my Fate) went on its course quite unmoved by my hopes or your fears. I thought that you looked almost handsome for once. You certainly seemed more happy. Your face flushed and faded, your eyes brightened and darkened. As you turned and saw me, a radiant quiver, a piteous smile came to greet me somewhat strangely. You seemed trying to speak, but the words died away on your lips—to keep silence, at least, but the faltering accents broke forth.

“What is it, my dear?” said I at last, with a queer sinking of the heart, and I held out my hand.

You caught it softly between both yours. “Oh!” you said, with sparkling eyes, “I am a mean, wretched girl—oh! don’t think too ill of me. He, Mr. Halbert, came to see me last night, and—and, he says . . . Oh! I don’t deserve it. Oh! forgive me, for I am so happy;” and you burst into tears. “You have been so good to me,” you whispered on. “I hardly know how good. He says he only thought of me when you spoke of me

to him, when—when he saw you did not dislike me. I am behaving shamefully—yes, shamefully, but it is because I know you are too kind not to forgive—not to forgive. What can I do? You know how it has always been. You don’t know what it would be to marry one person, caring for another. Ah! you don’t know what it would be to have it otherwise than as it is” (this clasping your hands). “But you don’t ask it. Ah! forgive me, and say you don’t ask it.” Then standing straight and looking down with a certain sweet dignity, you went on—“Heaven has sent me a great and unexpected happiness, but there is, indeed, a bitter, bitter cup to drink as well. Though I throw you over, though I behave so selfishly, don’t think that I am utterly conscienceless, that I do not suffer a cruel pang indeed; when I think how you must look at me, when I remember what return I am making for all your forbearance and generosity. When I think of myself, I am ashamed and humiliated; when I think of him—” Here you suddenly broke off, and turned away your face.

Ah me! turned away your face forever from me. The morning mists faded away; the midday sun streamed over hills and towers and valley. The bell of the Trinità hard by began to toll.

I said, “Good-by, and Heaven keep you, my dear. I would not have had you do otherwise.” And so I went back to my lodging.

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*Pioneers; or, Biographical Sketches of Leaders in various Paths.* By the Rev. A. L. Simpson. T. Nelson and Sons.

So far as they go, these sketchy notices of great men may prove not unacceptable to youthful readers, though too brief and superficial to be of any use to others than beginners. Nor is the selection altogether judicious, but objections on that head are declared by the author to proceed from individual tastes and accidental courses of reading. To this self-complacent plea we demur, on the ground that a writer on such a subject is assumed to possess the widest possible knowledge of the pathfinders of mankind, and consequently in a position to single out the real pioneers in each department

of progress. However, we are willing to accept with a certain degree of graciousness Mr. Simpson’s praiseworthy attempt to introduce to thoughtful students the names of some of the greatest benefactors of mankind. Under the head of maritime discovery we naturally meet with Columbus and Vasco de Gama. Gutenberg and Caxton very properly inaugurate the art of printing. Wycliffe, Savonarola, John of Wesel, and Martin Luther, appear as the fore-runners of religious freedom. To Lord Bacon is ascribed the honor of exploding the pedantic philosophy of the Schools, and to Roger Bacon, Copernicus, and Galileo, that of commencing the scientific era, while Adam Smith and George Stephenson respectively introduce political economy and practical science.—*Spectator*.



## DULCE DOMUM !

The fine old fragment, still used as a college chant, with the touching refrain of "Dulce, dulce, domum," is attributed to a youth, who, on being separated from home, to which he was passionately attached, languished and died from the effects of the bereavement. The writer of the following lines has attempted a fuller interpretation of the spirit which pervades the old and almost forgotten lyric.

AH ! racked pine, on the granite steep,  
Shadowy from each blowing wind,  
And dashed with dusk from yonder cloud  
With fires of fading sunset lined,  
Within my brain your image lies,  
Transformed ; and looms upon mine eyes  
A castle black against the skies.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Up many a terrace, gleaming white,  
With fronts that glitter to the north ;  
High over leagues of vexèd sea,  
And purple cliff and roaring forth,  
It sitteth, like a house of rest,  
One clot stain on the burning west ;  
Sun, moon, and mist its changing guest,  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Within the circling garden walls,  
The cedars brood above the flowers ;  
Across them shadows from the roofs  
Slide bluely in the lighted hours.  
I see my sister, cold and fair,  
Shake in the sun her flaxen hair :  
Would unto God that I were there.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Night, east and west : I hear a step,  
Come, ghostlike, up the corridor ;  
I see the slender taper stream,  
Between the chinks, across the floor.  
O mother mine, why turn away ?  
Fool to sit dreaming in the day.  
Great God, her hair was thin and gray !  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Where fliest thou, gaunt-plumed and swift,  
Strong eagle, skirring past the stars ?  
Rush on and tell them that my heart  
Is worn from beating at its bars.  
Rush past o'er wastes of land and foam,  
Thy fierce eyes cleave the dayless gloom,  
Tell them I'm sick to death for home.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Ah, woe is me ! The thoughts that sit  
Beside me daily with the sun  
Take shape and hue, and crowd my brain,  
When wheels the bat in twilight dun.  
I climb the terrace, o'er me flows  
Their laughter, sucked through vine and rose ;  
Sudden, the terrace upward grows.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

And, beaten down from steep to steep,  
I see the dizzy walls leap higher ;  
The tender voices sink below  
The first breath of an Easter choir.  
Quick, startled by the night-guard's tramp,  
Upwards I throw hands, clenched and damp :  
They strike the bracket of my lamp.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Fetch me a leaf of asphodel,  
I long to feel it in my palm :  
And, dying, tearful, hear without  
The mournful Babylonian psalm.  
While Israel, by the willows' drowse,  
Pined for her home, with ash-strewn brows,  
And I pine for my father's house.  
Dulce, dulce domum.  
—Once a Week. J. F. O'D.

## SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—*Psalms* 17 : 15.

I SHALL be satisfied, O God !  
No more vain longings after this world's good,  
Which is not good when found,  
But e'en as apples from the Dead Sea land,  
Proving dull ashes in the grasper's hand.

I shall be satisfied : and love—  
That love which reigneth in the courts above—  
Shall hold my heart at rest ;—  
At rest, at peace, for aye, O God, with thee  
To spend the glad hours of eternity.

I shall be satisfied : no more  
O'er earth's fast fleeting joys to pour  
Wild, unavailing tears.  
From death's chill breath, from sorrow and decay,  
Holding my treasures there secure for aye.

I shall be satisfied, dear Lord :  
No more dark doubting of thy glorious word,  
No more vain searchings made  
For clearer light, by eyes too dim to see  
The radiance down-reaching unto us from thee.

I shall be satisfied, at last,  
The long, dark night of doubt and danger past,  
When on my waiting soul  
The light of heaven's eternal morn shall break,  
And I, dear Christ, in thy blest likeness wake !

*Geneseo, Ill.* M. B. S.

—Independent.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 924.—15 February, 1862.

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## NEW BOOKS.

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The Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 25. The War for the Union; a Lecture, by Wendell Phillips, Esq. New York: E. D. Barker.

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## NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

Because there was no room for them at the inn—*Luke 2 : 7.*

In this great caravansary, that forms man's resting-place on his way from eternity to eternity, there is room for every interest but religion—for every friend but Christ.—*Sermon.*

AN ! little knew they of the guest immortal,  
Who sought the inn at Bethlehem that day,  
When, from the cold inhospitable portal,  
The virgin mother sadly turned away.

The Roman's pride, the Pharisee's ambition,  
Soldier and priest, might easy entrance win,  
But Christ in vain entreated for admission—  
There was no room for *Jesus* in the inn.

No room for Jesus ! and the same strange story  
Is spoken still by the same human race ;  
Still dying sinners meet the Lord of glory  
With homes and hearts too full to give *him*  
place.

Minds, in whose spacious chambers earthly  
learning,  
Usurps the kingdom heavenly wisdom claims ;  
Majestic wills, that endless glories spurning,  
Chain down their energies to trivial aims.

Hearts, large enough to taste seraphic pleasures,  
Created God's eternal love to gain,  
That pour upon the world unworldly treasures ;  
These are the thresholds where Christ stands  
in vain.

No room for Jesus ! There is never wanted  
Room for the high, the wealthy, or the great ;  
Unasked, unsought, a place to them is granted—  
Only Emmanuel must knock—and wait.

No room for Jesus, when the hope of heaven  
Enters no door his footprints have not trod,  
When he alone to mortal man has given  
Room in the holy Paradise of God !

No room for Jesus ! Let the world take warn-  
ing,  
Lest it be called to bear its final doom,  
And in the solemn resurrection morning,  
It stand at heaven's gate to find "no room."

No room for Jesus ! Lord, assert thy power—  
Cast out all claimants that oppose thy grace ;  
We would not live without thy love an hour—  
Earth is a desert, till thou showest thy face.

O only Saviour, all our idols leaving,  
We yield thee room within our fullest love ;  
Thy gracious word of promise still believing,  
That thou preparest room for us above.

No room for Jesus ! Terrible and dreary  
Would be a life, a death, by thee unblessed.  
Dwell in us here, then give our spirits weary,  
Room with thee, Lord, in thy eternal rest.

—*Western Churchman.*

THAT WHICH WE HAVE SEEN WITH  
OUR EYES OF THE WORD OF LIFE.

IF Jesus came to earth again,  
And walked and talked in field and street,  
Who would not lay his human pain  
Low at those heavenly feet ?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,  
And leave the volume on the shelf,  
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,  
If 'twere the Lord himself ?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,  
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,  
How many a man with woe forlorn,  
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling, earthly prize,  
Which fails the earthly weak endeavor,  
To gaze into those holy eyes,  
And drink content forever !

His sheep along the cool, the shade,  
By the still watercourse he leads ;  
His lambs upon his breast are laid,  
His hungry ones he feeds.

And I, where'er he went, would go,  
Nor question where the path might lead,  
Enough to know that here below,  
I walked with God, indeed !

If this be thus, O Lord of mine,  
In absence is thy love forgot ?  
And must I, when I walk, repine,  
Because I see thee not ?

If this be thus, if this be thus,  
Since our poor prayers yet reach thee, Lord,  
Since we are weak, once more to us  
Reveal the living word !

Oh, nearer to me, in the dark  
Of life's low hours, one moment stand,  
And give me keener eyes to mark  
The moving of thy hand.

OWEN MEREDITH.

## MADAME RECAMIER.

'Twas not her beauty—though acknowledged  
queen

Of a wide empire—goodness, sweetness, truth,  
Unselfish clinging to the friends of youth,  
And that celestial patience rarely seen  
In worshipped idols. *These*, and that serene  
And charming grace, subduing waywardness,  
Bettering the best, still laboring to repress  
Discordant elements in life's worst scene,—  
*These* were her charms, her triumphs. So the  
word

That speaks of her hath no unmeaning sound ;  
Nor can we deem it less than sacred ground  
Where, by the oppressor feared, the oppressed  
adored,

Her feet passed on, through all that awful time,  
Loving the sufferers and averting crime.

—*Spectator.*

T



From The Welcome Guest.

# ABOUT A DISSATISFIED GHOST.

I HAVE the misfortune to live in closer communion with stars and moonshine than is absolutely advisable, inhabiting, as I do, the top floor of a house in reduced circumstances, under the immediate superintendence of a corpulent widow lady, partial to "old Tom." The privacy of my literary but leafless *Academos* is invaded by uproars of the most atrocious character, produced by "old Tom" and the widow at certain seasons. My dwelling-place is sombre and unearthly in its aspect, full of draughts and darkness; my chairs are *Asmodean*, my windows shriek and howl like *Bedlamites*, the appearance of my very bed is spectral. But that is neither here nor there. Surrounded by such gloomy scenery I saw the Dissatisfied Ghost, whose visit to my solitude I am about to make public.

It was late in the evening when the Ghost came. I sat in my bed-chamber, half-asleep and half awake; I had fallen into a snooze over a stray volume of Scott's "*Life of Swift*," and my finger was placed on a passage which describes the Dean, after his marriage with Hester Johnson, riding post-haste to Ceybridge to have that fatal dumb interview with Vanessa. I was dreaming of Whigs and Tories, sinecures, bishoprics, and Boodle's in the time of Queen Anne. I saw Jonathan Swift, a little dirty boy, bullying other little dirty boys in St. Patrick's Close. I saw him, with his Irish features and that ugly look in his eyes, bullying about Sir William Temple's door and borrowing money from the Lord Chancellor. I saw him, hob-and-nob with Pope and Gay at Twickenham, discussing the raw material of "*The Beggar's Opera*." I heard him extemporizing scandal to Vanessa and talking sentiment to Stella. I saw Jonathan Swift in a hundred places at once—from Tom Sheridan's parlor to his own desolate Irish Deanery, and I said to myself, "The man is a rascal; his sentiment is as disgusting as his ribaldry. I don't like him." Remembering the man and the time, I thought of the famous dialogue in the play: "Your character? No.—Your honor? No.—Your eternal salvation? No.—A thousand pounds? Ah, there you have me." I had no sympathy with him. He was a humbug.

I woke out of my meditation with a start,

and snuffed the candles. The house in reduced circumstances felt chilly. I relapsed into dreamland.

"The man was unhappy," thought I to myself, "though deservedly so. He lived long enough to experience the morbid chidings of a genius wasted in selfish pursuits; he was famous in life as well as after it, but he was miserable. His genius wont save him from my censure,—he was unprincipled. He insulted womankind; he said foul things to innocence; of women, this Swift thought fit to write filthily. You, Sir Walter Scott, good-natured old trump that you are, ask me to sympathize with him. I wont and can't; he was a humbug."

There was a movement at my elbow; the marrow of my bones felt cold. I shivered, and snuffed the candles again. There was another movement behind me. I turned round and saw—the Ghost.

As palpable, real, fleshy a Ghost as ever walked the night: clearly, a Ghost well to do in the spiritual world. Internal conviction assured me that that shabby cassock and those draggled silk stockings were not human; otherwise, I should have taken him for an elderly stockbroker of eccentric tastes. He had clear blue eyes, blue and ghastly, bridged with bushy eyebrows; his complexion resembling my mellifluous Thames on a rainy day; there was cynicism in his fat double chin. On the whole, a slovenly ghost, ignorant of the earthly blessings of soap and water.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, looking at me fiercely from under his heavy eyebrows. I shook a little in my slippers; but, being by nature a courageous man, felt much less frightened than might have been anticipated. Still, I felt uncomfortable. The rain began to moan outside my window, the wind was tugging at the tiles above me; the candles were burning near the socket, and the spectral room looked more spectral than ever.

"Humph!" repeated the Ghost, fidgetting with a dirty finger in the waistcoat-pocket. "Well, sir, why do ye disturb me with your questions at this time of night?"

I looked at my eccentric visitor with considerable amazement. He was evidently sober. But, I disturb the reverend gentleman!—plainly, a mad Ghost. He answered my thoughts with an angry twitch at his waistcoat.



"Don't tell me," he said, "don't tell me. The world's a fool and a liar, sir; it lies against me, though it feared me once. You, sir, have the stupidity to believe it—you too consider me a humbug. You're an ass. I scorn ye."

This, to say the least of it was unpolite.

The Ghost, who spoke with a very slight touch of the brogue, was far from well bred. But he went on, fiercely gesticulating, bullying at the back of my chair, growling in harsh gutturals to the accompaniment of wind and rain.

"Yes, sir, you're an ass, a ninny; the world's an ass and a ninny; everybody's an ass and a ninny! Why can't the world let me sleep in peace? What have I done to merit this dirty treatment? I starved out blood and bone and brain for the world. She can't let me alone, sir. She's a vindictive, lying old hag, sir; by Heaven she is!"

By this time the Ghost had talked himself into a tolerable passion. His blue eyes glared; his mouth foamed: he fidgetted at his waistcoat more than ever. I began to feel out of my element. Gradually he soothed down; but a dark look lingered in his blue eyes. He took a chair and wiped his perspiring forehead with a snuffy pocket-handkerchief. Presently, I grew bolder, and watched his proceedings with feelings of intense interest. I felt more and more at home with him; that puffy, puffy anger of his looked so very human.

"But go on, sir," continued the Ghost, with a frown. "Ask your questions; I'm here to answer ye. You take me for a brute, a rascal—don't tell me a falsehood, I overheard ye. Come, out with it. Jonathan Swift isn't the man to stand talking here till cock-crow. Hang it, sir, what's the matter with ye? Do ye take me for my Lord Bolingbroke?" And the blue eyes grew bluer and bluer.

Jonathan Swift! The dissatisfied *manes* of the author of my immortal "Gulliver"! Here was a visitor with a vengeance. I thought of his last days, and quaked in my slippers. I cried *peccavi* to Nemesis, but it was no use. I might have put up tolerably well with a sane apparition; but with a petulant old Ghost lying under the imputation of lunacy, I felt uneasy. What had I to say for myself? Nothing; so I merely trembled and perspired. I glanced at him

with a mingled look of awe and veneration; he seemed flattered by the respect my timidity paid him, and his features softened.

"Now, sir, let us talk over this matter sensibly. Pshaw! what d'ye tremble at? I sha'n't eat ye. You take me for a ghoul, a vampire, a bloodsucker, eh? Open your mouth. What fault have ye to find with me?"

More bullying and blustering.

Resistance was impossible; I felt compelled by something within me to think over my charges against him. A thousand things flashed into my mind all at once: then they flashed out again, leaving a residuum of hard stories. I said mentally, and I couldn't help it, "Well, then, take your politics. You were a turncoat; your principles were buried under an ideal heap of profitable livings. Proof? Under the roof of Sir William Temple you professed to acquire the passions of the Revolutionist, and the principles of the Whig; you were worldly wise in doing so, for your leaders had power and place at their disposal. You defended Somers and the rest, when they were arraigned in 1701, but when their affairs still looked tolerably bright. When matters looked dangerous and the other party came into power, you shoved off Addison and Somers and rushed over to Toryism, like a humbug as you were. Finally, when the queen died and you lost all chance of gaining a bishopric, you turned tail again, and abused all the world indiscriminately. You know the rest."

The Dissatisfied Ghost heard my mental remarks, fired up, and interrupted them.

"Stop!" he cried; "don't go any further; for I understand ye. You talk stuff, sir—the old stuff; ask Tom Sheridan, jolly Tom, if I was unprincipled. I don't mean to say that I was better than my fellows, that I was absolutely perfect—*totus teres atque rotundus*. But mark ye, sir, I stuck by my party as long as my party stuck by me. My Lord Somers, indeed! Pray, sir, what connection had I with my Lord Somers, or any of the lot of 'em? I wrote a pamphlet about my lord and the other three, and I avowed it like a man who meant business. Scurvy were the thanks I got for it! I was a young man then; and if I thought fit to change my opinions in after life, what then? I did as the rest of them did. Damme, sir, I might have starved if I hadn't. I was a Church



of England man, a better man than any of my brethren; if I didn't want ranting Low Church knaves to filch my pockets, my brethren agreed with me. So I shook hands with Harley on principle, and played trump cards for the Tories. What had Somers done for me? what had Joe Addison done for me? Was I going to sacrifice myself and my principles because Joe Addison liked me and found me useful? No, sir. Joe and I were friends till the end; Joe, I am proud to say, respected me. What beggarly benefit did I receive from the Tories? Didn't I lose a bishopric by writing right out what was in me? Pooh! pooh! They pitched into me in both Houses. The clergy, hang 'em! abused me; and because they abused me, Harley shoved me off with the beggarly rat-hole at St. Patrick's."

"You are avoiding the question," quoth I, still mentally. "But how about those outrageous passages in 'The Journal to Stella'? You cajole weak-headed recruits under your banner; you flatter and pander to them; then you abuse them to Miss Johnson, calling them knaves and fools. You libel my Lord Treasurer, while you borrow money from him. Finally, let me remind you of that ugly rumor, asserting your desire to assist Bolingbroke to bring in the Pretender."

"You talk like a jackanapes," growled the Ghost. "But come, I'll give ye a bit of my mind, sir. I hated the swindlers you talk about, every one of 'em; what's more, sir, they hated me. There was no love lost between us. Why, they treated me like a dog, and I bit them—hard, deep, and the wound galled. They trembled before my Lord Berkeley's chaplain, as they trembled before the Dean of St. Patrick's; and why? Because he spoke out for the people's rights and his own. Harkee, the scoundrels sought to stop my mouth with their beggarly deanery; but they failed, sir, they failed. Even my Lord Bolingbroke hated me, and because I knew his secrets. There sat my lord, guzzling over his cups with Dick Steele and a pack of other wine-bibbers, while I worked for him, crammed him, and sought to keep him sober. You know how I was rewarded; you know how my own country rewarded me. I, Jonathan Swift, connive at bringing in the card-playing, brainless boy over the Channel! Why, sir, every word I ever

wrote or said was based upon the use and legality of popular opinion; and because a parcel of mad lords and half-grown lordlings were playing that silly game, was I going to cut the cards for 'em? Sir, this is going a little too far!"

He continued in this strain for several minutes. Evidently, there was no convincing him that he had played false cards. He sweated and bullied like the Dissatisfied Ghost that he was. I saw how far personal pique went to make up his account, as indeed most accounts, of the matter. By the by, I said to myself, "You won't tell me that you were a consistent divine; you *can't*."

The Ghost heard. He broke out into another passion.

"Tell that to your grandmother, sir, and not to Jonathan Swift. I was religious enough to feed hungry men and women at St. Patrick's Church. In big London, I smelt cant and blarney; so I sought to drag them from their hiding-places. I was a High Churchman, every inch of me; but some of my brethren were knaves, and I hinted so."

"Let me remind you, Dean, that you perpetrated a book—a very clever book, no doubt—called 'The Tale of a Tub.' Honest Churchmen found fault with both book and author; justly, I think."

"I tell ye again, sir, that I found cant and blarney under their ecclesiastical cassocks; and I wasn't the man to bow down and worship them, bad as ye think me. The slander of the world is blunt and meaningless—*telum imbellè sine ictu*. The world said I wasn't a Christian. Sir, I was a better Christian than the world, when she taught Irishmen to insult me at Dublin. I say that there's more Christianity in the book ye prate about than there was in all the churches bundled together. If I showed Cant her own image, and called Blarney by her right name, what then? Hang me, sir! the fellows—that Archbishop Sharpe among the number—knew how to recognize their own faces in my mirror. Neither priests nor laymen like to be called uncomely. Consequently, they said I was no Christian, and you believe them. They lied, sir."

"Polemics, sir," he added, after a moment, more calmly, "spoil piety. I made myself no better by writing polemical books; the world knew me only as a testy Irishman,



who dealt in sledge-hammer logic. I was a proud man and an ambitious—I'd better own it. But I was proud of my brains, sir, and had a nobler ambition than ye give me credit for. If I wanted a bishopric, I wanted it for right reasons. I wanted leisure to do something worthy the stuff of which God Almighty made me. The world involved me in her jars and quarrels. I wasted my precious brains in verse-writing and pamphleteering. My heart ached, and my brain had to crush it down. The world drove me mad, sir; the world taught me to hate myself; she teaches nincompoops like you to cast stones at me. I wish to rest in peace."

He paused again, wiped his brow, and continued, hotly,—

"Bad or good, I wasn't the sycophant ye think me. I spoke out my mind like a man; if I wanted cash, I told my Lord Treasurer he owed it me. That was why they hated me, the mean-spirited blackguards. Where I found talent, I respected it; where I found stupidity with a title, I sneered at it. I taught fools with coronets to recognize the aristocracy of intellect. What if I bullied and blustered a little? They hated me, and I couldn't help it. I taught them to know their level, sir. You say I had no love in me; there ye lie, sir. Ask Joe Addison, ask Tom Sheridan, ask the poor rascals I fed and clothed in Ireland, if I had no love in me. Fools didn't know it. Little Hester Johnson hardly knew it."

"Surely," I said, catching at his last words, "surely you don't mean to tell me that your conduct to Mrs. Johnson and to Miss Vanhomrigh was not that of a villain? If you can exonerate yourself, Dr. Swift, I shall only be too happy. But allow me to state, in the first place, that my notions of morality are very different from any you have yet propounded. I confess, indeed, the world did much to corrupt you; but you were a man of genius, and ought to have acted conscientiously. With regard to your connection with the unfortunate women alluded to, my mind, like that of the world, is made up. But still, I am at your service; defend yourself."

The Ghost rose from his chair, and began to pace up and down the room excitedly. whenever his eye caught mine, it sank abashed; I had cowed the apparition by my

coolness. He saw clearly that bullying was of no avail.

"People call me a woman-hater. Fools! I was rather fond of the little creatures than otherwise. But I was as proud as Lucifer; I chose to look higher than saucer-eyes, patches, and ball-room dolls. I liked them, I say, just as ye like sunshine when you've nothing else to do but to bask in it. I had a head on my shoulders, and bishop or no bishop when I made up my mind to do a thing, I did it. I swore that no woman should hold reins in my house, and I kept my word. I wasn't the man to eat bitter olives, merely because they looked tempting on the outside. If they grew rotten was it my fault? No."

"Poor arguments, and worse ethics. The wiser and better a man is, the more he respects womankind, excusing their little follies for the sake of their holy mission."

"Pooh, pooh! that was my creed once, I dare say. Every lad without a family talks like that, sir. Humbug! Now, sir. You think that those two bits of girls were victimized by me, eh?"

"I said so."

"What if I say that those innocent things in petticoats, victimized Jonathan Swift? What if Jonathan Swift, who bullied my Lord Bolingbroke, and talked scandal with mad Dick Steele, was no more than a toy in the hands of two sentimental young dolls, who pretended to condemn rattling Wortley Montague for pooh-poohing my little love-sick Cupid, Alexander Pope?"

"Nonsense!"

"Hark ye! Place yourself in my shoes for a moment. Think of Jonathan Swift, who taught a little bright-eyed thing at Temple's and patted her head once or twice perhaps, waking up, one fine morning, to find the bright-haired thing grown a good-looking girl, head over ears in love with him. *Circumspicite!* What see ye, from the poor devil of a tutor's point of view? A pretty-faced child, with some hundred pounds in cash. Suppose you have a will of your own, which conquers your first mad impulse to marry her off-hand; you weigh matrimony against your chances in the world, and find the former wanting. You want something besides brats and love in a cottage. So you try to wean Miss of her passion; you do



your best to drain it out of her. You don't succeed: who is to blame, then? Why, sir, I don't exactly see why a man of genius is bound to immolate himself, because a girl who doesn't know her own mind takes a fancy to him."

"But Hester Johnson *did* know her own mind; she was a woman, not a sentimental girl. Not know her own mind!"

"Say she did, sir, say she did; what follows? I am putting the case to you as Swift, Hester Johnson's tutor, saw it. The world had kicked him up and down her dirty alleys; he had seen a good many women, principally bad or weak ones. He didn't think much of 'em. Had he any reason to believe this little chit any better than the rest? He said to himself, 'Miss here sets her cap at me; she offers me so many pounds English to marry her off-hand. But I'm not going to tie myself to the apron-strings of a woman.' He was wrong, I know; he found out *that* to his cost afterwards. He didn't throw flat rebellion into Miss' face. He tried to cure her of her folly by degrees; but he didn't succeed. As for the story about the girl Waryng, it was all humbug. He was free as air."

He paused for a moment, frowning at me from under those heavy eyebrows.

"What if I add," he went on, "that Hester's tutor had a heart big enough to understand how a marriage with his pupil would only make her miserable for life? Sir, if I misunderstood that girl, I at least understood myself. I struggled with Satan, partly for her sake, and gained the mastery. My victory proved fatal to the looker-on."

"Let us suppose all these statements to be true or plausible. Do they extenuate your conduct to Miss Johnson after she was your wedded wife?"

The Dissatisfied Ghost groaned ere he answered my question.

"The world had maddened and enraged me when I married her. I married her as a doctor would bleed a patient, to keep her in the land of the living. But the world had soured me. I thought men knaves and women fools—and I made up my mind to live apart. Could Jonathan Swift, insulted and hardened as he was, dream of broken hearts? I can't excuse that part of my life. I was worse than mad, then. I was hunted down and driven into that marriage like a dog. I

tried to save myself, sir; but I couldn't. I knew what was coming. I knew that I wasn't the man to make a wife happy. My blood had been drained out of me; I was the curse of all who knew me. Sir, you ask me who killed Hester Johnson? and I answer, the world, not Jonathan Swift, who was its instrument, killed her. *Sic transit gloria mundi*: poor little Stella died. I had never loved her; I liked her as a man likes fresh air; she was cleaner than your fine ladies of quality. If I had married her so many years before, she would have died so much the sooner. The little thing had seen only my bright side (bang it, sir, I *had* a bright side) and after our marriage she saw my dark side. What then? I had known it."

"And Vanessa, Dean, what of her?"

I had grown quite familiar with the Dissatisfied Ghost.

"What of her, sir, what of her? *quantum sufficit*? Well, sir, look back a little. Esther Vanhomrigh meets Doctor Swift when he has made a bit of a name by exposing blarney. Young madam is young and given to verse-writing; she shows him her verses, and he touches 'em up a bit—with fair fatherly words. But by and by she takes it into her little head to fall in love with Mr. Preceptor. Mr. Preceptor's eyes are opened, and he tries to hang back. She offers to run away with and marry him. He remembers another little jade over in old Ireland, and offers Vanessa his friendship and esteem—in other words, every rap of sentiment he has left to give her. She wont hear of it. Mr. Preceptor runs off to Ireland, and young madam follows him. What can he do? He is deliberating, when out comes Miss' letter. Stella is jealous and ill, sir; the letter upsets her. Mr. Preceptor is not an angel, so he gets into a deuce of a passion."

"You don't mean to tell me—"

"I mean to tell ye that I was an old fool. I went among the girls when I'd nothing else to do, and they victimized me. 'Od rot it, sir, what had I done that every half-grown Miss Impudence should adore me? I wagged my tongue a little, chatting among 'em, and out came the girls to kneel at my feet and ask me to marry 'em. You tell me Vanessa died. What did she die for! Because Jonathan Swift offered her his friendship, and when she hunted him down like a dog got



into a passion with her!—It's the way of women, sir; they're only fit for love-making, weeping, and dying. Women were my bad genii, sir—worse luck to 'em!”

He paused; but I made no comment. He had certainly propounded a highly original view of the matter; just such a view as he probably took when in life. It was as well to understand it.

“Jonathan Swift may have sinned like the rest of ye,” he cried, after a pause; “but he had twenty times more cause to sin. Little was the light he ever saw in the world! Yes, sir, I've left ye all the brain I had in me—all the fun, all the heart, all the truth I had in me. You read my books, and pay me for 'em by mocking the misery ye caused. Did I sin? Then stone me, ye that are sinless.”

I followed him with my eyes as he walked, gesticulating fiercely, up and down my room.

“And now, sir, I've given ye my account of the matter. I could have told ye more; but I didn't. If you've nothing more to ask, hold your tongue, and don't summon me

here again, to answer for the world's sins. I want to sleep in peace.”

I held down my head, thinking. When I looked up, the Dissatisfied Ghost was gone. I started, feeling chilly; a groggy sort of haziness surrounded me. Something tumbled from my knees with noise. I opened my eyes, rubbed them, and saw Sir Walter's volume lying at my feet. I looked at my watch—dear me, past midnight! Could I have been dreaming?

“Dream or no dream,” said I to myself, as I slipped into the spectral bed, “dream or no dream, let him sleep in peace. I can't take his own view of this case as moral evidence; but still, it is suggestive. The world sinned against him, he sinned against the world; he suffered for both. Come, flock around my knees, happy children, young and old! Let us read those wise and merry stories about the Giants and Lilliputians; let us laugh and shout and sing with Captain Lemuel Gulliver, while Jonathan Swift sleeps the long sleep in peace!”

**A LUCKY CHESS-PLAYER.**—Chess is always an absorbing game, and numerous anecdotes are told of various chess-players, who, be they good or bad, never like to be beaten. It is said that a certain Ferrand, Count of Flanders, was very fond of the game, and played constantly with his wife, who always vanquished him; and the result was a mutual hatred between them, which came to such a height that when the count was taken prisoner, she allowed him to remain a long time in confinement, though she could easily have obtained his release. When the Duke de Nivernois was in England, he went privately into Norfolk to pay a visit, attended only by one servant. During their progress, a heavy shower obliged them to stop at a house by the road-side. The master was a clergyman, and the curate of the parish, with an income of eighty pounds a year to maintain a wife and six children. He, not knowing the rank of his visitor, begged of him to come in and dry himself. The Duke accepted the hospitality, borrowed some dry stockings and slippers, and warmed himself at the fire. After some time, the rain not abating, the duke observed a chess-board. Himself passionately fond of the game, he asked

the clergyman if he also played. The latter told him he could, but found it difficult to get an antagonist. The two were soon deeply engaged in their play—the clergyman playing so well that he won every game, which, for a wonder, did not fret the duke, who was much pleased to find so able an opponent, and one who could afford him so much amusement. Before he left he inquired into the means and prospects of his host, and, writing down his address, departed without discovering his own rank. Some months elapsed; the clergyman thought no more of the matter, when one evening a note was presented to him with the following contents: “The Duke de Nivernois' compliments to the Rev. Mr. ——. In remembrance of the good drubbing he gave him at chess, he begs he will accept the living of —, worth £400 per annum; and that he will wait upon his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, on Friday next, to thank him for the same.” The poor clergyman was some time before he could imagine it to be anything but a jest, and hesitated to obey the mandate. His wife, however, persuaded him to make the trial, when he found, to his unspeakable satisfaction and gratitude, the contents of the note to be literally true.



From The Psychological Journal.  
THE DEFORMED AND THEIR MENTAL  
CHARACTERISTICS.

FAIR forms and mental excellence, do they go together? Are we what our bodies make us? Does the mind answer to the shape of our heads, spines, and limbs? Are the profiles of Cicero or Marcus Aurelius, such as they are represented in the sculptures of the Campidoglio at Rome, emblematic of the talents and virtues so eloquently expressed in the histories of their lives and writings? Or, is the wonderful repose carved on the features of the first Napoleon, the sublime ideal of Austerlitz or St. Helena, Waterloo or Marengo? The chief charm in the countenance of Byron is the poetic fire that beams from his eye and forehead, for the rest of his face is not formed upon the best of models. Byron imagined that there was a strong resemblance between himself and Marcus Aurelius; and, perhaps, at first sight the resemblance is striking; but the nose, mouth, and chin of Aurelius are indicative of the highest moral perfection, whereas those of Byron betray the grossest sensuality.

Thersites is described by Homer as the ugliest man that came to Troy, and Ulysses says he had never met with a more disagreeable creature. He was squint-eyed, or, as Buttman translates it, bandy, with one leg shorter than the other. His head was peaked and partially bald, or scattered over with thin hair. He had a squeaking voice, a spiteful temper, and a saucy mode of speech. His spine was gibbous between the shoulders. The noblest in the camp were the butt of his cynical impertinence, and he was withal a coward. Ulysses struck him with his staff, and Agamemnon upbraided him in public, without effect.\*

This accurate description is the earliest we have of diseased spine. It is earlier than that of Hippocrates by five centuries at least. The physiological as well as the psychological characters of the *Iliad* are touched with the hand of a master. The account that Helen gives to Priam, in the third book, is unrivalled as a piece of graphic writing. The scene passes before you, and each person, as he is mentioned, lives, moves, and speaks with the air and manners proper to himself. The fierce Ajax has broad shoulders and a strongly built frame. Ulysses is

short with an expansive chest and a grave deportment; Menelaus is fair-haired and mild in temper; Agamemnon, tall, athletic, and graceful; Achilles, long-legged; and Hector distinguished by his handsome countenance, sparkling eyes, and exact muscular proportions.\* The prettiest man among them is Nireus, who, singularly enough, is, like the ugly Thersites a great coward.†

The dwarf, if not a humpback, is a ricket with the chief characteristics of spinal disease. People of diminutive, as well as of gigantic proportions, are seldom more sound in mind than they are in body. Their temper is malicious or stupid, cruel or weak; and their passions are ungovernable and brutal, or they have no passion at all. The salacity of the dwarf is only too well known. Ariosto makes use of this propensity to point one of his stories with the epigrammatic humor so peculiarly his own. The tale turns upon a fair lady, the wife of a handsome Italian, choosing as her paramour a graceless humpback, who treats her as his mistress with disdain, and serves her base passion with the coolest effrontery. If like goes to like, the lady must have been as deformed in taste as the dwarf in person, with whom she took her pastime.‡

To which of the two shall we award the meed of merit in power of speech and fancy—to blind Melesegenes, thence Homer called, or to the incomparable Ariosto? Which fatigues us the soonest, the ancient or the mediæval bard? Perhaps, no one can decide but those who have seen the south of France, the land of Orlando Furioso, or the broad Hellespont and the shores of Troy. In point of good taste and fineness of execution, the Greek excels the Italian poet; but the extravaganzas of Ariosto are too good to part with, and the wild fire of his genius never blazes in vain.

The idea of eccentricity of character being allied to eccentricity of form has not escaped the shrewd mind of Sir Walter Scott. In the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the elfin page is introduced with a vivacity and precision which leads us to believe that Sir Walter had some living being of the same description in his eye:—

“ Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
Nor mingled with the menial folk ;

\* *Il.* iii. 216.

† *Il.* ii. 671.

‡ *Orlando Furioso*, Canto xxviii.

\* *Il.* ii. 211. Butt. *Lex.* p. 541.



And oft apart his arms he tost,  
 And often muttered, Lost, lost, lost !  
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlic,  
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he ;  
 And of his service was full fain,  
 For once he had been ta'en and slain.  
 And it had not been for his ministry.  
 All between home and hermitage  
 Talked of Lord Cranstoun's goblin page."  
*Canto ii., 32.*

In private practice, it is not unusual to meet with patients like Scott's elfin page, or Ariosto's dwarf. Sometimes it runs in families, particularly in those where marriages have been contracted between kith and kin. Account for it as we may, such connections are productive of monstrosities, simpletons, or dwarfs. One of the children, a son or daughter, absorbs all the intelligence and strength of the rest. Of the remainder, one is too tall, another too short, a third bow-legged, and a fourth nothing more than a stunted nonentity. Spinal disease, consumption, or insanity is their common property. The medical attendant is seldom absent from their door. As they grow up, the boys become profligates or incapables, who are eventually laid aside by the world and left to shift for themselves. They end by becoming wearisome dependants on their betters, or sink into sots supported upon a pittance doled out to them weekly by some unseen hand. As to the girls, if they marry, they quickly fall into interminable ill-health, and help to fill up that dreary catalogue of ovarian and uterine maladies, of which they hope to be cured at last so long as their husbands have a fee to spare. Their minds suffer with their bodies. Their nervous fancies are real. They are never free from pain. Their home is their hospital, and domestic comfort is at an end. When their means are large, a long life is spent in the pursuit of health and in the gratification of an egotism which amounts to mental aberration.

Many of these cases are met with in children who have sprung from a late marriage or a drunken father. The wine or spirit drinker engenders an ill-health which is singularly visible in his offspring. The puny child, or dwarfish adult, comes of this source. The pale and beardless face that meets us in the busy streets is the unmistakable evidence of his parentage. Even dogs may be dwarfed by dosing them with alcohol. The functions

are arrested and development stopped. The bony structure suffers the most, although, very likely, the brain and spinal cord take the lead in the course of defective organization.

Misery, mental and bodily, is entailed on the first, second, or third generations, when the breed ceases, if it have not already become extinct in the first. Convulsions and palsy carry off not a few. The rickety live the longest, albeit, they fill up their place in the world with pain and sorrow, a vexation to themselves and a care to all around them. Hence it comes to pass that deformed persons are proverbially disagreeable and perverse, for they cannot keep pace with their companions, while it is impossible for them to live apart, and destitution to lag behind.

In the character of Richard III. all these qualities are well portrayed, as he descants upon his own deformity. It evidently had the worst effect upon his whole life. He was not formed to amble in a lady's chamber ; the dogs barked at him in the streets ; and the sight of his own shadow in the sun irritates him to the last degree of virulence. He feels that the world scouts him as an ill-begotten thing, and he vows revenge upon the world in return. He had the opportunity and the power of doing so, and he wreaks his vengeance even to his own cost. The cruel sarcasms he vents against himself, and the stinging consciousness he betrays of his imbecility as a man, remind us of the petulance with which Lord Byron resented the slightest allusion to his club-foot, or shrunk with morbid sensitiveness from the glance of a stranger casually looking towards the spot upon which he was standing. The bodily uneasiness finds a poor relief in uttering sharp sayings and bitter invectives, which creates enemies at every word, or make the careless laugh and good men sigh.

It was out of this class that the royal jesters and buffoons used to be selected. They were looked upon with a degree of wonder amounting almost to superstition ; and, were it not for the barbarity and ignorance of the age in which they were fostered about the courts of princes and nobles, we might be tempted to regard the custom of retaining them as a dull satire on the favorites of kings.

Hippocrates has already described these pitiable cripples ages ago. Their long backs,



short legs, and long arms; their small hands, narrow chests, protuberant larynx, shrill voices, and poking heads, were signs that did not escape his notice. He says, if they are fleshy and plump, they live to be old; but if they are lean, they die early, generally at or before sixty.

The reader will remember the Black Dwarf in the Waverley Novels. Pliny in his *Natural History* tells us\* that the celebrated historian, Tacitus, had a brother who was a perfect monstrosity. In three years he grew six feet and nine inches—in *tria cubita triennio adolevisse*. He was able to walk, but in a slow heavy pace, and was dull of apprehension almost to stupidity. He died of sudden spasms, and violent contractions of the nervous system. No likeness of Tacitus himself has come down to us. But if he was like his model emperor, Vespasian, he had, according to numismatic authority, a vast head, a long back, short legs, and small arms—unmistakable signs of rachitis, whether they be found in the person of a victorious Roman emperor, or in that of his not less highly talented admirer, the author of the history of his times, and the acute annalist of his age and manners. Vespasian's head was most remarkable for its prodigious size, and argued a character greatly above or below mediocrity. His talents were entirely of a military kind. He was certainly superstitious, for he cured a deaf man and a paralytic by his imperial touch.† But his sense of the fine arts was dull, since he forgot himself, and fell asleep in the presence of Nero, as that despot was reciting his own verses to the sound of his lute. For this dire offence, Vespasian ran the risk of forfeiting his life, except, adds Tacitus, that his superior genius or destiny reserved him for the conquest of Judea.‡

Large trunks with short legs are mostly significant of gross dispositions, and, if the head be large, of a relentless and determined character. In *Gil Blas*, the prime minister of the King of Spain is described as a deformity of this sort. The portrait comprises too many particulars for it to be otherwise than original. He was a tall man, much above the common size, and he would have

been thought fat even among the corpulent. He was so high-shouldered that he looked like a humpback, although this was not the case; and his head was so large, that it was thrown forwards, and rested on his chest. His hair was black and straight, his visage long, his complexion sallow, his lips compressed, and his chin pointed and projecting. "This was certainly not the figure of a refined gentleman," says *Gil Blas*, "but he was agreeable enough whenever he pleased, and just the reverse whenever it served his interests, or suited his fancy, to be so. A libertine, an autocrat, and an intriguer, he at last came to ruin."\*

There is a medium size, above or below which *safe* talents are rarely found; and there is also a *safe* complexion, blended of the ruddy, black, and brown. The most energetic persons are of the brown temperament, and those of great action and discernment usually have aquiline noses. Julius Cæsar's was a small slender figure, with a long neck and a round but not a very large head. Nelson and Napoleon were both small men, and the great Duke of Wellington was not large. St. Athanasius was so small, that a young lady shut him up in her wardrobe, and saved him from the emissaries of Constantius, who were in hot pursuit after him throughout Alexandria.† Levi, the Publican, known as St. Matthew, was a very little man; which accounts for his climbing up the sycamore-tree to see what was passing. St. Thomas, the Apostle, has given his name to streets in some of the capitals of Europe, on account of his diminutive stature, as that of *Little St. Thomas Apostle* in the city of London. St. Augustine was also small, and so was his mother Monica, if we may trust the traditional effigies of them both, which we have seen in the crypt of the magnificent cathedral at Bourges, Central France. Æsop was small and hump-backed; and so was that crooked little thing that asked questions, Pope the poet. And Alexander the Great had a wry neck. The great Apostle St. Paul was, if we may trust the Byzantine historian Nicephorus,‡ crooked and slightly stooping, small in stature, and of a contracted figure, of a fair complexion, bald, and prematurely old.

\* Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, Lib. vii. 12.

† *Tacit. Hist.*, iv. 81. Statim conversa ad usum manus, ac cæco reluxit dies.

‡ *Tacit. Annal.*, xvi. 5.

\* *Gil Blas*, Livre xi. c. 4.

† *Gibbon*, xxi.

‡ *Nicephorus*, Lib. ii. c. 37.



The incentive in Byron, says Moore, was that mark of deformity on his person, by an acute sense of which he was stung into the ambition of being great.\*

"Deformity is daring.

It is its essence to o'ertake mankind  
By heart and soul, and make itself equal—  
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is  
A spur in its halt movements, to become  
All that others cannot, in such things  
As still are free to both, to compensate  
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first."

*Deformed Transformed.*

Adopting the sentence of the mighty Byron, we may conclude with the words of Lord Bacon, which the poet apparently had in his mind when he penned the foregoing lines: "That whosoever has anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, has also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons are extremely bold."†

One of the most able, if not the most highly favored, of Louis XIV.'s marshals, was a sickly humpback, the Duke of Luxembourg.

"He had," says Lord Macaulay,‡ "a huge pointed hump on his back, and was not only very ugly, but very diminutive also. His constitution was of the feeblest kind, and he was at once a valetudinarian and a voluptuary. His morals were none of the purest. He had great qualities, a rare judgment, and a singular presence of mind. Indeed, his sickly and distorted body seemed to derive health and vigor from disaster and dismay. At the battle of Steinkirke, where he was manifestly taken by surprise, the victory was entirely owing to the coolness and intrepidity with which he faced the critical conjuncture, and restored the order of battle."

Many more instances might be quoted—but enough; so severe a disease cannot but inflict a lasting impression on the sufferer. It may be a good, but it is more often an evil impression, that spreads its influence far and wide. The census of 1851 enumerates 409,207 cases of deformity for England and Wales, and of these 90,277 resided in

London. The returns from the manufacturing districts speak of distorted spines as all but universal. Nor is the complaint limited to those who are deprived of the comforts of life, for it is just as frequent among the more affluent classes. Infirmity of mind and inaptitude to the common offices of life, and undeveloped puberty in both sexes, are constantly reported. Few, if any of them, are fit for the army. Out of six hundred and thirteen recruits, only two hundred and thirty-eight were approved for service; the rest were rejected as not strong enough to serve in the defence of their country.\*

It is the same in France as in England. At Orleans the number of deformities met with is marvellous. Whole families of bandy-legged and humpbacked may be seen walking along the streets of that sunny town. The cathedral on Sundays is thronged with them; they intermarry, and thus propagate the disease. While sitting in the boulevards at Périgueux, the chief town of Perigord, in 1858, three humpbacks passed us in as many minutes. Dwarfs, humpbacks, and squint-eyed abound in the Pyrenees. The Spanish peasantry that cross the border are small and contemptible. The finest figures are those of the Basques women, who may be seen at Bayonne, Bagnères de Bigorre, and various parts of the Basses Pyrénées, carrying pitchers of water on their heads, and tripping along as upright as a dart. Our very kind hostess at the *Hotel du Parc* at pretty little Dijon, was herself a humpback.

The evil, however, is not a modern one. Hippocrates could never have described it so accurately had it not been common in his days. The cause of it is a deep question, which would require a treatise by itself, although it is not difficult to divine it. Our object, however, in this article has been to show its mental peculiarities and psychological bearing, and to bring before the profession and the public the consideration of a question which concerns the domestic, the political, and the sanitary condition of the population in the highest degree.

\* Moore's *Life of Byron*, p. 306. Murray, 1860.

† Bacon's *Essay*, iv.

‡ Macaulay, vol. iv. p. 277.

\* *A Letter to the Working Classes, etc.* By H. Drummoud, M.P. London, 1859. Bosworth and Harrison.



From The Saturday Review.  
NIGGER MINSTRELSY.

ABOUT a quarter of a century since, a large proportion of the people of London gave themselves up to one of those fits of idolatry which seem so strangely at variance with the generally phlegmatic character of our race. For the first time they were made familiar with the sort of negro who forms an element of modern American life; and the hideous laugh, the wild gestures, and strange dialect with which they were regaled by the then celebrated "Jim Crow Rice," produced in them such a novel mixture of wonder and delight that they could not do less than fall down and worship their eccentric instructor. So "Jim Crow" became a fixed idea with the Cockneys, referred to in countless ways and manifested in countless shapes. To the chimney-pieces of the middle classes, where Tom, Jerry, and Logic, Madame Vestris as Giovanni, and Liston as Paul Pry, had previously been placed as household "gods," the effigy of the shabby negro was elevated with all honor, and aspiring youths who were famed for "a good song" regarded a successful imitation of Mr. Rice's vocal performances as an object worthy of the most soaring ambition. Then the burden of Jim Crow's song, "Turn about, wheel about," illustrated by a rotary movement on the part of the singer, was caught with avidity by the small satirists of the day, who, when they wished to stigmatize statesmen or journals with an habitual readiness to change their political principles, found an apt and universally intelligible illustration of their meaning in the revolving figure of Jim Crow.

There is no doubt that Mr. Rice's performance was of a kind entirely novel to Europe, and that his representation of the negro of modern life must be set down as an important item in that course of ethnological instruction which at long intervals is given to the body of the people at places of public amusement. The comic black, who had become a familiar figure to the Londoners prior to the arrival of Mr. Rice, was a fanciful personage, whose neatly striped dress, red slippers, bare legs, and huge earrings separated him completely from the actual world, and he was accepted as a convention, like the ordinary figures of pantomimes. The learned, we believe, have decided that the old stage black borrowed his

dress from the negroes of the Spanish colonies; but that was a point which playgoers never thought to investigate thirty years ago, when they were perfectly content to behold a citizen of their own day attired after the fashion immortalized by Hogarth, and found nothing exceptional in a Falstaff who appeared as a sort of military Punchinello, with obvious leanings towards the costume of William III. The black man with the blue and white stripes was the black whom everybody went to see, without asking any questions as to his origin; and a very funny fellow he was. From the stage he has now passed away, but his literary monument may be found in the old musical comedy, the *Padlock*, to the perusal of which those of our readers who care about the stage may not unprofitably devote a spare hour. Mungo in the *Padlock* is the best specimen of the old conventional black.

No contrast could be more complete than that between the exceedingly neat negro to whom we have just referred and the ragged, uncouth vagabond who was introduced to the Londoners by "Jim Crow Rice." But in his very shabbiness there was an attraction. "*Lelaid, voilà le beau*," is said to have been the æsthetical maxim adopted by M. Victor Hugo when he composed the story of Quasimodo, and there is no doubt that the shabby—not in character, but in costume—is greatly relished by playgoers of every grade. The charm of the "Wandering Minstrel," represented by Mr. Robson to the delight of the most aristocratic audience, lies not only in his song and in his dialect, but in his tatters; and an Irishman who fastens his coat with a skewer, and substitutes a hayband for a stocking, is welcomed not only as a man and a brother, but as a peculiarly interesting member of the species. In song, dance, rags, dialect, and gesticulation, Mr. Rice was alike acceptable, and the world was surprised to find that a black face could be associated with attributes once monopolized by the inhabitants of St. Giles' and Whitechapel. Billy Waters, the one-legged black fiddler, copied—if not literally taken—from the streets to embellish *Tom and Jerry*, and Agamemnon, the attendant negro of the elder Mr. Charles Mathews' *Jonathan in England*, had indeed preceded Jim Crow, and had earned their share of notoriety, but they were too much in the back-



ground to become the leading idols of a period ; and although the respect paid to Billy Waters amounted to a sort of hero-worship, heightened by the circumstance that he was a fact as well as a figure, he had a formidable rival in Dusty Bob, who still lives in memory as the type of the old London Dustman.

The worship of Jim Crow was as short-lived as it was ardent ; for though his performance was novel, it could be very easily imitated, and an English actor named Dunn, who simply copied Mr. Rice, was soon considered his successful rival by the lower class of playgoers, whose opinion with respect to certain branches of art is by no means to be despised. What with the original, and his imitators, and the repetitions of the "Turn about" song in every nook and corner, people began to think the comic negro a bore, just as about eight years since a decided distaste for the pious negro succeeded the rage for Uncle Tom. Jim Crow had been forgotten for something less than ten years when negro humor appeared before the public in an entirely new shape. Instead of donning the tattered coat and hat which Mr. Rice had made popular, or bringing into fashion the discarded blue and white suit of his predecessors, the new artistic negroes accoutred themselves in evening suits of black—perfect English gentleman in every particular save the face. Mr. Rice had displayed his talent in broad Adelphi farces ; but Messrs. Pell and Co. eschewed stage-plays, and got up an entertainment which even the Evangelical classes might patronize without inward misgiving. Their maxim was *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, and instead of inviting a roar from the assemblage of an ordinary gallery, they settled themselves in the most western theatre, and courted the smiles and the tears of the aristocratic. They sang about the joys and sorrows incident to negro life ; and though some of their comic ditties were absurdities compared to which "Hot Codlins" is a work of high literary art, there was a freshness in their tone that gratified the most fastidious ears, while the more pathetic melodies were not only pleasing in themselves, but frequently accompanied words that, rather in sorrow than in anger, hinted at the miseries of slavery, and therefore accorded with the serious convictions of many of the audience. The form of the en-

tertainment, too, was entirely novel. The minstrels sat in a row of which the two extremities were respectively occupied by the artists on the "bones" and the tambourine. These, who were somewhat more in the foreground than the players on the banjo and violin, were the humorists of the party, throwing themselves into grotesque attitudes during the performance of the music, and filling up the intervals of song with verbal jokes of the kind in which the clowns of the equestrian ring are wont to indulge. Mr. Pell, who himself was "bones,"—for the word at last came to denote the player as well as the instrument,—had really favored London with a new sensation. With the castanet, as an accompaniment to the elegant Spanish dances of Taglioni and Duvernay, everybody had become familiar ; but this primitive rattle, played with the most frantic contortions, was something entirely without precedent.

At first a few unreasonable grumblers endeavored to stem the popularity of Mr. Pell's company by declaring that the artists were not real blacks, but only white musicians with blackened faces. This pretended discovery was no discovery at all. Far from wishing to pass themselves off for veritable niggers, Pell and Co., as free-born American citizens, would have bitterly resented the suspicion that they had the least drop of black blood in their veins ; so they lost no time in publishing portraits of themselves, with the white faces bestowed upon them by nature, in addition to others in which they wore the sable hue of their profession. Moreover, they styled themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders," thus selecting the name of an African country totally disconnected with negro slavery.

The popularity of "Jim Crow" was a rage among the middle and lower classes ; but the "Ethiopians" set a *fashion* in the strictest sense of the word. The highest personages in the land patronized their performances. An ingenious young gentleman who could play on the banjo and sing "Lucy Neale" or "Buffalo gals" was a welcome guest in the most aristocratic drawing-rooms ; and if four amateurs clubbed together and imitated the entire performance of the professors, they were regarded as benefactors to their species. Let the music-books of the year 1846, and thereabouts be turned over, and it will be



found what an enormous influence the Pell company had over the social pianoforte performances of their day. But though the Ethiopians started under aristocratic patronage, there was nothing in the nature of their entertainment to favor a continuance of exclusiveness. Italian operas and French plays will always repel the masses, from the simple circumstance that the words employed are in a foreign language, but there was nothing either in the humor or in the music of Pell's company that could not be as readily appreciated in St. Giles's as in St. James's. Consequently the people rushed into the participation of an enjoyment so keenly relished by the upper classes, and not only did imitators of the Ethiopians spring up in the cheapest concert-rooms, but a band of itinerant black musicians became as necessary an appurtenance of the London streets as Punch's show or a barrel-organ, much to the discomfiture of lovers of quiet in general, and of Dr. Babbage in particular.

Among the higher classes, the predilection for Ethiopian minstrelsy apparently died out, but in the lower stratum of society the tradition of Pell was faithfully preserved; and recent events show that even in the fashionable world the love of banjoes and black faces was rather in abeyance than utterly extinct. Though negro melody and negro wit had been so done to death in every shape and in every quarter, that they seemed on the point of descending into a mere street nuisance, important only to the police, the arrival of the "Christy's Minstrels," about four years since, revived the dormant flame. A host of well-dressed folks were again heard to declare that Ethiopian minstrelsy was the most amusing thing in London, and the pianoforte books were once more filled with songs testifying to the popularity of the new favorites among the most select classes of the metropolis.

And the Christy's Minstrels have kept their ground. Pell and Co., founded the taste, which long survived its originators; but the Christy's have secured a permanent existence to their own corporate body. Their principal comic artist died, their manager retired with a fortune in his pocket; but they appointed a new humorist and subjected themselves to a new chief, and their corporate existence has been no more affected by the ordinary casualties of life than that of

the Merchant Tailors' Company. They have likewise established a regular form of entertainment which is universally recognized; and to this form their competitors, the "Buckley's" and the "Campbell's," generally adhere. The first part of the exhibition consists of a concert, in which the performers appear in black evening suits, and play, sing, and joke after the model set by Pell and his associates. There is, however, this difference, that the sentimental songs are commonly without reference to the peculiarities of negro life, and are not unfrequently composed by leading musicians, such as Balfe and Wallace. The second part is miscellaneous, and contains a great deal of grotesque dancing, together with a comic scene or two, in which the shabby vagabond negro of "Jim Crow Rice" once more makes his appearance. A burlesque of some well-known Italian Opera concludes the whole. If we consider that all this is done, and exceedingly well done, by a company not above twelve strong, we shall have just cause to wonder at the concentration of talent, musical, histrionic, and gymnastic, that has been accomplished in the formation of the troop, and still more, to marvel at its vitality. When the Arlecchino of an old Italian company died, his loss was regarded as a terrible calamity, the extemporaneous character of the "Commedie dell' arte" requiring accomplishments of no ordinary kind; and it would seem that only a rare combination of muscular, vocal, and mimetic powers would enable a man to be chief comedian of the Christy's. So firmly is nigger minstrelsy now established as one of the leading amusements of the metropolis, that London without its regular black band would seem shorn of a necessary appurtenance. The banjo is thrummed all the year round; for when the "Christy's" retire to swallow a mouthful of fresh air and to pick up a pocketful of money in the provinces, the Buckley's or the Campbell's are quick to relieve guard, and make a very respectable figure.

Those who look on everything with a serious face will find in the popularity of nigger minstrelsy among the educated classes a singular illustration of the close connection that exists between Puritanism and extreme frivolity. Scores of persons who would think it wicked to see the highest work of dramatic art performed by the finest company



in the world, will, with the utmost complacency, spend a long evening in listening to trivial jokes, provided they cannot be convicted of "going to the play." It is not that these persons object to the theatre as an edifice, for they will unscrupulously enter any playhouse in London to witness the tricks of a conjurer; neither are they particularly averse to the dramatic form of entertainment, for this is constantly employed in their presence by the artists they delight to patronize. But they must not "go to the play" on any consideration, and the distinction they draw is sufficiently practical to prevent the patronage of all that is elevating

in the drama, and to promote the encouragement of all that is trivial.

There is something melancholy in the fact that a form of religion has widely spread which manifestly tends to lower the civilization of the educated classes; but those who are content to take things as they find them may agreeably pass an evening with the "Christy's Minstrels," and respect them as a clever set of artists, who have thoroughly understood how to make the best of the circumstances in which they are placed, and deport themselves ably and conscientiously in their singular vocation.

ALLEGHANIA.—Mr. James W. Taylor of St. Paul, Min., has published a pamphlet with the above title, designed to show, by a geographical and statistical argument, the peculiar condition of the mountain districts of the South, as a source of strength to the Union and of weakness to the rebellion. This mountain region embraces continuous parts of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, with an area of 85,835 square miles, including 181 counties, and containing 1,373,690 inhabitants, of whom only 201,024, or less than 15 per cent, are slaves. This was by the census of 1850, and it is believed that the proportion of slaves is now still smaller. Mr. Taylor possesses one capital defect as a statistician, he does not foot his columns! We have performed this "labor of love," and hence elaborated the following table, showing at a glance the States involved, the number of counties, the free population, and the slaves:—

States.	Counties.	Free Inhab.	Slaves.
Virginia, . .	78 . .	487,708 .	64,255
Kentucky, . .	12 . .	60,160 .	2,560
Tennessee, . .	35 . .	268,295 .	32,152
N. Carolina, . .	17 . .	130,572 .	14,222
S. Carolina, . .	4 . .	58,653 .	25,923
Georgia, . .	27 . .	119,358 .	23,868
Alabama, . .	8 . .	74,920 .	38,044
	181	1,172,666	201,024

The writer dilates, with the enthusiasm of a native, on the beauties and grandeur of the scenery, the fertility of the soil for grass and grain, the wealth of the mines of gold and iron and salt and coal, the various mineral springs, the abundance of water-streams, the salubrity of the climate, the central position, the mountain fastnesses, and other advantages of that beautiful region, and then argues the importance of an early advance of the Union armies through the Cumberland Gap and along the valley of Vir-

ginia, to Knoxville, to Chattanooga, to King's Mountain, to Dahlonega, to Huntsville, everywhere drawing out the support of a population still loyal at heart, as he says. Two questions arise in our minds as we reflect on the glowing picture. First, we do not know why our armies have not long ago been advanced more confidently into a section so important and so favorable. And, secondly, we are at a loss to explain how or why such a people, in such a mountain region, have so cravenly allowed themselves to be trampled on by the rebellion.—*Independent*.

*The Gorilla Hunters; a Tale of the Wilds of Africa.* By R. M. Ballantyne. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE gorilla hunting constitutes but a small portion of this fictitious narrative of daring adventure. Elephants, rhinoceroses, and "such small deer" are knocked over in the most sportsman-like manner; lions and leopards are bagged like partridges, and the native savages, yet more cruel than the beasts of the forest, are baffled or overcome as counsel or valor happens to predominate. Truly marvellous are the escapes of these daring Englishmen. Now they tumble down a sheer precipice, now are tossed by an infuriated buffalo. This one is charged by an elephant, that one by a black rhinoceros, while in the dead of night a lion springs upon the carcass of a zebra lying beside their watch-fire, and at the same moment is shot through the brain by the slumbering sentinel. As to the gorilla, commend us to the single combat at the close of the volume as far surpassing anything witnessed or imagined by Mr. du Chailu himself. The illustrations are as terrific as the narrative, and quite as truthful.—*Spectator*.



From The Christian Observer.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST: "THE MAN OF THE WORLD."

WE endeavored, not long since, to bring into light an important lesson, taught us in the life of one of the most celebrated of the sons of men. The misfortunes and sufferings of Christopher Columbus, flowing in the plainest possible sequence from an error of his own, seemed to furnish a perpetual beacon-light, holding up to all future ages the warning given to Baruch, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord."

The world's history furnishes few such warnings;—few warnings of an equally explicit and intelligible kind, and written in so legible and conspicuous a character. One, however, there is, the most striking, perhaps, of all; and claiming our attention the more imperatively, inasmuch as it is a lesson of our own time. The records of the past contain no more remarkable name than that of Napoleon Bonaparte; and they afford us no plainer or more emphatic lesson than that which is legible in the life of that greatest conqueror of modern times. To "aim high" is the counsel of an eminent English philosopher. "Not to have aimed high enough" was the chief cause of the ruin of Napoleon Bonaparte. He strove, and almost successfully, to be the master of the world. If he had ever seen, he had disregarded the testimony of one who had thus recorded his experience: "I was great, and increased more than all that were before me . . . and whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy: then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and behold, *all was vanity and vexation of spirit.*"\* And unquestionably, the question propounded by the Lord Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" never reached his heart, if indeed it ever entered his ear.

There is, however, in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, a third lesson discernible,—a lesson not distinctly expressed in our Lord's question, nor in the testimony of Solomon. The words of Christ assume, for the moment, that a man *may* "gain the whole world;" the declaration of Solomon testi-

fies that even that full success would bring no real happiness. But there may be—there has been—a result which differs considerably from that pointed out in both of these warnings. A man may devote himself so earnestly to the unlawful purpose of "gaining the whole world," as to break his own heart in the effort. A man whose mental power and force of character might have secured for him the fullest amount of enjoyment that this world was capable of affording, may fail even in this temporal and sub-lunary pursuit, from a want of the true wisdom. A consciousness of power may excite arrogance; an unbroken tide of success may lead to inordinate self-confidence; and while the conquering autocrat exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" the word may be heard from heaven, "The kingdom is departed from thee; and they shall drive thee from among men." Such was the fate of Napoleon Bonaparte. And there are few more instructive lessons to be learned in the annals of the different states and kingdoms of the earth than that which is taught us in this eventful history.

The early life of Napoleon exhibits to us at every step a youth of vast energy, enterprise, and personal ambition. He eagerly acquired the knowledge which was necessary for his views; readily applied that knowledge to practical purposes, and was ever on the stretch for an upward flight. While in his twenty-fifth year, a young officer, poor, and seeking employment in Paris, he could talk of his plans for a visit to the East, and exclaim: "How strange would it be if a little Corsican soldier should become king of Jerusalem!"

He had exhibited both skill and enterprise, before this, at the siege of Toulon; but it was the service rendered by him to the National Convention at Paris on the 4th of October, 1795, which placed him at once on the road to fortune. The greater part of the citizens of Paris disliked the Convention, and were resolved to deprive it of power. The Convention resolved to maintain its authority, but it had but five thousand men to oppose to forty thousand national guards united in revolt. In its alarm it gave the command of its forces to Barras, one of its own members; and he exclaimed, "I have the man you want,—a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony." The

\* Eccles. 2: 9-11.



defence, therefore, was virtually committed to this almost unknown man, who had for weeks been soliciting employment in vain, and submitting to half starvation in the garrets of Paris. He justified the character given him by Barras, that he "would not stand upon ceremony." Sweeping the streets of Paris with grape-shot, he put down ruthlessly what was unquestionably a popular rising, and established the authority of the Convention and the Directory. He soon received his reward, being named to the command of the army of Italy. "Advance this man," said Barras to the other Directors, "or he will advance himself without you!" Thus, at the age of twenty-six, the energy and talent of this aspiring spirit had exalted its owner to a position which experienced and famous captains would have naturally coveted. Already he was a distinguished man. One of the Directors remarked to him, "You are very young!" "In a year," he replied, "I shall either be old, or dead." To a friend he added, "In three months I will either be in Milan, or back in Paris."

We are not writing the history of Napoleon's wars, and shall therefore only say, that in two campaigns he subdued Italy and effectually humbled Austria. The treaty of Campo Formio was one of the greatest humiliations that an emperor of Germany had ever endured. The French general returned to Paris, the victor of Lodi, of Arcola, and of Rivoli. Already he had taken his place among the first of living generals.

The very next spring, a plan suggested by himself was adopted by the Directory, and an expedition to Egypt and the Mediterranean was sent forth under his command. At the head of forty thousand men, he sailed in May, 1798, for Malta, which island surrendered to him in June. Egypt soon fell under his power, but in the bay of Aboukir Nelson destroyed his fleet. In various engagements with the Turks and Mamelukes, the French were constantly victorious; but Napoleon soon saw the fruitlessness of all his efforts, and he was disquieted by the news from France. The Directory was becoming more and more unpopular; its Italian campaign had been unfortunate; all men began to anticipate another change, and the aspiring young Corsican could not be satisfied to remain in the sandy plains of Egypt,

while new openings to power might be occurring in the capital of France. Handing over the command of the army of Egypt to Kleber, he embarked on the 23rd of August, 1799, at Rosetta, and on the 16th of October was again in Paris.

It is now doubted by no one, that the governing motive in this desertion of his army was personal ambition. Thus his eulogist Thiers says, "It was one of those rash acts by which great and ambitious minds tempt Heaven." The throne of France was the object to which his sleeping and waking thoughts now ceaselessly turned. He treated the Directory with courtesy, but with coldness; and "upon him," says Thiers, "all eyes, all wishes, and all hopes were immediately fixed."

His brother Lucien had been elected President of the Council of Five Hundred, and with him, conjointly with Talleyrand and Sieyes, were all Napoleon's plans concerted. In less than a month his arrangements were completed. On the 10th of November he ordered three regiments of dragoons to meet for review; the Council of the Ancients was assembled in the Tuileries, and a decree was proposed and adopted, declaring General Bonaparte commander of all the troops and national guards of the capital. The Directors themselves, haughtily upbraided by this new military dictator, resigned their offices; and the next day, the Council of Five Hundred, meeting at St. Cloud, and surrounded by Napoleon's troops, were, after a struggle, dispersed by a few companies of grenadiers, and the French Republic came to an ignominious close.

A few partisans of the Bonapartes assembled soon after, under the presidency of Lucien, and declared the adjournment of the two councils until February of the next year, and the installation, meantime, of three consuls, Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos, in whose hand all the powers of government were placed. In December the farce of a "New Constitution" was performed; and Bonaparte was named Chief Consul, Cambaceres second, and Lebrun the third. On the 19th February, 1800, the "Chief Consul" took up his abode in the palace of the Tuileries, the ancient abode of a long line of kings.

He was now in reality the master of France. Immediately putting his armies in



motion, he himself, in May, departed for Italy, where, on the 14th of June, he achieved the splendid victory of Marengo. By that one battle he regained all that the Directory had lost in their unfortunate campaign of the preceding year. Again Austria yielded, and by the treaty of Lunville, in 1801, acknowledged the First Consul, yielded Tuscany and Flanders, and gave to Napoleon Bonaparte once more the *éclat* of having dictated the terms of peace to the Emperor of Germany.

In 1802 England concluded peace with him, which, however, was merely an armed truce, lasting little more than a year. During this period Napoleon's Chief Consulate was declared to be for life; and soon afterwards the power of naming his successor was conceded to him; so that nothing but the name of royalty was wanting. This was soon added; for on the 18th of May, 1804, he openly assumed, in pursuance of a decree of the senate, the style and title of Emperor of France. Less than ten years had sufficed to raise him from the rank of a junior officer of artillery, to the highest throne in Europe. In October, 1795, he was an unemployed and almost starving officer, lounging about the streets of Paris; in May, 1804, he was the monarch of France, the object of trembling alarm to all the sovereigns of Europe, the lord and the master of twenty palaces, and the commander of the finest army in Europe. Scarcely can the annals of the world furnish another instance of so rapid and so vast an ascent.

Nor did the world lay to his charge any remarkable crimes in his eager rise to the pinnacle of power. He had privately murdered no master and benefactor, like Hazael; he had assassinated no rival, like Bruce; he had dethroned and slaughtered no sovereign, his relative, like Henry of Lancaster. His worst actions, the alleged poisoning of his sick soldiers in Egypt, and the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, were regarded as measures of policy by his admirers, for which some plausible pretexts might be advanced. A student and admirer of Plutarch, he lived for history; and having no legitimate title to the throne, he sought popularity and a glorious name. Hence he was not needlessly cruel or wicked; but Barras' description of him held good through life; and whenever a political object was to

be gained, "he never stood upon ceremony."

We find him, then, the sovereign of one of the greatest kingdoms of the earth. "Never before," says Mr. Gleig, "since the world began, had circumstances, and his own marvellous genius, raised an individual so wondrously as Napoleon Bonaparte rose from a private station to a throne; never before had such vast power, wealth, and resources been committed to the keeping of one man." But they were indeed "committed" to him, by the Great Ruler of the universe, for the wisest ends; and when those ends had been accomplished, they were as wondrously withdrawn.

Being raised up, however, chiefly as a scourge, and not as a benefactor of mankind, it did not please God to change his heart, or to alter or modify his natural character. His aim never rose above mere secular power and dominion, and the fame which naturally followed them. From Plutarch he had learned to admire and to covet fame and glory; but beyond this, he seemed never to have a single aspiration.

Mr. Emerson, when selecting a series of "representative men," each being specimens of a class, names Napoleon Bonaparte as "THE MAN OF THE WORLD." And truly he was "of the earth, earthy." So far as we can gather, no kind of religion ever gained the least hold upon his mind. His natural sagacity preserved him from that senseless atheism which had besotted myriads in revolutionary France; and when a knot of "philosophers" had declaimed, in his hearing, against the very idea of a God, he could reply with the acuteness of a practical mind, by pointing to the starry heavens, and exclaiming, "Tell me, then, who made all those?" But he was truly "the man of the world;" and the men of the world usually reject atheism, and take refuge in deism. Like them, he never pretended to be a saint;—to use his own words, "he was no Capuchin." He would fain lead a decent and respectable life, like the best of Plutarch's heroes, and had no fondness for crime, or for the grosser vices; but if a crime appeared to be necessary, "he was not the man to stand upon ceremony." He always kept the Italian proverb in mind, "If you would succeed, you must not be too good."

Such was the man who had, in about



seven or eight years, fought or scrambled his way to a throne, and that throne one of the highest in Europe. Let us now inquire how he conducted himself in that high position. This part of his history, viewed apart from that of his fall, is but brief. It extends over no more than eight years. In May, 1804, he became Emperor of France, and in May, 1812, he set forth on his march for Moscow—the first of those terrible failures which ended in his ruin.

He had been formed and prepared, in the counsels of Divine Providence, as a scourge for Europe. A scourge, equally for the papal kingdoms of Italy and Spain and Austria and Southern Germany, and for the now semi-infidel realms of Northern Germany; and the seven years on which we are now entering, were years of victory and “glory” for Napoleon and France, and of defeat and shame for every other power in Europe with but one exception.

Placing the imperial crown on his own head, and receiving the papal benediction, in December, 1804, he repeated the ceremony in May, 1805, at Milan, as King of Italy. That same autumn witnessed the third chastisement of Austria. The surrender of Ulm, with 20,000 men, and the battle of Austerlitz, which cost Austria more than 50,000, brought on an immediate submission; the emperor again surrendering whole provinces, and Bonaparte creating three kingdoms, for dependants of his own out of the spoils.

Prussia, with absolute fatuity, had stood aloof while Austria was being crushed; but in the very next year her own turn came. At Jena her noble army of 150,000 men was scattered, and the monarchy of Prussia was laid in the dust.

Such was the work of 1806. In 1807, Russia, the only remaining continental power of the first rank, was similarly humbled. The battle of Friedland brought on the peace of Tilsit, by which Russia and Prussia were once more admitted to external amity with France,—Prussia, however, only with the sacrifice of half her territory.

The whole of Central and Northern Europe had now suffered a terrible chastisement at the hands of this “scourge of God,” and the southern kingdoms were next to receive their share. For his past wars with Austria, Italy, Prussia, and Russia,

Napoleon might easily have found some plausible justification; but his assault on Spain and Portugal, which commenced in 1807–8, was wholly destitute of all pretext or reasonable plea. He invaded Portugal almost without taking the trouble to assign a reason; he then inveigled the whole Spanish royal family to Bayonne, and there forced from each of them in turn a formal abdication of the throne. He poured 300,000 men into the devoted country, and resolved to bestow its crown on Joseph, one of his own brothers. These enormous acts of reckless and tyrannous aggression alarmed all Europe, and they were, finally, the substantial cause of his ruin. So he himself confessed, in his exile at St. Helena: “*It was that unhappy war in Spain which ruined me.*” The results have irrevocably proved that I was in the wrong. That unfortunate war in Spain proved a real wound—the first cause of the misfortunes of France. Had I known at the first that the transaction would have given me so much trouble, I would never have attempted it.”\* His eulogist, Thiers, confesses the same fault, saying, “He was drawn on from chicanery to perfidy, and came to affix to his name a blot which has forever tarnished his glory.”†

For nearly two years, 1808 and 1809, Europe seemed to stand in terror and aghast, while he was overrunning and subjugating Spain. But in the latter year, Austria, again alone, was permitted to call down upon herself a fourth chastisement. Contrary to all the plainest dictates of common sense, without any attempt to gain the aid of Russia or Prussia, or of the minor powers of Germany, she rushed once more into the field, and after an indecisive contest at Aspern, was utterly defeated at Wagram, and again made peace, sacrificing 45,000 square miles of territory, and giving up one of her princesses to the sad fate of marriage with Napoleon Bonaparte.

This marriage took place in 1810; and that year, and in the following spring, “the fortunes of Napoleon and of the French empire may be said to have reached their culminating point. He gave the law to the whole of Europe, England and Russia alone excepted: his empire now comprising all that portion of the continent which is

\* Las Casas, iv. 204, 205. † Thiers, viii. 658.



skirted by the German ocean on the north; by the Lower Elbe, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Adriatic on the east; by the Mediterranean on the south; and by the Gulf of Genoa and the Pyrenees on the west. But the power and influence of Napoleon extended far beyond this. Bavaria was his submissive ally; and the smaller States east of the Rhine acknowledged him as their protector. A new kingdom—that of Westphalia was presided over by one of his brothers; while Prussia, reduced to a State of the third order, existed only by sufferance; and Austria, having given Napoleon a wife, gave him also her fealty, and paid him tribute. Spain and Portugal still resisted; but the resistance of States so feeble scarcely affected the stability of an empire, of which Europe had never seen the equal since Augustus from the Roman Capitol controlled the destinies of the civilized world.”\*

In little more than twelve years, then, from his first emergence from obscurity, and in only seven from his recognition as emperor, had this remarkable man secured for himself a place in the Temple of Fame not inferior to that of Alexander, of Cæsar, or of Charlemagne. It is while he occupies this elevated place, that we must try to form an estimate of his character, his peculiarities, and his moral rank.

He was truly described by Emerson, as a leader, pattern, and representative of the men of the world. He did not desire or intend to be worse than other men, and so to excite a general abhorrence; nor did he ever dream of setting himself up as “better than other men,” and so to disgust their self-love. He could commit crime when it seemed necessary, but he would not willingly rush into it; for he had read Plutarch, and coveted fame. He himself says: “Men of my stamp do not commit crimes; I have always marched with the opinion of great masses, and with events; of what use, then, would crimes be to me?”

Yet he had either ordered or approved the murder of the Duke d’Enghien, of Tournai, of the Duke of Palm, the bookseller,—all unquestionable crimes. These, however, were probably of too insignificant a character to dwell in his memory. But what save self-delusion could blind him to the

true character of the proceedings at Bayonne; proceedings which even his admirer Thiers characterizes as stained with “chicanery and perfidy,” and which led to the slaughter of half a million of human beings? Into these transactions, however, he was, as he says, “drawn;” his purpose was simply “to filch a kingdom,” the long and bloody war which followed his attempt being merely a disappointment and a disaster. Carlyle, himself scarcely a professor of Christianity, quotes Scripture in speaking of him, and says, “The man was given up to strong delusion, that he should believe a lie.”

Yet was he truly “a representative man,”—a just representative of men of the world,—of the men who follow the old counsel—

“Get wealth and place, if possible, with grace;  
If not, by any means, get wealth and place.”

“Bonaparte,” says Emerson, “was the idol of common men, because he had in a transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men. There is a certain satisfaction in coming down to the lowest ground of politics, for we get rid of cant and hypocrisy. Bonaparte worked, in common with that great class he represented, for power and wealth, but *for Bonaparte specially*, without any scruple as to the means. He renounced, once for all, sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and his head. With him there is no miracle and no magic. Men give way before such a man as before natural events. Such a man was wanted, and such a man was born; a man of stone and iron, capable of sitting on horseback for sixteen hours together; of going many days without food or rest except by snatches, and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action; a man not embarrassed by any scruples, nor to be balked or misled by any pretence.”\* Such was the man whom God had needed, and whom, for a great purpose, God had raised up. “This capacious head, revolving and disposing trains of affairs, and animating multitudes of agents; this eye, which looked through Europe; this prompt invention; this inexhaustible resource.”

But the “one thing” was wanting. He could raise his eye, and prosecute his designs, up to the earth’s highest place; but *no higher*. Beyond this world’s wealth and

\* Gleig’s Campaign of Leipsic, p. 2.

\* Emerson, pp. 168, 169.



power, he never had an aspiration. And this grand defect decided his whole character, and finally led to calamities which broke his heart.

"I am sorry," continues Emerson, "that this brilliant picture, of great talents and great successes, has its reverse. The mere pursuit of wealth is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the moral sentiments; and we find it so in the history of this unscrupulous champion, who proposed to himself simply a *brilliant* career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means."

"The highest-placed individual, in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust, egotistic, and monopolizing. He is a boundless liar."

"He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, or poison, as his interest dictated. He was intensely selfish; he was perfidious. In short, when you had penetrated through all this immense power and splendor, you found you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and a rogue."\*

We have, then, a great engine of punishment, raised up for a specific end. No moral excellences were needed, and none were given. The only kind of admiration we can award to Napoleon, is that which we award equally to Nebuchadnezzar, to Alexander, and to Alaric. All these men were well fitted for the work they had to do, and neither of them was *too good* for his mission.

A striking portrait of a scourge of this kind was given us, above two thousand five hundred years ago, by inspiration of God, and by the pen of the prophet Isaiah:—

"O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff of mine indignation; I send him against an hypocritical nation, and against the people of my wrath will I give him a charge, to take the spoil and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so: for he saith, Are not my princes altogether kings? and shall I not, as I have done unto Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and her idols?"

"Wherefore, it shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jerusalem, I will punish the stout heart of the king or

Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it."\*

An English poet of our own day has applied the same description to Napoleon in four very simple lines:—

"While he his own arm trusted,  
God wrought his purpose high;  
Then, like a sword-blade rusted,  
Cast him dishonored by!"

The year 1811, as Mr. Gleig remarks, was the culminating point of his history. In that year he swayed all Europe, with the small exceptions of the far-distant Russia, the little isles of Britain, and the city of Lisbon, where Wellington lay cooped up within the lines of Torres Vedras. Yet we can now see, without the least difficulty, that the hour of his greatest pride was also the hour of his commencing ruin.

Heathen writers borrowed of old, from the descriptions of Holy Writ, the idea, that whom the gods mean to destroy, they first deprive of reason. The records of God's ancient people give us many instances of this. Thus, when crafty and wise counsel had been given to Absalom by Ahitophel, a more vain-glorious and foolish policy was suggested by Hushai: "For the Lord had appointed to defeat the good counsel of Ahitophel, to the intent that the Lord might bring evil upon Absalom." In like manner, by evil counsel, was Rehoboam lured to his ruin; and after him, Ahab. And in all these cases it was generally pride that went before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

And precisely in this manner was Napoleon's ruin brought on. The years 1810 and 1811 exhibited the climax of his power; and the climax also of his haughtiness, and the commencement of his decline. Nothing could exceed the arrogance of his language and his demeanor at that period. In his addresses to the legislative body at Paris, he was accustomed to vaunt himself in such terms as these. "In a few days I shall set out to place myself at the head of my army, to crown at Madrid the King of Spain, and to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon." "As for the English armies, I will chase them from the Peninsula." "When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the Leop-

\* Emerson, p. 190.

\* Isaiah x.



ard, in terror, will plunge into the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death.

In fact, he was already, in his own eyes, a deity upon earth. Writing to his brother, the King of Holland, he says: "Never forget, that in the situation to which MY political system and the interests of MY empire have called you, your first duty is towards ME,—your second towards France. All your other duties, even those towards the people whom I have called you to govern, rank after these." Thus, "to his own mind he was the source and centre of duty," and his "political system" became the standard of morals. His devoted and affectionate wife, who had stood by him in poverty and danger, was discarded the moment his "political system" rendered it necessary. His brothers were used as his tools, and disgraced whenever they showed the least desire for independence. His mother was not permitted to sit in the presence of her arrogant son!

But with high-mindedness of this description practical wisdom never dwells. There could be no plainer dictate of common sense, than that which warned him to crush, if possible, the rising power of Wellington. Here was a commander who had defeated every general that Napoleon had sent against him, and had routed the French armies at Vimiera, Talavera, Barossa, Sabugal and Fuentes d'Onor. Was it not his first business to clear the Peninsula, if he could, of this dangerous antagonist, and to drive the English army back to its own shores? Yet, with a wonderful infatuation did Napoleon adopt the idea, that "it was good policy to let the English exhaust themselves in the Peninsula;" and hence, instead of putting an end to that struggle, he turned his back upon it, and madly engaged in a new and deadly strife at the other extremity of Europe.

In 1811, when he ought to have been terminating the Peninsula controversy, Napoleon remained at home, adding, by edict after edict, new provinces to his immense dominions; and commencing a fresh quarrel with Russia, the only unbroken and really formidable power on the continent of Europe. Two hundred thousand fresh troops poured into Spain might have forced Wellington to quit the Peninsula. But Napoleon overlooked the opportunity, and in the next spring he carried more than four hundred and fifty thousand across the Vistula, to leave their

bones amidst the snows of Russia. He had gained a throne by the exertion of great practical wisdom and sagacity; he was now beginning to lose it by the commission of astounding blunders.

He insulted and outraged the northern emperor, and carried the greatest army ever seen in modern times into the inaccessible empire of Muscovy. He had lost half of this army before he reached Moscow; and had heard, at that enormous distance, that the insignificant English force in Spain, which he had despised, had won the battle of Salamanca, had entered Madrid, and now threatened the expulsion of his brother, and the overthrow of the French power in the Peninsula.

He had, in his pride, attempted the impossible, and had failed. Leaving the bodies of 400,000 soldiers on the Russian wilds, he escaped out of Poland with fewer than 50,000 men, and had next to fight for the preservation of his ascendancy in Germany. Another of Wellington's victories, at Vittoria, united the three sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia against Napoleon, and the winter of that year saw him fairly driven back into France. His pride and arrogance still clung to him, and rendered it impossible for him to stoop. In the negotiations of 1813, at Dresden, the Allies offered to leave him a great empire; in 1814, standing on his own soil, they again offered to give him all France. But he could not bend, he could not recede; and thus he lost all, because he would not consent to lose anything. A mind which has placed its whole happiness in having no equal, feels the thought of descending to the level of kings to be intolerable. He "could not wear," he said, "a tarnished crown." "Refusing to take counsel of events, he persevered in fighting, with a stubbornness like that of a spoilt child, who sullenly grasps what he knows he must relinquish, struggles without hope, and does not give over resistance until his little fingers are one by one unclenched from the object on which he has set his heart. So fell Napoleon."

The same burning ambition, the same restless pride, and the same unscrupulosity as to engagements, led him to cast himself again upon France in 1815, and forced the allied powers once more to defeat and to apprehend him, and to consign him this time



to a safer prison. They sent him to St. Helena, and there he ended his days.

The last six years of his life were mournfully instructive. He had been "a man of the world" all his days, and all his reverses, being unaccompanied by Divine grace, did nothing to soften his heart, or to elevate his views; hence year after year passed in fretful lamentations over his lost glory, in ill-concealed aspirations after new contests and victories, and in bitter quarrelings with his watchful gaoler.

Thus had Europe seen "an experiment, under the most favorable conditions, of the powers of intellect *without conscience*. Never was such a leader so endowed, and so weaponed; never did leader find such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power; of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace." \* "Napoleon's working,—what was it with all the noise it made? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread; a blazing up as of dry heath. For an hour the universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame; but only for an hour. It goes out; the universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and soil beneath, is still there." †

And the poor man himself, what a spectacle of earthly greatness does he present, and of earthly folly and self-delusion! "His notions of the world, as he utters them at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the world is still moving on its axis! His astonishment is extreme. But alas! what help now? He had to sink there, mournfully enough, and break his great heart, and die." ‡

Yet, so far as restless energy, unrivalled genius, and unscrupulous decision were concerned, this terrible failure was not Bonaparte's fault. "He did all that in him lay

to live and thrive without moral principle." It was the "eternal law" which balked and ruined him, and the result in a million of experiments would always be the same. Every experiment that has a merely sensual and selfish aim will fail." \*

His design, the great business of his life,—his design against the independence of nations and the liberties of the world, has been justly described as the most nefarious enterprise recorded in history. He knew distinctly the price which he must pay for the eminence which he coveted. "He knew that the path to it lay over slaughtered millions; over the putrifying heaps of his fellow-creatures; over ravaged fields, smoking ruins, pillaged cities. He knew that his steps would be followed by the groans of widowed mothers and famished orphans; of bereaved friendship and despairing love, and that with this misery he would create an equal amount of crime." On the fields of Spain he left half a million of French soldiers, whose bayonets had been dyed with the blood of a still larger number of murdered peasants, with their wives and children. In his Russian campaign of 1812, he lost not fewer than 400,000 of his army; while the ravages and murders committed on the inhabitants of the country defy computation. And the sole object of all this bloodshed,—the Moloch to whom these millions were sacrificed, was nothing else than "*my political system*," "*my glory*."

It was the bright and cheering feature in his great rival's history, that from first to last he always recognized an obligation, a *duty*, by which he was bound, and to which he paid a loyal obedience. To say that Wellington had no selfishness, would be absurd; but it is certain that he never allowed it to become his dominant motive, or his rule of life. Bonaparte, on the other hand, lived transparently *for himself*. No higher or purer aspiration ever stirred his breast than such as had reference to his own power or "*glory*." It was for this sole end that he lived, and it was to conduce to this end that he would fain have made all other men live.

"There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to moral greatness; to that sublime energy by which the soul binds itself for life or death to truth and duty; espouses as its

\* Emerson, p. 191.

† Carlyle, p. 390.

‡ Carlyle, p. 392. The ostensible cause of his death was cancer of the stomach: on which Dr. Arnott thus writes: "If it be admitted that a previous disposition to this disease did exist, might not the depressing passions of the mind act as an exciting cause? It is more than probable that Napoleon's mental sufferings at St. Helena were very poignant."

\* Emerson, p. 392.



own the interests of human nature ; scorns all meanness and defies all peril ; reposes an unflinching trust in God ; and is ever ' ready to be offered up ' on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other greatness into obscurity, we find not a trace in Napoleon." \*

As to the will or the commands of God, it is quite clear that these " were not in all his thoughts." Hence he performed the work assigned to him, of punishing and scourging guilty nations, and then he was cast upon the rock, " to break his heart and die." So far as he himself was concerned, his life was one long crime, and, of necessity, it was also one long and ruinous blunder.

What lesson, however, some thoughtless reader may exclaim, can there be for us in this story ? Which amongst us is likely to rise to the command of an empire ? Or what instruction can we gain from the study of the fall of a great military autocrat ? He who so speaks must have overlooked the just remark of Emerson, that Bonaparte was the type or representative, not of emperors, or military despots, but of " the men of the world." Each man who lives for *himself*, and covets and obtains wealth and power and the gratification of his selfish ambition, is one of whom Bonaparte was the leader and pattern. His motto was *Excelsior*, and his ceaseless aim was self-exaltation. A thirst for dominion ever burnt within him,—a thirst which nothing could quench. He gratified it in a higher degree than almost any other of the sons of men ; yet still it consumed him, and he died with dreams of conquest and of glory filling his whole soul. And if you covet wealth and power for selfish objects, you follow in the track of Napoleon. " He had no element of character which others do not possess. He is not to be gazed at as a miracle. He was a manifestation of our own nature. He teaches us on a large scale what thousands teach on a narrow one."

\* Channing's Character of Napoleon, p. 62.

He died defeated, frustrated, and an exile. Yet, unless that thirst could have been quenched or taken away, he would have deserved pity no less had he died an autocrat. His broken heart may speak more plainly ; but not the fullest success could have rendered him less the object of compassion. Between the boastful conqueror on his throne, and the captive exile on his death-bed, the only difference is in outward circumstances ; the disease which ruined him was the same in his prosperity and in his downfall. An archangel, looking beyond those outward circumstances, would pity the delusion, as much in the conqueror as in the captive. And so, now, the substantial thing, the *reality*, is the disease, and not this or that phase of it. You follow him, perhaps, at an immense distance, vainly imagining that a millionth part of the wealth and power which he enjoyed would richly content you. But if you are really following him,—if you have the same burning thirst, the same heart-disease, you may reckon on the same fate. If apparent success be permitted you, you will still have to cry out with Solomon, " All is vanity and vexation of spirit ! " but if, as in Napoleon's case,—

" Vaulting ambition overleaps itself,  
And falls on the other side,"

your error will be more seen, and your fate more pitied ; yet the difference will be more in outside show than in substantial reality. The practical lesson to all " men of the world," from the merchant craving after gain to the conqueror at the head of his armies, is the same : " Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live."

THE PRUSSIAN CROWN AND CUSHION.—The *Kreuz Zeitung* reports a speech made the other day by the King of Prussia, in which his Majesty said : " My basis will, however, be the same, and will be inviolable. I have received my crown from the altar." What has King

William's receipt of his crown from the altar to do with the inviolability of his basis ? What relation does his basis bear to his crown ? Is not the one the direct opposite to the other ? If the King of Prussia puts his crown upon his basis, what, we should like to know, does he put his hat upon ?—*Punch*.



From The Examiner.

*The Lady of La Garaye.* By the Hon Mrs. Norton. Macmillan and Co.

THIS is a true poem, noble in subject and aim, natural in flow, worthy in expression, with the common soul of humanity throbbing in every page through wholesome words that owe their fitness to the generous heart not less than to the genius of a woman. There is no strain for effect, no evident labor for the "strong lines" of which Izaak Walton wearied; yet the musical emphatic lines are modelled to the thoughts they contain with an exquisite nicety. There is the refinement of Bowles with the warmth of a more heartily poetic nature.

In the *Lady of La Garaye* Mrs. Norton simply puts into fit words the sacred poem of a life. It is a grave tale of Time and its changes—a tale most fit for New Year reading—of Time and its changes that, whatever be the momentary pang they bring with them, are blessed changes to God's children. With its warm sympathies and wholesome truth that may sanctify the memory of our dead years, the poem is of all new books the one most fit to be a New Year's gift between men and women who share with each other earnest thoughts. A murmur of home feeling stirs with plaintive music in the dedication to Lord Lansdowne, who, full as he is of years and honors, cannot account least of his honors the touching earnestness with which his friendship is here honored in a poet's lines. We quote only a part:—

"Thou knowest—for thou hast proved—the dreary shade

A first-born's loss casts over lonely days;  
And gone is now the pale, fond smile, that made  
In my dim future, yet, a path of rays.

"Gone, the dear comfort of a voice whose sound  
Came like a beacon-bell, heard clear above  
The whirl of violent waters surging round;  
Speaking to shipwrecked ears of help and love.

"The joy that budded on my own youth's bloom,

When life wore still a glory and a gloss,  
Is hidden from me in the silent tomb;  
Smiting with premature unnatural loss.

"So that my very soul is wrung with pain,  
Meeting old friends whom most I love to see.  
Where are the younger lives, since these remain?  
I weep the eyes that should have wept for me!

"But all the more I cling to those who speak  
Like thee, in tones unaltered by my change;  
Greeting my saddened glance, and faded cheek,  
With the same welcome that seemed sweet and strange

"In early days: when I, of gifts made proud,  
That could the notice of such men beguile,  
Stood listening to thee in some brilliant crowd,  
With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.

"Oh! little now remains of all that was!  
Even for this gift of linking measured words,  
My heart oft questions, with discouraged pause,  
Does music linger in the slackening chords?

"Yet, friend, I feel not that all power is fled,  
While offering to thee, for the kindly years,  
The intangible gift of thought, whose silver thread  
Heaven keeps untarnished by our bitterest tears."

The silver thread of thought lies in this volume indeed untarnished, and if *The Lady of La Garaye* do not win a wide English welcome, the change is not in the singer, whose best music we have here.

The tale is a true one, its date the close of the seventeenth century, its scene Dinan in Brittany, where the ruined chateau of the La Garayes, and its ivy-covered gateway, remain to be sketched, and have been sketched by Mrs. Norton to accompany the poem. There is prefixed to it also a copy by Mrs. Norton of the *Lady of Garaye's* face from a picture in one of the charitable institutions of Dinan, wherein her spirit yet lives upon earth.

The poem opens with a prologue among the ruin Time has made of the house of Garaye, where

"Succeeding generations hear  
Beneath the shadow of each crumbling arch  
The music low and drear,  
The muffled music of thy onward march,  
Made up of piping winds and rustling leaves  
And plashing raindrops falling from slant eaves,  
And all mysterious, unconnected sounds  
With which the place abounds.  
Time doth efface  
Each day some lingering trace  
Of human government and human care:  
The things of air  
And earth, usurp the walls to be their own;  
Creatures that dwell alone,  
Occupy boldly: every mouldering nook  
Wherein we peer and look,  
Seems with wild denizens so swarming rife,  
We know the healthy stir of human life  
Must be forever gone!"

But with a sober gravity, unmixed with complaint, Mrs. Norton sings of the ruins of Time, and chooses to tell her tale of human trial, love, and triumph, in the woods of La Garaye.

The poem is in four parts. In the first we see Claud Marot, the young lord of La Garaye, and Gertrude his wife, rich in



wealth, beauty, friendship, perfectness of love, and all that can make the full joyousness of healthy youth. Claud had a wife

"Born, like himself, of lineage brave and good ;  
And like himself, of warm and eager mood ;  
Glad to share gladness, pleasure to impart,  
With dancing spirits and a tender heart.

"Pleased, too, to share the manlier sports which made

The joy of his young hours. No more afraid  
Of danger, than the seabird, used to soar  
From the high rocks above the ocean's roar,  
Which dips its slant wing in the wave's white crest,

And deems the foamy undulations, rest.  
Nor think the feminine beauty of her soul  
Tarnished by yielding to such joy's control ;  
Nor that the form which, like a flexile reed,  
Swayed with the movements of her bounding steed,

Took from those graceful hours a rougher force,  
Or left her nature masculine and coarse.  
She was not bold from boldness, but from love ;  
Bold from gay frolic ; glad with him to rove  
In danger or in safety, weal or woe,  
And where he ventured, still she yearned to go.  
Bold with the courage of his bolder life,  
At home a tender and submissive wife,  
Abroad, a woman, modest,—aye, and proud ;  
Not seeking homage from the casual crowd.  
She remained pure, that darling of his sight,  
In spite of boyish feats and rash delight ;  
Still the eyes fell before an insolent look,  
Or flashed their bright and innocent rebuke ;  
Still the cheek kept its delicate youthful bloom,  
And the blush reddened through the snow-white plume.

"He that had seen her, with her courage high,  
First in the chase where all dashed rapid by,  
He that had watched her bright impetuous look  
When she prepared to leap the silver brook,—  
Fair in her springtime as a branch of May ;  
Had felt the dull sneer feebly die away,  
And unused kindly smiles upon his cold lips play !"

It is this fulness and gladness of young life that is to be struck down and to bless thousands in its ruin. With artistic purpose, therefore, its full image is presented by the poet. Her friends are gathering to join the hunt. She is delicately painted in words as she waits and as she rides :—

"Alas ! look well upon that picture fair  
The face, the form, the smile, the golden hair ;  
The agile beauty of each movement made,—  
The loving softness of her eyes' sweet shade,  
The bloom and pliant grace of youthful days,  
The gladness and the glory of her gaze.  
If we knew when the last time was the last,  
Visions so dear to straining eyes went past."

The young husband and wife riding to-

gether on that holiday came to wild broken ground.

"Across the water full of peaked stones—  
Across the water where it chafes and moans—  
Across the water at its widest part—  
Which wilt thou leap, O lady of brave heart ?

"Their smiling eyes have met—those eager two :

She looks at Claud, as questioning which to do ;  
He rides—reins in—looks down the torrent's course,—

Pats the sleek neck of his sure-footed horse,—  
Stops,—measures spaces with his eagle eye,  
Tries a new track, and yet returns to try,  
Sudden, while pausing at the very brink,  
The damp, leaf-covered ground appears to sink,  
And the keen instinct of the wise dumb brute  
Escapes the yielding earth, the slippery root ;  
With a wild effort as if taking wing  
The monstrous gap he clears with one safe spring ;

Reaches—and barely reaches—past the roar  
Of the wild stream, the farther lower shore,—  
Scrambles, recovers, rears, and panting stands  
Safe 'neath his master's nerveless, trembling hands.

"Oh ! even while he leapt, his horrid thought  
Was of the peril to that lady brought ;  
Oh ! even while he leapt, her Claud looked back,  
And shook his hand to warn her from the track."

She fell among the rocks, her horse was killed and she was crippled.

"But never yet,  
Through all the loving days since first they met,  
Leaped his heart's blood with such a yearning  
vow  
That she was all in all to him, as now.  
'O Claud—the pain !'

"O Gertrude, my beloved !"  
Then faintly o'er her lips a wan smile moved,  
Which dumbly spoke of comfort from his tone,  
As though she felt half saved, not so to die alone.

"Ah ! happy they who in their grief or pain  
Yearn not for some familiar face in vain  
Who in the sheltering arms of love can lie  
Till human passion breathes its latest sigh :  
Who, when words fail to enter the dull ear,  
And when eyes cease from seeing forms most dear,  
Still the fond clasping touch can understand,—  
And sink to death from that detaining hand !"

With help from a wandering herdsman the count brought home his wife upon a litter of broken branches.

"The starry lights shine forth from tower and hall,  
Stream through the gateway, glimmer on the wall,  
And the loud pleasant stir of busy men  
In courtyard and in stable sounds again.  
And through the windows, as that death-bier passes,  
They see the shining of the ruby glasses



Set at brief intervals for many a guest  
 Prepared to share the laugh, the song, the jest ;  
 Prepared to drink, with many a courtly phrase,  
 Their host and hostess, 'Health to the Ga-  
 rayes !' "

In the second part we see the Lady of La Garaye stricken and pale, bidden to hope no more for health, and for a time yielding with all a woman's grief to her affliction.

"Blighted in all her bloom,—her withered frame

Must now inherit age ; young but in name.  
 Never could she, at close of some long day  
 Of pain that strove with hope, exulting lay  
 A tiny new-born infant on her breast,  
 And, in the soft lamp's glimmer, sink to rest,  
 The strange corporeal weakness sweetly blent  
 With a delicious dream of full content ;  
 With pride of motherhood, and thankful prayers,  
 And a confused glad sense of novel cares,  
 And peeps into the future brightly given,  
 As though her babe's blue eyes turned earth to heaven !

Never again could she, when Claud returned  
 After brief absence, and her fond heart yearned  
 To see his earnest eyes, with upward glancing,  
 Greet her known windows, even while yet ad-  
 vancing,—

Fly with light footsteps down the great hall-stair,  
 And give him welcome in the open air  
 As though she were too glad to see him come,  
 To wait till he should enter happy home,  
 And there, quick-breathing, glowing, sparkling  
 stand,

His arm round her slim waist, hand locked in  
 hand ;

The mutual kiss exchanged of happy greeting,  
 That needs no secrecy of lover's meeting ;  
 While, giving welcome also in their way,  
 Her dogs barked rustling round him, wild with  
 play ;

And voices called, and hasty steps replied,  
 And the sleek fiery steed was led aside,  
 And the gray seneschal came forth and smiled,  
 Who held him in his arms while yet a child ;  
 And cheery jinglings from unfastened doors,  
 And vaulted echoes through long corridors,  
 And distant bells that thrill along the wires,  
 And stir of logs that heap up autumn fires,  
 Crowned the glad eager bustle that makes  
 known

The master's step is on his threshold-stone ! "

The first pangs of the wife when she finds

"The body broken from the yearning soul,  
 Never again to make a perfect whole,"

are expressed with a delicate pathos, and the fleeting of the smile from the sick face, when

"Something sadder even than her pain  
 Torments her now ; and thrills each languid  
 vein.

Love's tender instinct feels through every nerve  
 When love's desires or love itself doth swerve.

All the world's praise re-echoed to the sky  
 Cancels not blame that shades a lover's eye ;  
 All the world's blame, which scorn for scorn re-  
 pays,

Fails to disturb the joy of lover's praise.

Ah ! think not vanity alone doth deck

With rounded pearls the young girl's innocent  
 neck,

Who in her duller days contented tries  
 The homely robe that with no rival vies,  
 But on the happy night she hopes to meet  
 The one to whom she comes with trembling feet,  
 With crimson roses decks her bosom fair,  
 Warm as the thoughts of love all glowing there,  
 Because she must his favorite colors wear :  
 And all the bloom and beauty of her youth  
 Can scarce repay, she thinks, her lover's truth.

"Vain is the argument so often moved,  
 'Who feels no jealousy hath never loved ;'  
 She whose quick fading comes before her tomb,  
 Is jealous even of her former bloom.

Restless she pines ; because, to her distress,  
 One charm the more is now one claim the less  
 On his regard whose words are her chief treas-  
 ures,

And by whose love alone her worth she meas-  
 ures."

At last her plaint finds utterance, and this  
 brings comfort in her husband's argument of  
 love thus ending,—

"Oh ! loved even to the brim of love's full fount,  
 Wilt thou set nothing to firm faith's account ?  
 Choke back thy tears which are my bitter smart,  
 Lean thy dear head upon my aching heart ;  
 It may be God, who saw our careless life,  
 Not sinful, yet not blameless, my sweet wife  
 (Since all we thought of, in our youth's bright  
 May,

Was but the coming joy from day to day) ;  
 Hath blotted out all our joy to bid us learn  
 That this is not our home ; and make us turn  
 From the enchanted earth, where much was  
 given,

To higher aims, and a forgotten heaven."

A Threnody upon departed joy opens the  
 third part of the poem, in which the husband  
 and wife sorrow still.

"And either tries to hide the thoughts that wring  
 Their secret hearts ; and both essay to bring  
 Some happy topic, some yet lingering dream,  
 Which they with cheerful words shall make  
 their theme ;

But fail,—and in their wistful eyes confess  
 All their words never own of hopelessness."

But these lines would have been no poem  
 had they closed in despair. With a faithful  
 reminder of God's pity this part of the work  
 ends, and in the concluding part we read how  
 a good Prior of Benedictines who brought  
 his message of peace to the house of Garaye,  
 raised



"Her thoughts submitted to his thought's control,  
As 'twere an elder brother of her soul.

"Well she remembered how that soul was stirred,  
By the rebuking of his gentle word,  
When in her faltering tones complaint was given,  
'What had I done; to earn such fate from Heaven?'

"O Lady! here thou liest, with all that wealth  
Or love can do to cheer thee back to health;  
With books that woo the fancies of thy brain,  
To happier thoughts than brooding over pain;  
With light, with flowers, with freshness, and with food,

Dainty and chosen, fit for sickly mood:  
With easy couches for thy languid frame,  
Bringing real rest, and not the empty name;  
And silent nights, and soothed and comforted days;  
And Nature's beauty spread before thy gaze:—

"What have the Poor done, who instead of these,  
Suffer in foulest rags each dire disease,  
Creep on the earth, and lean against the stones,  
When some disjointing torture racks their bones;  
And groan and grope throughout the weary night,

Denied the rich man's easy luxury,—light?  
What has the Babe done,—who, with tender eyes,

Blinks at the world a little while, and dies,  
Having first stretched in wild convulsive leaps,  
His fragile limbs, which ceaseless suffering keeps  
In ceaseless motion, till the hour when death  
Clenches his little heart, and stops his breath?  
What has the Idiot done, whose half-formed soul

Scarce knows the seasons as they onward roll;  
Who flees with gibbering cries and bleeding feet,  
From idle boys who pelt him in the street?  
What have the fair girls done, whose early bloom  
Wasting like flowers that pierce some creviced tomb,

Plants that have only known a settled shade,  
Lives that for others' uses have been made,—  
Toil on from morn to night, from night to morn,  
For those chance pets of Fate, the wealthy born;  
Bound not to murmur, and bound not to sin,  
However bitter be the bread they win?"

Through such teaching the young, child-  
less couple drew the sense of that new use of  
theirs for life and wealth that has made their  
memory sacred to the poor of Dinan.

"Where once the shifting throng  
Of merry playmates met, with dance and song,—  
Long rows of simple beds the place proclaim  
A hospital, in all things but the name.  
In that same castle where the lavish feast  
Lay spread, that fatal night, for many a guest,  
The sickly poor are fed! Beneath that porch  
Where Claud shed tears that seemed the lids to  
scorch,

Seeing her broken beauty carried by  
Like a crushed flower that now has but to die,  
The self-same Claud now stands and helps to  
guide

Some ragged wretch to rest and warm the inside.  
But most to those, the hopeless ones, on whom  
Early or late her own sad spoken doom  
Hath been pronounced; the incurables; she  
spends

Her lavish pity, and their couch attends.  
Her home is made their home; her wealth their  
dole;

Her busy courtyard hears no more the roll  
Of gilded vehicles, or pawing steeds,  
But feeble steps of those whose bitter needs  
Are their sole passport. Through that gateway  
press

All varying forms of sickness and distress,  
And many a poor worn face that hath not smiled  
For years,—and many a feeble crippled child,—  
Blesses the tall white portal where they stand,  
And the dear Lady of the liberal hand.

"Not in a day such happy change was brought:  
Not in a day the works of mercy wrought:  
But in God's gradual time. As Winter's chain  
Melts from the earth and leaves it green again:  
As the fresh bud a crimsoning beauty shows  
From the black briars of a last year's rose:  
So the full season of her love matures,  
And her one illness breeds a thousand cures."

Mrs. Norton's generous words do not tell  
such a tale as this without a line in honor of  
Miss Nightingale, to which she appends in  
a note the whole of Longfellow's poem on  
the dying soldier in the Crimea who pressed  
his lips to her shadow on the wall.

And we see not where a more fitting place  
could be found than in the conclusion of this  
poem for a poet's tribute to the life labors of  
Lord Herbert.

"Oh! missed and mourned by many,—I being  
one,—

HERBERT, not vainly thy career was run;  
Nor shall Death's shadow, and the folding  
shroud,

Veil from the future years thy worth allowed.  
Since all thy life thy single hope and aim  
Was to do good,—not make thyself a name,—  
'Tis fit that by the good remaining yet,  
Thy name be one men never can forget.  
O eyes I first knew in our mutual youth,  
So full of limpid earnestness and truth;  
Eyes I saw fading still, as day by day  
The body, not the spirit's strength gave way;  
Eyes that I last saw lifting their farewell  
To the now darkened windows where I dwell,—  
And wondered, as I stood there sadly gazing,  
If Death were brooding in their faint upraising;  
If never more thy footstep light should cross  
My threshold-stone—but friends bewail thy loss,  
And She be widowed young, who lonely trains  
Children that boast thy good blood in their  
veins;



Fair eyes,—your light was quenched while men  
still thought

To see those tasks to full perfection brought !  
But GOOD is not a shapely mass of stone,  
Hewn by man's hands and worked by him  
alone ;

It is a seed God suffers One to sow,—  
Many to reap ; and when the harvests grow,  
God giveth increase through all coming years,—  
And lets us reap in joy, seed that was sown in  
tears.

“ Brave heart ! true soldier's son ; set at thy  
post,

Deserting not till life itself was lost ;  
Thou faithful sentinel for others' weal,  
Clad in surer panoply than steel,  
A resolute purpose,—sleep, as heroes sleep,—  
Slain, but not conquered ! ”

It will be seen that we have not quoted from this volume a few choice passages, but illustrate the evenness of its music by citation of whatever passages best helped briefly to tell its story. The work is a perfect whole, artistic in the arrangement of those lights and shades of which the effect cannot be communicated by description. Wherever the taste has not been spoilt by a too artificial diet, Mrs. Norton's new poem will be received with the welcome that is accorded only to works that can brave through generations the assault of time.

*The Children's Garland from the Best Poets.* Selected and Arranged by Coventry Patmore. Macmillan and Co.

THIS is a little book most happily designed and executed. Why should young minds be fed with the doggerel rhyme usually poured out as the verse fit for children's ears and understanding ? The delicate music of Shakspeare's Sea dirge in *The Tempest*, or of Herrick's lines to the Daffodils, have their charm for a child of five or six years old. Our poetical literature is very rich in ballads and songs, pleasant and brief tales rhymed by true poets, or thoughts about the flowers, in which children delight, simple as they are beautiful and wise. With none of the didactic purpose of a schoolroom “ speaker,” but for the first time with a design of giving to young readers a pleasure book of true poetry, this volume has been designed by Mr. Coventry Patmore, himself a poet with refinement of domestic feeling in his verse that qualifies him for the undertaking. The true poetry that can be felt by child as well as man, must needs be of the best.

Mr. Patmore has woven his *Children's Garland* with a true and fair sense of what that is good will please the young and the illiterate, and so he has produced a pleasure book for all the English world, a choice volume not only for the nursery bookcase but for the table of every day laborer who has learnt how to read, and a bright fireside companion to the scholar in his hour of rest.—*Examiner*.

*Handbook for Emergencies.* Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

IN less compass than a hundred pages we are taught how to avoid disagreeable accidents, how to act when they cannot be avoided, and what to do after they have occurred. Explosions in collieries, collisions at sea, accidents by lighting, fires, and railways, poisons and their anti-

dotes, noxious emanations, snake bites, drowning and asphyxia, stings of insects, and lime in the eye, with a thousand other ills to which the flesh is heir, are all treated of in so clear and practical a manner as almost to preclude the possibility of a mistake. While fully agreeing with the philosophic dictum that absence of body is very often better than presence of mind, we readily admit that when the former alternative is unattainable, the latter is extremely desirable, and that in no way can it be more certainly secured than by the knowledge of the right thing to be done in any emergency. This useful information is supplied at the cost of one shilling in the brochure published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.—*Spectator*.

*Notes on Fields and Cattle, from the Diary of an Amateur Farmer.* By the Rev. W. Holt Beever, M.A., Oxon. Chapman and Hall.

A FUNNY dog is the Rev. W. Holt Beever, M.A., Oxon. His spirits are exuberant, and carry him far away beyond the ordinary bounds of common sense and literary decorum. But, however objectionable his style, his matter is unexceptionable, and practical farmers of the longest experience will be the first to acknowledge the soundness of his teaching. His scope is sufficiently wide. He treats of cows, horses, pigs, sheep, and poultry. He knows all about reaping, thrashing, and haymaking. Equally at home is he in the dairy and in the stud, and is generally “ well up ” in all that pertains to agricultural pursuits. And, we dare venture to say, he is none the less respected by his parishioners because he happens to be familiar with all that is most important in their eyes, and that enters into their every-day existence. The book is a good book, but the style is abominable.—*Spectator*.



## TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH PRESS OF 4 JANUARY.

By the 4 January the British Public had received so much unofficial information, that the funds had risen to their former state, and a general belief prevailed that America did not desire war with England!

We copy from our political and literary weeklies, a few paragraphs to show how the change was received:—

*The Examiner* says: "The prompt and vigorous preparations of our Government have dissipated a vast deal of delusion, and compelled some wholesome reflections on the consequences of a war with England, superadded to the arduous struggle with the South. Indeed it was from the first sufficiently certain that the States would have to make choice of one war, but would not saddle themselves with two, for what Macbeth says of wives is certainly true of wars, that two at a time there's no nation can bear. The only question was whether they would close, or suspend their contest with the South, and turn their hands against England; or whether they would prefer conceding what is due to us in order to remain able to direct all their powers against the fraternal foe."

"Arbitration is good for questionable facts and principles, but here the facts are undisputed, and the principle about as clear as 'Thou shalt not steal.' If a man takes your purse from you on the highway you are not satisfied with apology without restitution, nor disposed to submit the wrong to arbitration. Capt. Wilkes dispensed with adjudication when he committed his illegal violence on board the *Trent*, and what he passed over then cannot in any shape be had recourse to now, with prudence and dignity.

"We are not without misgivings that the moderated language of the better part of the American press is pitched upon the assumption that England will be satisfied with disavowals of any insulting intention, a protestation of respect, and fine phrases of peace and good-will. But the only reparation is the restoration of the prisoners. To imagine that there can be any other friendly adjustment of the dispute is to imagine a vain thing. Our impression is that the concession will be made, and perhaps with a bitter compliment to us on our improved understanding of the law of nations through the lessons the Americans themselves have inculcated, the principle we uphold now being the very one maintained against us by Madison in 1812. But supposing the affair of the *Trent* to be satisfactorily settled, we must

not flatter ourselves that all difficulties and dangers of the disturbance of peace are disposed of. We are not yet out of the wood, which has in it many crooked sticks. Behind the *Trent* affair looms black and large the blockade question, which France is resolved to bring to an issue. We may be obliged by truth to agree with her as to the principle and facts, precisely as she has agreed with us in the *Trent* affair; but as we proposed to act without her co-operation in that instance, so as to the blockade we may leave her to act without ours. For it would have a bad look if we were to raise one cause of contention immediately after another was disposed of, and especially as our conduct might be suspected of being influenced by commercial interests. France can well go alone in this matter, and we have heard it well suggested that with a very good grace she might suggest to the American Government that a truce with the South for a year or so might dispose of the difficulty about the blockade, and give the two parties time to cool, and to consider what is for their real and permanent interests without any prejudice to their respective claims, or detriment to their powers, if it should be their final determination to resume hostilities."

So it seems that England looks to France for the further proceedings which it would be indecent for *her* to take after our frank concessions.

In another article on the discussion of Neutral Rights which preceded "The *Trent* outrage," *The Examiner* says:—

"If Ireland indeed were in revolt from north to south, from east to west, the Queen's authority thrown off throughout the land, and not a single port of free will in the possession of Her Majesty's Government, there could be a case for the mutual engagement for which Mr. Seward contends. But the Kingdom of England is what it calls itself, an United Kingdom, and if we desired to accommodate Mr. Seward with a reciprocity we could not contrive to make such a split here as has been brought about in America, for our differences bear to those on the other side of the Atlantic the proportion that one of our petty rills of waterfalls bears to Niagara. We have had rebellion indeed in Ireland, but the worst has never embraced the whole population, and the last, which was expected in America to establish the Independence of Ireland, was put down by a party of police of the strength of a corporal's guard in the memorable field of the Widow Cormack's cabbage-garden.

"Whenever the seven millions of Ireland



shall have separated themselves as completely from the Queen's Government as the Southern States have done from the Federal Union, we admit that the American Government will have the full right to hold towards us the same course that we now pursue toward them. We shall have nothing to complain of when they recognize belligerents in seven millions of people who have thrown off their allegiance, and set up their own Government and held their ground against Her Majesty's arms, and if our blockade of their ports be so ineffectual that we are obliged to resort to the expedient of choking up forever the channels of the Shannon, we shall not even have the effrontery to protest if the Government of Washington should declare the blockade at an end as inefficacious, and the means adopted to eke out what it wants in legitimate force a device revolting to humanity and outraging the whole civilized world."

The Government of Washington did not express the opinion of the civilized world, when England blew from the mouths of her cannon her Sepoy prisoners. By the way, when we read the charges against our Government, and especially Mr. Seward, of desiring to get up a war with England, as an excuse for giving way to the Rebels;—and when we see how the Billingsgate Vocabulary is exhausted against the ferocity of the "American Mob," which keeps the President uncertain whether to yield to it or to the British lion,—we are sometimes inclined to doubt whether the Sepoys were not belied in *all* cases, as we already know that they were in *general*. We are in the condition of the *National Intelligencer*, whose faith in Dr. Russell's narratives of affairs in the Crimea and in India, has been shaken by his letters on the American troubles.

*The Spectator* says: "A few peace-speeches have been made during the week at Brighton, Bradford, Birmingham, and other towns, but the speakers all allow that they are ready for war if the American Government support Captain Wilkes. Their general tone reminds us a little of Heber Kimball, the Mormon Elder, who, when reminded by an American officer that as a religious man he ought to turn the other cheek to the smiter, replied, 'I acknowledge the command, I will turn the other cheek, but *if he hits it*, I'll give him hell.'"

"If they surrender Slidell and Mason, the dispute, so far from embittering the relations between the two countries, will tend greatly to their improvement. The mist which has

risen between the two nations will be at once dispelled. The Northerners will lose the delusion that England dreads war with them; we shall lose the delusion that they are seeking for war with us."

"England desired no war with them when they were still united, and desires it still less now when every shot to be fired must help to establish an empire founded on the basis of slavery, but not even for that great cause can we tolerate international anarchy. The crisis has this time passed, and if the Americans will but display habitually the moderation and gravity they seem to have shown in this exceptional case, they may have years of peace to recruit from the wounds which civil war, however just in its origin or wise in its prosecution, is only too certain to inflict."

*The Economist* says: "Some persons have been inclined to fear that the American Government was itself disposed to war, because it has not surrendered the commissioners after the private, but before the formal, communication of the English demand. They think that such an immediate delivery would have been more dignified than a reluctant delivery after consideration and delay, and infer that as Mr. Lincoln has not chosen this course, he does not intend to comply with our demand. But it is dubious whether such an immediate surrender would *now* be very dignified. If Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been released before the requisition of the English Government was known in America, the position of the President and of America would have been undeniably dignified. But there is little difference, if any, between yielding to a formal demand which is avowedly public, and yielding to the same demand informally delivered. Probably the most dignified course at Mr. Lincoln's disposal is a reference of the legal claims of England to some legal adviser—to some court or law officer. If he wishes to surrender the commissioners, he will easily obtain an opinion that they ought to be surrendered."

"A war with the United States would at once have brought relief and comparative prosperity to Lancashire. But a war would have cost us probably forty or fifty millions sterling each year of its duration. We may well afford to spend at least a considerable portion of this *saved* sum on the famished population who are famished *because we have been enabled to save it*. It will be cheaper, wiser, more worthy of a civilized nation to provide Lancashire with food gratis, if need be, than to have gone to war that she might have cotton wherewith to buy food."

"Some uneasiness and considerable nat-



ural irritation has been expressed at the shipments of raw cotton from Liverpool to Boston and New York, which are now going on to some extent. It is monstrous, people say, to permit the Northern States at the same time to prevent us from receiving cotton and to drain it away from us,—to compel us to put *our* mills upon short time, and yet to obtain from us the material which enables *them* to work full time,—to prevent us from purchasing one article by the blockade, and from selling another by the Morrill Tariff. It certainly *does* seem staggering at first sight; but it cannot be helped, nor, thus far, has any great harm been done. The enormous Government demand in the United States, aided by their protectionist laws, enables the Lowell manufacturers still to work to a profit, and to pay almost any price for the raw material. The cotton which is worth 12d. a lb. to-day in Liverpool is worth 18d. at New York. The profit chiefly is pocketed by the British merchant. Only sixteen thousand bales, however, had been thus sent up to the end of 1861; though larger lots are now in process of shipment."

*The Press* says: "Along with the formal ultimatum, Lord Lyons received instructions to keep the ultimatum for awhile in reserve, and only to present it in the event of the failure of his personal remonstrances. Three days were to be allowed before the final document was to be presented; during which time, it was calculated, the Cabinet of Washington would become aware of the true state of the case, without the ultimatum being officially communicated to them. Bringing the case verbally before the Cabinet, Lord Lyons was to employ argument and reason to procure reparation, and for three days to press his claims earnestly and courteously. Meanwhile the contents of the mail would become known to the American Government and people. The export of saltpetre and the material of war stopped at our ports—one fact. An army sent to Canada—another fact. Manifestly England is in earnest. And then the announcement of the resolute policy of our Government as announced in the *Times*, and the hearty approval which that policy met with on the part of the British people. It was calculated that these influences would produce their full effect within the three days. If they failed, on the fourth day Lord Lyons was to present the ultimatum, requiring the restoration of the prisoners to British protection within seven days, or else his passports.

"These instructions explain a portion of the intelligence brought by the last mail which would otherwise seem unaccountable.

The despatches reached Lord Lyons at Washington during the night of the 18th, and up to the 21st, it is announced, our ambassador had presented not merely no ultimatum, but no despatches at all to the Cabinet of Washington. But, as will be seen from the above statement, under any circumstances, it was not till the 22d ultimo that Lord Lyons was to present the ultimatum.

"We have also to state that, while forwarding these instructions to our ambassador, Lord Palmerston lost no time in disabusing the mind of the American Minister in London of the idea—naturally produced by the rabid war-articles in some of our journals—that England was eager to engage in hostilities with his country. The veteran Premier took care to apprise Mr. Adams that any proposal for arbitration was out of the question,—asking him if he thought there was any room for arbitration in a case where one man received a slap in the face from another without any provocation. Still more, in order to show how groundless were the suspicions of the Cabinet of Washington that the British Government was desirous of intervening in favor of the seceding States, the Premier made known to Mr. Adams that *so early as June the French Government proposed to our government to recognize the independence of the Confederate States* (a proposal which was made through M. Fould); and that, both then and since, our government had refused to take any such course,—although the industrial interests of the country, as of France, were entirely in favor of such a measure, and the very origin of the United States would have debarred the Cabinet of Washington from taking exception to such a policy on the part of England. These statements of Lord Palmerston were immediately communicated by Mr. Adams to his Government; so that, at the very outset of the negotiation between Lord Lyons and the Cabinet of Washington, the latter would be informed of this proposal of the French Government, and would see in it a proof that they need expect no aid from France, and in our refusal of it, the most perfect demonstration of the sincere desire of England to remain neutral in the contest between North and South.

"Although nothing is as yet known to the public as to the reception which our ambassador's representations have met with from the Cabinet of Washington, he has doubtless transmitted the intelligence in cipher, by telegraph, up to the morning of the 21st ult.,—or even to the later date *viâ* Halifax; and we understand that the impression which it has produced upon our Government is that



there is good hope of a pacific settlement of the question."

*The Saturday Review* says: "According to the latest reports from America, the Confederate commissioners are to be given up; and although the statement is positively contradicted, the surrender is made more probable by the admission of the New York papers that it is not beyond the power of the Government. All the accounts, while they open a doubtful prospect of peace, throw unusual light on the most effectual means of securing it. When it was first known at New York and Washington that the affair of the *Trent* was under dispassionate consideration in this country, Federal opinion was decided and unanimous against the surrender of the prisoners. It was, to the American mind, unintelligible that a whole nation should wait to ascertain its right before proceeding to enforce it. The delay which was necessary for legal deliberation was unanimously attributed to weakness and timidity, and it never occurred to any northern politician that, if the seizure of the commissioners had been illegal, the wrong ought to be repaired, even though there were hopes that it might have been committed with impunity. That judicial calmness which has been incessantly recommended by the American faction in England had, in fact, been maintained as long as the merits of the question were under discussion, and the effect which it produced in America consisted in a general outburst of confident defiance. A few days later, the admirers of Captain Wilkes heard that the surrender of the prisoners was peremptorily demanded, and that England was arming in anticipation of a refusal. The ultimate decision is not yet known, but on the first receipt of the news the winds began to fall and the threatening clouds to disperse. It was argued with much force that, if the Federal Government was wrong in taking the men, there was no disgrace in giving them up, and it was discovered that, as the despatches had reached England safely, the "disposition of the persons of the rebel envoys is a matter of secondary moment, and not worth a great international struggle." The House of Representatives, having previously passed some of the most scandalous votes on this subject which have ever degraded a representative assembly, refused, by a large majority, to confirm by a formal resolution its premature decision in favor of Captain Wilkes and his piratical proceedings."

*The London Review* says: "The public impatience is naturally intolerant of the delay in decisive intelligence from America. It is

possible, and even probable, that before these lines meet our reader's eyes, the news of the *Africa* may be superseded by the more conclusive reports of a later packet. In the mean while, however, we may be allowed to remark that the most recent accounts substantially confirm the anticipations we expressed in our article of last week, on the 'Prospects of Peace.' The considerations which we pointed out as likely to effect the American decision seem to have had their full effect on the transatlantic mind. It is true, as has been observed, that we have as yet no authoritative expression of official opinion. But the great source of apprehension which lay in the violence of the press and the mob, appears to have been considerably abated. The *New York Herald*, which is a very perfect mirror of the 'rowdy mind,' begins—to use a colloquial phrase—to 'sing small.' Bully and braggart as it is, it is equally shameless in its bluster and its poltroonery. The *New York Herald* is understood to enjoy the confidence of the Washington Foreign Office, and it certainly seems to be in all respects a very congenial representative of its temper and policy. Of course an endeavor is made to cover the political Bull's Run. Mr. Seward, we are told, 'feels no apprehension of a rupture;' the Cabinet are 'calm and unruffled;' the 'war panic in England is a bubble which is about to collapse.' In short, mine Ancient Pistol sees the necessity of eating his leek, and so he eats, but 'eke he swears.' What sauce the *New York Herald* and Mr. Seward may prefer for their savory dish is quite immaterial to us, and so long as they are prepared to swallow it, it signifies very little with how much 'swearing' they may choose to garnish the process.

"What is the particular course which the Washington Cabinet may take in order to salve over to themselves and their people the unpalatable duty which they feel to be inevitable, it is of course difficult to predict. That they will take the honest and manly course of at once and in a handsome manner making the reparation which they cannot and dare not refuse, nothing which we know of their antecedents permits us to hope. This, it is true, would be the really wise as the most magnanimous policy. It would produce a reaction in English and European opinion which might be of most essential service to the Northern cause. But Mr. Seward is not a man who has either the intellect or the heart for a policy at once sagacious and great. He is an adept only in those arts of low cunning which avoids a fair encounter with an adversary and seeks by astuteness and subterfuge to gain a petty advantage when he cannot hope to secure a



victory. If we find we have done injustice to the American Foreign Secretary in this supposition we shall be happy to make him amends when he has shown that he deserves it. In the mean while the policy suggested for him by his supposed organ is eminently worthy of a second-rate provincial attorney, 'We presume,' says the *New York Herald*, 'that Lord Lyons will forward his case in one of those diplomatic notes of several columns in extent, and that an appropriate reply will demand an extension of the argument and so on until the issue of war shall have melted away into an amicable arrangement.' We suspect that when the organ of Mr. Seward receives a communication of Lord Lyons' despatch, it will find that a very small portion of one of its columns will suffice for its publication. It is now known that the despatch was not to be formally delivered till two days after its arrival, and that seven days of grace were to be allowed for the final answer. The 'extension of the argument' is therefore confined to very definite limits. And if we are correctly informed, Lord Lyons' instructions will not admit of any disputation at all; but if the categorical demand of an apology, and the surrender of the prisoners, is not complied with in the prescribed period, he will positively leave New York. The *New York Herald* is confidently informed that 'the British Government will not make any exorbitant demand upon the United States with reference to the seizure of the traitors.' The value of this information depends on what may be that journal's apprehension of the value of the epithet 'exorbitant.' If it flatters itself that the demand is anything short of the absolute and unconditional surrender of the captives, it will find itself, as it has often done before, most egregiously mistaken. The *New York Times* consoles itself by the reflection that 'the subject will not be settled without an important curtailment of the English pretensions to enforce a right of search, which she finds it so unpalatable to concede to other powers.' Whether the surrender of Messrs. Slidell and Mason will act as such a 'curtailment,' is a matter on which the *New York Times* is entitled to its own opinion. But we are very much mistaken if either Lord Lyons or the Foreign Office have the least intention of permitting the peremptory redress of a violent act to degenerate into an endless discussion on international law.

"But, whatever flattering unction the *New*

*York Times* may lay to its soul, it seems to have a very definite comprehension of the necessity of yielding to the English demands. 'There is but one sentiment,' we are told, 'prevalent, and that is, that no quarrel with England should be permitted to interfere at this moment, to stay the reduction of the Southern rebels. It believes that it has no right to give life to the rebellion by entering on another and vaster quarrel, which would, at the same time, increase tenfold the burdens on the people of the North, and it naturally hesitates to adopt a policy which would carry joy to every traitor in the country, and weigh down to poverty the loyal and law-observing citizen.' In the opinion of the *New York Times*, 'The disposition of the person of rebel envoys is one of secondary moment, and a most inadequate one on which to rest a great international struggle.' 'The administration,' we are reminded, 'is yet uncommitted, and the language of Secretary Willes, in his report and his letter to Captain Wilkes, is rather professional and personal than diplomatic, and in no degree binds the State Department.' What does all this stuff mean except this, that America will give in, not because she feels the justice of the demand, or because she thinks it no dishonor to redress a flagrant wrong, but that she must perforce capitulate, because she cannot and she dare not resist. Such is the spirit of the American people, and such is the language of the American press."

"The American people throughout the whole of this transaction have flagrantly rejected all considerations of right and of justice. While they thought they could do so with impunity, there was no limit to their exultation at an act of violence and wrong. When the retribution of their crime seems about to overtake them there is no subterfuge which they think too mean to shelter them from the penalty they have incurred. Whatever may be the issue of this affair it will leave on the national character of the American people the stigma of indelible disgrace. It will have shown that there is but one argument to which the moral sense of the American mind is amenable, and that is the argument of fear. For throughout the whole of this transaction they have, from the highest to the lowest amongst them, exhibited a mixture of brutality and poltroonery which makes them a just object of scorn and reprobation to the civilized world."



## TO-MORROW.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,

May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,

And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,

While I carol away idle sorrow,  
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,  
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail;  
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,

With a barn for the use of the flail:  
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow:  
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,  
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely

Secured by a neighboring hill;  
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly

By the sound of a murmuring rill:  
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,  
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,

Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;  
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;

As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,  
May become everlasting to-morrow.

*The author's name was Collins. He was of the 17th Century. No more is known.*

## LOVE'S FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part—

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,  
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death;  
And innocence is closing up his eyes—

Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## ON THE MOUNT

## I.

WHEN from the thunderous, lightning-flashing cloud,

That overhung Mt. Sinai's awful height,  
Shrank the weak Israelites in sore affright,  
One man alone, with heart in meekness bowed,  
Heard in the trumpet sounding long and loud—  
His ear being bent to hear the voice aright—  
A call from lips of Infinite power and might.  
Then at the high behest, all eager-browed,  
He through the darkness pressed; Jehovah there

Met with him face to face: while thunders pealed  
And lightnings flashed around him, in his ear,  
The audible voice of God His will revealed,  
While to his wondering eyes were given clear  
High visions by Omnipotence unsealed.

## II.

## THE LESSON.

Thus in the wilderness of toil and sin,  
God's voice, amid the busy scenes of life,  
Oft calls to us above the rush and strife,  
And in our path, amidst the clang and din,  
Lo! Sorrow's Sinai suddenly is seen.  
Then shrink thou not:—though clouds and storms are rife

About its brow,—press on;—the words of life  
Speaketh the awful voice that sounds within.  
And O, my country! in this awful hour  
Jehovah draweth near in storms and cloud;  
But though the lightnings flash and tempests lower,

List, for the voice that calls to thee aloud,  
And humbly learn the lesson of his power,  
Who hears the humble but resists the proud.

Xenia, O.

H. M. E.

—Independent.



From The London Review.

#### APPLICATION OF ALUMINIUM TO PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

THE constant appearance in our jewellers' shops of fancy articles of aluminium is beginning to draw very general attention to that valuable, but not admittedly precious, metal. A few years ago (1855) small specimens were handed about and examined as curiosities from Deville the French chemist's laboratory, and regarded with great interest. It is true it had been discovered eight and twenty years before (1827), by Professor Woehler, of Gottingen; but people then heard the announcement of the elimination of the metallic base of clay, with little more than that ordinary indifference with which the description of a merely new element is commonly received. Deville, whose name is everywhere familiar for his many valuable labors, however, in his investigations of its characters, found that it possessed peculiar and curious properties, and he unhesitatingly stated his impression that it was a metal destined to occupy an important position in the requirements of mankind as soon as the means could be found of obtaining it in manufacturable quantities.

In his first statements (1855) he drew attention to its power of resistance to all acids save hydrochloric, to its fusibility, its beautiful whitish-blue color, and the fact of its undergoing no change of lustre or color by the action of the atmosphere or of sulphuretted hydrogen. Its density, as low as glass, he foresaw would insure for it many special applications, while superior to the common metals in respect to the innocuousness of its compound with the feebler acids, and intermediate between them and the precious metals it was evidently a fitting material for domestic purposes. "And when it is further remembered," he added then, "that aluminium exists in considerable proportions in all clays, amounting in some cases to one-fourth of the weight of a very widely diffused substance, one cannot do otherwise than hope that sooner or later this metal may find a place in the industrial arts."

This prevision seems to be realizing itself every day, and a forcible proof of the rapid strides made in its economic production is afforded by a comparison of its past and present commercial prices. A few years ago

it cost £60 per lb., while from the Aluminium Works recently established at Newcastle, in our own country, it is now supplied at less than sixty shillings. Every step taken in the reduction of the prime cost of a raw material widens the range of its adaptability to ornamental purposes in the arts or useful applications in the manufactures. It is malleable and ductile, being reducible to very thin sheets, or capable of being drawn into very fine threads. In tenacity it is superior to silver, and in a state of purity it is as hard. It files readily, and is an excellent conductor of electricity, and combinations of it with other metals have already been used with advantage. The most important of these compounds is aluminium-bronze, formed of one part of aluminium with nine of copper. This bronze possesses great malleability and strength, Professor Gorden's experiments giving the following relations of wires of the same diameter: iron, 100; aluminium-bronze, 155; copper, 68. This immense tenacity and strength confer on this bronze admirable qualities for the working parts of machinery where great durability is required, and notwithstanding its higher price than that of the ordinary metals, the quantity of aluminium required is so small, that it is said that practically the cost of the bronze does not exceed that of ordinary brass or gun-metal bearings.

Another property of aluminium is its extreme sonorousness, and this has also had very serviceable application in the construction of musical instruments. So highly sonorous is it that a mere ingot suspended by a fine wire emits, when struck, a clear and ringing sound.

The metal can be beaten out into leaves for gilding, or rolled in the same way as gold or silver, and it can be drawn out into wire fine enough for the manufacture of lace. It is also easily run into metallic moulds, or, for complicated objects, into moulds of sand. It is very finely susceptible of what is technically called "matting," by being plunged into a weak solution of caustic soda, and then exposed to the action of nitric acid. It is also easily polished or burnished by a polishing stone steeped in a mixture of rum and olive oil. When aluminium is soiled by greasy matters it can readily be cleaned with benzine. Soiled by dust only, india-rub-



ber or very weak soap and water may be used.

The process of soldering aluminium also is worthy of note. The solder used is composed of zinc, copper, and aluminium, and the pieces of the article intended to be joined must be "tinned," as in ordinary soldering with tin, with the aluminium-solder itself. The pieces are then exposed to a gas blow-pipe or other flame; but in order to unite the solderings, small tools of the metal itself must be used. Tools of copper or brass, such as are employed in soldering gold and silver, are not permissible, as they would form colored alloys; moreover, no flux whatever can be used, as all the known substances employed for that purpose attack the metal, and prevent the adhesion of the pieces. The use of the little tools of aluminium is an art which the workman must acquire by practice, as at the moment of fusion the solderings must have friction applied, the melting taking place suddenly and completely.

In comparing the price by weight of this with other metals, its greater bulk must be

borne in mind. Thus, comparing it with silver, the bulk of a given weight of aluminium is nearly four times that of the same weight of silver, so that if one ounce of silver were required for an article, four similar articles could be made of one ounce of aluminium. Its lightness is, as we have before observed, one of its principal qualities, the specific gravity of platinum is 21.5, of gold 19.5, tin, 7.3, while that of aluminium is only 2.6. The lightness which it communicates to the bronze, whose durability, hardness, and immense strength nearly equal that of the best steel, renders probable its future extensive use in the construction of buildings, the manufacture of ordnance, and other objects where strength and lightness are required to be combined.

Having witnessed how admirably the French have applied this metal to ornamental and fanciful objects, it will be a matter of future interest to watch the development of its applications, as a British manufacture, to more solid and practical objects.

### FOG.

THE Londoner pulls aside his curtain,  
Chilled by the mist like a shivering frog,  
Looks into space with a glance uncertain,  
And says to himself, "What a frightful fog!"

It wraps St. Paul's in a shroud fantastic,  
It keeps the Minster towers incog.,  
It rolls on the river in waves elastic—  
This shifting dense pervasive fog.

So in this misty month of Janus,  
When we gather close to the yuletide log,  
Thoughts of the coming year detain us,  
And we strive to pierce the darkening fog.

What shall we say of the future Papal,  
Which a luckless destiny seems to dog?  
The cleverest brain of the Court of Capel  
Could hardly peer through that thick fog.

That prince, imperial and imperious—  
King Stork, who in France succeeds King  
Log:

For him will the coming year be serious?  
Perhaps Monsieur Fould can pierce that fog.

Great Russia's Czar—wide Austria's Ruler—  
Whose political wheels strange fancies clog:  
Will Warsaw and Pesth grow hotter or cooler?  
Ah, who can pierce that blinding fog?

Our fast young friend across the water,  
Who the universe would like to flog:  
Must England chastise her troublesome daughter?  
Is a birch-rod visible through the fog?

Ah, questions deep which none can answer!  
On through the world we must calmly jog.  
Time is the only necromancer  
Who can let some sunshine through the fog.  
—Press. C.



From The Examiner.

*Verses and Translations.* By C. S. C. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. London: Bell and Daldy.

WE looked into these pages expecting what is usually found in the books of verse that are being daily printed, glanced over, and put aside. But we were surprised by the little book into laughter, and charmed by its whimsical grace or grotesque suggestion now and then running into lines hardly surpassed in their way since the days of Thomas Hood. For C. S. C. has the mind of a young poet underlying his burlesque. In one poem, indeed, this triumphs over his sense of the ludicrous; the medley of parody and burlesque entitled *Dover to Munich* passing by smooth gradation into an earnest, honest close among the dreams of the art capital:—

"Pallas there, and Jove, and Juno,  
'Take' once more 'their walks abroad,'  
Under Titian's fiery woodlands  
And the saffron skies of Claude:

"There the Amazons of Rubens  
Lift the failing arm to strike,  
And the pale light falls in masses  
On the horsemen of Vandyke;

"And in Berghem's pools reflected  
Hang the cattle's graceful shapes,  
And Murillo's soft boy-faces  
Laugh amid the Seville grapes;

"And all purest, loveliest fancies  
That in poet's souls may dwell  
Started into shape and substance  
At the touch of Raphael.—

"Lo! her wan arms folded meekly,  
And the glory of her hair  
Falling as a robe around her,  
Kneels the Magdalene in prayer;

"And the white-robed Virgin-mother  
Smiles, as centuries back she smiled,  
Half in gladness, half in wonder,  
On the calm face of her Child:—

"And that mighty Judgment-vision  
Tells how man essayed to climb  
Up the ladder of the ages,  
Past the frontier walls of Time;

"Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling  
Through the phantom-peopled sky,  
And the still voice bid this mortal  
Put on immortality.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thence we turned, what time the blackbird  
Pipes to vespers from his perch,  
And from out the clattering city  
Past into the silent church;

"Marked the shower of sunlight breaking  
Through the crimson panes o'erhead,  
And on pictured wall and window  
Read the histories of the dead:

"Till the kneelers round us, rising,  
Crossed their foreheads and were gone;  
And o'er aisle and arch and cornice,  
Layer on Layer, the night came on."

Except in admirably felt translation of fragments from the English poets into Latin, or from Latin and Greek poets into English verse, that is the only direct glimpse we have here of the serious side of C. S. C. His Latin verses have sometimes a true melody of their own when they are serious, but even in Latin C. S. C. is apt at burlesque; witness his *Carmen Sæculare*, MDCCCLIII with the mock gravity of its Latin notes by a commentator, and its whimsical touches of parody. Here are—for we must quote a bit of the Latin—some heroics upon the undergraduates' winter enjoyment of tobacco—with an indication of the proctors:—

"At juvenis (sed eruda viro viridisque juven-  
tus)

Quærit bacciferas, tunica pendente,\* tabernas:  
Pervigil ecce Baco furva depromit ab arca  
Splendidus quiddam solito, plenumque sapor-  
em

Laudat, et antiqua jurat de stirpe Jamaicae.  
O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi:  
Manillas vocat; hoc prætexit nomine caules.

Te vero, cui forte dedit maturior ætas  
Scire potestates herbarum, te quoque quanti  
Circumstent casus, paucis (adverte) docebo.  
Præcipue, seu raptat amor te simplicis herbæ,†  
Seu potius tenui Musam meditaris avena,  
Procuratorem fugito, nam ferreus idem est.  
Vita semiboves catulos, redimicula vita  
Candida: de cœlo descendit σῶζε σεαυτόν.  
Nube vaporis item conspergere præter euntes  
Jura vetant, notumque furens quid femina  
possit:

Odit enim dulces succos anus, odit odorem;  
Odit Lethæi diffusa volumina fumi."

The English rhymes are quite as amusing. Now it is the mock sentimental lover who writes lines suggested by the fourteenth of February, showing to some damsel how

"Ere the morn the east has crimsoned,  
When the stars are twinkling there,

\* *tunicâ pendente*: h. e. "suspensâ e brachio." Quod procuratoribus illis valde, ut ferunt, displicebat. Dicunt vero morem a barbaris tractum, urbem Bosporianam in fl. Iside habitantibus. *Bacciferas tabernas*: id. q. nostri vocant "tobacco-shops."

† *herbæ-avenâ*. Duo quasi genera artis poeta videtur distinguere. "Weed," "pipe," recte Scaliger.



(As they did in Watts' hymns, and  
Made him wonder what they were :)  
When the forest-nymphs are beading  
Fern and flower with silvery dew—  
My infallible proceeding  
Is to wake, and think of you."

—and so forth. Now it is this solemn close  
to an Ode "on a Distant Prospect" of  
making a Fortune :—

"Araminto, sweetest, fairest !  
Solace once of every ill !  
How I wonder if thou bearest  
Mivins in remembrance still !  
If that Friday night is banished  
Yet from that retentive mind,  
When the others somehow vanished  
And we two were left behind :—

"When in accents low, yet thrilling,  
I did all my love declare ;  
Mentioned that I'd not a shilling—  
Hinted that we need not care :  
And complacently you listened  
To my somewhat long address—  
(Listening, at the same time, isn't  
Quite the same as saying, Yes.)

"Once, a happy child, I carolled  
O'er green lawns the whole day through,  
Not unpleasingly apparelled  
In a tightish suit of blue :—  
What a change has now passed o'er me !  
Now with what dismay I see  
Every rising morn before me !  
Goodness gracious patience me !

"And I'll prowl, a moodier Lara,  
Through the world, as prowls the bat,  
And habitually wear a  
Cypress wreath around my hat :  
And when Death snuffs out the taper  
Of my Life (as soon he must),  
I'll send up to every paper,  
'Died, T. Mivins ; of disgust.' "

Or we have a dirge on the end of Christmas  
when the schoolboy must bethink himself of  
school, in that chill season when

"White is the wold, and ghostly  
The dank and leafless trees,  
And M's and N's are mostly  
Pronounced like B's and D's."

There is more promise than performance  
in the little book, yet with all the defects of  
burlesque that we found in another clever  
*jeu d'esprit*, *Horace at Athens*, by a Cam-  
bridge man, there is almost an equally  
happy knack at parody and more than an  
equal betrayal of the educated taste and real  
poetic feeling which underlie that genuine  
outbreak of the gay spirit of youth whence

the two books derive their main charm. It  
is Christmas time, when frolic is in season,  
we make room, therefore, for another of the  
strains of C. S. C. ; and admit an English  
as well as a Latin recognition of the treas-  
ures of the Cambridge Bacon :—

#### ODE TO TOBACCO.

"Thou who, when fears attack,  
Biddest them avaunt, and Black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseatest ;  
Sweet when the morn is gray ;  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch ; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest :

"I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,  
Not to thy credit ;  
How one (or two at most)  
Drops make a cat a ghost—  
Useless, except to roast—  
Doctors have said it :

"How they who use fusees  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards ;  
Go mad, and beat their wives ;  
Plunge (after shocking lives)  
Razors and carving-knives  
Into their gizzards :

"Confound such knavish tricks !  
Yet know I five or six  
Smokers who freely mix  
Still with their neighbors ;  
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,  
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—  
Daily absorbs a clay  
After his labors :

"Cats may have had their goose  
Cooked by tobacco-juice ;  
Still why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken ?  
We're not as tabbies are :  
Smith, take a fresh cigar !  
Jones, the tobacco-jar !  
Here's to thee, Bacon ! "

Two such clever and merry budgets of  
verse as *Horace at Athens* and these *Verses  
and Translations* by C. S. C., Cambridge  
may be proud of. The Arundines Cami  
here maintain their old credit for sportive  
song, while with its dark tide of controver-  
sial theology the sister university sees Isis  
rolling heavily.



From The New Monthly Magazine.

# A PROPOSAL IN THE FIRE.

THE *Monte Pincio* is the Kensington Gardens of Rome; thither the English girl can resort for air, exercise, even admiration, with a security from insult, which, if we are rightly informed, no Roman lady could reckon on in the same circumstances. It seems to be an understood thing that English ladies carry with them into these distant lands the free habits of their free country, and that the continentals have learned to understand the fact that young Englishwomen do walk abroad for their own healthful enjoyment, without having in view either an assignation or an intrigue; hence it is that *two* young English ladies, or more,—I would not advise *one* to make the experiment,—may take their afternoon walk in this public promenade, protected by what a poet of our own calls the “wild sweetbriery fence” of their national habits of purity and independence.

My niece, Ellen —, was a very pretty and attractive girl, natural and unaffected, not courting admiration in any unfeminine manner, though I should vaunt her for more than feminine if I said she disliked it. She walked the Pincian a good deal while at Rome, and during her stay more than one Roman lady, meeting her on public occasions, addressed her, as having noticed her on the “*Collis Hortulorum*,” and asked, with civilities, the pleasure of her acquaintance. Whether any of the Roman gentlemen desired the same pleasure we did not remain long enough to know, and I will do Ellen the justice to say, I do not believe she greatly cared to know. She walked the Pincian with her cousins for her own pleasure and health-sake, to meet her English acquaintance, and, as I am quite sure, with no object beyond.

“A very strange thing happened to-day,” said Ellen at dinner, after one of these promenades. “A man came up to me with a profusion of bows, and said, in very good English, ‘Miss —, may I speak with you?’ He knew my name quite well.”

“Very strange,” I said. “What kind of looking person was he?”

“I can’t well describe him,” replied Ellen. “He did not look like a beggar, and yet he certainly was not a gentleman. His clothes

were whole and clean, and he spoke English very well, but I don’t think he is English.”

“Oh,” observed her mother, “he is some begging adventurer who has found out our name from a *commissario*. Rome is full of such people. You should not have spoken to him in a public place, my dear. What did you say to him, Ellen?”

“O mamma, I said nothing to him,” replied Ellen, “except that I could not speak to him there—that if he wanted anything he must apply to you at our lodgings—and we walked on as quickly as possible.”

Then followed some “promiscuous” conversation upon the importunity and devices of Roman beggars, the numbers who “get their wealth” by begging in Rome, and the air with which the *true* Roman beggar takes your donation, as if he were conferring an honor by accepting it; all which we, in our blind Protestant bigotry, charged as a direct and necessary result of the Romish tenets and principles as to the meritoriousness of almsgiving. And so the matter ended.

The young people of this generation being of more indolent habits than we of the past, I was at the breakfast-table next morning before any of our young folks had made their appearance, when my sister, Ellen’s mamma, greeted me with a mixture of fun and vexation in her countenance, the latter feeling evidently preponderating, and fast chasing the former away. She held an open paper in her hand, and “Here’s a nice affair!” she said.

“What is the matter?” I asked.

“A pretty thing that a lady can’t walk out without being tormented by such fellows! And now, I suppose, she must stay within doors while we are in Rome, and lose her health for want of exercise.”

“But you have not yet told me what’s the matter.”

“A proposal for Ellen.”

“Upon my word,” I answered, “if you are to lock a pretty girl like Ellen up because somebody admires her, her case will be a hard one, and our English liberty to do as we like on the Continent, sadly abridged. A proposal, as I take it, is rather a compliment than otherwise.”

“A proposal!” she said, vexation now thoroughly dominant in her face, as she flung the paper in her hand across the table. “A proposal, indeed! Why, it is from that im-



pudent fellow who spoke to her on the Pincian yesterday, and whom she took for a beggar!"

It would not be in humanity to have resisted a hearty laugh as I took the love-letter, and remembered, in poor Ellen's description of the person who had addressed her, her evident unconsciousness of the conquest she had made. I checked my merriment, however, when I saw the tears filling her mother's eyes, as she said, "It may be very funny to you, but it is no laughing matter to us though; I dare say we shall be the laughing-stock of Rome, if we are to be subject to this persecution."

I hastened to assure her, that though it was impossible to withstand the absurdity of the whole affair, she might rely on my taking measures to put an end to the annoyance as soon as I understood what it really meant; and I then proceeded to read the love-letter with all due sense of the seriousness of the matter to the mother's feelings; I would not have smiled again for worlds.

Love-letters are of many kinds, and of various degrees of heroism, fervency, bad grammar, and bad spelling. "The Polite Letter-writer" has many exemplars for the use of admirers at a loss, of which, in their sedate admiration, measured raptures, and well-pointed periods, if a "lover at a loss" should ever avail himself, any girl of the slightest observation and taste, in short, any girl not ready at the "wind of the word" to say, "You must ask mamma," would immediately pronounce her verdict, "This man is not in earnest; his sufferings are—a humbug: his love—a sham!" Again, we sometimes see letters produced in English "breach of promise" cases, the bare reading of which before a laughing public, must—be the verdict what it may—reckon as equivalent to one hundred pounds damages for each epistle, when the enamored defendant "longs to clasp his hangel in his harms," and "vows that but to 'ear her hangelic voice is his 'ighest idear of Paradise." When continentals commit their raptures and devotions to some *charmante Englishche meese* to paper, they generally soar pretty high for tropes and figures, but for the "sublime of the ridiculous," for the all-unutterable absurdity of diction and sentiment, which can

"Make sadness laugh, and laughter end in sighs,"

commend me to the mercurial, melancholy, half-educated, three-parts crazed, and wholly enamored Irishman!

Roderick O'Kane, as I now recollect, was the name subscribed to this surprising love-letter of Ellen's adorer; of the address under written I am certain, for I registered it well in my memory, for purposes of use, "*Via Frattino, numero—, piano sexto*;" of the paper—a leaf abstracted from some old folio; of the seal—coarse wax, made fast by an impressive thumb; of the style—vapid and vulgar, with words interspersed, glowing far-fetched and tri-syllabled, some of which, as the writer's inimitable countryman, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, has said, "might sue out their Habeas Corpus in any court in Christendom;" of these I will not speak more precisely. The reader must imagine for himself the worst style of the Irish hedge-schoolmaster inflated by the enthusiasm of a poor love-struck Cymon, and make up the production for himself.

One sentence, however, "*muching malicho*," as Hamlet has it, I must give in its entirety. After declaring how often his heart "had laid itself down dead at her feet"—a purely Irish figure of speech—"as she walked the Pincian;" after confessing how long he had "hovered round her, as a guardian angel round a sylph!" he proceeded thus:—

"My heart tells me, angelic one, that they are going to tear you from me; the time is come when I must speak, or be dumb-founded forever. 'Now's the day, and now's the hour,' as the patriot poet says, when I must do or die."

I rather disliked this "do or die" part of the business; not that I had the slightest fear of any bloody termination to such an avowal, for I believe it is a universally acknowledged truth that a man or woman bent on dying never announces it beforehand, but I did much fear some annoying or ridiculous exhibition on the part of a moon-struck, love-smitten swain, who could be so far gone in absurdity as not to perceive the nonsense of the part he was enacting in thus making violent love to a young lady to whom he could not be said to have ever addressed two sentences in his life, and I felt quite as



anxious as her mother to put an extinguisher on this absurd affair, without any further *éclat*; so I begged her to leave me the letter, and let me try what I could do with this innamorata after breakfast.

"I am delighted to hear you say so; take it, and let me never hear any more of the odious subject," said my sister. "I was afraid I should have to put it into the hands of that hot-headed boy her brother Harry."

"Oh, no," said I "that would never do. I think I am a better match for this red-hot Irish lover than Harry could be, for I hope to settle it all without reference to the code of honor or the logic of the horsewhip, and without furnishing a treat to the gossips of Rome."

Breakfast despatched, I set out for the address given, being but a few streets distant from our own. Roman lodgings answer pretty nearly to Voltaire's idea of the English beer and natives: the bottom dregs, the top froth, and the middle excellent. The ground floor is generally cellarage; the second story, as further removed from the "*fumum strepitumque Romæ*," is preferable to the first floor; the third story still habitable, and "good air;" but all above that goes off into the veriest froth and scum of the shifty, nasty Roman population. As I mounted and mounted yet, in search of Mr. O'Kane's *piano sexto*, I felt myself engaged in probing and proving the gradations of Roman filth and abomination, foul smells, foul sights, and all those unutterable marks which tell of "the Roman at home," on which the casual visitor never looks, and is seldom conscious that 'mid the chief relics of "imperial Rome" such things exist and ferment.

Arrived at the *piano sexto* at last, I found it to be what in Mr. O'Kane's vernacular would at home be called "*the parlor that's next to the sky*." A long corridor ran from front to rear of the large house, doors dotted it all along its length, and from the Babel of sounds proceeding from all, it was evident that behind every door lodged a separate family or establishment.

I tapped *par hasard* at the first: it was opened by a *lavandaja*, disturbed in the very mysteries of her craft; her *wash-tub* was seething and frothing just behind her, but her manner civil and obliging, as she stepped, with her red arms akimbo, beyond her door-

way, in order to point out, in answer to my inquiry for "Il Signor O'Kane," his domicile at the farther or front end of the passage. "*Piu in la signor*," said she; and then slapping the door in my face, she retired to her own affairs, and left me to mine.

My preparations for this interview were as follows: My visiting-card, as an English clergyman, which I proposed to lay on the table in the first instance, not as my *gage de bataille*, but as my announcement that I was "no fighting man," and mine no hostile mission. In my hand I held a slight, but tough, slip of Roman vine, in the shape of a walking-stick, upon the principle of Parson Adams, who "*always carried a sermon about him, to be prepared for the worst*;" and lastly, in my waistcoat-pocket, the love-letter received that morning, which I was determined the enamored writer should receive back, as the end of a folly, and put in the fire before my face, as a word retracted, and "*tanquam non locutum*."

As I stood before the indicated door, I heard loud tones and stamping demonstrations within, such as sometimes issue from a "School of Defence," when the students are hotly engaged in their practices. In a little time I could, however, perceive that the inmate was engaged in soliloquy, that the stamping and noise were but his own gesticulations, giving force and emphasis to his own eloquence. I knocked sharply at the door, and it was at once opened by a tall young man, without coat or waistcoat, and with a thin crop of red whiskers, standing out at right angles from a very thin-visaged countenance. I knew my man at once for one of those raw young Irishmen who go out to Rome or elsewhere to seek a "vocation for the priesthood," but who occasionally find instead seducing invitations, which draw them, as their own merry poet has it, "the other way—the other way."

"Mr. O'Kane," said I, making a proffer to enter.

The response to this was a sudden pirouette, a precipitous dive behind a check curtain, which divided his garret into two compartments, beyond which I presently heard a vigorous brushing and bustling, as of a completing toilette; meanwhile, I had made an unceremonious advance into the outer or sitting-room division of the domicile, and as



I stood, card in hand, ready to announce myself, Mr. O'Kane made his appearance, spruce and brushed up, obviously in his best; and yet that best had a shabby gentility about it, a mixture of pretension and poverty, which, with a lackadaisical visage, fully justified Ellen's mistake of the day before, when she mistook the enamored swain for a genteel beggar.

"Mr. O'Kane," I said, "I think it best to open this conference by handing you my card."

He took it in a swaggering manner, but evidently seemed to be taken aback, and unprepared for the announcement it made.

"I have come," I said, "to put an end to a folly, which cannot go further without disagreeable consequences. This is your letter."

"O sir," gasped out the poor fellow, "if you knew the devoted feelings which agitate and excite me at this moment." (He was apparently as cool as a cucumber, and as pale as a tallow candle.)

"Nonsense, sir," I said. "You write a letter to my niece this morning, to whom you have never spoken in your life——" (I could not bring myself to tell him for what he had been mistaken in the Pincian Gardens the day before.)

"O sir," he repeated, "if I could but obtain an introduction—my zeal, my devotion, my——"

"Come, come," I said, gaining courage as the interview went on, "this must have an end. Every young man has his dream; yours is a mere dream. Miss —— does not desire your acquaintance, nor can you make hers; differences in position, in religion—all forbid it. There is your letter; now, like a sensible fellow, put it with your own hand into the fire—let us have done with this folly."

He hung fire at this; he had no wish to have done with his folly—he wanted to argue.

"Mr. O'Kane," I said, "this must pass away. You have, I presume, other objects and pursuits in Rome with which I should be sorry to interfere, but if I take up this

letter again, it will be to make my way from this room to Mr. Freeborn, the English consul, and through him to claim the protection of the police.

As I made this announcement he evidently quailed, and after a few minutes of hesitation, during which I pretended to look carelessly round his chamber, though really and painfully anxious for his next move, the poor man took up his letter, and, after looking at it with a sheepish air for a few moments, thrust it into the brazier, which stood with him as a fireplace.

"I believe, sir," he said, "I have been very foolish, but rely on me Miss —— need not fear any further annoyance from me."

"Now," said I, "that is well done and well spoken, and like the '*galant'uomo*,' one from your country, might be expected to prove."

He bowed profoundly at the compliment, but, as I turned to take my departure, the poor fellow seemed disposed to open a fresh argument upon the sacrifice of feeling which the resignation of his absurd hopes involved; but when I cut him short by saying, "Such things will happen to young men of elevated sentiments, but the same elevation of sentiment enables them to overcome disappointment——"

"Faith, and I believe you are right, sir! I have been a *regular ass* these three months," was his mercurial reply.

I repressed the endorsement which rose to my lips of "a regular ass indeed," and substituted, "I have the honor to wish you good-day, Mr. O'Kane."

"I wish you a very good-morning, sir," was the response.

I never saw, nor did we ever hear more of this "nate Irishman." I found my sister waiting the result of my interview in deep anxiety, which passed into amusement as I told it; and as for the object of this "burnt proposal," I doubt if to the hour in which she may read this article Ellen —— ever knew what a "catch" she had missed in Mr. O'Kane. I never had the heart to quiz her on her conquest.



From Chambers's Journal.

# THE PRINCIPAL BOARDER.

I AM not sure that my Aunt Somers thought she was serving her country, but I think she believed herself somehow entitled to public gratitude, for condescending to remove to Barnsbury, and take in boarders, when my uncle the doctor died, after buying a West-end practice, and left her a disconsolate widow, with two maiden sisters and his orphan niece. Each of the sisters—their names were Miss Charlotte and Sophia Singleton—had a few hundreds vested in the Five Per Cents, on the interest of which they lived, and exerted themselves to get off. The niece, little Bessy Somers, should have had a few hundreds too; but the late doctor being her guardian, had thought proper to vest them in his West-end practice, with solemn vows and promises made to himself that they should be gathered out of it, and laid up against her wedding-day. Death had given him no time for the fulfilment of these good intentions, but he laid on his wife a stringent obligation, in return for his making her his sole heiress, that she would take care of and provide for Bessy. My respected aunt always declared that the legacy consisted of nothing but old furniture and cracked china. She kept fast hold of it, however, and made great efforts to roll the annexed responsibility off her own shoulders, and on those of the doctor's relations; but having tried his brothers, his sisters, his uncles, his aunts, his first and second cousins, without success (by the way, she and the whole tribe were sworn enemies ever after), Mrs. Somers took the advice of her friends, removed to Barnsbury with her encumbered estate, leased a house in Mountford Place, and took under her boarding wings a select constituency, who were to form one family, and enjoy the comforts of a happy home.

They consisted, first, of myself—one likes to begin with the person highest in one's esteem. I was an apprentice then with a certain city optician; and my father and mother, honest people, thought my morals and manners would be safe in my aunt's house. Secondly, there were the Misses Singleton; thirdly, the widow of a coast-guard lieutenant, who called herself Mrs. Captain Browne; and fourthly, Mr. Simington, an East India merchant, who was believed to have made his fortune long ago, and to keep a business

in Leadenhall Street, by way of occupying his spare time. The boarders being select, were not numerous; moreover, they had the advantage of being, every soul, more or less related to the mistress of the establishment; for Mrs. Captain Browne was a third-cousin of her father; and the East India merchant counted kindred somewhere at a remote distance on the maternal side. We all sat at the same table, and could have talked through the partitions of our rooms, yet my aunt's boarding-house was a complete hierarchy. The scale ascended inversely to my summary. I was its lowest note; appointed to the seat in the draught, lodged in the attic-room, expected never to be helped twice to anything, nor poke the fire unless specially requested. The Misses Singleton occupied the position immediately above me. The second-floor back was sacred to them. They might be helped the second time to anything that was plenty, and had a limited license to use the poker in cold weather. Still higher stood Mrs. Captain Browne. She rejoiced in the second-floor front, made her demands boldly at dinner, and turned up the coals without fear. But the archbishop, the cardinal, the pope of our establishment, in short, the principal boarder, was Mr. Simington, the East India merchant.

He was a stout, rosy man, about forty-five, good-humored, and well-disposed to make himself comfortable and keep friends with everybody. Mr. Simington was a bachelor, too; his two married sisters in Pimlico, his three brothers in the city, his nieces in Worcestershire, and his nephews in Kent all agreed—it was said to be the only point of agreement among them—that Mr. Simington never would marry. Mrs. Somers and her maiden sisters declared themselves of the same opinion, whenever occasion served. He was too fond of his comforts, too confirmed in his bachelor ways, ever to change them. And why should Mr. Simington think of marrying at all? It was not a pretty face that would beguile him—he was a great deal too sensible for that; it was not fortune nor family—he had money enough, and did not care for high connections; it was not to have a comfortable home—where could he be better cared for, and more studied, than in Mountford Place? Such was the published confession of the fair trio. To it Mrs. Captain Browne gave her adhesion now and



then; but, like many manifestoes, its true reading was to be made out by contraries, for, to my certain knowledge, the four ladies had, every one, private and deeply laid designs on Mr. Simington. He was one of those gentlemen given to pay attentions—I think most men between forty and fifty get into that line. As a principal boarder, with four ladies studying him, the East India merchant could scarcely do otherwise; so he paid attentions to each of the four according to her standing in the house, giving the largest share to my respected aunt, the next to Mrs. Captain Browne, and the third to the maiden sisters, whose claims he balanced with such even-handed justice, that both were equally sure of his heart. It is candor and not spite which compels me to declare there was not a pretty face in the quartette. My youthful judgment may have been biased, for I was the nephew-of-all-work, blamed for everything that went wrong out of doors, lectured on my own misdoings as well as those of my acquaintances; and I maintain that no man knows what snubbing is, who has not had an aunt with two maiden sisters and a coast-guard lieutenant's widow to hold command over him in his youth.

There was one comfort, however,—I had an inferior in the shape of Bessy, the orphan niece. Bessy was sixteen; but it would have been high treason against my aunt's crown and dignity, and brought down lightnings and thunders from the three next in command, to have called Bessy anything but a child. In fact, she did double duty in our establishment, filling at once the offices of drudge and little girl. Bessy had to help in all her domestic difficulties our one female servant, Sally Stubbs, whom my aunt called her cook or her housemaid as exigencies required. She had also to wear short frocks, take bread and milk for breakfast, and go to bed punctually at eight. A small slender figure, a face that might have served as a model to the workers in wax, but for the light of its laughing blue eyes, which no doll could borrow, and the soft fair hair that would go into wavy ringlets however clipped and combed—all helped the illusion, which her seniors did their best to promulgate, by always speaking of Bessy as that poor child. My aunt was accustomed to lament over the years which must pass before she would grow up, and the expense her education would be

when Bessy was old enough to be sent to a finishing school. The good lady was to do wonders for her protégée, when the proper period of womanhood arrived; but she considered it decidedly sinful to put notions of dress and vanity in children's heads. Bessy was never allowed in the drawing-room except in the capacity of duster; and as she got nothing but old dresses shortened, the orphan niece went out only with messages to the greengrocer on week-days, and to evening church on Sundays with the maid.

My Aunt Somers always allowed that I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was right. Whatsoever orthodoxy was established in the territory, house, or workshop where I chanced to sojourn, became my confession of faith for the time. Whatsoever greatness was set up, to it was I prepared to do homage. I would have worshipped Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, independently of the fiery furnace; and there was one ready for all recusants in Mountford Place. On that prudent principle, I did my best to think Bessy a child, though it sometimes struck me that going to bed in broad daylight on a summer evening, when there was a little dancing-party in the drawing-room, could not be to her taste; and I could not help fancying how well she would look in a long muslin frock and ringlets among the young ladies. The same judicious inclination to what was ordered and expected, made me bow down before Mr. Simington, and consider him the greatest man within my knowing. Was he not my aunt's principal boarder? Did he not occupy the best bedroom? Were not his tastes consulted in spite of market-prices? Did not the entire household wait upon his nod, as the Olympian gods were said to do on Jupiter's? More than all, was he not the aim and object of the four ladies who employed, commanded, and snubbed me? Oh, the warming of slippers, the peeling of walnuts, the mulling of wine, that went on for that old gentleman in cold winter evenings! Oh, the falling on his neck, when he came home from his summer rambles, as though the East India merchant had been three prodigals rolled into one! What well-governed youth would not have prostrated himself in spirit before such manifest superiority; so I bowed down to Mr. Simington, and served him. Yet, notwithstanding my



awe and worship, it sometimes occurred to me that he went out very regularly on Sunday evenings, just after Bessy and the maid set forth to church; that he must have taken a particular fancy to the greengrocer my aunt patronized, as I often noticed him lingering near the shop; and probably sent intimations of his good-will by Bessy, for more than once I espied him speaking to the child on the stairs, and evidently not intending to be seen.

I had heard that great men were often eccentric, and doubtless these were the eccentricities of Mr. Simington; but as his peculiarities were too sacred to be observed by an optician's apprentice, I made no report on the subject, and nobody else appeared to have taken notes. Thus things went on, I cannot precisely say how long. The ladies were every day getting stronger in their public convictions of Mr. Simington's perpetual celibacy, and more resolute in carrying on their private sieges. I could have taken ten to one on my aunt's chance; it was the best in everybody's eyes but those of the other three. The summer was drawing to a close, and Mr. Simington preparing for a tour in Scotland, which he had talked about since the season began. The day of his departure on that journey was one of extraordinary bustle in our establishment. The four had been up most of the preceding night packing his carpet-bag, preparing delicacies for his refecton in steamer and train, and giving him good advices against catching cold and rheumatism. No wonder he looked jovial over the abundant breakfast devoted to his service—so should any man if half so well taken care of. Mr. Simington was mighty in jokes and great in compliments that morning; the ladies, one and all, declared they must go somewhere, the house would be so dull till he came back; and I saw Bessy in the decenterest frock she had—by the by, it was also the shortest—steal past the window with her basket; she was doubtless bound for the greengrocer's. Nobody thought of her at the leave-taking, which was extra-impressive. Mr. Simington's squeezes of eight

fair hands were matters to be remembered; the adieus and good wishes he got might have served all the travellers that ever crossed the Tweed; but at length the ceremony came to a close, and the cab drove away with him and his carpet-bag.

The optician had given me a fortnight's holiday; it commenced that same morning; and instead of going to business, as usual, I also was packing up and getting ready for a small excursion. But nobody took trouble with my travelling-gear. My undarned socks and buttonless shirts had to do duty abroad as well as at home. I was not an East India merchant with my fortune made, and where was the use of envy and grumbling? A ring at the door-bell, loud enough to reach my back attic, made me pause and listen. Mr. Simington was not more than two hours gone, yet that was his name which I heard my aunt utter in a kind of a shriek. I had left the ladies talking in the breakfast-parlor, and there I found them on my rapid descent, gathered round Mrs. Somers, who clutched convulsively a pair of wedding-cards, while she questioned the waiter of the Barnsbury Hotel.

"It took place, ma'am about one hour ago," said that messenger of fate, making great efforts to preserve his gravity. "Miss Somers dressed at our house, and I must say looked uncommon well in her white silks and fine bonnet. My missus went to church with them. It was done by special license, you see. Mr. Ross, the gentleman as always stops with us, and knowed Mr. Simington from a boy, gave the bride away; and, indeed, ma'am, she got through it wonderfully. I went to see it myself, havin' a great likin' for marriages. The 'appy pair, as I may say, waited no time after; they're off to Scotland, ma'am, by the Great Northern. But Mr. Ross is to do the sendin' out of the cards; and says he, tippin' me half a crown, like a gentleman, as he is: 'Waiter,' says he, 'run with these to Mrs. Somers; she has the best right to the earliest intelligence, for Mr. Simington was her principa boarder.'"



## THE TWO MESSENGERS.

## COLUMBIA.

I HAVE a message must cross the sea,  
But I doubt what message it shall be :  
And be it Peace, or be it War,  
A fitting post I would choose therefor.  
So say, you bonny birds of mine,  
Around which neck shall I tie the twine ?

## THE EAGLE.

Round mine, round mine, my mistress sweet,  
My wings are broad and my flight is fleet :  
And I have a beak to rend the prey,  
And talons for all my course would stay :  
And I can swoop over land and sea—  
Then " War," and your message send by me !

## THE DOVE.

Round mine, O mistress sweet, round mine :  
I'm swift as arrow, and true as line :  
Nor talons sharp, nor beak have I,  
But a soft sweet voice and a pleading eye ;  
And none will harm me, on land or sea—  
Then " Peace," and send your message by me.

## THE EAGLE.

The Lion stands in act to spring,  
Her glove Britannia lifts to fling :  
A haughty claim asks haught reply,  
He half has conquered, who dares defy :  
With the Lion the Eagle should parly hold—  
Then give *me* the message, brief and bold.

## THE DOVE.

The dugs of the Lioness suckled thee,  
When first thou camest over sea.  
Better I ween than Britannia's glove,  
Is the hand of Britannia, clasped in love.  
'Twixt Dove and Lion calm speech may be—  
Then the message of Peace send thou by me !

## THE EAGLE.

Thou hast boasted and blustered and talked of  
fight,  
Hast set a bold face in lieu of right :  
If breath thou bate, or back thou draw,  
Or instead of battle offer law,  
Oh, scornful the Lion's laugh will be—  
Then the message of *War* send thou by me !

## THE DOVE.

If thou hast boasted, boast no more :  
If war thou hast challenged, repent it sore :  
The devil's wickedest whisper to man  
Is, " Let wrong end, since wrong began."  
Oh, glad the Lion's great heart will be,  
If a message of Peace thou send by me.

And still in doubt doth Columbia stand,  
A bird and an answer on either hand ;  
For War,—the Eagle with eyes aglow ;  
For Peace,—the Dove, with her plumes of snow.  
But Peace or War should the message be,  
'Twill find them ready across the sea.

—Punch, 28 Dec.

## ASLEEP ON GUARD.

" OH, shame ! " we're sometimes fain to say—  
" On Peter sleeping, while his dear Lord lay  
Awake with anguish, in the garden's shade,  
Waiting his hour to be betrayed."

We say, or think, if we had gone  
Thither, instead of Peter, James, and John,  
And Christ had left us on the outpost dim,  
As sentinels to watch with him ;

We would have sooner died than sleep  
The little time the vigil was to keep ;  
Than wake to feel his torturing question's power,  
" Could ye not watch with me one hour ? "

One hour in sad Gethsemane,  
And such an hour as that to him must be !  
All night our tireless eyes had pierced the shade,  
Where he in grief's great passion prayed.

What do we now to make our word  
Seem no vain boast of love to Christ our Lord ?  
We cannot take the chidden sleeper's place,  
And shun, by proof, his deep disgrace.

No more, the Olive's shade beneath,  
The human Christ foretastes the cup of death ;  
And leaves his servants in the outer gloom,  
To watch till he again shall come.

Yet are there midnights dark and dread,  
When Jesus still by traitors is betrayed ;  
Our bosom-sins the lurking foe at hand,  
And " Watch with me " is Christ's command.

One little hour of sleepless care,  
And sin could wrest no victory from us there ;  
But, with the fame of our loved Lord to keep,  
Like those we scorn, we fall asleep.

Oh, if our risen Lord must chide  
Our souls, for slumbering his sharp cross be-  
side,  
What face have we to boast our feeble sense  
Had shamed poor Peter's vigilance !

On Peter, James, and John no more  
The wrong reproach of hasty pride we pour ;  
But feel within the question's torturing power,  
" Could ye not watch with me one hour ? "

W. C. R.

—Watchman.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 925.—22 February, 1862.

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## NEW BOOKS.

The Rebellion Record. Part XII. Containing Portraits of Gen. M'Call and Gen. Burnside. New York: G. P. Putnam.

CORRECTION.—In No. 920, page 157, is a poem entitled "The Picket Guard," signed E. B., and erroneously credited to the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*. It was written for *Harper's Weekly*, where it appeared 30 Nov. The author is Mrs. Ethelin Beers, who has published a clever story in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

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## AT PORT ROYAL.—1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea ;  
The night wind smooths with drifting sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
Our good boats forward swing ;  
And while we ride the land-locked tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song :  
The gold that kindly nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please ;  
The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the west with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and byre  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast ;  
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles ;  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
They weave in simple lays  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days—

The triumph note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds ;  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
Their broken Saxon words.

## [SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.]

Oh, praise an' tanks ! De Lord he come  
To set the people free ;

An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.

De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
He jus' as 'trong as den ;

He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
To-day de Lord's freemen.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We'll hab de rice an' corn ;

Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbles gone ;  
He leab de land behind ;

De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind.

We own de hoe, we own de plow,  
We own de hands dat hold.

We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We'll hab de rice an' corn ;

Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord ; he gib us signs

Dat some day we be free ;

De norf wind tell it to de pines,

De wild duck to de sea ;

We tink it when de church-bell ring,

We dream it in de dream ;

De rice bird mean it when he sing,

De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn ;

Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear

De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,

An' nebber lie de word ;

So like de 'postles in de jail,

We waited for de Lord ;

An' now he open ebery door,

An' throw away de key ;

He tink we lub him so before,

We lub him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,

He'll gib de rice an' corn ;

So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear,

De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;

And with a secret pain,

And smiles that seem akin to tears,

We hear the wild refrain

We dare not share the negro's trust,

Nor yet his hopes deny ;

We only know that God is just,

And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,

Flame-lighted, ruder still :

We start to think that hapless race

Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind

Oppressor with oppressed ;

And close as sin and suffering joined,

We march to fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chants shall be

Our sign of blight or bloom—

The Vala-song of liberty,

Or death-rune of our doom !

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## PRECIOUS TIME.

WHEN we have passed beyond life's middle  
arch,

With what accelerated speed the years

Seem to flit by us, sowing hopes and fears

As they pursue their never-ceasing march !

But is our wisdom equal to the speed

Which brings us nearer to the shadowy bourn

Whence we must never, never more return ?

Alas ! each wish is wiser than the deed.

"We take no note of time but from its loss,"

Sang one who reasoned solemnly and well ;

And so it is ; we make that dowry dross,

Which would be treasure, did we learn to  
quell

Vain dreams and passions. Wisdom's alchemy

Transmutes to priceless gold the moments as  
they fly.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

J. C. P.



From The Quarterly Review.

*Plutarch's Lives. The Translation called Dryden's, corrected from the Greek and revised by A. W. Clough, sometime Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature at University College, London. In five volumes. 1859.*

THE appearance of a new version—as in some sort this is—of the “Lives” of Plutarch, is not only a literary event, but one of no little historical importance. For Plutarch is not merely the first of biographers by right of having produced a great number of biographies of the first class, but he holds a position unique, peculiar, and entirely his own, in modern Europe. We have all “naturalized” the old gentleman, and admitted him to the rights of citizenship, from the Baltic to the Pillars of Hercules. He was a Greek, to be sure, and a Greek no doubt he is still. But as when we think of a Devereux or a Stanley we call him an Englishman, and not a Norman, so, who among the reading public troubles himself to reflect that Plutarch wrote Attic prose of such or such a quality? Scholars know all about it to be sure, as they know that the turkeys of our farmyards came originally from Mexico. Plutarch, however, is not a scholar’s author, but is popular everywhere, as if he were a native. It is as though the drachmas which he carried in his purse on his travels were still current coin in the public markets and exchanges.

Now this, we repeat, is a unique phenomenon. There is no other case of an ancient writer—whether Greek or Latin—becoming as well known in translations as he was in the classical world, or as great modern writers are in the modern one. Neither is there another case of the world’s accepting—as it does with Plutarch’s Lives—all translations with more or less thankfulness. Nor, again, will another instance be found of an ancient writer’s forming so curious a link between his world of thought and those who care for nothing else but what he tells them about or in that world. It is, indeed, wonderful how little translators have yet achieved for the classical men; and this fact might well deserve serious consideration in our age. Pope’s “Homer” is, perhaps, our most popular translation. But is there any other version of an ancient much read? Some

are read, no doubt, as aids to the study of the originals; and some—like our “Horaces”—for the pleasure of seeing how far a delicate and difficult task has been overcome. We have plenty of “cribs,” and we have a few works of art, of which last the Aristophanes of Mr. Frere is (as far as it goes) an unrivalled specimen. Where, however, is the mere stranger to look for translations which shall justify to him the tantalizing and provoking praise he hears on all hands of the antique men? They are not to be found.

We are told by the literary historians that Plutarch was translated into modern Greek in the fourteenth century; and a pious archbishop of Heleno-Pontus had, three centuries earlier, expressed a hope of his eternal salvation conjointly with Plato.\* But we do not find him quoted by our own chroniclers, as the Latin poets and Cicero sometimes are. His real glory begins with the revival of letters, when *Latin* versions of his “Lives” first appeared, and were followed by Greek editions (though not till early in the sixteenth century) both of the “Lives” and the “Morals.” Plutarch, however, was destined to be famous through translations chiefly. The folios of Venice and Florence would get abroad, no doubt, and obtain their share of notice from the scholars who were now laboring like miners in the long-buried cities of antiquity. But the important day for Plutarch and the modern world was that on which the eyes of Jacques Amyot, a French churchman, first fell upon his text. Amyot was born at Melun, of humble parents, in 1513, (just four years before the appearance of the *editio princeps* of the “Lives,” in Greek, at Florence), and studied at Melun, Paris, and Bourges. He held a chair in the last-named town—thanks to the kindness of Margaret, sister of Francis I.; and some early versions which he made from the “Lives” induced that “humane great monarch” to present him to the Abbaye of Bellozane. He went to Venice, attached to an ambassador, where he had no doubt access to important MSS. of his favorite author. He was for some time at the Council of Trent. He received something from each of several successive kings of France, and died a bishop, rich and renowned, in 1583. Such is a brief sum-

\* Fabricius, *Bibl. Græc.*, ed. Harles, v. 156.



mary of the career of a man to whom Plutarch owes his modern fame, and to whom the modern world owes Plutarch. But Amyot's literary merits do not even stop here. He is one of the earliest writers of attractive French prose. He had an immense influence on Montaigne; and, what is still more important, our own countryman, Sir Thomas North, translated from Amyot's translation, and supplied Shakspeare with the groundwork of his "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." Very few men of letters have done so much for the world as Jacques Amyot, bishop of Auxerre.

Amyot finished the "Lives" before the "Morals," and published them in 1559. It was the year that Mary Stuart's first boy-husband died; and Montaigne was a young gentleman of twenty-six. By and by the "Morals" appeared, and made Montaigne an essayist—so at least he tells us himself; for Plutarch and Seneca, he says, formed him, and he preferred Plutarch of the two. "I draw from them," are his words, "like the Danaïdes, filling and emptying, *sans cesse*." He read no books so much as Plutarch's "Lives" and "Morals," and especially admired the "Comparisons" in the "Lives," "the fidelity and sincerity of which equal their profundity and weight." And he further expressly tells us that he read them in Amyot, "to whom I give the palm over all our French writers, not only for the *naïveté* and purity of his language, but for having had the wisdom to select so worthy a book." Montaigne had, indeed, some personal acquaintance with Amyot; and it is a fact that he quotes Plutarch no less than two hundred times. As every essayist traces his pedigree to Montaigne, what a noble, flourishing tree must that be esteemed which rooted itself and spread its healthy green leaves in Chæroneia in the first century!

Amyot's folios were popular—strange as popular folio sounds to us. The fact is, that this was the first time that the gentlemen of feudal Europe made the personal acquaintance of the gentlemen of classical Europe. Of course there had always been a vague traditionary knowledge of the Roman and Greek heroes. Niebuhr remarks that stories about them used to be read out of Valerius Maximus to the German knights as they sat at dinner; and the mediæval chroniclers

frequently garnish their descriptions with allusions to their mighty names. But all was dark and shadowy about them, and they wore always a *quasi*-feudal garb, just as the Virgin Mary was spoken of as "*a princess of coat-armour*" by our countrywoman Dame Juliana Berners. In Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida," with its "*Lord Æneas*," we see the influence of the mediæval view of the ancients; but when he writes from Plutarch, they become different men. It was Amyot that worked this change, by showing them in their real characters as described by an ancient in a civilized age.

We must not be surprised then to hear that Amyot's "Plutarch" was the favorite reading of Henri Quatre, nor that De Retz found only among the "men of Plutarch" parallels to the heroic Montrose. *Homme de Plutarque* became indeed a typical description in France, as we name plants after their discoverers and classifiers. Amyot might be superseded by Dacier, but Plutarch was still read by the generation of Rousseau, who himself sat up till sunrise over the old Bœotian's page. Later still, whatever varnish of classicality adorned the heads of the "revolutionary heroes" seems to have come from the same inexhaustible source. We know that this has been urged against the Plutarchian influence. But the answer is, that without it the "heroes" would have been still more brutal and vulgar than some of them were. The "Gracchus" and "Hampden" of our own Sunday papers are very unlike the children of Cornelia or the landholder of Bucks; they bear the names with much the same appropriateness that negroes do Cæsar and Pompey. It would, however, be too extravagant, we venture to think, to decline studying on that account the historians of the Roman Republic or the English Civil War.

Amyot's folios, we say, were popular; and in time it occurred to an Elizabethan knight, Sir Thomas North, to translate them. Sir Thomas was a collateral ancestor of the Guildford family, being a younger son of Edward, the first Lord North, and studied at Lincoln's Inn in the reign of Philip and Mary. But this is nearly all we know of his personal history. In a late edition of his "Plutarch's Lives," dedicating afresh to Queen Elizabeth, he speaks of "the princely bounties of your blessed hand . . . comfort-



ing and supporting my poor old decaying life"—which looks as if he had not prospered in the world. He made no secret of the source of his translation of the "Lives," which he first published in 1579, for his title-page runs thus: "The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave, learned philosopher and historiographer Plutarch of Chæronea; translated out of Greeke into French by James Amiot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre; . . . and out of French into English by Sir Thomas North, Knight." This was honest in Sir Thomas, and is also a sign how highly esteemed Amyot's work had become within twenty years from its publication. He laid the book at the feet of Queen Elizabeth in an epistle breathing all the high-flown and stately loyalty of the day. Some expressions of his testify that he knew the value of biography—that he looked on it as an art preserving the record of great men's lives—that such record may help to produce other great men.

North's "Plutarch" was successful in England, as Amyot's had been in France; and this though (as Mr. Payne Collier remarks) each copy sold for more than five pounds of our money. The first edition, we have said, appeared in 1579; and editions are known of 1595, 1612, and 1631. Who can estimate the influence of such a book on the education of the leading men of the kingdom in those gallant old ages?—or guess how often the growing young cavaliers of the country turned over its venerable pages in the big bay-windows of English country-houses during the warm summer afternoons? The heroes were pagans to be sure—not equal in type to the Christian chivalry, "tender and true," of the northern lands. But in valor—in patriotism—in noble manliness of intellect—in a deep sense of the value of friendship—"Plutarch's men" were not unworthy the cordial study of the descendants of the Crusaders; and besides, such study widened the views of our ancestors, and enlarged their knowledge of politics and society. Other classical authors taught the principles of antiquity—Plutarch showed the persons. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that he has done more than any one writer to create that sort of personal affection for the best men of the antique world which has

always been so common among people of good culture.

Though we cannot expect to enjoy North's "Plutarch" as it was enjoyed in his own time, we cannot open it without perfectly understanding why it was esteemed and liked; and there are men even now who use it in preference to modern translations. Of course, its style is stiff and what we commonly call quaint—with an odd familiar homeliness running through—now its stateliness, and now its pathos. But there is great directness of picturesque force sometimes; and we find not a few touches of that *naïveté* which our French neighbors have so long agreed to assign to Amyot. We might quote the death of Demosthenes, the interview between Augustus and Cleopatra, the last hours of Cicero, as good specimens of North's manner. But a briefer passage shall introduce the worthy old knight to a generation which has forgotten him. It is from the "Pericles," and describes how the cultivated fortitude of the refined Athenian statesman at last "broke down" as he stood beside the corpse of his beloved son:—

"Moreover he lost at that time by the plague the more part of his friends and kinsfolkes, and those specially that did him the greatest pleasure in governing of the State. But all this did never put down his countenance, nor anything abate the greatnesse of his mind, what misfortune soever he had sustained. Neither saw they him weep at any time, nor mourne at the funerals of any of his kinsmen or friends, but at the death of *Paralus*, his yongest and lawfull begotten sonne: for the loss of him alone did onely melt his heart. But as he would have put a garland of flowers upon his head, sorrow did so pierce his heart when he saw his face, that then he burst out in teares and cried amaine: which they never saw him do before all the days of his life."

There is something very affecting in the forcible simplicity of the last sentence. Sometimes this same simplicity has a comic effect;—as when Amyot telling that Cicero was "fort maigre," North renders it "dog-lean;" or when he narrates that Clodius "had a sight of rascals and knaves with him." His use, too, of modern equivalents for the ancient distinctions of rank has a quaint look. Plutarch mentions that Cicero's mother was of good birth, . . . *τὴν μὲν μητέρα . . . γεγονέναι καλῶς . . .* on which Amyot describes her as



of noble family, and North as "*a Gentlewoman born.*" Historians of the language might pick a good deal illustrative of its progress out of this translation.

But we must come to what gives, after all, the greatest hold on posterity to Sir Thomas North—the relation between him and Shakspeare. There is now no doubt of the fact, which Farmer and Warton in the last century helped to make certain and known—which Mr. Knight in our own times judiciously turned to account in his edition—that to North's "Plutarch" we owe Shakspeare's Roman Plays. Just as we have taken ships from the French, and used them as models in our dockyards, so we took "Plutarch's Lives" from them, and used them to enrich our Drama! It is one of the most curious chapters in our literary history.

The dates of these Plays, as everybody knows, are uncertain, though there seems no doubt that they belong to the later period of the great poet's life. But that Shakspeare employed the "Plutarch" of North, the reader shall here see for himself. We transcribe for his perusal a certain portion of North's "Antony," which we have also compared with the corresponding portion of Amyot, whom he closely follows. Let the reader then imagine Shakspeare reading the following passages in his folio North (perhaps, as Mr. Collier suggests, the edition of 1595)—if his veneration will allow him to look over the shoulders of such a man:—

"Therefore when she [Cleopatra] was sent unto by diverse letters both from *Antonius* himself, and also from his friends, she made so light of it and mocked *Antonius* so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poepe whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hordboyes, cithernes, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe—she was layed under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddesse *Venus* commonly drawne in pictures; and hard by her on either hand of her, pretie, fair boyes apparelled as painters do set foorth god *Cupid*, with little fans in their hands, with which they fanned wind upon her. Her Ladies and Gentlewomen, also the fairest of them, were apparelled like the Nymphes *Nereides* (which are the Myrmaides of the waters),

and like the *Graces*; some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of which there came a wonderfull passing sweete savour of perfumes that perfumed the wharfe's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river side, others also ran out of the citie to see her coming in. So that, in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that *Antonius* was left quite alone in the market-place, in his Imperial seat, to give audience, and there went a rumour in the people's mouthe that the goddesse *Venus* was come to play with the god *Bacchus*, for the generall good of all Asia."

This description—which, by the way, is a good deal expanded from the conciseness of the Greek—is surely a very striking one, and could not but make an impression on Shakspeare's imagination. Now turn to "Antony and Cleopatra," Act 2, Scene 2, and see how he glorifies it with poetry and music, and yet how substantially he adheres to his author:—

ENOBARBUS.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten  
gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars  
were silver.  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own  
person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue.)  
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see  
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem,  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did  
cool,  
And what they undid, did.       \*       \*  
   \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,  
So many mermaids, tended her silk eyes,  
And made their bends adornings; at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft  
hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air."

A curious little detail of proof, were such needed, that North suggested to Shakspeare



this delicious painting, is supplied by the poet's mention of "mermaids." Of these Gothic personages of course the Greek knew and said nothing,—the modest translators added them to show what the Nereides were. Dryden in his "All for Love" made an unlucky attempt to improve on this same ancient picture; and Mr. Tennyson's Cleopatra in the "Dream of Fair Women" is still the Cleopatra of Plutarch. Three of our greatest poets—imitating while depicting her—have thrown that pearl into their poetic wine.

In "Antony and Cleopatra" Shakspeare has followed Plutarch more exactly (Mr. Hallam thought too exactly) than in the other Roman plays. But whole speeches in "Coriolanus" are directly rendered from North's prose. What, however, is more important is, that the characters are Plutarch's men—how handled we need not say, but still taken from the old biographer, whose biographical instinct (as we shall presently see) was poetic genius in its way. Hence, that air of classicality, of genuine antiquity, breathing about these plays, and distinguishing them indefinitely, though really from "Troilus and Cressida." There the material was chivalrous fiction; and Nestor and Lord Æneas defy each other to prove their mistresses worthy the "splinter of a lance."

We may safely assume that North's was the "Plutarch" of such men as Falkland, Clarendon, and Sydney, whether they could read him with pleasure in the original or not; and that it did no little to form the peculiar classical party which was one element in the Long Parliament. But as the literary school of the Restoration formed itself, and as our prose grew modern, familiar, and more colloquial, North's "Plutarch" went out of fashion. We find editions mentioned in 1657 and 1676; but, a few years afterwards, old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, thinking that the time had come for a new translation, began his arrangements for one, and announced its approach under the presidency of the great name of Dryden. He had obtained, he said, the assistance of "persons equal to the enterprise, and not only critics in the tongues, but men of known fame and abilities *for style and ornament*." This, we suspect, was a side-blow at the memory of the worthy Sir Thomas North, Knight—as a "dry, old-fashioned wit"—a

sentence passed upon Chaucer in that period by the ingenious Mr. Cowley! The literary fashion then was to sneer at the elder writers of the country much as Horace did at Plautus; and the age, pluming itself on many things, especially plumed itself on being "polite." "Polite Letters"—that was the phrase of our ancestors about this time for what we call light literature.

The great Dryden having hoisted his banner, men were not wanting to serve under it. "His reputation," says Johnson, "was such, that his name was thought necessary to every poetical or literary performance." There worked under the protection of it now several writers whom the world still remembers, including a few whom it still honors. Somers undertook the "Life of Alcibiades," and Evelyn of "Alexander;" "Otho" was translated by Garth; "Solon" and "Pelopidas" by Creech; Charles Boyle, afterwards the unlucky antagonist of Bentley, did "Lysander." The list further comprises the names of Rycout, and Rymer, Dr. Stephen Waller—the poet's fourth son and executor,—and Dr. Smalridge. But of the others—though Duke has a page or two in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—all memory has, generally speaking, vanished. One name, indeed, has provoked some speculation in the journals of the day since Mr. Clough's new edition appeared. Mr. Clough, in his Appendix to volume fifth, ascribes the "Life of Cicero" to "Thomas Fuller, D.D." Can this have been, a contemporary has asked, the celebrated wit and scholar? There need be no mystery on the subject, for the real name of the translator was "*Samuel* Fuller, D.D.," as a reference to the original edition will show. He was evidently the Dr. Samuel Fuller of whom there is still extant "A Sermon preached before the king, June 25th, 1682," and the error is one of those not easy to avoid in producing five considerable octavos.

The first volume of Dryden's "Plutarch" appeared in 1683, and the work was completed in 1686. But what Dryden did towards the heavy part of the labor, was little more than a potentate does now-a-days when he turns up the first sod of a new railway. He left to the young Templars and wits about town—the university-men and physicians of literary taste, who made up his *corps*—the task of translation, and himself achieved only



the Epistle-Dedicatory to the Duke of Ormond and the Life of the old biographer. Indeed, while preparing these for the first volume, he was immersed in controversy political and personal—deep in the muddy sea of agitation of Charles II.'s latter years; and, no doubt, only regarded his "Plutarch" as task-work to be executed for so much money.

But, whatever Dryden did, he did with some at least of the characteristics of real power. On the copper coinage, as on the gold coinage of his brain, there is still the head of a king. The Dedication and Life are still Drydenian—hasty, but full of easy, rapid, and careless vigor. In the first he besprinkles the great Tory chief of the Butlers from a perfect fountain of delicious flattery. In the second he shows a real insight into Plutarch's character, which in its kindliness and humanity was akin to his own. "There is an air of goodness about him," says Dryden; and makes many acute remarks on biography, which were not so easy to make then as now.

The translation itself has a certain piebald look, the result of its being done by so many "hands"—to use the established term;—is less poetical than North's, and is studded with the colloquialisms, and sometimes even slang expressions, of Charles II.'s time. Probably, too, the Langhorne were right, when it came to their turn, in doubting whether all the translators translated from the original, and in impugning the accuracy of many parts of their work. We shall have to praise our new editor, Mr. Clough, a little further on, for the careful winnowing—the thorough washing, so to speak—which he has bestowed upon it. But still the book is modern English, and has a certain ease and flow about it which it would be absurd to seek in that of the Elizabethan knight, whose fashion of writing has forever passed away. One might prefer the older version, but it would not the less be impossible to adopt it, even as the basis of a version for general use in our time. The Drydenian one, meanwhile, with less picturesqueness and pathos than North's, is free from the conventional, artificial tone of the Langhorne one. With all its faults, coarseness included, it has the manly freedom and some of the careless graces of that loose-talking, wine-bibbing generation.

Dryden's "Plutarch" now took its turn of popularity, and became the standing English "Plutarch" for nearly a century. There was a second edition in 1716, from old Jacob's shop, the "Shakspeare's Head;" and another—touched up with the help of Dacier's new French version according to the Langhorne—in 1727, which was again supplanted by a third, in 1758. These facts surely indicate a great interest in this writer, whose influence must thus have sunk very generally into the English mind. But in truth, our countrymen appear to have never tired of him, for the same prosperity attended the labors of the brothers Langhorne, whose "Plutarch," published in 1770, ran through edition after edition; latterly, under the editorial care of the accomplished Archdeacon Wrangham. Langhorne's "Plutarch" we may safely pronounce to have been an article of furniture in every decent British household, these three generations back. The brothers John and William Langhorne, have long been forgotten in any other association, though John passed for a poet in his day, when that title was more readily conceded than it is now.

A sentiment of gratitude, mixing itself up with boyish recollections, will prevent most of us from doing any injustice to the Langhorne's,—whose book has no doubt been the first classical book read by many from real spontaneous curiosity and interest. Mr. Clough, we think, goes too far in summarily characterizing it as "dull and heavy." But it was quite time, nevertheless, that it should be superseded by something better. Besides requiring much correction in particular passages, it is certainly not written in a good style, and we assent to the new editor when he pronounces it "inferior in liveliness" to that predecessor. What an irreverent critic has called a "priggish" look marks it; an air of the lecture-room, less suited to the genial nature of Plutarch himself, than the rival air of the coffee-house. To show how the picturesque element is apt to disappear under such treatment, let us once more turn to the memorable Cleopatra chapter in the Antony. This is what the Langhorne's made of the scene on the Cydnus:—

"Though she had received many pressing letters of invitation from Antony and his friends, she held him in such contempt that she by no means took the most expeditious



method of travelling. She sailed down the River Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars were silver. These in their motions kept time to the music of flutes, pipes, and harps. The queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold of the most exquisite workmanship; while boys, like painted Cupids, stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and, habited like Nereids and Graces, assisted in the steerage and management of this vessel. The fragrance of burning incense was diffused along the shores, which were covered with multitudes of people. Some followed the procession, and such numbers went down from the city to see it, that Antony was at last left alone on the tribunal. A rumor was soon spread, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus for the benefit of Asia."

What a contrast, this description, with its roundabout amplifications and "genteel" conventional phraseology, to that of the quaint, forcible, pictorial Sir Thomas North! All the oriental splendor is tamed and toned down into the effeminate glitter of a modern drawing-room in a novel. It really reads like an account of the expedition from the reporter of a fashionable newspaper.

In spite, then, of the undoubted merits of the Langhorne version, a livelier and more accurate one has long been a *desideratum*.\* But how was the want to be supplied. Mr. Clough, we may suppose, felt that the labor of a translation entirely new was uncalled for, so long as any existing one supplied the materials of a better and more graceful edifice. So he sought and found these in the Drydenian version, of which our opinion has been already given. But any reader who chooses to compare the original form of that version with that which it bears in the work before us, will see that Mr. Clough's has been no trifling labor. He has rebuilt it, so to speak—and with a constant eye to the edifice of the Greek architect of which it is a copy—cleaning here, restoring there, and touching up everywhere. He has improved

the "Alcibiades" of Somers, though the style of Somers was praised in its day by Addison. He has chastened down the exuberant *joyeuseté* (to borrow a favorite word from the patriarch Amyot) of the Restoration, without sacrificing flow or ease. He has, throughout, employed the best recent texts, to secure the exactness of meaning dear to scholarship. And he does not the less deserve to have such labors recognized, because they are labors of a kind which would appear exceedingly distasteful to many men (if many such there were) who had given proofs so decided, as Mr. Clough has, of the possession of original literary genius.

Let us now, however, turn our attention to Plutarch himself. What is known of his personal history is known from incidental notices of himself and his affairs, scattered up and down the voluminous and miscellaneous writings which constitute what are called his Moral Works. These notices have been picked out, like grains of gold, from the mass by many scholars—from "Rualdus" to Donaldson. He was of a good old family in Chæronea; a family not only respectable in local rank, but marked by a turn for letters and philosophy. The year when he first drew breath in the moist Bæotian air is uncertain. But it must have been from A.D. 40 to A.D. 50, for he was a student of philosophy in A.D. 66; when Nero was in Greece, and he talks in the "Antony" of that emperor's having lived in his time. He visited Egypt—he visited Italy, residing for some time and lecturing at Rome. He settled finally at his birthplace, where he spent his old age in literature, philosophy, and the discharge of local duties as archon and priest of Apollo. He lived as long as to A.D. 106—the eighth year of the reign of Trajan, but how much longer is uncertain. He was married happily to a wife of the name of Timoxenā, and had several sons who attained manhood and left descendants. On the whole, then, we know more about Plutarch's personal history and surroundings than we do about those of many of his famous contemporaries in literature—Martial, Juvenal, Quintilian, or Suetonius. Excepting the younger Pliny, indeed, there is not a man of letters who flourished during Plutarch's long life, so familiarly known to us,—the great Tacitus himself, the sovereign of them all in genius, included.

\* Mr. George Long published, in 1848, a new translation of thirteen of the *Roman Lives* of Plutarch, selected for their bearing on the later history of the Republic. A detailed notice of these does not fall within our plan; but we gladly testify to the point and spirit which mark them, in common with all the writings of this scholar. Some of the notes are especially curious and suggestive: see particularly those on the *Britus*.



For the truth is, that though the mere facts which we learn about our biographer are few, they are suggestive ones; while the setting in which we find them—the way in which we are told them—give us really important information about his character and disposition. There was a dash of our modern Pepyses and Boswells about Plutarch—a good-natured egotism and turn for gossip and anecdote. He likes to bring in a story told him by his grandfather Lamprias, or a piece of advice given him by his father, or an adventure of his own; which tendency helped him no doubt to the friendship of Montaigne. He left on record a letter of consolation to his wife on the death of their daughter, little Timoxena, and a very charming and tender letter it is. He tells the world not only that he lived at Chæronea, but why—because he did not wish his own small birthplace to become smaller, “even by one inhabitant.” So too as to the fact of his discharging the office of local magistrate. He dares say people laugh when they see him busy about its details; but these must not be sneered at, says he, if useful to the commonwealth. He had, in fact, all the local, hereditary, family, and personal instincts very strong. He clearly also had a sweet and cheerful temper—eminently social and domestic. He must have been a notable talker; and we should say too did not object to a cup of wine. Accordingly, he much loved the dialogue as a literary form; and he was so inveterate a collector of table-talk, apophthegms, and *ana*, that many of the stories and sayings of heroes which he gives in the “Lives” had previously done service, and are met with in his other works. It is impossible not to picture him to one’s self crowned with a festal garland, and telling these to his friends—say on Plato’s birthday, for instance, which he always kept as a day at once sacred and joyful. He was abundantly learned in philosophy, of course; but above all, he was rich in the philosophic temper; and had that quick and wide sympathy with all things human which is the right basis of character for a true biographer. Without that, he would never have succeeded equally well in drawing Antony and Coriolanus,—the brilliant Athenian Alcibiades, and the shrewd old Roman of the antique school, the first Cato.

This unabated cheerfulness of Plutarch—

in such an age—is a very noteworthy phenomenon. For we are to remember that he was old enough to know, and even to see, the abominable life of Rome during the worst part of the first century. He was a student under Nero—seems to have been in Rome itself under Domitian—and, whether or no, was certainly contemporary, during the freshest part of his life, with that splendid, ghastly, sinful society, of which the Roman writers have left a picture so brilliant and so terrible. The martyrdom of the Stoic philosophers—the exile and murder of the brave and wise—the bloody spectacles of the Circus, with its shivering wretches flung in among wild beasts—the prosperous scoundrels of servile birth carried by in their rich litters—the imperial harlots drawn by silver-shod mules—all such things as these were to Plutarch what to our generation were the Reform Bill, the first appearance of Mr. Dickens’ novels, or the opening of the new Italian Opera in Covent Garden. All that darkened the soul of Tacitus and maddened the heart of Juvenal presented itself to the young Chæronean on his first Italian tour. And then too he was a Greek—a native of that rich old Bœotia which—let the Attic wits laugh as they pleased—had produced Pindar and Epaminondas, but where now the meanest tool of the Roman despot was more potent than the descendant of native heroes and gods. He was a man of letters and a philosopher also; and in these capacities were there not some additional miseries for him? Was there not the misery of witnessing the degradation of such of his own countrymen—and they were many—as profaned those titles—*aretalogi*, diners-out, buffoons, legacy-hunters, parasites, who lived on the corruption of the city’s luxury like the baser fish of the Tiber? Was there not too the hack jeer of the upstarts of the time at all Greeks as “Greeklings,” and all philosophers as babblers, to be borne? Yet Plutarch lived through whatever of public or private wickedness and wretchedness he saw, with unspoiled temper, and the absence of any deep tinge of melancholy from his writings makes itself markedly felt. He lived as completely under the influence of books as the Younger Pliny, and was forever thinking of the Past, without being made miserable by the contrasts which it forced upon him. Indeed, in his “Political Precepts,”



he indulges in a dry little laugh at those among his Greek contemporaries who kept harping on old Greek glories which they could never imitate. He wishes that they would try to renew some of the better qualities of the ancients—their moderation and self-denial, for instance—but thinks that Marathon and Platæa may at this time of day be left to the schools of the Sophists. The passage is worth remembering,\* since one charge against Plutarch has been an undue and mistaken admiration of antiquity to the exclusion of all sense of the difference of conditions between different ages.†

Mr. Clough has some observations, in his Preface, on Plutarch's relation to the bad imperial reigns, which the reader will find especially interesting at this particular point which we have reached :—

“It may be said, too, perhaps not untruly, that the Latin, the metropolitan writers less faithfully represent the general spirit and character of the times, than what came from the pen of a simple Bœotian provincial, writing in a more universal language, and unwarped by the strong local reminiscences of the old home of the Senate and the Republic. Tacitus and Juvenal have more, perhaps, of the ‘antique Roman’ than of the citizen of the great Mediterranean Empire. The evils of the imperial government, as felt in the capital city, are depicted in the Roman prose and verse more vividly and more vehemently than suits a general representation of the state of the imperial world, even under the rule of Domitian himself.”

With Plutarch's philosophy, as a system, we are not particularly concerned on this occasion. He takes his proper place among the Neo-Platonists, and has been defined as “a Platonist tinctured with Orientalism.”‡ But it does behoove us to know that, though philosophy did not give him his genius for biography, it gave him the motive for applying it, and that there is much in his philosophy which is noble and wise. He believed with all his heart—and it was a warm heart—in the Divine government of the world, in Providence, and in Immortality. He believed most fervently that, in the

long run, Good triumphed in the universe; and that, relying on so mighty a truth, a man ought ever to be ready to bear all and lose all for the sake of what his conscience and knowledge taught him to be right. Here, then, are the moral bases of Plutarch as an historian of the doings of men. That he knew anything of Christianity there is no evidence, but he preached the best principles accessible to human reason before Christianity was revealed. He rejected the more superstitious parts of his own faith, and detested the foreign additions which made it worse; and, if he officiated as a priest of Apollo, we know that he would do this in no blind, grovelling way. He loved Grecian traditions too well not to respect the old ceremonies of Grecian worship, and these would symbolize to him the higher ideas which his philosophy taught him, besides serving him as means for keeping alive in the people that reverence for the Unseen and Eternal without which man is meaner than the brutes. No generous reader but will think kindly of the old philosopher, the child of an age of buffoons and revellers, when he pictures him far away from the hum and splendor of Rome, going through the antique rites of the temple at Delphi, in the rocky and secluded valley which still thrills the traveller with its loneliness. Without a kindly heart for such things, would he ever have represented so well to us the older Greek life at all?

There is no doubt, we repeat, that it was a philosophical motive which first set Plutarch writing “Lives.” “I began them,” he says *more suo*, “for the benefit of others, and continue them for my own” (*Timoleon*). “I am not writing histories,” he tells us, in a more famous passage, “but Lives.” He meant, in fact, to exhibit the great men of the old times and preach upon them: to point a moral upon their virtues or their shortcomings for the benefit of well-meaning people generally. He had no literary object in view, strictly speaking, but one which he thought much higher. The philosophical schools of antiquity did not esteem literature, *as such*, so greatly as some may think. In the opening of his “Pericles,” Plutarch lets us see very clearly his feeling on the point. He observes there that :—

“No generous or ingenuous young man

\* See it in the Πολιτικά Παράγγελα, Op., ed. Reiske, ix. 243.

† Lord Macaulay pushes this too far in his Essay (not reprinted) on “History.”—*Edinburgh Review*, 1828.

‡ Donaldson's “History of Greek Literature,” iii. 178–182.



'would' feel induced by his pleasure in their poems to wish to be an Anacreon, or Philetas, or Archilochus. For it does not necessarily follow," he proceeds, "that if a piece of work please for its gracefulness, therefore he that wrought it deserves our admiration. . . . But virtue, by the bare statement of its actions, can so affect men's minds as to create at once both admiration of the things done and desire to imitate them. . . . And so, we have thought fit to spend our time and pains in writing of the lives of famous persons." — *Clough*, i. 320.

In order to do justice to our biographer, then, we must always remember that this was his point of view, and that he would have esteemed criticism of his mere execution a very secondary matter. We must remember, also, that the writing his *Lives* in parallels was an essential part of his moral plan, and that the ancients, in quoting him, quoted the parallels and not the single *Lives*: talking of Plutarch's "Pelopidas and Marcellus," Plutarch's "Aristides and Cato" (each of which made a book), and so with the rest. Obviously, when there were two persons to compare, a moral could be twice as well pointed and enforced,—not to mention that the opportunity was excellent of reviving the glory of the old Greeks by placing them on an equality with the men whose race still governed the world in the writer's time. Again, the classifying and coupling men in this way implied a previous conception of the character common to both: the conception of an idea or whole as material for each "book," to form which was evidently a philosopher's task. Hence the *unity* of Plutarch's great work, one of its chief titles to immortality. Every hero is at once measured by a moral standard and put in relation with some other hero. Over the whole performance a planning, creating spirit moves and breathes. Every *Life* helps you to understand and appreciate every other *Life*; each Greek is a Greek, and each Roman a Roman, but both are more perfectly understood by the opposition. The value of this use of parallelism—which Plutarch has contrived to identify with his name—extends over many fields of intellectual inquiry, and might, we think, be beneficially employed still.

We cannot indeed assert that equal judgment is shown by Plutarch in all his selections of men for comparison. Sometimes he

chooses a pair for their resemblance of character, and sometimes rather for a similarity in their destinies. Thus he joins Pelopidas and Marcellus because they were "both great men who fell by their own rashness"—the common quality of these warriors. But surely his motive for coupling Alcibiades and Coriolanus was only that both quarrelled with their own states, since they were quite unlike in disposition, and belonged to totally different kinds of life and civilization. Cæsar and Alexander came naturally together to him, each being a conqueror representing also the cultivated intellect and ripe or over-ripe development of his time. Demosthenes and Cicero met by an irresistible affinity—in endowments, position, and fate—for his purposes. But if he was not always so happy, we must remember the difficulty of his task, seeing that, besides the infinite variety of human character, every man is more or less at the mercy of the conditions under which he finds himself placed. All things considered—his comparative unacquaintance with things Roman included—we are rather surprised that Plutarch has done so wonderfully well. How happily the austere virtue of Aristides sets off that of Cato the Elder! How well Phocion and the Younger Cato—the two un-genially virtuous men (so to speak) of decadent ages, both sarcastic reformers, and failing in their reforms—suit each other!

Of course we must say something here of the ancient charge against Plutarch, that in working out these parallels he is unduly favorable to his countrymen. Who can help liking his own people better than those of another country? But try Plutarch fairly. Compare his treatment of the Romans with that of the English by the French, or the French by the English writers—nay, with that of a Tory hero by a Whig historian, and *vice versâ*! Consider the circumstances under which his judgments had to be delivered, subject as he was to any *proconsul* or *procurator* appointed by a Roman emperor! We are pretty confident that from such a thorough-going examination Plutarch would emerge not only an honest but a generous man. In his "Comparison of Fabius with Pericles," he says, "No action of Pericles can be compared to that memorable rescue of Minucius." In "Demosthenes and Cicero" he gives Cicero the preference in almost



every point of character, except where he rebukes his vanity. In "Lysander and Sylla" he frankly pronounces the achievements of Sylla "beyond compare." He condemns the private life of Alcibiades, yet is not harsh in his narrative of that of Antony. And, when he "sums up" between Cimon and Lucullus, he even goes so far as to say that if Cimon had lived to retire into an easy old age, *he* might have been luxurious and self-indulgent, too!

Has he not, we would now ask, been hardly dealt with in the matter of his authority as an historian? Critics have handled him very roughly on this score. They say that he contradicts himself sometimes; that he is too fond of a good story (Mitford's standing objection); that his military narratives are incorrect or imperfect; that he is not, in short, a severe, elaborate, and perfectly trustworthy historical writer. Now, considering that he has left fifty biographies,\* ranging over the events of some thirteen hundred years,—from Theseus downwards,—it would indeed be madness to expect from him unvarying accuracy of detail. Nor did he ever intend to be an original historian, like his contemporary Tacitus—to be a fountain of authority, that is, to succeeding ages. He assumes that you know the general facts, and only aspires to show you the men, in his capacity of a diactic and moralizing biographer. He draws you the figures and actions of history, as it were, in the Bayeux tapestry, with running titles more copious and instructive than those of that quaint old work of art, but he does not pretend to supersede the chroniclers. These are his portraits with his remarks; are they *like*? We take it that *that* is the question for the critic of Plutarch. He is vague in his accounts of Sertorius' campaigns. Very true. But does he not, in spite of this, delineate the man Sertorius faithfully? He repeats some dubious anecdotes of Pericles; yet, may we not suppose that Pericles was much such a person as he, *on the whole*, would have us think him to be? Observe, too, that there is never

a trace of malignity perceptible in Plutarch, whatever anecdotes he may be telling. If he errs, it is from over-fondness for stories. He knew that they illustrated character, and did not, perhaps, always sufficiently remember that no stories at all about a man would be better than inexact ones. Yet he constantly shows his honesty of intention by qualifying them with, "as Hermippus says,"—or, "so Theopompus reports," etc. And this way he has of making a confidant of the reader helps to cement his familiarity with one. We get to know, and even to relish his weak points, just as we are rather amused than bored by the occasional digressions on physics and such subjects, which he winds up so naïvely with, "but enough of this"—or, "this, however, rather belongs to another occasion!" The fact is that he wrote the "Lives" in his latter years, under the mild sway of Trajan, and that he must be excused for occasional garrulity. It was a Greek weakness from which not even philosophers were exempt.

But we must not fancy either that the "Lives" have not high historical value apart from their biographical charm. Do we ever meet a modern work on Greece or Rome for some part of which Plutarch is not a leading authority? If, as Byron says,—

"Mitford in the nineteenth century,  
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek  
the lie,"

—does not his frequent reference to him betray his sense of his importance? We encounter his name in the foot-notes of the lucid page of Grote, and Bishop Thirlwall says that he is always entitled to attention. His reading is admitted by all men (Niebuhr included, though his tone is patronizing) to have been immense. Parts of "Antony"—one of his best biographies—are indispensable to Roman history. He used and he quotes many a work which sunk long ago under the waves of time—the *Memoirs of Sylla and Augustus* and *Dellius* (our old friend "*moriture Delli*") included,—for, as Hereen remarks in his valuable treatise,\* he seems always to have used autobiographical works when he had an opportunity. Now, if being—as he admits—no first-rate Latin scholar, he still refers to so many Latin au-

\* Forty-six arranged in parallels, and four (*Artaxerxes, Aratus, Galba, Otho*) which stand by themselves, and did not originally belong to this collection. Several parallel lives are lost, of which, Epaminondas and Scipio the Younger must be deeply regretted. Eight "Comparisons" are missing, and the order in which the lives now stand is not the original one.

\* *De Fontibus et Auctoritate Vit. Par. Plutarchi.* Göttingen, 1820.



thors as we find him citing, what may we not suppose to have been his general information? Undoubtedly we are not always in a position to test him. But in some cases we are. We have, for example, as abundant material for judging of Cicero's real character as that of any great historical personage. Now, we are among those who think with respect and kindness of that great man; and we should be quite content to accept, generally and substantially, Plutarch's account of his career and disposition.

Suppose, however, that we now turn to that feature of Plutarch which admits of less controversy—to which he owes his peculiar moral value and widespread European fame—to his genius as a biographer. *There* he reigns supreme. A certain eye for the seizure and presentation in a "Life" of a great personality was to him what dramatic genius was to Shakspeare, or the faculty for telling a story to Livy. It was an instinct, working in him all his days, and finding him incessant employment in his old age. He fancied—the good man—that he was only a philosophical teacher, helping the new generation to be good boys. In reality he was as much a genius and an artist as any of his countrymen who helped to build or adorn the Parthenon. Perhaps he was in great measure unconscious of this—and so much the better.

All genius of course rests on a moral basis, and is mixed up for good or evil with the personal character. In Plutarch's case a heartfelt reverence for the great and the good was blended with a human sympathy which made him long to know great and good men familiarly—long to be able to *connect* that which was transcendent and heroic in them with that which they shared with everyday mankind. Here was Plutarch's object—not to recognize nobleness only, which all healthy, clear-sighted minds do—not to gather personal and private details only, which the tattler and gossip do after their kind—no, but to seize the relation between them! He wanted to make the little things about a hero throw light on the great things about him. He yearned to know him in his entirety. Why he should have been able to achieve the result he arrived at in literature is Nature's secret, very jealously kept. But this was his ideal; and this constitutes his originality. There are biographers who

deal with the hero, and biographers who deal with the man. But Plutarch is the representative of ideal biography, for he delineates both in one. Even if a writer should appear who did the work better, he could not improve on the thought—which ought to secure Plutarch a place among the creative spirits of the world. It is no exaggeration to say, that his faculty was Shakspearian in kind, if not in degree; and when Shakspeare went, as we have seen, to the old Greek for material, he did not only find marble there, he found statues ready hewn. The poet owes nearly as much to the biographer as the biographer to the poet.

The next thing we would point out is, that Plutarch keeps his familiar details in subordination. He first thinks of his great man *as* a great man before busying himself with the domestic touches—highly as he values them—necessary to the full portraiture. So his hero's dignity loses nothing, which is a very important consideration. A writer of mean parts may be "graphic" by working up little items of description with care; but to seize a character or event as a whole, and only use details as accessories, requires high intellect. When you close your "Plutarch," after reading, say his "Themistocles," your first thought is of the complete character—daring, subtle, generous, but with a dash of something ostentatious or theatrical about it. You do not reflect how skilfully this *is done*, but how lifelike it *is*. Only afterwards, and on further examination, do you perceive how admirably the *minutiae*—trifling each in itself—have fallen into their proper places. That as a schoolboy he was ambitious and prominent among his fellows—that "the trophy of Miltiades would not let him sleep"—his pointed sayings—the dog that swims alongside one of the galleys when Athens takes to the sea—Xerxes' gold chair—and such things, are distributed so judiciously through the narrative that they give it animation and reality without being obtrusive.

When once, however, we have recognized his grasp of character in all its width and variety, we may indulge ourselves, not improperly, in studying the charm of his handling of details. The quantity of anecdotes and *bons-mots* which he has accumulated in these "Lives" is wonderful. He had a passion for them, and occasionally—with a weakness seen in other old gentlemen—tells them



over and over again. He follows his heroes from school to public life, and home again—peeps into their family circle, tarries with them over the wine, watches how they bear prosperity and misfortune, and lingers by their death-beds, or bends down to them as they lie dying on the battle-field, to catch their last words, and see how they face their last trial. Everything, he thinks, that a man can say or do shows character; and why write biography if not completely? As he is always reverent and kindly, he never offends by this copiousness; while his subjects are personages of such historical importance, that hardly anything they do or say can seem quite trivial.

The sayings which Plutarch records are even more welcome than his anecdotes, and have many of them passed into familiar use in modern times. It completes the character of a great man if he talks greatly, as many of Plutarch's men did; and, whether or no, we are better acquainted with him by having specimens of his familiar speech. It is worth remarking too that the men of action have usually been better talkers than the men of letters—or were so at least in antiquity. The latter might *discourse* more richly in conversation, but did not equal the soldiers and statesmen in those brief, terse, solid *dicta* which strike like cannon-shot, being propelled indeed by the explosive force of a great individuality. Pompey's exclamation that if he stamped his foot in any part of Italy troops would spring up, and the "*Cæsarem vehis!*" of his greater rival and conqueror, affect one more than those brilliant pleasantries of Cicero, which Plutarch has preserved to the number, if we recollect right, of nineteen. We would note too that the sayings attributed to his heroes by Plutarch, generally bear intrinsic evidence of their genuineness, and harmonize with the descriptions he gives of their habits of mind and thought. Thus, those of Themistocles are showy and splendid; of Phocion, curt and sharp; of the Elder Cato, grave and shrewdly humorous. Plutarch is indeed, here and elsewhere one of our chief authorities for the table-talk of the ancients.

While his attention to the particulars just mentioned does much for the fulness and richness, the body and color, of his portraiture, Plutarch is equally to be praised for his backgrounds—for the scenery and accesso-

ries of his art. He gives fine delineations of the circumstances under which his men acted or suffered, and so stamps the reality of his narrative on the reader's imagination and memory. As specimens of these, we would point to the rejoicings at Naples when Pompey recovered from his illness; but especially to the death-scenes of Demosthenes, Cicero, and the younger Cato. The figure of the Greek orator staggering from the altar of the Temple of Neptune, with the poison seizing his vitals, haunts the memory like a ghost. That of the Roman orator, trying, while he is being hunted for his life, to snatch a little rest, and the story how the crows swarmed ominously round the house and into the very chamber, are not less impressive; while, whose feelings are not stirred strangely, on reading of the last night which the stoic of Utica spent alive, and how "the birds began to sing" as he rose to bare his breast to the sword? A gentle sensibility to all that is picturesque, and especially to whatever is tender and melancholy, makes much of the charm of Plutarch. He is not a writer who owes much to *style* in its strict and limited sense, or who is ever compared in that respect to the masters of Attic prose. The old critics seem all agreed that his "*dictio*" is "*duriuscula*." Dr. Donaldson—lately lost, alas! from our scanty band of real scholars—pronounces that "he is not a good writer of Greek." His handling of admirable material on a free broad scale is his great merit, though of course there are flashes of genius where the expression, too, makes itself remarkable. He was a philosopher with his head full of great ideas, and an artist with his heart full of the images of mighty men—men who were the flower of two great races.\* Nothing tawdry, nothing effeminate, nothing petty attracted him. If he liked trifles, it was only when they were characteristic of men about whom everything was interesting, or when their mention relieved his sunny and affectionate nature after those serious and lofty studies which were the business of his life.

Vivid moral portraiture—this was Plutarch's great object and his successful

\* Of forty-nine Greeks and Romans (the entire number of *Lives*, excluding *Artaxerxes*) whom he has celebrated, at least thirty-nine were of the royal, noble, or ancient families of their respective countries; a strong testimony to the worth of the classic aristocracies.



achievement. We do not think he aimed at any special triumph as a writer, with this or the other political view. He wanted great men with marked characters, that they might illustrate general moral ideas—the best a pagan knew. He found them in different countries, and in different causes.

The superiority of Plutarch as a writer of "Lives" over any surviving classic is undoubted. Cornelius Nepos is an acute and elegant biographer, but his "Lives" are not portraits. Suetonius, who flourished in Plutarch's old age, has likewise high merit. He is a lively and forcible narrator, and brings together an immense deal of material, not only solid and valuable, but curious, minute, and piquant, about his Cæsars. Yet the inferiority of his method—of classing successively by themselves the wars, political acts, tastes, or personal habits of the men—is very marked. His "Lives" lack unity, and the writer himself lacked the eye for dramatic character and poetic delineation of Plutarch. We know, in short, only one ancient biography with which it would not be a kind of degradation to Plutarch to compel him to compete. Of course, we are thinking of the "Agricola" of his great contemporary Tacitus. The profundity and subtlety, the deep tragic pathos relieved by the most brilliant and piercing wit of that immortal historian, must undoubtedly place him above the mark of the humbler though not less genuine artist of Chæronea. He is a more potent nature altogether, as wine is stronger than milk; and Plutarch must give way before him, as his countrymen in that age before the eagles of the empire. But though there is a condensed force about the "Agricola," with its weighty aphorisms and burning epigrams, which Plutarch cannot rival, we may still doubt if he is not as successful in his portraiture as Tacitus, though in a less impressive and, on the whole, inferior style: at all events, he is infinitely more fit for popular reading. His amiability gives him a hold on the general heart like Goldsmith. He is above no reader, and below no reader. And as he connects the studies of the public with those of the scholar, so he brings together the modern and ancient worlds by showing how much that is good and noble is common to both.

The time is now come to consider how the example of Plutarch as a biographer has

affected the art of biography in modern times. His general influence, allowing for the many successful translations of his "Lives," has, no doubt, been very great on the English as on other literatures. Probably every English biographer has known something of him, and learned something from him. And it is a singular testimony to his merit, that so few should have produced any "Lives" that will bear the least comparison with his.

It is not a hopeful sign for our Biography that every dunce should think himself entitled to sneer at Boswell for no other reason than that he had a transcendent veneration for one of the greatest and best men this country ever produced. Boswell was, no doubt, an inferior man to Plutarch, but he had quite enough in common with him to deserve that the likeness between them should be pointed out. A hearty reverence for worth was the *primum mobile* of literary exertions in both. The virtues of these great men, Plutarch says—

"serve me as a sort of looking-glass, in which I may see how to adjust and adorn my own life. Indeed, it can be compared to nothing but daily living and associating together; we receive, as it were, in our inquiry, and entertain each successive guest, . . . and select from their actions all that is noblest and worthiest to know.

'Ah, and what greater pleasure could one have?'

or, what more effective means to one's moral improvement? Democritus tells us we ought to pray that of the phantasms appearing in the circumambient air, such may present themselves to us as are propitious, and that we may rather see those that are agreeable to our natures and are good, than the evil and unfortunate; which is simply introducing into philosophy a doctrine untrue in itself, and leading to endless superstitions. My method, on the contrary, is, by the study of history, and by the familiarity acquired in writing, to habituate my memory to receive and retain images of the best and worthiest characters."

Boswell, with all his weaknesses, might honestly have professed as true a love of greatness as the Greek. But their resemblance was more marked in the homelier qualities. They both loved talk and stories, and had strong personal and local attachments. A writer might have greater parts



than either of them, and not produce half their effect, just for want of their peculiar disposition. And we may be perfectly sure of one thing, that the kind of man utterly unfit for biography is the model "clever man," full of the "enlightened epoch" notions, so fashionable just now. The whole moral being of such a man would have to be changed before he could loyally picture, at once in its majesty and its simplicity, a great character of the past. Fulke Greville's romantic friendship, Izaak Walton's old-fashioned tenderness, are out of his range. But there will be no high things done in biography till we learn to revive that gentle old spirit, and apply it in forms suitable to our own age. Talent alone never produced a great "Life," and never will. The "Agricola" ends in a burst of passionate affection like a choral wail. Johnson's "Life of Savage" is full of his friendship for the unlucky reprobate whose society had cheered his solitude and poverty in his early London days.

Hoping, however, that the truths here expressed may one day bear literary fruit, what else may we learn in biography from Plutarch's example? His method of writing lives in "parallels" it would be very difficult to imitate, though that feature of his plan should not be abandoned without reluctance. His copious employment of detail there is a growing disposition to appreciate, to an extent which we perceive is already producing a reaction. Ever since the "Waverley Novels" appeared there has been a set in favor of a dramatic and picturesque treatment of history. There was nothing new in the tendency, as the superiority of the older over the newer translations of Plutarch, in such respect, might alone serve to convince us. The feeling for reality and completeness in literary art is, of course, substantially sound. Let us, by all means, have past ages reproduced with all their circumstances and conditions if possible, not only their principles and ideas and actions, but manners, costume, furniture, and ornaments. Let the classic man sacrifice in his garland, and the feudal man bear mass in his mail. On all this, it is, in the present temper of the reading world, superfluous to insist. But let us bear in mind also, that Plutarch never overdoes it, and yet that it may be overdone. It is not the deepest fact about the seventeenth century that people wore

steeple-hats, and went out to fight in buff jerkins, though such details assist one in getting familiar with things more important.

Again, we may learn from Plutarch that good biographies are not necessarily long. Nine or ten of his go conveniently into an octavo volume. This merit he shared with the ancients generally. The "Agricola" is a pretty little pamphlet. The "Cæsars," in Suetonius, are as portable as a handful of their coins. Now, this is a mighty advantage, for a good book that is short, will be read far oftener than a good book that is long. Our own earlier "Lives"—those, for instance, which Wordsworth calls

"Satellites burning in a lucid ring

Around meek Walton's heavenly memory," are of moderate as well as graceful proportions. The bulk of Middleton's "Cicero" is accounted for by the extent of the subject. Johnson is uniformly reasonable; his "Milton" occupies eighty-five and his "Dryden" a hundred and eighteen pages. But it would not be difficult to point to "Lives" of men as inferior to Milton or Dryden as the biographers themselves to Johnson, filling six and ten times the space.

But, after all, Plutarch will be read by thousands who care nothing for the art of biography, and to whom critical disquisitions on the subject can be little attractive. It is time to return to them, before bidding him farewell. There is now no danger of his influence being otherwise than good. The "classical republican" is extinct, or, where he survives, begins, we suspect, to see that there were nobler things in antiquity than the dagger of Brutus. We now learn from classical history just the opposite lessons to those which it was once thought to teach; while the revolutionary movement in Europe has thrown off the toga, finally, and sticks to the blouse, which is its more appropriate garment. On the other hand, a growing sense among the best English youth of the value of our history as the basis of our political liberties prevents us from apprehending any spurious classicism from the influence of the ancients. Much as there is to learn from the Greeks and Romans, their special influence is not likely to disturb the minds of statesmen and potentates again. Meanwhile, the charm of Plutarch as a writer remains unbroken. He will be read for many an age, under the influence of that



"nature" which makes Greek and Roman "kin" to Englishman and Scot. Many a reader will secretly ask himself what *he*—living in a brighter light of knowledge—ought to be, when antique "heathens" and "pagans" could live and die like Plutarch's men. Nor will he forget to thank the memory of the wise, kind-hearted old biographer himself.

Plutarch, we repeat, will be read, and read, we think, among ourselves, for the future, in the version of Mr. Clough. We have given that version our cordial praise before, and shall only add that it is brought before the world in a way which fits it admirably for general use. The print is clear and large; the paper good; and there are excellent and copious indexes.

**THE LATE WAR WITH ENGLAND.**—The way is long to England and back, and we are fatigued with waiting to learn how they receive the news of our action on the "Trent" case. If the transatlantic telegraph were a living thing, we should have known much sooner, but possibly would have felt not much better or worse about it ourselves. In that case, however, the British Government could hardly have avoided asking an explanation, and a reasonably amicable adjustment of the whole case at the outset; but to have so settled the matter would have deprived us of the edifying display of hostility and hate in which English journals have for many weeks indulged. To look at these hostile demonstrations from our present light, gives them a singularly offensive and disgusting appearance. Needless rage and unavailing malignity stand in them wholly unrelieved by any reasonable justification. It is like some attempts we have seen to get up a personal quarrel with no occasion for rousing the natural anger of either party. Men will, in such cases, often indulge in language purposely excessive and abusive, endeavoring to make up for want of a case by an affectation of extreme excitement; but the assailed party and the spectators then look on with precisely the feelings we now have at the war threats in England.

will together tide us over the great European danger, and bring us to a reduction of the rebellion undisturbed by foreign intervention. The "Trent" seizure was a special excitant, a small war intended to bring on and to subsequently cure a fever which might otherwise have proved dangerous. It was a case of vaccinated small-pox, controllable under the preliminary care and dieting bestowed, and serving to avert the natural taking which would have had a more violent run, and might have proved fatal. All national excitements have many of the characteristics of fevers, and it is not easy to follow one attack with another of the same sort in the same year. In the year's relief thus granted us, it is highly probable that we can show it to be the interest of England to behave considerably toward the greatest customer her trade has had, and the most powerful nation on which she can ever lean in any European distress. In this case, in all that relates to cotton supply, to the failure of one American crop, to future commerce and to the rights of neutrals at sea, it is only necessary to fix the direction in which interest leads in order to make it sure that British principle will follow.—*North American*, 24 Jan.

When the war fever does subside with them, under the effect of this "Trent" rendition, there will come a calm in England which will last until after the time of cotton planting. There is significance in this fact. Speculators hold cotton abroad in the hope that one American crop will be lost. They are moving to the purchase of cotton in all the ends of the earth in the same view. They now have a large amount of money invested in these operations, which money would be jeopardized by a too sudden restoration of the American market. By the time the 19th of April returns, the day for successful planting will have gone by, and as that is about the time that our standard will again wave over New Orleans, it must be calculated that at least three-fourths of the next cotton crop is lost—cannot be planted, and therefore cannot be raised for Liverpool. Then, let it be remembered, the interest of the English manufacturer will cease to demand an opening of our ports at the risk of war.

Therefore it may be that the absence of a telegraph, and the happy capture of the "Trent,"

*Witch Stories.* Collected by E. Lynn Linton. Chapman and Hall.

A STRANGE and melancholy history of human errors and delusions has Mrs. Linton presented to the public. With untiring industry she has ransacked the British Museum for the witch stories of England and Scotland, from the earliest times to the middle of the last century. A truly humiliating monument to human weakness, credulity, and malice has she raised in this painfully interesting compilation. Such a blending of crime and folly as she has recorded would be incredible were it not attested by unimpeachable evidence. The moral should be to teach humility and forbearance, seeing how many noble and virtuous persons have perished under false and absurd accusations, not infrequently proffered by persons of equal veracity and intelligence. It is to be regretted, however, that Mrs. Linton has occasionally permitted herself to adopt a flippant and quasi-facetious tone, which somewhat mars the grim solemnity of her stories.—*Spectator*.



From Macmillan's Magazine.

# THE YARD-MEASURE EXTENDED TO THE STARS.

BY PROFESSOR KELLAND.

As soon as astronomy had learned to know its position, it began to suspect that this earth, with its sun and moon and planets and comets—the whole solar system—is but a speck in the vast firmament of the heavens. The more men worked and thought the stronger grew the conviction that Sirius, the little twinkling star, must be a sun immensely brighter than our own. For they had tried in vain to find out his distance. In vain! The distance always came out infinite. The measuring line placed in the hand of man shrank into nothingness in respect to the whereabouts of the nearest of those little orbs, and astronomy retired abashed. Do you ask me what is the measuring line which man has in his hand to apply to the stars? I shall tell you that it is no small matter as men count smallness. It is two hundred millions of miles—a line long enough, you would think; yet this line actually shrank into nothingness so absolute that, half a century ago, it seemed as hopeful to mount to the stars as to compass their distance with so puny a line. But the thing has been done at last, and triumphantly done. We know the distance of a few of the nearest stars now pretty accurately, at any rate. And I propose to endeavor to convey an idea of how this knowledge has been attained.

Well, then, to begin at the beginning, the first line to which all others are referred, the primary unit, is the yard-measure, by which ladies' dresses are measured—nothing more nor less. It does not concern us to inquire what that yard-measure is. Suffice it that the legislature provide means to prevent its fluctuation from year to year, or from century to century. Now the yard can readily be multiplied to a considerable extent,—for example into a chain of twenty-two yards,—and with this chain a line of three or four miles can be measured on the earth's surface. The yard is thus expanded into miles. It is no easy matter, certainly, to measure a few miles on the surface of the earth; but it is possible, and has been done. An extension of this process would, of course, measure a very long line; but this is not necessary. Having once got over a

few miles, the yard-measure and the steel-chain and all similar appliances are discarded, and the measured line itself is assumed as a new measuring-rod. True, it cannot be carried about from place to place. Mohammed cannot go to the mountain; so the mountain must be brought to Mohammed. This is done by making direction serve as the evidence of distance. If you measure off on the paper a line a foot long, and take a point somewhere over the centre of it, you will see how the angles of direction from the ends of the line depend on its distance from the line. So, conversely, if a church-steeple, or some other prominent object, be visible from both ends of the line measured on the earth's surface, its distance from either of them can be determined at once by means of angles without approaching the object at all. You see, then, how we can get a good long line of sixty or seventy miles. Now, as the earth is a sphere, or nearly so, if you travel due north a 360th part of the earth's circumference, you will find that the pole star has assumed a position one degree higher in the heavens. Accordingly, if you can measure distances and angles, the determination of the circumference of the earth is reduced to a matter of mere multiplication. The old Indians had got thus far; the old Greeks too. Two hundred and thirty years before the Christian era Eratosthenes, the librarian of the Alexandrian library, observed the meridian height of the sun at Alexandria at the time of the summer solstice, and then set to work to measure the distance up the Nile to Syene, where the granite quarries still show the marks of the chisel that cut out those wonderful obelisks from them. Here he found, or somebody found for him, a telescope ready to his hand—the earliest telescope on record. It was a reflecting telescope, like Herschel's, polished by nature's own machinery. The mirror was the surface of standing water, and the tube was one of those vertical shafts, which, as in Joseph's well, have stood the wear of ages, and are wonderful even in the land of the pyramids and the sphinxes. Far, far down in the bowels of the earth the brighter stars were visible by day. This telescope disclosed the fact that Syene is just under the northern tropic. And so Eratosthenes, like his great benefactor Alexander conquered the world.



He did not weep because there were no more worlds to conquer; for were not the bright orbs, the allies of his first victory, like the Thebans, sure to become an easy prey to his chariot wheels? But the work of Eratosthenes was done, and they gave him as a reward a mountain in the moon, which bears his name.

To be sure, the 250,000 stadia which Eratosthenes estimated as the circumference of the earth, was a rough enough approximation as compared to the precision of modern times. But it was a great work for one man. Since then the nations of Europe have set themselves to the task. One instance deserves mention.

In 1791-'2, the national Convention of France conceived the magnificent idea of establishing a new standard for everything—morals, money, and measure. "Let the heavens," they said, "furnish new units of time, and the earth new units of space. Let the week and the month and the year yield up their ancient prerogatives. Let the former history of the world be forgotten, and let all history date from this time. Let the month be divided into thirty days, and let the Sabbath occur every tenth day. Let the day be divided into ten hours, and let new dials be constructed to show them. Let a girdle be drawn round the earth, which shall connect Paris with the Poles: let this girdle be the standard of measure, and let men be sent out to ascertain its amount." A magnificent order, truly! Yet it does seem easy enough to count by thirties and by tens—to make the months thirty days, and the week ten; but to measure the circumference of the earth, this is a work, a labor! It so happened, however, that the thirty days, and the new sundials, and the unscriptural Sabbaths failed to struggle into existence—a higher power protected France from herself; while the measure of the meridians—a work beset with appalling difficulties—was accomplished; and the *mètre*, the ten-millionth part of the measured quadrant of the earth's circumference, is the national standard throughout France to this day.

Enough. We have measured the earth, but we are a great way from the stars still. Our yard-measure has brought us thousands of miles on our journey; but the stars are millions of millions of miles away, and how are we to get at them? We shall see. Re-

member, then, that, when we had a base-line of a few miles, we could determine the distance of an object seen from either end, by means of angles alone. In the same way, we get at the distance of the sun, or of a planet, by the longer base-line of the earth itself. We get at it roughly, it must be confessed. Copernicus, Tycho, even Kepler himself, had no idea that the sun is so far from us as he really is. Had the sun been fixed immovably in the heavens, it might have been easy, or, at least, it might have been deemed easy, to compare his distance with the size of the earth. But the sun wanders among the stars and rolls round the earth, and thus seems to defy the efforts of the measurer. It was the good fortune of James Gregory to point out a method by which his distance may be determined, spite of his unsteadiness. The orbits of the two planets, Mercury and Venus, lie between the sun and the earth, so that those planets occasionally cross the face of the sun—Mercury frequently, Venus more rarely. It occurred to Gregory that observers at different parts of the earth's surface would witness a transit across different parts of the sun—one seeing it cross the centre, another observing it graze the edge. And, as the time it took in crossing might be readily ascertained in either case, the places at which it crossed would be thereby determined. And thus, knowing the positions of the two places of observation, and the corresponding positions of the projection of the planet on the sun's disk, the determination of the distance of the sun would, by a little help from theory, be reduced to a mere matter of triangles. Perhaps Gregory hardly appreciated the full value of the suggestion he was making. At any rate, nothing followed the publication of his hint for a great number of years. At length, about the beginning of the last century, it assumed in the mind of Halley, the definite and practicable form which renders it now the corner-stone of astronomy. Halley perceived that the planet Venus was greatly to be preferred to Mercury for the determination of the sun's distance from the earth. His lucid statements and earnest exhortations aroused the whole astronomical world, and a transit of Venus was anxiously awaited. Halley himself, indeed, when he directed attention to the importance of the method, had no hope



of living to see it tested. He stood like Moses on the top of Pisgah, and looked on the Promised Land; but to cross the Jordan was not his earthly lot. He had been laid with his fathers many a year before the occurrence of the transit from which he had prepared men to expect so much. At length, in 1761, the looked-for time arrived. Now transits, which are of very rare occurrence, when they do happen, occur in pairs, at an interval of only eight years. Thus, when, after anxious waiting, astronomers beheld the transit of 1761, they knew that in eight years they should witness another. It was probably this circumstance of a second transit to fall back upon that rendered the observations of 1761 so little worth. That date being past, and the occasion lost, the succeeding transit of 1769 was all that the world had to rely on for another century. Had this opportunity been again lost, what a different position would our astronomy and our navigation have been in from that which they now occupy! Happily, all Europe was astir. Men were sent out north and south, east and west, to make the whole length and breadth of the globe available base-lines. England fitted out an expedition to the South Seas, and placed it under the command of Captain Cook. Who has not read Cook's first voyage? Most of us have devoured it, every part but the account of the observation of the transit, the real object of the expedition. Possibly it would have been otherwise had the astronomer Green returned to tell his own tale. But it was not so to be. His body was consigned to the deep during the homeward voyage. But his observation was made under favorable circumstances, and is invaluable. In this respect Green was happier than some of his fellow-laborers. The Abbé Chappe erected his observatory in California, and died ere his work was well complete. M. Le Gentil had been sent out to Pondicherry to observe the previous transit of 1761; but the winds and the waves detained him on shipboard until after the event had taken place. But Le Gentil was a man of spirit, not easily discouraged. Accordingly, he resolved to lessen the chance of a second disappointment, by remaining at Pondicherry until 1769 for the second transit. But, alas! alas! after eight years of weary waiting, a little cloud effectually hid the phenomenon

from his sight, and Le Gentil had to return to France empty as he left it. Poor Le Gentil! for him there is no cross of honor in life, no national monument at death. He is like the poor subaltern who leads the forlorn hope, and perishes in an unsuccessful attack. Let us drop a tear to his memory and that of Green ere we proclaim that the stronghold has fallen!

The solar system is now measured. The distance of the sun is now ascertained with positive certainty. Seven different base-lines, a host of independent observations, all concur in giving the distance of the sun from the earth—in round numbers—as ninety-five millions of miles. It is a grand era in astronomy. What would Copernicus, what would Tycho have said? They, worthy men, great astronomers as they were, never dreamed that the sun is a tenth part as far away. Even Halley, when he proposed this most successful problem, labored under the delusion that he was some thirty millions of miles nearer the sun than he actually was.

Well, we have extended our yard-measure to a pretty good length now. As the earth goes round the sun every year in an orbit nearly circular, the position we shall occupy six months hence will be just a hundred and ninety millions of miles from where we now are. And we can observe a star from both ends of this line, just as we observed a steeple previously from the two ends of a field. Our measuring tape for the stars is a hundred and ninety millions of miles. Yet, great as this distance is, so inconceivably far away are the stars, that all the refinements of modern science were unable, half a century ago, to deduce anything about them but this negative conclusion—that the nearest of them is at least a hundred thousand times as far from us as spring is from autumn, or summer from winter—a hundred thousand times a hundred and ninety millions of miles; no star nearer than that! You cannot think of such distances as these—the mind is unable to grasp them. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, tells us that the Abipones of Paraguay, among whom he labored, have no better mode of expressing numbers above a score or so, than by taking up a handful of sand or grass and exhibiting it. They had to pass through a deal of schooling to learn to count up to a thousand. The Professor at Angers, wishing to



exhibit to his class the relative magnitudes of the sun and the earth, poured sixteen pecks of wheat on his lecture-table. "This," said he, "represents the sun, and one of the grains represents the earth." If we try a similar method we shall not succeed so well. Let us, however, try. You have some faint idea of three thousand miles, from having painfully measured it on the Atlantic, it may be. The thirtieth of an inch, on the other hand, you can estimate well enough. It is the dot you place over the letter *i*, as you write. Well, suppose this dot to represent the distance between Liverpool and New York; then will the actual distance—three thousand miles—represent the interval nearer than which there is no fixed star. Three thousand miles of dots, when each separate dot stands for three thousand miles! Or you may help your mind, or cheat yourself into the belief that you do so, by some such process as the following. Light travels with such a velocity, that it would fly round the earth, at the equator, eight times in a second. Yet there is no star so near us but that its light occupies more than three years on its journey to the earth. The whole starry firmament, seemingly so bright, may, for aught we know, have been quenched in everlasting darkness three years ago. Were such a catastrophe conceivable, the lamps of heaven would go out, one by one, to mortal eyes, year after year, and century after century, until, some two thousand years hence, the faint light of stars of the sixth and seventh magnitude would alone hold on its journey.

All that was known about the distances of the stars thirty or forty years ago was this negative fact. No star nearer than the parallactic unit, as it is called, of twenty millions of millions of miles! Whether any were so near, or anything approaching the distance, nobody could say. At length the question of distance was resolved. And here occurs one of those singular duplications—twins in the births of thought—with which the history of science abounds. The first determination of the distance of a star from the earth was worked out simultaneously by two men, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of mutual assistance; and the results were presented to the world within a few days of each other. The memoir of Bessel, which announced a

sensible parallax for 61 *Cygni*, appeared on the 13th of December, 1838. That of Professor Henderson, in which the parallax of a *Centauri* was established, was read to the Astronomical Society on the 6th of January, 1839, and had of course been in the hands of the Society some days previously. There was no desire on the part of either astronomer to contest the claims of the other. Many years subsequently it was my good fortune to unite with Professor Henderson in entertaining his illustrious friend, Bessel; and it was a gratifying sight to witness the warmth of affection with which these two good men welcomed each other as fellow-workers in the same field. They have both gone to their rest—Henderson too early for science; Bessel at an advanced age and full of honors.

The stars which Henderson and Bessel selected were in one respect very unlike. That of Henderson is a bright star in the southern hemisphere; that of Bessel is a faint, inconspicuous star in the northern. But the stars have one thing in common—both have large proper motions. They are not fixed stars, in the strict sense of the word; they move on by a few seconds annually. And this circumstance of a proper motion was an argument in the minds of the astronomers that those stars are in close proximity to our system. This fact, and not their size, was the ground on which they were selected. Professor Henderson commenced his calculations with a different object, and only diverted them into the channel of distance when he ascertained the amount of proper motion which the star has. His observations were not undertaken with a view to this question; they were ordinary meridian observations. And it is not to be wondered at that astronomers were very cautious in admitting results so obtained, when it is considered that observations of this kind are beset with such numerous sources of error, in refraction, aberration, and the like. The method adopted by Bessel, on the other hand, obviates those sources of error. It has some analogy to the method of obtaining the distance of the sun by means of a transit of Venus, inasmuch as the observations are not those of the absolute position of one body, but of the relative positions of two.

The basis on which the operations are



conducted is this : Certain stars are so nearly in the same direction in the heavens as not to be easily separated. Some of these are in reality double—twin stars revolving about each other—at any rate, physically connected. Others have no such connection; and it is argued that, in certain cases, the smaller of the two is likely to be at an enormous distance behind the other. When such is actually the case, there will be a change of the relative positions of the two as viewed from different parts of the earth's orbit, and the amount of that change will depend on the proximity of the nearer star to our system, in precisely the same way as a tree will shift its place more or less rapidly, with respect to a distant hill, as the spectator is carried along in his journey. It is on stars so circumstanced that observations with the view of detecting a parallax were instituted by Bessel. No absolute measures of position of either star are required; simply the relative distances and directions of the one with respect to the other. Thus all sources of error due to refraction, aberration, and many other causes, which equally affect both stars are got rid of.

The conclusion may be stated in a single sentence. The star selected by Henderson is only a little beyond the parallactic unit (twenty millions of millions of miles); that selected by Bessel is about three times as far away. Other stars have been reached, but these two are the nearest known. With a trembling and uncertain hand astronomers have stretched out their line to one or two stars ten times as far away as the farthest of these. But the great host of heaven lie incalculably further back. Shall we ever reach them? Judging from present appearances, we are compelled to answer in the negative. The stars, as we gaze into the sky, seem to defy us. For what do we see there? Close around us we see bright lamps pretty equally distributed over the vault of heaven. They twinkle and dance before us as though conscious of the close proximity of our gaze. But let us look again. Claspings the whole vault of heaven, we see a belt of faint light, some twelve degrees in breadth. This is the milky way, the galactic circle. To the ancients, it was part of the milk which washed the purple stains from the lily; to the moderns, it is the universe itself—the stupendous whole, of which the

brighter stars are but the portions which lie nearest to this little spot of earth. You may understand this if you bear in mind that the spherical appearance of the heavens is a necessary consequence of vast and unknown distance. There is no reality in this appearance. The arrangement of the stars is somewhat like an extended sheet of cardboard, of small thickness. Or, rather, you should imagine a vast plain planted with orange-trees, all loaded with yellow fruit. These oranges in countless myriads are the stars. We are situated near the centre of this grove. Our sun is a small orange; the earth and the planets are tiny buds grouped around it. The neighboring branches are thinly supplied with fruit, and few fruit-stalks bear more than a single orange. But the grove is of boundless extent. Looking on every side, the eye takes in myriads of golden balls, extending away right and left, until individual oranges are no longer distinguishable, except by the glow of light which they send to the eye. This glow is the milky way. Looking upward or downward from the milky way, there is no such profusion of scattering. Much bright fruit does, indeed, cluster on the upper and lower branches; and an unpractised eye is deceived into the belief that the number is infinite. But the eye of an astronomer, armed with proper instruments, finds it far otherwise. He can count the stars; he can gauge the heavens; and the conclusion to which he will arrive is, that the number which the eye takes in diminishes gradually from the galactic circle upward or downward. And this diminution is not only regular, but is very great indeed. From such considerations as these conjecture has ripened into conviction, that the solar system is a part of the milky way; that the scattered bright stars are those parts of the same which lie in our immediate neighborhood; and that the whole group forms a vast extended rolling prairie of stars. The milky way is, therefore, to human apprehension, nothing less than the universe itself. True, there may be other galactic systems, other prairies, other orange groves, as far separated from ours as the prairies of America are from the groves of Europe. Some of the remarkable nebulae seem to hint at the possibility of the thing. On such a subject it is premature to speculate. Now, it is only



those oranges that cluster round us, those which grow on the same branch with our sun, that we have succeeded in stretching out our hand to. What arithmetic shall suffice to count the distance of those which lie on the remoter trees of our grove, the faintest groups of the milky way? What imagination shall wing its flight to those still more shadowy groups which constitute the unresolved nebulae? The yard-measure is too puny; the hand of man is too feeble. An angel's hand must grasp the rod that shall mete out the length and breadth of this golden grove. Man has gone up through the immensity of space and strained his line till it will bear no more. Other generations may mount higher, but only to find the vast circles ever widening beyond. The position which we have reached is a lofty one; but, lofty as it is, future ages shall use it as their point of departure. It is an ennobling thought to console us amidst our many failures. Man rises by the aid of that Divine faculty which pertains to him alone of all

created beings—the faculty of accumulating stores of knowledge, of working in succession, of acting on intelligence transmitted from age to age. The great English philosopher, Bacon, describes man as the “interpreter of nature.” But this is not his highest, not his characteristic designation; for, are not the beasts, are not the birds, are not the very insects interpreters of nature? It is as the interpreter of man, the interpreter of man's records, that man stands distinguished. Herein reason transcends instinct, that its gifts are transmissive and cumulative. Mind does not stand supported by the mind which exists around it, not simply, not mainly. There is a higher and a broader support. The minds of the great of bygone ages live and work in the breasts of their successors. The old Greeks, I suppose knew this, and embodied it in the fable of Athene, the goddess of knowledge, who sprang into existence not as a naked, helpless child, but as a grown-up being, clad in complete armor, from the head of Zeus.

**THE LATE ALLAN MACDONALD.**—A few days since we briefly noticed the death of this worthy and estimable man. General Macdonald was born at White Plains, Westchester County, in 1795, and from a somewhat early age has been before the public in various responsible positions. The first thirty-five years of his life were passed in his native village, where he served for many years as postmaster, and afterwards as sheriff of Westchester County. Subsequently chosen by the old Democratic party as State senator, he formed the intimate acquaintance and won the warm regard of ex-President Van Buren and Governor Marcy. During the administration of the latter he was appointed adjutant-general of the State, and in the Canadian disturbances of that period rendered active and honorable service.

In 1841 he joined his brother, the late Dr. Jas. Macdonald, in the establishment of a private lunatic asylum at Murray Hill, in this city, which in 1845 was removed to Sanford Hall at Flushing. At the death of Dr. Macdonald in 1849, the charge of the institution fell into his hands, and it is in connection with this noble establishment for the treatment of mental diseases that General Macdonald has of late been known and esteemed. Very many of our citizens whose friends have, during these years, received the protecting care of Sanford Hall, will not soon forget his kindly presence, his urbanity, and gentle dignity of manners, or the manly virtues which found a home in his heart and expression in his daily life.

The affairs of Sanford Hall, we are told,

proceed without interruption under the wise administration of the widow of its founder, assisted, as before, by Dr. Ogden as consulting, and Dr. J. W. Barstow as resident, physician, under whose guidance there will be no diminution of its usefulness or impairment of its prosperity.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

*Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children.* Edited by William Logan, Author of “The Moral Statistics of Glasgow.” London: James Nisbet. 1861.

A COLLECTION of pieces from various sources, in prose and verse, on the death of young children. The poetry comprises the best verses on this subject, from Wordsworth, Milton, Longfellow, Nicoll, D. M. Moir, etc. The prose selections are of a more commonplace character, and are often both morbid and shallow. Yet, on the whole, the book is likely to be of use to the class of Calvinistic believers to whom it is addressed. Holding that salvation is of most difficult attainment, and that all unrepentant sinners shall without doubt perish everlastingly, the writer of these meditations yet strenuously maintains that all who die in infancy, even those of ungodly parentage, are saved and glorified. This is the leading idea of the book, and those Christians to whom such pleadings come as a novelty, will doubtless find in them relief and comfort.—*Spectator*.



From Chambers's Journal.

### A STRANGE WAY TO A LEGACY.

THE year after the general peace was the first of my travels. I was just twenty-two, and thought myself lucky when, early in the summer of 1816, my uncle sent me to be his agent and representative in the house of Skinderkin and Co. The firm were fur-merchants—part Russian, part German, and part English. It was indeed rather a company, and a very composite one. I do not remember half their names. They had partners in all the Baltic, Dutch, and German towns, not to speak of London, where my uncle represented them in King William Street; but the fountain-head of the house was in St. Petersburg, and thither he sent me.

I thought I was going to see the world, and be a great man; indeed, having little acquaintance with the said scene, I entertained secret designs of lording it over the Russian and German clerks, for all the company had their national representatives in the chief house, and I was appointed to the English department. I got a great deal of good advice, and a large supply of congratulations on the position I was to occupy. My maiden aunts counselled me to conduct myself properly; my grandmother recommended me not to grow too proud; and the curate of their church in Hampstead gave me serious admonitions against being perverted to the Greek Church.

I set out with all the weight of my own importance and these sage counsels. I arrived safely, though a voyage to St. Petersburg was no joke in those days, and got regularly located in the house of Skinderkin. It was large enough to satisfy my fondest expectations, and stood close on the Neva, that oldest and outstraggling part of St. Petersburg, said to have been the site of an Ingrian village, the whole of whose inhabitants perished in the adjoining marsh, when the city had to be built at any cost of life or labor, and Peter the Great wielded at once the trowel and the knout for his subjects' encouragement. The nobility had built their palaces there in Peter's time; but partly the moving habits of the Russians, partly the inundations to which it was particularly subject, made them abandon the quarter early in the reign of Catherine II. Merchants and traders of the first class then

took possession; the palaces were turned into stores and warehouses, from which the noble proprietors drew considerable additions to their incomes, in the shape of rent; and in one of the largest and grandest, Skinderkin and Co., had located themselves. In such noble rooms, galleries, and corridors, was business never before done. Such quantities of fur, from Finland, Lapland, Siberia, and Kamtschatka, as came there to be stored, booked, and shipped, I had never dreamed of. Nevertheless, the proverb, that far-off fowls have fair feathers, was strikingly illustrated in the matter of my St. Petersburg appointment. In the first place, the establishment was disciplined after the old Russian fashion, invented in the Tartar times, when every warehouse had to be a fortress, and every merchant a sort of military freemason. We all worked and boarded on the premises, but the work and the boarding were carried on in a dreary penitential style—silent, secret, and systematic—a happy mixture of the house of correction, the monastery, and the barrack. The hours were kept with regulation strictness. The meals were announced by the tolling of a great bell, which might have served for anybody's funeral. Every desk and stool was partitioned off its neighbor; sub and superior sat like so many prisoners in solitary confinement, except that they could partly see, and all watched each other. Then, as to lording it over the Russian and German clerks, not one of them could speak English. I knew nothing of Russian or German—it is not easy lording it without speech—but somehow I discovered that every soul of them cordially despised me, because my uncle was known to have the smallest stake in the firm.

I think that fact was first made plain to me by my senior in the English department; which, let me observe, consisted only of him and myself. He had come from Yorkshire, and his name was Hardstaff—a title which sounded so aristocratic in the ears of the Russians, that they entertained a general respect for him. But had the Fates so willed it, Hardface would have been a more suitable appellation, for I never saw a man who looked as like having been hewn, and not very carefully either, out of a granite rock. He had been forty years in Russia; and although my own stay was not long enough



to prove it by personal experience, I believe there is something in that select climate which Russianizes men of all countries. The process had been effectual on my Yorkshire friend, though nobody could be prouder of his British birth, and more particularly of his native county. Hardstaff was a genuine subject of the Czar, in craft, cunning, and cold readiness for everything that might serve his own interest, no matter whose it injured.

He had sat so long beside the stove, dealt so long with fur-traders, and lived under the discipline of the house, that his manner and, I believe, his mind, had taken the frozen mechanical tone of a Russian official. Natural disposition had probably a good deal to do with it. I never saw the man smile, except at somebody being overreached; and next to the furs, the great business of his life was to take and keep other people down. I will do him the justice to say he was an adept in both departments. His long acquaintance and large experience of the trade made him an authority even with his employers. He had their confidence in other respects to a degree which was generally known, though not made public. In no country are there more unavowed influences at work than in Russia. Hardstaff was not the head of the house; the department in which he overtly acted was the least considerable, but everybody about the premises was aware that his opinion was asked on the most important transactions, that he was note-taker and spy-general for all his superiors; and though the pleasing of him was an impossible aspiration, it was highly imprudent to incur his ill-will.

For myself, I had come to be my uncle's representative, and the old gentleman in King William Street was an acknowledged partner; but Hardstaff was so well established by forty years of sorting furs, writing beside the stove, not to speak of spying and being consulted, he knew so much that I did not, and he was determined never should, and business was so differently conducted in St. Petersburg and London, that I settled into the subordinate position from the first hour of taking my seat at the desk assigned me. It stood at the opposite end of the stove, which, as usual in Russia, occupied nearly half the room, then our counting-house, but looking very much as if it had

once been a lady's dressing-room. There were mirrors, with the richly gilt frames let into the walls, which were magnificently painted; and in one corner there were marks as if a wardrobe had stood there. Of course, my desk was shut in by a rough wooden partition; but it only went half-way to the roof, and by stretching up a little, I could see all that came and went, without, as I thought, being observed. Hardstaff had the same advantage, but he never appeared to make use of it. Hour after hour, I have seen him sitting over his book, registering sables, ermines, and black-fox skins, specimens of which lay on the desk before him, without lifting his eyes or moving a muscle. As for speaking to me, Hardstaff never did such a thing, except when, much against my inclination, I had to ask him some question about the business on hand. Then his answer was given in the shortest possible compass, and the most unintelligible terms he could devise. It was a case of hatred at first sight. Hardstaff did not approve of my coming; he wanted no Englishman there but himself, and I can vouch there was no love lost on my side; but he was not the man to quarrel or to be quarrelled with.

We were seated at our respective desks—I ought to say in our cells—one morning. It was summer-time, being the beginning of July; but summer in St. Petersburg means one long hazy twilight, with the sun seen through it something like our red harvest-moon, higher or lower in the sky according to the hours of the day, with a heavy sultry atmosphere, not unlike what we have in England before a thunder-storm; in short, just the sort of a time in which to get lazy, and do nothing at all. The strange length of day, the dry dreary mode of life, my own strangership in that foreign land, where I knew neither man nor language, had made me heartily tired of my St. Petersburg appointment, which looked so grand in prospect. I had delivered five letters of introduction at as many houses of my uncle's mercantile acquaintance, was assured of high consideration by every one of them, and never heard another word or sign of their existence. I had walked round the magnificent streets and squares of palaces which distinguish the Russian capital; I had peeped into the dense pine-forests which grow so close upon them; I had looked at the mujecks' huts beside the sluggish Neva, the



great dilapidated warehouses, and the very dirty shipping which high tides brought under their windows. I had gone to the theatre, and paid enormously for a bad seat; I had gone to the coffee-houses, and got disgusted with popular habits. I had a general conviction that everybody was cheating me out of doors, and everybody watching me within, and any apology to get back to King William Street would have been a godsend. In this frame of mind I was sitting, and making believe to write, that dim, sultry day of the northern summer, when one of the opposite mirrors, which happened to stand higher than my barricades, showed me that a woman had actually entered the room.

I would as soon have expected to see a bird of paradise as a female face in that establishment; all our tables were spread, and, I believe, our cuisine and laundry done by men; but there was a woman dressed in what I instinctively knew to be the first fashion out of Paris, not thirty at the outside calculation, with finely moulded features for a Russian, a soft, fair complexion, light-blue eyes, and hair of a golden yellow. She had come in so noiselessly, that I was not aware of her entrance till apprised by the mirror, and, still more astonishing, she was speaking to Hardstaff. Their talk was low and earnest, and I must confess to listening; but they spoke in Russian. However, the eye sometimes does duty for the ear: by its help, and the lowness of the partition, I discovered, to my unqualified amazement, that they were talking of myself. How I learned the fact, it would puzzle me now to tell; I think it was by something in the lady's look. Hardstaff's flinty visage never told tales; but when they had spoken for a few minutes, he raised his voice, and said, in the tone of civil command in which he was pleased to address me: "Mr. Summerville, have the goodness to bring me the invoice of those seal-skins to be sent to our house in London." It was then about furs they had been talking. Did the lady want to buy some of the seal-skins that were packed up and almost ready for shipping to my uncle? No matter; it would give me an opportunity of getting a better sight of her. I had to pass her with the invoice, and that nearer view showed me that not only she was a very pretty woman, but also that I had seen the same face some days before looking out at a

window of one of the great palaces in the wide and windy square of the Admiralty. The lady looked at me now most graciously, and when I acknowledged her presence with my best bow, said, in very good English, for a foreigner: "I am sorry, sir, to be the cause of giving you so much trouble."

I had not heard my native English for two months, except from the dry, disagreeable Hardstaff, and could have danced for joy on the spot to hear it uttered from those rosy lips; but as it was not desirable to be thought insane, I kept my British composure as well as I could, and stammered out: "No trouble at all."

"You are very good," said the lady. "Might I ask if you have been long in St. Petersburg?"

"Only two months," said I.

"And how do you like it?"

"I have scarcely had time to know."

"Well it is true you English are sensible people, and do not make up your minds in a hurry. I have a great respect for the English"—how well she spoke our language!—"I had a governess of your nation, the best creature in the world. What trouble she took to teach me the little English I know!"

"Her trouble was well bestowed, madame," said I, having by this time got up my courage and manners; "you speak it like a native."

"I did not know that Englishmen could flatter," said the lady, with the sweetest smile; and before I had time to rebut the charge, she added: "But tell me how you like the society here?"

"I have seen very little as yet, madame."

"Ah, perhaps you have no friends or relations in the city?"

"None, madame; I am quite a stranger."

She looked at me so kindly, so sympathizingly, I could have stood there for a fortnight; but Hardstaff handed me back the invoice, saying, with his accustomed frost, "It is all right;" and as I was expected to retire to my desk, I did so with another bow, to which the lady made a polite acknowledgment, talked a few minutes more in Russ with Hardstaff, and went out as noiselessly as she had entered.

From that hour, Hardstaff grew more familiar and communicative with me, as if he had found out that I might be considered somebody. His society was about as pleas-



ant as the fruit of a crab-tree; but I had no choice of company, and wanted to hear what he knew regarding the lady. For once in his life, Hardstaff appeared willing to give the desired information. He told me she was the Countess Rozenki, a widow, rich, childless, and belonging to one of the first families in Esthonia. He further explained her coming to the warehouse, by letting me know that it had been the Rozenki Palace, and that the seal-skins shipped for my uncle had come from an estate most fertile in furs, which the countess owned in the government of Archangel. "It is not exactly her own," said Hardstaff, "but properly belongs to her husband's nephew. She is his guardian, however, and that is nearly as good as ownership in Russia."

Some days after this, on an afternoon when Hardstaff, by a most unusual chance, was not at his desk, I was sitting with the pen in my fingers, and the account-book before me, wondering if she would come again in my time, when there was a slight creak of the door, a light rustle of silk, the prettiest tinkle on the brass rail of the stove, and there stood Madame Rozenki.

"Ah, my English friend," she said, smiling with accustomed sweetness as I presented myself, "how glad I am to see you once again! Shake hands; they always shake hands in your country, don't they?" My governess told me so. How I long to visit England!"

It is to be hoped that I shook the small delicate hand, covered with lemon-colored kid, as fashion then required, with becoming grace and ardor. I know that I was intensely charmed. She inquired for Mr. Hardstaff. I told her all I knew about him. She just hinted that her business was not very important or her time pressing. I of course offered her the best seat the place afforded, to await his return, and we got into conversation.

As far as my memory serves me it was regularly opened by her ladyship inquiring once again how I liked the society of St. Petersburg. As we had shaken hands, and she had such a respect for the English, I relieved my mind by telling her the exact truth—that I knew nobody, and nobody knew me; that I had not a soul to speak to but Hardstaff, and was heartily tired and sick of my situation. The lady seemed to enter

into my feelings to a degree which enchanted me, young as I was.

"Far from your relations, and without friends in a strange city," she said, "with no associate but the old man who sits at that desk—it is a hard trial. And you can't return to England without your uncle's permission of course?"

"No," said I; "and he is a man to whom I should not wish to complain of solitude; he would laugh at me for being childish, and bid me mind my business."

"Ah, those money-making old men think of nothing but business," said the countess. "But tell me now, should you like to see society? I mean first-class company—the world of fashion in St. Petersburg."

"Your ladyship, I am not accustomed to fashionable life; I have never been anything but a merchant's clerk."

"Yes; but you have a genteel air, and might be made presentable," she said, surveying me from head to foot with a look of the most candid and kindly patronage; "and as you are so lonely, if you will be a good boy, and come to my house to-morrow evening, you will see a select circle of my best friends. It is only quadrilles, cards, and supper."

Was I dreaming, or did a Russian countess actually invite me out of Skinderkin and Co.'s counting-house to quadrilles, cards, and supper? Then what apparel had I to appear in at the Rozenki Palace? Evening-dress had never been counted among the requisites of my existence, and in the confusion of these thoughts I could only stammer out: "Much obliged to your ladyship, but—"

"You are thinking of your dress, young man," said the countess, laying her small hand lightly on my arm, and looking me archly in the face; "well, don't disturb yourself about that; we can do fairies' work at the Rozenki Palace, and you shall be my Cinderella. Just step round to the tea-shop in the lane behind your warehouse, about seven to-morrow evening; you will find a carriage waiting there; step into it; it will bring you to the palace. The footman will show you a dressing-room, where you will find everything requisite for a gentlemen's toilet; then ring the bell, and the footman will conduct you to my salon."

I do not remember what I said by way of



thanks and acknowledgment for this, it was so unlike anything I had ever met with, so far out of the common course; yet where was the young man in my position who would have refused?

"Oh, never mind," said the countess, cutting me short with another light pat on the arm; "you will be kind to some Russian, perhaps, who may be lonely in England, when you have inherited your uncle's business, and become a great merchant. You won't forget to be at the tea-shop by seven. I can't wait for that old man any longer. Good-by."

She shook hands with me once more, and was going, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "My friend, I forgot to ask one thing," she said, turning at the door; "can you speak French?"

"No, madame," said I, blushing to the roots of my hair, as I recollected that that was the language of good society in Russia; but my school-days had been in the time of the long war, when French was neither so common nor so requisite as it has since become to men of business.

"Do you understand it at all?" and her look grew keenly inquiring.

"Not a word, madame."

"That is unfortunate; everybody of fashion speaks French here, and very few understand English; besides, nothing could convince them that you had not been brought up a mere peasant—a boor, you understand, if you could not speak French; but there is one expedient which has just occurred to me; you will pretend to be dumb. I know you are clever enough to act a part; it will be no loss, as you cannot understand what is spoken; but, remember, not a sound before my guests or servants; it might bring us both to be talked of, and I want to let you see society. Good-by."

The door had closed upon her exit before I had well comprehended the curious arrangement, but the more I thought of it, the more clever and advantageous it seemed. The Countess Rozenki had evidently taken an interest in me; was it friendly? was it more than that? A rich and childless widow, young and beautiful, moreover, had taken it into her head to show me good society, and make me presentable. The chance was worth following up, whatever it might lead to. Hard-staff came in about half an hour after, but of

course he heard nothing about it. There was no reason why he should. Seven was our closing hour, then the supper came off; some of the clerks went for walks, or to see their friends; the lazy ones went to bed: some Russians can do a wondrous deal of sleeping.

Having pondered and congratulated myself on the invitation, and given the porter a silver rouble, to take no notice of my movements—a Russian understands such matters without speech—I went forth at seven on the following evening, as if to take my accustomed walk, and in front of the tea-shop there stood a carriage—a very handsome one, but with no crest on its panels, and what I have often remarked in Russia, struck me forcibly on this occasion: though the usual class of customers were coming and going to the shop, though dirty children played about, and lazy men sat smoking at every door, nobody looked curious or surprised to see such an equipage in their quarter. It was strange, too, how quickly the coachman seemed to know his fare; he opened the door the moment I approached; I stepped in, and away we went to the Rozenki Palace.

I knew the city well enough to see that we were not going the direct way, however, and also that we stopped at the back entrance, which was in a narrow, sombre-looking street, with a dead-wall shutting in the grounds of a monastery right opposite. A footman in splendid livery received me, showed me through a passage and up a stair to a dressing-room elegantly furnished, where, according to the countess' promise, I found every requisite for a gentleman's toilet, including a complete suit for evening-dress. The clothes were made more in the Parisian than the London style—so they seemed to me; but who had taken such an exact account of my proportions? they fitted me amazingly, and my whole appearance in the full-length mirror gave me courage for the rest of the trial. Having dressed, I rang the bell as commanded, and, to my astonishment, who should answer it but the countess herself! She wore a magnificent evening-dress, of which, not being skilled in ladies' apparel, I can only say that it was very grand and very low, and that the lady looked to great advantage in consequence. The quantity of jewels flashing from her



snowy neck and arms would have done some ladies good to see; but in she came as friendly and familiar as she had been in the counting-house.

"I just wanted to see how you looked before going down to the company. Ah! very well indeed," she said, turning me round by the arm as if I had been her younger sister, on the point of being brought out. "Didn't I guess your fit, my dear boy? You will make conquests among the girls this evening. But don't forget your part of mute; it is all we can do for the present. Of course, you will learn to speak French in time; I'll give you lessons myself. But now I must go to receive; the footman will conduct you to the salon; do your devoirs as if you had not seen me, and don't forget that you are dumb."

She left me before I could make any reply. In another minute, the footman was at the door. Under his escort, I reached the reception-rooms. What a noble mansion it was! how extensive—how richly decorated—nothing more splendid than that suite of public rooms ever came under my eye. The furniture, mirrors, and pictures were on the most magnificent scale. I don't pretend to be a judge of such matters, but I have seen nothing like it since, and it fairly dazzled me then.

The countess was sitting in the central salon; some of the company had already arrived, others were coming in. I heard the roll of carriages, the hum of voices, the rustle of silks. The novelty of the scene rather confused me, but I was determined to prove that I was clever enough to act my part. There might be a great stake to win or lose that evening; so I walked straight up to Madame Rozenki, made the bow which had been extensively practised for the occasion, saw in an opposite mirror that it was well done, and would have retired to a seat, when, to my utter amazement, she sprang from her velvet sofa, uttered a half-scream of French, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks. I never was so taken by surprise in all my life, and it is my firm conviction that I must have looked particularly foolish, but there was no time to recover myself; she took me by the arm instantaneously, marched me round the rooms, presented me to everybody, old and young; they all seemed wonderfully glad

to see me, but as every one spoke French, there was no chance of forgetting my part. I bowed and smiled as well as I could; the countess did all the talking, and at last she conducted me back to the salon, and set me down between two very plain and very large young women, with an astonishing amount of feathers and diamonds. They both talked to me with great civility, of course; I did not understand a word, but replied with nods and smiles, which seemed quite satisfactory. People came and came until the rooms were full. I saw officers in Russian uniform, with stars and ribbons on their breasts, and ladies in all sorts of finery, but there was not a pretty woman in the room except Madame Rozenki. She presented me to everybody; they all took as much notice of me as if I had been a foreign prince on my travels.

I did whatever she bade me, which she did, of course, by signs; played cards with three old ladies, danced with two young ones, handed herself to the supper-table, and felt myself in fairy-land: the splendid dresses, the magnificent rooms, the hum of conversation, and the crowd of faces, were all so new, so different from my counting-house life, that the whole seemed like a dazzling dream. At last, the company began to scatter away; the daylight had waned and come again, as it does between eleven and one at that season. The countess whispered to me in a corner that I had better get home; my own clothes were in the dressing-room, and the footman would show me out; that was after a good many ladies and gentlemen had taken an almost affectionate leave of me. I went up accordingly, re-dressed, was shown out at the back gate, found my way to the lane, got in by the broken conservatory, but could not fall asleep till about half an hour before the great bell summoned us all to our places of business. I made up for it by sleeping over the desk that day. Our work was slowly as well as cheerlessly done. If Hardstaff observed anything, he made no remark; if he had, I should not have minded it; my head was full of the Rozenki Palace, the fine company, and the countess. I have said she was a pretty woman; I had no doubt that she was rich, and it was impossible to doubt the interest she had in me. Nothing in the world would have taken me out of St. Petersburg now; I had come to a new



life in the strange northern climate. Madame Rozenki was the first woman I had ever seriously thought of, and how could I help it, under the circumstances?

The very next day, Hardstaff was gone from his desk again. I fancied he had taken to the tea-shop, and thought it beneath him to be known. Gone he was, however, in the afternoon; and with the same creak, rustle, and knock, in came the countess. She made no excuse, did not ask for Hardstaff, but sat down at once, and began talking to me; how I liked her party—what I thought of the ladies—did I know what any of them had said of me, and would I like to come again.

I did my best to answer in a truthful manner, particularly as regarded the ladies, for I saw she had kept a remarkable close watch upon me all the evening. I also took occasion to insinuate my surprise at her own behavior and the general notice taken of me by the company.

"Oh, yes," said she, "I received you as an old friend—that is the best passport to society. They were all friendly, of course. That is our way in Russia: we are quite a warm-hearted people."

They did not look so, but no doubt they were. I would have believed anything that woman said.

She congratulated me on appearing to such advantage; said she should have credit in my bringing out; assured me that the two ladies between whom I sat were her late husband's cousins, and heiresses to great estates in Red Russia; and advised me not to let them or anybody else know I was not dumb till she taught me French. "Then," said she, "the recovery of your speech will be so interesting. But I am forgetting that I want you to write something in my album;" and opening a flat parcel she had brought under her arm, the countess presented me with a beautiful book of the kind with illuminated borders, backs of carved ivory, and all manner of handwritings and languages on its satin-like pages.

"There, you are to write some English poetry—anything you like from Shakspeare or Byron, within that border of forget-me-nots. It will be a specimen of your handwriting and your taste, for me to keep when you have gone back to your own England, and forgotten me."

"I will never forget you, madame," said

I, and might have said more, but she rose with,—

"There is somebody coming—I must go. Bring the book with you to-morrow evening at seven, remember. I won't send the carriage: it might attract attention; the footman will be waiting for you at the back-gate. Good-by, my dear young friend," and the counting-house door again closed between her and me.

With all the care and precision requisite for such a task, I copied a passage from *Romeo and Juliet* into the ivory album. It was intended to indicate my private sentiments. I don't think I was actually in love, but Madame Rozenki, though some years older than myself, was a young, fair, and wealthy widow; and what man at twenty-two would not have fallen into the snare?

I copied the passage, and I went to the party. The footman received me at the back-gate, and showed me to the dressing-room. I got arrayed, rang the bell, was inspected by the countess, in another rich evening dress, was approved of, conducted to the drawing-room, presented to scores of more company, set to dance, play cards, and hand ladies, and allowed to go home in my old clothes, and creep in at the conservatory window as before.

There were, I believe, two or three more invitations by notes brought me by a dirty boy from the tea-shop; but my first evening at the palace serves so completely for all that followed, that I have no additional particulars to record.

An inexperienced person would scarcely believe how rapidly the charms of the scene faded away, or rather became tiresome. The mere sight of grandeur and finery, which seemed so dazzling and fairy-like at first, on the second or third repetition lost its novelty. As I could not understand a word that was said, the real amusement of company was lost to me. Playing the mute's part for so many hours, and going home with nothing but a glare of lights and jewelry in one's eyes, and getting up to business after an hour or two of broken sleep to doze over the desk all day, seemed all cost and no profit. If madame had given me a quiet interview with herself in one of the back-rooms, where one might get up one's courage, and make one's declaration, it would have been something worth losing sleep, bribing porters, and



shirking Hardstaff for ; but the lady called me her dear young friend, presented me to her company, and gave me hints on deportment. What better signs of a tender interest could any man expect ?

I was weighing the whole subject in my mental balance one day in the counting-house ; I had not missed Hardstaff ; but the creak, the rustle, and the light knock brought me out of my own barricades to see that his desk was vacant, and Madame Rozenki had taken possession of the only chair we kept for strangers.

The usual remarks and inquiries about her last party having passed, she began to compliment me on the elegance of my handwriting as exhibited in her album, a countess-dowager and two heiresses from Moscow had admired it, and I made a bold attempt to direct her attention to the meaning of the passage written, and its suitability to my peculiar case, by saying : " How do you like the lines I selected ? "

" Ah, they are moving," said the countess, with a very embarrassed look. " You should not have written them ; I must not hear such things ; you do not know all ; I am an unhappy woman ; " here she sighed deeply.

" You unhappy, madame ? " said I, coming a step or two nearer, for the opportunity was not to be lost.

" Yes," said the countess, casting her eyes to the ground ; " but do not ask me ; I cannot tell you ; yet you are the only person on whom I can depend." Her eyes were raised now, and looking me keenly in the face : " Will you do me a service ? "

" At the risk of my life, madame," said I, and the offer was honestly made.

" Well, I believe you ; but fortunately there is no such risk requisite ; all I want you to do is to make a fair copy of this paper ; " and she produced from her pocket a pretty large one, neatly folded. " You see," she continued, spreading it open before me, " it is a law-paper, absolutely necessary in a very important suit—one which may result in riches or ruin. I must give it up to the court ; but as it might be lost, or get into my enemy's hands, an accurate copy would be of the greatest importance to me. Family reasons make it unadvisable to intrust such a paper to any clerk or lawyer, but I can trust you. If you will take the trouble of copying it, word for word, letter for letter,

in your own clear beautiful hand, I will never forget the obligation."

An instantaneous offer to do that or anything else she wanted, was the only reply I could make.

" Thank you, thank you," said the countess, placing the paper in my hand, which, by the by, she pressed. " You are the only man in the world from whom I could ask such a service, and to your honor and discretion I can trust for keeping the secret. I know it, I know it," she continued, cutting short my protestations of prudence in all that concerned her. " When do you think you can get it finished ? "

" To-morrow," said I, glancing hastily over the paper ; it was large, a folio sheet of parchment, and written in the old Slavonic character, which is still employed in Russian law and theology.

" Well, to-morrow evening bring it to my house ; the footman will admit you at the back-gate, and I will explain everything to you in my own boudoir. Be particular in copying this ; " and she pointed to some words like a signature at the end of the paper. " Good-by ; I must go. Come between seven and eight ; " and the countess was out of the door before she could hear my promise to be punctual.

I copied the paper with great attention to accurate transcription and strict secrecy.

Word for word, letter for letter, as Madame Rozenki directed, I traced out in the privacy of my own room, so as not to be seen by Hardstaff, the curious Slavonic writing, of which I did not understand a syllable.

There was some difficulty in matching the parchment and copying the signature ; it might have been the emperor's sign-manual, for aught I knew.

The work cost me a sleepless night, but it was finished in good time. No eye could have told the difference between the copy and the original ; nobody had cause to suspect what I was about ; and with the service done, and the great opportunity in the boudoir in prospect, I repaired to the back-gate of the Rozenki Palace between seven and eight.

The same footman admitted me, and with the accustomed look, motionless and stolid ; but instead of leading on to the boudoir, as I expected, he handed me a sealed note,



and stood by in the passage till I read it. That process did not require much time. The billet, which was dated 10 A.M., contained only this:—

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—Unforeseen circumstances oblige me to set out immediately for Archangel; I must therefore lose the pleasure of receiving you this evening; but we will meet again at my return, when I hope to make more fitting acknowledgments for your friendship. Please to give the papers, both copy and original, to the footman; he has orders how to forward them; and believe me yours, in great haste,

“CATHERINE ROZENKI.”

It was in her own handwriting, and only one course remained for me; I gave the papers to the footman. Having no knowledge of each other's language, no questions could be asked or answered; and I went home, wondering what business could have called her so suddenly to Archangel, when she would return, and what acknowledgments were to be made to me.

These wonders were still fresh in my mind, when, a few days after, the English packet brought me a letter from my uncle, earnestly requesting my immediate return to England. It was so brief, and so hastily written, that I concluded the old man must be very ill, and thinking of his heirs and successors. Hardstaff, to whom I showed the letter, by way of apology for my precipitate departure, was of the same opinion, and thought I should lose no time.

No time was lost; I set out with the English mail packet. It was reckoned a fortnight then from St. Petersburg to London; but I reached King William Street in the forenoon of the tenth day, to find my uncle well and busy in his counting-house.

In answer to my hasty inquiry why he had sent for me, the old man looked mysterious, beckoned me into his private room, and put into my hands a letter from Skinderkin & Co., in which he was informed, in the most business-like manner, that the interests of the firm and my own safety made it advisable that I should leave St. Petersburg immediately, as I had incurred the resentment of a noble Russian family.

The case was now clear to me: the countess had been exiled to Archangel, and I sent home to England, through her high-born relations' dread of a *mésalliance*.

I felt myself the hero of a real romance; but what was to be done? Her address in Archangel was unknown to me; and even if

it had been known, who could say into whose hands my letter might fall. Better to wait, and see what chance time might bring. For the present I parried my uncle's lectures and inquiries by giving him to understand that I could not help the partiality of a rich widow and a countess.

The old man seemed to think it very unaccountable; so did everybody who heard it except my mother, good woman; she calculated on officiating at a wedding-breakfast in the Rozenki Palace.

I became somebody, even in the house-keeper's opinion, but had subsided into my old place in the counting-house, and my seat in the back-parlor, when, with the last packet, which left just before the frost had closed the Baltic, who should arrive but Mr. Hardstaff.

He had resigned his office under Skinderkin & Co., and was on his way to Yorkshire, where he intended to spend the rest of his days in genteel retirement by help of his Russian savings. They had got two Scotchmen in lieu of both him and me; but some affairs which he was commissioned to wind up brought him to King William Street; and I took the only opportunity now in my power to learn something of the countess, by asking him, when we chanced to be left by ourselves, if Madame Rozenki had been calling at the counting-house of late.

“Oh, no,” said he; “she sends her steward now: she wants no more silly young men to do her business.”

“What business do you mean?” said I.

“What you did for her: helping to get her nephew's estate in Archangel. The boy had died while he was yet a minor, in the monastery just behind her palace, where she had placed him to be educated and out of the way. He was dumb, you see, and had been dead for two years, but nobody knew that. She got the rents and furs, and at the last contrived a scheme—I suppose, because you looked a fit subject for it—to pass you off for her dead nephew with her company at the palace, and make you copy out a will leaving the estate to her. I believe the monks and she got up a funeral when you were fairly out of St. Petersburg. Of course, she made Skinderkin & Co. send you.” And the amiable man smiled.

“What did you get for helping in the business?” said I, feeling that every word he spoke was true.

“Fools do the work, and wise folk get the profit,” responded my excellent senior. “But I must tell you she is married to a prince—one of the Romanoff family, they say; and I would advise you to keep well out of Russia: it would never do for people to know the strange way she took to get her legacy.”



From The Examiner, 11 Jan.

# AMERICA'S ANSWER TO ENGLAND'S DEMAND.

THE affair of the *Trent* has ended as we hoped and expected. In a recent number we remarked that the President having taken care not to commit himself, might give up the prisoners, saying that the concession is made to the principle which the United States has always asserted, that there should not be any seizure of men or merchandise as contraband of war at the arbitrary will and pleasure of any naval officer in command. And this is the turn that has been given to the surrender by Mr. Seward, who says he is defending American principles in admitting the British claims, and quotes the instructions from Mr. Madison, Secretary of State in 1804, to Mr. Monroe, Minister to England. \* \* \* \* \*

It would have been better, more creditable to the Federal Government, if it had spontaneously and promptly acted on this view of the case. By waiting for a demand for reparation, it has given its people to suppose that it adopted Captain Wilkes' act and was prepared to justify it, and has thus called forth a vast deal of bluster which cannot now be remembered without humiliation. A prompter and fairer course would have kept the American public right, and spared such an exhibition as that at the Boston dinner, where Judges were not ashamed to applaud Captain Wilkes' outrage, expressly on the score of its lawlessness. It would have been as well, too, to have prevented the hasty, foolish vote of the House of Representatives, and the Navy Secretary's approval of the act now condemned. As it is, the tone of defiance which has been raised so high has had a very ugly and mortifying fall, and the boasters may blame their Government for the reserve which has led them into their egregiously ridiculous exhibitions. To cover their retreat they promise and vow to store up vengeance for the hour of opportunity against England, who has taken advantage of America's difficulties to enforce her arrogant demands. But why arrogant? Our claim to reparation is admitted to be just, and the manner of it, we may be sure, was as courteous as the reason was strong. A promise of lasting hatred for wrongs is not quite Christian, but not without innumerable examples in the long history of human infirmity; but a promise of lasting hatred for a concession of justice is a stupidity of malice thoroughly original. \* \* \*

We have already adverted to the next probable subject of controversy with the American Government, the blockade, the

inefficacy of which is not only proved by the number of vessels which have sailed from and to Southern ports, but confessed by the resort to the detestable expedient of choking up channels, the highways of nations.

The question of the blockade involves the realization of the independence of the South, and much as our commercial interests are concerned, certain we are that our statesmen must approach it with extreme reluctance. It has been the foolish fashion in America to say of certain adverse possibilities, "France will not, England dares not;" but it is well known that France would have raised the blockade some months ago, and that the influence of our Government alone restrained her from a proceeding that would have paralyzed the arms of the North, and assured the independence of the South.

France, at the instance of England, has borne and forborne for a season, but her patience has not motives so strong as ours, and the operations of the stone fleet stimulate her to action in the interests not only of her own suffering commerce, but of civilization. If she should claim our co-operation, she will certainly place us in considerable difficulty, for we cannot but agree with her as to the principle and the facts, that, according to the law of nations, a blockade must be justified by its efficacy, and that the American blockade of a coast of two thousand miles is not efficacious, and cannot be made efficacious, and that its insufficiency must not be eked out by doing the violence to nature of permanently choking up channels and rivers. Still we repeat our hope that England, while she reciprocates the generous good offices of France in the *Trent* affair, will confine herself to moral concurrence, and abstain from co-operation in action, for we could not assist in raising that blockade without touching the pitch of slavery.

From The Spectator, 11 Jan.

THE long-expected answer from America arrived on the 8th instant about eight P.M., and by ten it was known throughout London that Messrs. Mason and Slidell had been restored. Mr. Seward's despatch has been published in New York, and it is known that he affirms the surrender to be in accordance with American principles and an act of simple justice to England. There is also it is said, evidence of a desire to regard the demand as a *concession* on the part of Great Britain, but there is no wish on this side to scrutinize words too closely. The Federal Government has yielded, whatever the motive; and people are too much relieved to do more than remark that an arrest allowed



to be unjust in December must also have been unjust when it occurred, when it was applauded by the House of Representatives, and when it was endorsed by a Secretary whose report was submitted before publication to President Lincoln. The Funds rose at once to 93 3-8, a very high price, and despite the expected wrath of the Western States, it is felt that as America palpably is not seeking war, peace may yet be secured for years. Nations are not vindictive, or Russia and England might still be at war, and the normal position of England and France would be one of active hostility.

We understand that Mr. Seward's despatch, though it disowns and repudiates the course taken by Captain Wilkes, asserts that had the *Trent* been taken into a prize court for adjudication, she would have been liable to condemnation under the law of contraband. This, though quite immaterial to the present issue, is a very grave augury for the future. We believe that no legal ground for such a decision, in the case of an ordinary mail packet, carrying between neutral port and neutral port, could be sustained at all. And we should fear for the permanence of peace should such a case actually arise.

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From The Spectator, 11 Jan.

#### THE AMERICAN ANSWER.

THE soft answer that turneth away wrath has seldom been uttered at a more unexpected moment than the present, or by more unaccustomed lips than those of the American Secretary of State; yet never has it been more heartily welcome to the English people. Not because we feared war, though the English people never love it; not even because we dreaded the miseries of a strife which would so nearly approach the type of civil war, though the English shrink from it with hearty horror; not because we were either uneasy or ashamed of our attitude, for never was our conscience clearer as to the actual issue; but because we did foresee with perplexity and humiliation that a struggle with the North, however short, could not but prove in effect a direct guarantee to the South of the temporary stability, at all events, of that great edifice of which they have elected to make slavery the cornerstone. That Canada, the old refuge of the escaped slaves, should have been fighting heartily on the side of the slave-owners who were so recently demanding back their chattels from her; and that England should have thrown her overwhelming power into the same scale of the balance, was an anomaly too distressing to the nation to admit of any heartiness in the cause. Messrs. Mason and Slidell represented a principle which could

not be surrendered, but that these thorough-going advocates of slavery should have represented such a principle was almost as distasteful to us as it was to a Crusader to find his honor pledged to a Saracen, or as it would be to Lord Shaftesbury to find himself committed by the principle of private judgment to espouse the cause of the Jesuits in conjunction with Cardinal Wiseman. It is therefore with genuine popular delight that we find ourselves extricated from this unpleasant dilemma; and Mr. Robson probably never produced so much heartfelt joy by his wittiest song, as when he announced the other day to the audience at the Olympic that this unhappy bone of contention, for which England felt bound to fight, though she had no wish to possess it, was to be resigned without a struggle.

Nor is the public satisfaction diminished, though certainly our perplexity is increased, at the very courteous form in which the answer appears to be couched. When the pause is long, when the expectation is on the stretch, when the tongue which has so long been held still moves, and the lips which have so long "kept silence, even from good words," open at last, one expects to see some symptoms of the slowly kindling fire, some trace of the rising emotion which has been reined in; and when the answer at length comes, as soft, smooth, and unembarrassed as if it were the first spontaneous utterance of undivided and unharassed conviction,—the expression of a mind that has never entertained a doubt, or a scruple, or a shadow of bitterness,—we are naturally as puzzled at the phenomenon as were the companions of the man who was always two hours in arrears with the conversation, and was found travelling painfully with a long-effervesced joke while his companions were pitying the newest tale of sorrow. And the answer is still more surprising to us because the American Government is not usually of this slow, deliberate temper. The conviction so frankly and cordially expressed in December cannot have been essentially different—at least on the merits of the case—in November; and hence we are not unnaturally led to fear that some of the weighty considerations which made the case so clear at the end of the year were exported from this country to Halifax in its last weeks, at even a greater cost of freight and burden to England than those heavy despatches which Mr. Seward received with so much tranquillity "though they weighed one hundred pounds." Of course this aspect of the matter to some extent alters the color of the feelings with which we receive the very friendly and explicit despatch of Mr. Seward. If the justice of the case was so clear, why wait for the formal claim?



There is always an awkwardness in admitting that you have known that you had possession of a friend's property, but were waiting for him to claim it; and the awkwardness is apt to be mutual as soon as the confession is made. No one regards it as exactly a friendly admission, except there be so sentimental a reason for retaining possession that it is in reality a *confessio amantis*; and Slidell and Mason can scarcely be regarded in the light of a stolen keepsake from England. Hence, satisfactory as the general tone of Mr. Seward's despatch undoubtedly is, we can scarcely feel that its history and antecedents are quite so satisfactory. We shall probably continue to feel for a short time a little mutual embarrassment in spite of the reconciliation.

Still we do not believe that the English nation is disposed to criticize the transaction in any ungenerous spirit. It would be a great mistake. We well know that it is a mere fiction to treat the action of the American Government as if it were the action of a single unfettered individual, acting freely according to his own sense of right and honor. In all probability the American Cabinet—never very united—was bitterly divided, and one section of it supported by a very strong public opinion out of doors, probably succeeded in keeping the more rational section at bay until the pressure of the English Government and the despatch of the French Minister came in to the aid of the latter. And even if there were no such division in the Cabinet itself—and that there was such a division the hasty approbation of Captain Wilkes expressed by the Secretary to the Navy seems to make pretty certain—the mere attitude of a large section of the people and of the volunteers of the Potomac, might well have kept a timid Government irresolutely pondering its course; and that all democratic governments are timid in any foreign policy which is not susceptible of a grand coloring to the eye of the mob, the whole experience of history proves. And the same excuse must be admitted in extenuation of Mr. Seward's unfortunate attempt to make it appear that the English Government, in making its present demand, is deliberately abandoning some old claim of belligerent rights. We say this, not as deprecating such a step, if it were really made by our Government. The consequential application of the principles which we accepted by the treaty of Paris would, we believe, oblige us to relinquish many claims that we have long enforced: and the right to search a foreign nation's vessels in time of peace was in fact explicitly abandoned by Lord Malmesbury a year or two ago. But in this particular case it is clear that we are aban-

doning no principle which has ever been claimed by England. Indeed we have explicitly admitted the right of the *San Jacinto* to board and search the *Trent* for contraband of war, and to refer the case to the proper prize court in case anything or person believed to be contraband, or quasi-contraband, had been discovered there. We have, therefore in this instance, in no way surrendered a single English position on the subject of the right of search, and the attempt to make it appear that the American Government has gained any concession by our attitude is simply a show of logical cover to Mr. Seward's retreat. But again we say, looking to the state of opinion expressed by Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, in the Senate, and by many of the Northern States, with regard to the disgrace to America involved in a surrender of the prisoners, this is not a device which we ought to care to resent. It is not a very manly course: but for "such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present,"—especially if the creatures be Americans and the locality Washington,—it cannot be pronounced a very guilty one.

One word as to the future attitude of England. We shall not, we trust, be in any danger of the grave mistake of so far identifying Messrs. Slidell and Mason with the cause of which they have been for a moment the accidental representatives—or misrepresentatives—as to receive them on their arrival in England with any marks of congratulation. We have paid dearly for them without feeling any sympathy with them, simply because they were covered by the national flag. Let us not falsify our true position by transferring to the men the feelings which were excited by the refuge they had sought. Let us show the North that the commissioners were really as insignificant to their cause as we have always maintained; that they have not the power to modify in any degree the feeling or the principles of England; that they were only dangerous to the North while they were under the lock and key of the Washington administration; that they were thrown away upon ungrateful England, and might have served the South better by fighting as privates on the Potomac than by disseminating their sentiments here. Now that we have redeemed the stolen property, not because it was valuable, but because it was stolen, let us show them what we think of its real worthlessness. We trust that a more cordial feeling on both sides will be the result of this temporary storm.

From The Economist, 11 Jan.

At last we are relieved from the uncertainty which, for the last few weeks, has



been hanging over us. The American Government has decided—not very logically perhaps, but very wisely—to release on our demand the commissioners whom it had previously detained and imprisoned. So far as the gentlemen themselves are concerned, this is a very tardy and unsatisfactory reparation. They will justly ask: “Why we were ever incarcerated, if we are now released? Both cannot be right. Either you had a right to capture and detain us, or you had not: if you had, you are wrong in releasing us; if not, as you now say, you were acting tyrannically and illegally in detaining us.” But we are not concerned so much with the Confederate commissioners as with ourselves. We have obtained all which we did ask, all which we could ask, and more than we could venture with any certainty to expect. We requested the release of the commissioners, and they are released. If there were any previous facts which excited our just resentment, or which awakened our solicitude, now those facts should be forgotten. An old proverb tells us not to scrutinize gifts too closely, and under the circumstances we will consider the act of Mr. Lincoln a free gift.

The moral of all this is very plain and simple. In all future dealings with the American Government, we must ask for what we want, courteously but peremptorily. The evident fact remains. Until they received Lord Russell's letter, they showed no intention of releasing—beyond all question did not intend to release—the commissioners. After they received that letter, the commissioners were at once released. The effect of the Palmerstonian policy is evident, for we have experience of it; that of a refining, hesitating Aberdeenite policy must be conjectured, but it would probably have failed in the principal result. An aged statesman will seldom be able at the extremity of life to confer so signal and so characteristic a benefit on his country.

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From The Press, 11 Jan.

WE are thankful that our hopes of peace have been realized, and that we can look forward to a year undisturbed by war. The darkest hour is immediately before the dawn; and certainly, hope had all but died away in this country when the *Europa* brought the tidings that no answer had been given by the Cabinet of Washington. Silence seemed refusal. It appeared as if the Cabinet of Washington had made up its mind for war, and delayed its answer in order that it might employ the days of grace

accorded to it in forwarding instructions its officers in all parts to be ready to commence hostilities on a certain day. Not unnaturally, therefore, the ministerial journals on Wednesday resumed their bellicose tone; and almost every one, abandoning his hopes, was resigning himself to the ungrateful prospect of war, when in the afternoon the telegraph surprised us with the intelligence that all we asked was to be given. The commissioners and their secretaries were to be handed over to Lord Lyons when and where he pleased: another but less authentic paragraph stating that they had already been given up. The question was at an end, and, with a sudden rebound, people already begin to neglect the subject in the happier pursuits of reviving commercial enterprise.

But why the Cabinet of Washington should have acted as it did is surprising. At the last hour it has conceded all that we asked. At first it was expected that the note which accompanied the concession of our demands would be saucy and taunting, as American State-papers often are. But this seems not to be the case. The note, so far as the published summary goes, is unexceptionable. It neither cavils nor taunts; it frankly concedes the point at issue. How happens it then that the Cabinet of Washington have been so superfluously tardy in acknowledging our claims? Before ever Earl Russell's despatch reached America, Mr. Seward had written to Mr. Adams to say that the seizure of the commissioners was unauthorized by the Federal Government; and in his final reply to Lord Lyons he acknowledges that England is wholly in the right. Then why not release the prisoners at once? Any European Government would have done so. The commissioners might have been at Liverpool before Earl Russell's despatch had reached New York. It is only echoing the universal remark to say, that by acting otherwise the Cabinet of Washington missed a great opportunity. They might have given an example of dignity, and of deference to justice, which would have obliterated the remembrance of their past failings in these respects; whereas, by refusing to acknowledge the justice of our claims to the last moment, they lay their conduct open to the very worst interpretation.

The tone of Mr. Seward's note appears to be satisfactory—its substance unquestionably is so: why, then, impute an opposite spirit to the previous conduct of the Cabinet from which it proceeds?

In our desire to do justice to the Federal Government we have left ourselves little space to speak of matters hardly less im-



portant. War is averted, and we are thankful ; but unhappily the one side of the picture is almost as ugly as the other. Peace means a continuance and aggravation of the dreadful war between North and South. It means a thousand miseries to the American States themselves : it means continued hardship and distress among millions of our own people. Peace means No Cotton—no work for our thousand mills—no wages for our manufacturing classes—immense losses to our capitalists—special burdens on the State. We do not rejoice in a pacific settlement of this question upon selfish grounds of material interest. Nearly all that we would have spent on the war will, we fear, be swallowed up by the consequences of peace. It is computed that the supply of cotton on hand or expected will hardly suffice to keep our mills agoing for six months if working only four days in the week ; so that, even working short time, unless some unforeseen event occur, by the end of June every bale will be exhausted. In such a case the calamity will far exceed the remedy of private benevolence. The Government must interpose on behalf of our manufacturing population, as it did in the case of the Irish famine. Directly or indirectly, therefore,—by public grants or private losses,—we are likely to suffer almost as much from the consequences of peace as by the costs of war. Still, we rejoice that peace has been maintained. Although ready to accept war if reparation for the outrage on our flag were withheld, we have not concealed the regret with which we looked forward to the possibility of such an issue. And now that peace is assured, we are thankful. It is but the lesser of two great evils, but we cannot hesitate for a moment in our preference.

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#### PACIFIC MACARONICS.

SEWARD, qui est Rerum cantor

Publicarum, atque Lincoln,

Vir excelsior, mitigantur—

A delightful thing to think on.

Blatit Plebs Americana,

Quite impossible to bridle.

Nihil refert : navis cana

Brings back Mason atque Slidell.

Scribit nunc amœne Russell ;

Lætus lapis \* claudit fiscum :

Nunc finitur omnis bustle.

Slidell—Mason—pax vobiscum !

—Press.

\* The scholiast suggests Gladstone.

From The Saturday Review, 11 Jan.

Now that the risk of war has passed away, it is allowable to reflect on the greatness of the evil which has been averted. An enormous preponderance of force would probably have secured the English arms from disaster, but it might have been found difficult to conquer an honorable peace. The Americans would have been well aware that, in a war for the vindication of the national honor, there would be no attempt at territorial aggrandizement, and that a generous enemy would not even desire permanently to destroy the prosperity of the Republic. The Atlantic ports would have been blockaded, the independence of the South would have been at once established, but, unless Canada had been seriously threatened, the Maine frontier itself would probably have escaped rectification. Enormous expense would have been ungrudgingly incurred without a wish for profit or a hope of what is called glory. The chief reason for the repugnance to the war was founded on the distracted and helpless condition of the former Union. Northern journalists and stump orators have uttered frantic protests against the cowardice of England in attacking or menacing during its utmost need the power which had so often, in the days of its prosperity, enjoyed impunity for insult and encroachment. Policemen are familiar with the logic of many an angry vixen who defies her husband to return an unprovoked blow on pain of being denounced as a coward. The appeal, however inequitable, is allowed to have a certain force, for it is unsatisfactory, even when it is unavoidable, to take advantage of the weak.

The war which we have happily escaped would have been undertaken under an overwhelming sense of duty, with a reasonable prospect of uninterrupted success ; but every blow inflicted on the enemy would have been attended with regret, especially as it would have increased and perpetuated the resentment of the baffled aggressor.

Mr. Seward's despatch will not be received in an unfriendly spirit. Its voluminous apologies for doing right are addressed, not to his nominal correspondent, but to an angry population, and, perhaps, to an imperfectly educated superior. The Secretary of State, himself an eminent lawyer, may probably have understood from the first the utter futility of the arguments of such jurists as Mr. Everett, Mr. Sumner, and Captain Wilkes. Mr. Cushing, formerly a professed enemy of England, publicly repudiated all excuses for the seizure except the defence which was founded on a misinterpretation of Lord Stowell's reference to the rights and liabilities of ambassadors. Under the pres-



sure of official responsibility, Mr. Seward may have examined the question more thoroughly, and Europeans might suppose that he would have served his country better by acting on the conviction which he now avows before he could be supposed to yield to coercion. Yet there may have been sufficient reasons for the delay, and England at least has no right to complain of the policy which exhibited to the world her own resolution and her great resources, while it involved Federal politicians in every possible inconsistency and absurdity.

Most of what can be said in favor of the Americans dates from a late period in the history of the transaction. When he had quite made up his mind that the thing must be done, Mr. Seward had the sense to do it in a straightforward and courteous way. He acknowledged that we were quite right in our claim, and that we were fully entitled to ask for the commissioners if we pleased. He does not appear to have tried to shelter himself behind screens of diplomacy that he knew would be torn away immediately. He also, at an earlier date, wrote a conciliatory note to the English Government, stating that Captain Wilkes had acted without authority, and that all questions to which the affair might give rise would be discussed in an amicable way. But this is all. He acted tolerably well when he did act, but he did not act when he ought to have acted. If the American Government knew perfectly well, as it now professes to have done, that Captain Wilkes plainly violated the doctrines of international law laid down in America, it ought long ago to have placed the prisoners under the protection of that flag from the shelter of which they had been wrongly taken. The reception of the Report of the Secretary of the Navy was also a very grave dereliction from high and statesman-like principle. It has been said that the reception of these reports means nothing, and that the President is not bound by it. At any rate, this is not the view of the President himself. He cut out a passage from the Report of a Secretary which he feared would commit him on the dangerous ground of abolition, and yet he was not afraid of being committed by a view of international law which his Cabinet apprehended would give great offence to England, and thought wholly untenable. Evidently the position of the American Government was this: The President and his chief supporters were prepared to yield if England was firm; but they thought that England might possibly not be firm; and that, meanwhile, they might just as well take the popular side and detain the prisoners. In the long run they have done justice, and have done it frankly and

courteously; but they were quite prepared to shirk doing justice if possible. Their conduct is at once better and worse than was expected. They have, in the last resort, acted on their own judgment without reference to the mob, and they have been above the petty insolence of abusing and annoying those to whom they have had to yield; but they made no attempt whatever to guide or instruct their countrymen, or to uphold their own views of law, or to do justice so long as a hope remained that England might be inclined to take the affront quietly.

It is impossible to estimate fairly the manner in which the American people have behaved in the matter, for, besides the newspapers, we have very scanty materials for forming an opinion; and the Americans are as angry if their newspapers are considered to represent the country, as English physicians would be if their scientific attainments were measured by the puffs of quack medicines that are showered as handbills into cab windows. It deserves, however, to be noticed, that the mass of American newspaper readers seem to have sincerely believed that Captain Wilkes was right in law. Every one told them that this was the case.

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From The London Review, 11 Jan.

It was with unwillingness that the country resolved to go to war rather than tolerate an outrage on its flag, and it is, therefore, with gratification that we learn there is no longer a probability of our being required to draw the sword. The Northern States, may, however, feel sure that we shall not forget the insult offered us, and the thousand interruptions to our commerce that have been caused by subsequent events. We have no desire to perpetuate our injuries, but it cannot be forgotten that through a wanton act of aggression the shadow of war clouded our prospects for several weeks, checking almost every department of trade, and compelling the Government to incur heavy extraordinary expenditure, at a time when it was carefully pursuing a policy of retrenchment. The evil has not, it is true, been an entirely unmixed one. It has brought out our friends, and with France especially we shall be for the future on terms of much greater cordiality than in the past. The emperor gave us conclusive proof of the friendly feeling he entertains towards us, and it is not too much to anticipate that the war panics which have been so frequent of late years will not recur again for a considerable time. Austria and Prussia also ranked themselves with firmness on our side, and unquestionably the remonstrances of these powers have saved the



Americans from disasters immeasurably greater than any of which their history bears record. A war would have been costly to us—to them it would have been almost ruinous.

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To us it is a matter of the very smallest consequence what are the opinions of the press or the mob. It is far more important to know that the American Government has not thought it worth while to make use of any offensive expressions towards us in its diplomatic notes, but that the justice of our claim for reparation was acknowledged in franker terms than might have been looked for from Mr. Seward. The despatch of our Government was distinguished by great moderation and calmness, and never was ultimatum tendered in a more conciliatory form. Earl Russell's despatch does honor to the Government and to the country—it fully met the exigencies of the case; it was firm and yet friendly in tone; and it happily assumed that the act of Captain Wilkes was performed without instructions from the

Government. Mr. Seward could not but admit that in "arguing on the British side of the case" he defended American principles as they have been over and over again asserted. We receive this admission with pleasure, while we regret that it was not sooner made, and that no rebuke was administered to Captain Wilkes. Had President Lincoln caused an intimation to be made to the commander of the *San Jacinto* of his disapproval of the act of seizure, there would have been little humiliation in delivering up the commissioners; but as reparation was delayed until the English fleet hovered near the Northern ports, and until the leading powers in Europe had added remonstrances to our ultimatum, we cannot ascribe to the Cabinet any willingness to do justice, or give them credit for any sincerity in their avowed convictions, but rather believe that they would have retained Messrs. Slidell and Mason if there had been no fear of our armaments, and no visions of their own ruined commerce and bankrupt finances, before their eyes.

MR. MARK LEMON has begun a course of very entertaining, and, in their motley way, instructive, lectures on Old London. The life of a great capital is full of miscellaneous oddities, and its eras are marked by grand *spectacles*. It would appear from Mr. Lemon's lecture, that while the miscellany of London life is now more complex than ever, the *spectacles* of the nineteenth century, whether intentional or accidental—the pageants or the conflagrations—are not nearly so grand as those of the reigns of the Plantagenets. Royal processions with nymphs standing in Cheapside distributing silver cups of wine to the king and retinue—processions of the mob helping themselves without the aid of nymphs, to silver and wine also—Aldermen with garlands wreathed round their "honorable brows"—May-day peasants hastening to the Maypole—the Evening Watch that paraded London streets one night only in the year—and many other picturesque or stately trains, wind, in quaint or grand costume, through the scenery of Mr. Lemon's lecture. And the admirable paintings with which he illustrates his stories, gratify the love of *spectacle* still lingering in modern Londoners.—*Spectator*, 11 Jan.

COMPOSERS are often charged with plagiarism of certain passages of melody. But all such passages or phrases of expression as they may be, or are called, have, from time immemorial, been familiar to the ear, and enjoyed by feeling, and have come down to us without known authorship or date. On this subject, then, of the individual form or phrase, there can be no more originality than there can be on that of the syllables of speech, which, in all their permutations, have, throughout time, and among nations, already been made. The mass of composers—like the mass of writers, with their commonplaces of thought and language—again and again borrow and repeat the commonplace phrases of melody, while a few, like Bacon and Shakspeare, or Haydn and Mozart, choicely select and combine those original thoughts, in one case, and expressive vocal notes in the other, which in their exalted association with nature and truth, are so far above being vulgarized by general imitation, as to be new, and to please forever.—*James Rush, M.D., on the Voice.*



The following article is copied by permission from *Harper's Magazine* for February. It is written by BENSON J. LOSSING, the Artist-Author of the "*Field Book of the Revolution*." Mr. Lossing is the most careful and accurate writer of American History. His "*Field Book*" has become a classic. He has, as we know, ready for issue a "*History of the War of 1812*" uniform in appearance and design with the "*Field Book*."

We are glad to hear from Messrs. Harper that this on the Whiskey Insurrection will be followed by a series of curious historical parallels, showing that every feature of our present rebellion is a reproduction on a larger scale of incidents in our early history. The second will appear in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*.

From Harper's Magazine.

#### THE WHISKEY INSURRECTION.

IN the fertile region of the Monongahela River, in Western Pennsylvania, lived a hardy race of pioneers when the Old War for Independence began. They were mostly descended from the people of North Britain and Ireland, and had built their log-cabins there soon after the close of the French and Indian war, in 1763. They were courageous, industrious, self-sacrificing, and religious. Habit and necessity made them frugal; isolation made them clannish. They were chiefly of the strictest sect of Seceders, and were usually conscientious "doers of the word." Their wealth lay in the virgin soil and dark forests, and was brought out with brawny arms guided by intelligent wills and practical judgment. Their wants were few, and their resources less, for many years, while changing the wilderness into a garden. Until the era of the National Constitution no house for public worship was erected in all that region. In winter as well as in summer their religious meetings were held in the open air. It was common for families to ride ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles each Sabbath to hear the Gospel preached. The young people frequently walked, carrying their shoes and stockings, if they had any, in their hands, that they might last a long time. A grove was the usual temple for worship. Rude logs composed the pulpit and the audience seats; and the human voice, uttering hymns from memory, was the only organ that filled the woods with the sounds of sacred music.

These settlers were isolated and self-dependent. For a long time sheep were scarce, and wool was a great luxury. Deer-skin was a substitute for cloth for men and

boys; and sometimes women and girls were compelled to resort to it. The women manufactured all the linen and woollen fabrics for their families. Over-coats were almost unknown for a long time; and blankets and coverlets were taken from the beds in the daytime and used as substitutes during the severities of the long winters. So great was the destitution of clothing at one time that, when the first court was held at Catfish—now the beautiful town of Washington, in Washington County—one of the most prominent citizens, whose attendance as a magistrate was required, was compelled to borrow the leather breeches of an equally respectable neighbor who had been summoned to act as grand-juror. The lender, having no change, was compelled to stay at home.

For some time they had no stores of any kind. They had no iron-works for the manufacture of implements, no salt, and very little money with which to purchase the necessaries of life. For several years, before they had time to raise cattle and grain, peltry and furs were their chief resources. There was a hunter or trapper in every family; and in the autumn, when the farm labor was ended, the winnings of the gun and gin were carried over the mountains upon horses or mules, furnished with pack-saddles, a bag of food, a bell, and a pair of green-withe hobbles. They went in little caravans to Philadelphia and Baltimore. At night the horses were hobbled and turned out to feed, the bells being a guide to their presence in the morning. The peltries and furs were bartered for salt, iron, and other necessaries; and with these the animals were again laden, and their heads turned toward the mountains and the settlements beyond.

Rye became the principal cereal crop of the pioneers when their land was cleared. It furnished them with wholesome food and an article for barter. But it was bulky and cheap, and therefore not convenient or profitable for the uses of foreign commerce. A horse could carry only four bushels over the mountains. There was but a small demand for the grain at home or abroad. What must be done with the surplus? Only one way for a profitable disposition of it seemed feasible. A horse could carry twenty-four bushels of rye when converted into whiskey, and why should not this metamorphosis



of Ceres into Bacchus be employed for the benefit of commerce? Neither conscience nor the Church nor the State interposed objections. Tradition urged it. They were descended from a whiskey-making, whiskey-loving people. The use of whiskey was not discountenanced by society. Temperance lecturers were not dreamed of; and the Pennsylvania excise law, enacted in 1756, was inoperative beyond the mountains, where distilleries had been early erected for the comfort of the settlers. Whiskey was there as free as air; and as early as the close of the Revolution many a horse was seen making his weary way over the Alleghanies with twenty-four bushels of rye on his back in the shape of "old Monongahela." Whiskey became the most important item of remittance to Philadelphia and Baltimore to pay for salt, sugar, and iron consumed by the dwellers beyond the mountains.

Having come from a country where the most detestable of all public functionaries was the exciseman, it may readily be imagined with what feelings the people of the Monongahela region received the intelligence of an excise law passed by the first Congress, early in 1791, which imposed a tax of from ten to twenty-five cents a gallon upon all domestic spirits distilled from grain. It was a part of the revenue scheme proposed by the eminent Alexander Hamilton, the first National Secretary of the Treasury, for the restoration of the public credit by making provision for the payment of the public debt.

It will be remembered by the intelligent reader that soon after the promulgation of Hamilton's financial scheme, at the beginning of 1790, a party opposed to the policy of the administration of Washington, as developed in that scheme, arose, at the head of which, when it took definite shape, Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, appeared. The party called itself sometimes Republican and sometimes Democratic. It grew rapidly in numbers and strength. It was thoroughly imbued with the segregating principles of French Democracy, as developed by the bloody revolution then in progress in France; and it hailed with delight the landing on our shores of "Citizen Genet," who came as the ambassador of the "French Republic," and a Democratic propagandist. While Genet and his mission were lauded, and his efforts to entangle the United States in the kin-

dling European war, as an ally of France, were warmly seconded, President Washington's proclamation of neutrality was assailed by the most violent denunciations. To further the designs of Genet and embarrass the financial and foreign policy of the administration, "Democratic Societies," so called, in imitation of the French Jacobin clubs, were formed. They were secret in their membership, organization, and operations. Their relation to the subject of this paper was immediate.

The tax on domestic distilled spirits led the hated exciseman to the doors of the whiskey-makers in Western Pennsylvania, as well as in other parts of the Union. The appearance of that functionary excited disgust and alarm, and engendered disloyalty. Ambitious politicians took advantage of the popular discontent to promote their own special interests. Among these the names of Bradford, Brackenridge, Marshall, Findley, Smilie, and Gallatin appear the most conspicuous. Bradford was a bold, bad man from Maryland, an early and wealthy settler, who built the first shingled house in Washington County. He was then the prosecuting officer for that district. He had already made strong efforts to divide the State and form a new commonwealth composed of the counties west of the mountains. Brackenridge was a Scotchman. He was a lawyer at Pittsburg, and then Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Marshall was a wealthy settler from the North of Ireland, and then held the office of Registrar of the District. Findley was a member of Congress, wary and influential; and with Smilie, a brother Scotchman, was the most efficient instrument in exciting a rebellious feeling among the people. All of these politicians labored faithfully to destroy regard for the new Government of the United States in the hearts and minds of the inhabitants west of the Alleghanies. Then, as in our day, the most active practical enemies of the National Government were those who had been honored with the public confidence and fed by the public bounty.

Gallatin was from Switzerland, and had been in the country only eleven years. He was young and enthusiastic. He was a large and influential landholder on the Monongahela. Afterward, as a useful and patriotic citizen, he held many offices of great trust



under the Government whose laws he was then in his blindness led to oppose. These leaders were all of the Democratic school according to the French model, and, with their active associates, were denominated by George Clymer as either "sordid shopkeepers, crafty lawyers, or candidates for office; and not inclined to make personal sacrifices to truth and honor." Associated with them was Herman Husbands, a very old man, who had distinguished himself in insurrectionary but patriotic movements in Western North Carolina more than twenty years before.

These men played the demagogue effectually, and used the odious excise law adroitly as an instrument for wielding the popular will in favor of their political interests; the most of them, doubtless, never dreaming that their course would lead to an open armed rebellion against the laws of the land. Secretly and openly they condemned the excise law, and encouraged the people to regard as enemies the appointed collectors. At their instance a public meeting was held near the close of July, 1791, at Red Stone Old Fort (now Brownsville), when arrangements were made for committees to assemble at the respective courthouses of Alleghany, Fayette, Washington, and Westmoreland counties.

One of these committees, at the county seat of Washington, passed very intemperate resolutions on the 23d of August, which were published in a Pittsburg paper, and greatly inflamed the public mind. It was resolved that any person who had accepted or might accept an office under Congress, in order to carry out the excise law, should be considered inimical to the interests of the country; and the citizens were recommended to treat such men with contempt, and to refuse all intercourse with them. Soon afterward a collector of the revenue in Alleghany County was waylaid by a party of disguised men, who cut off his hair, tarred and feathered him, took his horse from him, and compelled him to walk a long distance. A sort of reign of terror ensued. Processes issued from the court for the arrest of the perpetrators of the outrage could not be served, for the marshal was threatened with similar treatment at the hands of the people. In fact, a messenger sent with the processes to a deputy-marshal was whipped, tarred and feathered, deprived of his horse blindfolded

and tied, and left in the woods where he was discovered by a friendly eye some hours afterward.

The President was perplexed by these lawless proceedings. He had no precedent to guide him. He knew that the excise law was everywhere unpopular, and he feared that similar open opposition might show itself in other parts of the country. Besides this, Congress had not then provided the means by which the Executive could interpose the strong arm of military power to aid the Judiciary in the enforcement of the laws.\* He also felt it desirable, in a Government like ours, to refrain from the use of coercive measures as long as possible, and he forebore to act. Congress, in May following, greatly modified the excise law by a new enactment, and it was hoped that further difficulties would be avoided.

These expectations were not realized. It suited the purposes of the Democratic leaders to keep up the excitement, and measures were adopted for intimidating the well-disposed citizens who desired to comply with the law as modified. The newspaper at Pittsburg was compelled to publish whatever the demagogues chose to print. A convention, held at that place on the 21st of August, 1792, of which Albert Gallatin was Secretary, adopted a series of resolutions, denouncing the excise law as "unjust, dangerous to liberty, oppressive to the poor, and particularly oppressive to the Western country, where grain could only be disposed of by distilling it." It was resolved to treat all excise-officers with contempt, to withdraw from them every comfort and assistance, and to persist in "legal" opposition to the law. A Committee of Correspondence was appointed, the people at large were called upon to co-operate, and rebellion was fairly organized. Washington issued a proclamation a few weeks afterward, exhorting all persons to desist from "unlawful combinations," and directed Randolph, the Attorney-General of the United States, to prosecute the chief actors in the Pittsburg Convention. George Clymer, the Superintendent of the Revenue, was sent into the disaffected counties to obtain testimony; but the Attorney-

\* A bill to provide for calling forth militia "to execute the laws of the United States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions," was passed by Congress in April, 1792, and was approved by the President on the 2nd of May.



General, who secretly favored the insurgents because their leaders were his political friends, could find no law to justify proceedings against the offenders, and the matter was abandoned.

During the year 1793, and until the summer and autumn of 1794, the people of Western Pennsylvania continued to defy the excise law, to grow bolder in their opposition, and to insult and maltreat those whom the Government appointed to execute it. Distillers who complied with the law were injured in person and property; and armed men patrolled the country, spreading terror and alarm in all directions among loyal citizens. Tar and feathers and the torch were freely used, and the violence employed was in a manner personified, and called *Tom the Tinker*. A loyal distiller was attacked and his apparatus was cut in pieces. The perpetrators ironically called their performance "mending the still." The menders, of course, must be *tinkers*, and the title, on the suggestion of a ruffian named Holcroft, collectively became *Tom the Tinker*. Advertisements were put upon trees and other conspicuous places, with the signature of *Tom the Tinker*; and letters bearing that signature, menacing certain persons, were sent to the *Pittsburg Gazette*, and published, because the editor dared not withhold his assent. Women and children in loyal families turned pale at the name of *Tom the Tinker*. He was the Robespierre of the Monongahela district.

One of the most influential and respected of the loyal men of Western Pennsylvania was John Neville, a soldier and patriot of the Revolution. He was a man of wealth; his son had married a daughter of General Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens, and his social position was equal to any in the country. He was a native of Virginia, a friend and personal acquaintance of Washington, and had been a member of the Provincial Convention of his native State and of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. This excellent citizen was appointed Inspector for his district, under the provisions of the odious excise law, and it was believed that he would command universal respect. Not so. The spirit of Anarchy was abroad, and its baleful influence was felt in every household. Neville's beautiful mansion, upon a slope of Bower Hill,—seen by the

traveller upon the turnpike-road from Pittsburg to Washington, about eight miles from the former city, when looking over a fertile bottom from the mansion of the Woodville estate,—was attacked on the 16th of July, 1794, by a hundred armed men. Neville and his family made such resistance that the assailants retired; but on the following morning, reinforced to the number of five hundred, and led by John Holcroft, who called himself *Tom the Tinker*, they renewed the assault. Some soldiers from Fort Fayette, under Major Kirkpatrick, were in the house. Neville, who knew his life to be in peril, escaped. The soldiers made a brief but fruitless resistance, killing a leader of the assailants and wounding others. The family, under the protection of a white flag, were removed, and the mansion and all the out-buildings were laid in ashes. The marshal of the district and the younger Neville were made prisoners, and the former, under a menace of instant death, promised not to serve any more processes west of the mountains.

On the following day the insurgents sent word to Inspector Neville and the marshal, then in Pittsburg, that they must instantly resign. They refused. The means for defence at Pittsburg were small; and so complete and absolute was the despotism of *Tom the Tinker* that there were very few persons in all that region, out of the immediate family connections of General Neville, who were not active or passive insurgents. Loyalists were marked as enemies of their country—in other words, of their *district*—and taunted with being *submissionists*. Their allegiance to the Government of the United States was called a cowardly yielding to the *tyranny of Federal coercion*. The mails were seized and robbed; houses of the loyalists in all directions were burned, and the militia of the four rebellious counties were summoned to rendezvous at Braddock's Field, on the Monongahela, armed and equipped, and supplied with three days' provisions. Meanwhile the inspector and marshal had fled down the Ohio in an open boat to Marietta, and then made their way to Philadelphia through the wilderness.

The summons for the meeting of the militia on Braddock's Field, circulated for only three days over a sparsely settled country, drew together over seven thousand men. Some, as they afterwards alleged, went there



to gratify their curiosity, and a few, like Mr. Ross, the United States Senator, hastened to the field to restrain the people and prevent mischief. The prompt response of the masses delighted the leaders. They regarded it as a token of confidence in them and the earnestness of the people in the cause. Colonel Cook, one of the judges of Fayette County, was called to preside over the great meeting of armed citizens, and Albert Gallatin, who had lately been refused a seat in the Senate of the United States because of ineligibility, as shown by his naturalization papers, was appointed secretary. Bradford, "before whom everybody cringed," assumed the position of Major-General, and reviewed the troops. His design seems to have been to march upon Pittsburg, seize upon Fort Pitt and its arms and ammunition, and declare the counties west of the Alleghanies an independent State. He was one of the earliest avowed secessionists who appears in our history. But timid or more loyal militia officers refused to co-operate with him to that infamous extent. Brackenridge counselled against the measure, and the scheme was abandoned.

Emboldened by the formidable demonstration on Braddock's Field, the insurgent leaders expelled all the excise officers who remained. Some were brutally treated and their houses burned, even in districts where the opposition had hitherto been less violent. The insurgent spirit spread into the neighboring counties of Virginia, and the rebellion began to assume huge proportions.

A meeting had been held at Mingo Creek late in July, near where the chief insurgents resided, when it was agreed to hold a convention at Parkinson's Ferry, on the Monongahela, three weeks later. As the day for that convention approached matters assumed more threatening aspects. As in most rebellions, the measure of actual armed resistance to the execution of the national laws was advocated by only a few violent and reckless men. Of these Bradford was the chief. With a desperate few, armed by terrorism composed of threats and violence, he overawed the people, established an absolute despotism, and converted a whole community into a band of rebels, who, under wise and righteous counsellors, might have been loyal petitioners to a listening government for a redress of grievances.

When intelligence of these high-handed proceedings reached Philadelphia, the "Democratic societies"—the prototypes of the Knights of the Golden Circle of our day—were jubilant because of the late brilliant victories of the French arms. They had recovered from their depression caused by former reverses suffered by the French army, and the disgrace of Genet, and were now assailing the administration with unsparing malignity. The Philadelphia society did, indeed, pass a resolution which, after execrating the excise law in terms sufficient to give sustenance to the rebellion, disapproved of the violent acts of resistance. But President Washington had no faith in the sincerity of their leaders. He regarded them as artful and designing men, while the great body of the membership whom they controlled he believed meant well, and knew little of their real plans for sowing "among the people the seeds of jealousy and distrust of the Government by destroying all confidence in the administration of it." "I consider this insurrection," he wrote to Governor Lee of Virginia, in August, "as the first formidable fruit of the Democratic societies, brought forth, I believe, too prematurely for their own views, which may contribute to the annihilation of them."

The President called a cabinet council. All regarded the moment as a critical one for the republic. If the insurrection in Pennsylvania should not be immediately checked, like or similar causes might produce like effects in other parts of the republic. The example of the whiskey-makers might become infectious, and the very foundations of the State be shaken. It was agreed that forbearance must end, and the effective power of the executive arm must be put forth to suppress the rising rebellion. Accordingly, on the 7th of August, Washington issued a proclamation warning the insurgents to disperse, and declaring that if tranquillity should not be restored in the disturbed counties before the 1st of September, or in about twenty days, an armed force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. At the same time the President made a requisition on the governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia for militia sufficient to compose an army of thirteen thousand men. It was



estimated that the insurgent counties could raise sixteen thousand fighting men.

General Mifflin, a leading Democrat, who had taken an active part in the convivial meetings of his party when they welcomed Genet to Philadelphia, was then Governor of Pennsylvania. When the proposition of a majority of the Cabinet to call out the militia was suggested to him, he expressed a doubt of the expediency of the measure, as it might exasperate the rebels and increase the difficulty. He doubted his own authority to make such a call, and questioned whether the militia of his sovereign State would "pay a passive obedience to the mandates of the Government"—whether there would not be a divided Pennsylvania.

He wished to act independently of the General Government, believing that his State was able of itself to suppress insurrection within its borders, and to punish the offenders under the due course of State law. He was therefore disposed to content himself with an expression of official indignation, and the issuing of orders for the State officers in the West to use all their authority to suppress the tumults.

Randolph, the Democratic Attorney-General, coincided with Mifflin in his views. He expressed great fears that if the National Government should attempt *coercion* there would be civil war. Brackenridge had written a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, which had been sent to the Cabinet, doubtless for the purpose of intimidating it, in which he maintained that the Western counties were able to defend themselves, and suggested that the midland counties would not be disposed to *allow the march of national troops to the West over their sacred soil!* He also intimated that if *coercion* should be attempted, the insurgents might *make application to Great Britain for aid, and even march on Philadelphia*, the national capital.

Washington was not to be trifled with. He perceived the danger and the necessity for prompt action, and resolved to discard every semblance of a temporizing policy with the rebels. When Mifflin refused to call out the militia of his State, he took the responsibility on himself; and after making the necessary arrangements, by obtaining a certificate from a judge of the Supreme Court that in certain counties the execution of the laws of the United States was ob-

structed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he issued the proclamation and made the requisition already mentioned, and fixed the time for movement of the troops on the 1st of September.

The President resolved, however, to offer the insurgents the olive-branch before sending the sword. He appointed three commissioners to proceed to the insurgent district, and arrange, if possible, any time before the 14th of September, an effectual submission to the laws. Governor Mifflin appointed two commissioners to represent the State, and at the same time issued two proclamations, one for convening the Legislature, and the other calling upon the rebels to submit to the laws, assuring them that he should respond to the President's requisition for troops.

These commissioners went over the mountains together, and found the Convention already mentioned in session at Parkinson's Ferry. There were more than two hundred delegates present. The meeting was held in a grove upon the crown of a hill overlooking the Monongahela. Near by stood a tall pole bearing the words, in large letters, "LIBERTY AND NO EXCISE! NO ASYLUM FOR COWARDS AND TRAITORS!" Colonel Cook was Chairman, and Albert Gallatin was Secretary.

It was evident that those who evoked the storm were alarmed at its unexpected fury. Gallatin and Brackenridge had already perceived the folly and danger of their course, and the dilemma into which the people were plunged, and they were endeavoring by conciliatory measures to extricate them. Marshall had offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of public safety, empowered "to call forth the resources of the western country to repel any hostile attempts against the citizens." Gallatin had boldly moved to refer the motion to a select committee, but quailing before the eye of Bradford, no one present dared second it. Marshall, already wavering, had finally offered to withdraw it, provided a committee of sixty be appointed with power to call another meeting. This was done, and a committee of fifteen were appointed to confer with the National and State commissioners. In all their proceedings no one dared to go so far as to agree to submit to the excise.



The commissioners and the committee of fifteen met a few days afterward at Pittsburgh. Marshall, Brackenridge, Cook, Gallatin, and Bradford, were of that committee. All but the latter were favorable to an accommodation. The commissioners demanded from the committee of sixty an explicit declaration of their determination to submit to the laws of the United States, and their recommendation to the citizens at large to do likewise; and also to abstain from all opposition, direct or indirect, and especially from violence or threats against the excise officers or the loyal distillers. The commissioners promised, on the part of the Government, in the event of a compliance with these requirements and perfect submission to the laws, a final pardon and oblivion of all offences. The committee of fifteen agreed that these terms were reasonable, and proceeded to call a meeting of the committee of sixty.

Bradford and his bad associates were dissatisfied. *Tom the Tinker* declared in the *Pittsburg Gazette*, that the conferees had been bribed by the Government, and an armed party assembled, when the sixty convened, to overawe them. Such would have been the effect but for the courage and address of Gallatin, seconded by Brackenridge. They urged submission; but Bradford, in a violent harangue, called upon the people to continue their resistance, and to form an independent State. Bad counsels finally prevailed, and the commissioners returned to the seat of Government without accomplishing the object of their mission.

On the day after the return of the commissioners (September 25) the President issued another proclamation, giving notice of the advance of the troops. Governor Henry Lee, of Virginia ("Legion Harry" of the Revolution), was appointed Commander-in-chief of the expedition. The Virginia troops were led by the veteran General Morgan, and those of Maryland by General Smith, then Member of Congress, from Baltimore. These, forming the left wing, assembled at Cumberland, thence to march across the mountains by Braddock's Road. Governors Mifflin and Howell led in person the respective troops of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These formed the right wing. They rendezvoused at Bedford, to cross the mountains by what was known as the north route.

There had been great and unexpected alacrity in the response to the President's call. A most gratifying manifestation of loyalty was exhibited on every hand. The citizens readily contributed means for the support of the wives and children of the volunteers during their absence; and the quota of each State, composed chiefly of volunteers, was promptly furnished.

It was soon evident that this military expedition was highly necessary. The insurgent spirit was rapidly spreading, and had appeared at Carlisle and other places east of the mountains. It was checked suddenly and effectually when the troops approached. Bradford and his associates, over-estimating the strength and disloyalty of the Democratic party, had laughed at the President's proclamation calling for troops. He did not believe that the people of the loyal portion of the country could be induced to appear in arms against their brethren who were, in imitation of their Revolutionary fathers, only seeking to establish their independence of the tyrannical National Government at Philadelphia, and asked for nothing more than to be *let alone*. They had resolved not to submit to a tariff on their staple production, nor allow the National Government to *coerce* them into submission to its laws; and it was an infringement of their sovereign rights as freeman, and a great public crime to inaugurate a civil war by sending troops to *subjugate* them.

But Bradford and his more violent associates were compelled to come down from their stilts. They were amazed when they heard that Democratic leaders, like Mifflin, were in arms against them; and when they learned that the troops were actually approaching the Eastern slope of the Alleghanies they fled from the country. Calmer thought and wiser counsels prevailed. A new convention was held at Parkinson's Ferry, when resolutions to submit were adopted. Findley, who had found it much easier to arouse the bad passions of men than to control them, and had mustered courage sufficient to place himself decidedly on the side of law and order, was despatched, with another, to meet the advancing troops with proffers of loyalty, and, if possible, to stay their progress.

The President and Secretary of the Treasury had accompanied the right wing of the army, and were at Carlisle when Findley and



his associate arrived there. Washington treated the penitent insurgents kindly, but they did not bring sufficient evidences of the loyalty of their constituents to cause him to countermand the order for the forward march of the troops. The alarmed ambassadors immediately turned back, crossed the mountains in great haste, and called another meeting at Parkinson Ferry. With fuller assurances of the absolute submission of the insurgents, Findley, recrossed the Alleghanies to stay the march of the national troops. The President had returned to Philadelphia, leaving Hamilton to act as his deputy. The Minister was not satisfied. He would not trust the professions of loyalty made by men so lately in rebellion. The troops moved steadily onward. They crossed the Alleghanies in a heavy rain-storm, encountering mud knee-deep in many places. The two wings of the army met at Uniontown, and proceeded together to the disaffected district. Lee made his head-quarters at Parkinson Ferry, and there issued a proclamation of offering conditional pardon and peace. The inhabitants were all required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

A few days after this proclamation was issued General Lee made a seizure of all persons supposed to have been criminally concerned in the late violent proceedings. The most guilty had fled from the country. Many were dismissed for want of evidence against them, and a considerable number were bound over for trial at Philadelphia. Only two were found guilty of capital offences, and sentenced to be hung—one for arson, the other for robbing the mail. There were palliating circumstances in their cases and the President finally pardoned them.

Most of the troops were soon withdrawn

from the country of the late rebels. Twenty-five hundred of them encamped in the district, under General Morgan, until spring, when every vestige of disloyalty had disappeared.

Thus terminated a rebellion engendered by politicians, which at one time threatened the stability, if not the very existence of the Republic. It was put down without the shedding of a drop of blood. This result was owing chiefly to the wisdom, prudence, vigilance, energy, and personal popularity of the President. He did not wait until the rebellion had assumed proportions too great to be managed with ease. He comprehended the magnitude of the threatened evil and his duty respecting it, and was fearless and energetic in the performance of that duty. The event, so ominous of dire calamity at one time, was overruled for the production of great good. The Government was amazingly strengthened by it. The national authority was fully vindicated; and the general rally to its support when the Chief sounded the bugle-call, even of those who had hitherto leaned toward or acted with the opposition, was a significant omen of future stability and power. Every honest man expressed his reprobation of the violent resistance to law, and the Democratic Societies the chief fomenters of the insurrection, showed a desire to be less conspicuous. Hamilton, who had always distrusted the strength of the Government in such an emergency, was now perfectly convinced of its inherent power, and both he and Washington regarded the affair as a fortunate circumstance for the nation. And thus it will ever be with this Republic; for its foundations are laid upon the the solid foundations of Truth and Justice.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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From "POEMS, WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHIC AND OTHER NOTES:" by T. H. STOCKTON, Chaplain to Congress. W. S. & A. Martien, Philadelphia.

From "Faith and Sight:"—page 21.  
THE CHURCH.

"FAITH was the watchword of the spreading Church;

And, long as this was sounded, victory  
With gorgeous trophies strewed her onward march,

Till Jove's imperial eagle fled the scene,  
And the dove perched upon the crest of Rome.  
What now? Alas, the realm of light subdued,  
The fairest portion of the Earth possest,  
Remoter glories lost their former charms,  
Surrounding joys attained ascendant power,  
And the throned Church soon slept upon the throne.

With shouts of gladness she had left the plains  
Of widowed Judah, scorned and scourged, to move

In swelling triumph toward the central height  
Of Gentile rule; but, that achievement gained,  
Forgot the outer boundaries of gloom,  
And clung inglorious to her hard-won rest.  
Thus, when the sword of faith had cleared her way,

The smiling scenes of vision stayed her course:  
And, as the world had been her aim, her heaven,  
This won, her only duty seemed repose.  
How passed her time? Much in amusements vain,

And numberless inventions for the eye.  
And not the eye alone: the boast became,  
That true religion every sense regales.  
And so, magnific temples, altars, shrines;  
Sculptures and pictures; ornaments of gold,  
Of silver, and of gems; with splendid lights  
Sparkling on all; still added genial warmth,  
Rare music, breath of flowers, diffusive clouds  
Of incense sweet to faintness; every art  
Of princely priests, from princely palaces,  
And princely festivals; in princely robes,  
With princely retinues and revenues,  
And every seal of power and badge of pride:  
In short, for sight, sense, all things—few for faith.

Oh, had the Church, in memory of her Lord,  
Repelled the tempter, and pursued her toil;  
Long ere to-day might truth have filled the Earth,

And all the nations hailed the God of all."

From "Snow:"—pages 48-49.  
THE TREES.

"THE few old trees around me scarce retained  
One lingering leaf; so often robbed of all,  
They gave their honors to the first rude blast;  
But here and there a sapling vainly held  
Its shreds of gold and crimson:—Thus fond youth

Clings to its cherished hopes, while wiser age,  
By disappointment taught from early years,  
Expects the storm and meets it with a smile."

THE BROOK.

"BESIDE me opened yon recluse ravine,  
Down which a lonely tributary stream

Serenely glides at times, then, shouting wild,  
In crystal cascades leaps from rock to rock,  
Till, winding round the hill's foot, glad it sees  
The mother tide, and bounds into her arms."

WILD FLOWERS IN THE SNOW-FALL.

"THERE, while I looked around with curious glance,

I spied some little wild flowers, peering up,  
And leaning on the bosom of decay;  
Like orphans sleeping on a mother's grave.  
Sweet sky-blue relics! how they won my love!  
Oh, might the winter spare them! but, alas!  
Like the last earthly hopes of dying men,  
E'en they must perish. Ere the morrow's dawn,  
The yet-descending snow shall all entomb."

From "Man:"—pages 71-76.

VALE AND SEA CONTRASTED.

"How different from the sea! No billows roll,  
No breakers roar, within this scope serene.  
No plunging prows, no shivering sails, are here.  
The quiet soil sleeps on from age to age,  
And all its structures stand in still repose;  
More sure than anchorage, mooring, or the dock.  
The surface *there* is blank, life dreads the air,  
And holds its hidden revels in the deep.  
*Here*, depth is death, and all of life ascends,  
Exulting in the breezes and the light—  
The heaven of resurrection from the grave,  
Where every tree its branch of triumph waves."

SUNRISE.

—"THE sun, up-looming from the sea,  
With rim of dazzling white, and centre black  
With blinding glory, lifts its lower verge  
From seeming touch, and instantly retires,  
Without a tremor, to infinity—  
Thence earthward shining still, while clouds of mist,  
From wave and cliff, from inland hill and stream,  
Rise, like a lifted firmament, and show  
From pole to pole the waking world beneath."

From "The First Woman:"—page 120.

EVE.

"SHE, formed from him: his rib removed, to make

His heart defenceless—heart already full  
Of her first arrows: she, of such a curve,  
From such a place, contrived, to show her task—  
To curl around his heart and guard it well."

From "Columbus:"—page 215.

THE EVENT.

"ONE night—

A fearful way from home:

A little light

Sparkled upon the sight

Of the sleepless man with the hopeful heart:

As though Time's steed,

Just at the goal decreed,

With his last leap had struck the spark,

From the New World in the dark."



## PART IV.—CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL, it's to be hoped she's going to do well for herself—that's all we've got to do with it, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Wodehouse; "she's nothing to you, is she, but a little girl you've taken a deal of notice of?—more notice than was wanted, if I am any judge. If she does go and marry this fellow from Australia, and he's willing to take the whole bundle back to where they came from, it is the best thing that could happen, in *my* opinion. Sly young dog that doctor though, I must say—don't you think so? Well, that's how it appears to me. Let's see; there was Bessie —; hum! perhaps it's as well, in present circumstances, to name no names. There were *two*, in the first instance, you know; and the way he got out of that was beautiful; it was what I call instructive, was that. And then—why then, there was Miss Marjoribanks, you know—capital match that—just the thing for young Rider—set him up for life."

"Papa, pray—*pray* don't talk nonsense," said Miss Wodehouse, with gentle indignation. "Miss Marjoribanks is at least ten years——"

"Oh, stuff!—keep your old maidish memory to yourself, Molly; who cares for a dozen years or so? Hasn't she all the old Scotchman's practice and his savings?—and a fine woman yet—a fine woman, eh? Well, yes, I think so; and then here this little wretch of a sister-in-law. Why the doctor's taken your *rôle*, Wentworth, eh? Well, I suppose what ought to be your *rôle*, you know, though I *have* seen you casting glances at the strange little creature yourself."

"Indeed, I assure you, you are entirely mistaken," said Mr. Wentworth, hastily, with a sudden flush of either indignation or guilt. The curate glanced at Lucy Wodehouse, who was walking demurely by his side, but who certainly did prick up her ears at this little bit of news. She saw very well that he had looked at her, but would take no notice of his glance. But Lucy's curiosity was notably quickened, notwithstanding St. Roque's Cottage was wonderfully handy, if the perpetual curate of the pretty suburb and church saw anything worth visiting there. Lucy drew up her pretty shoulders in her gray sister-of-mercy cloak, and opened her blue eyes a little

wider. She was still in circumstances to defy her reverend lover, if his eyes had declined upon lower attractions than her own. She looked very straight before her with unpitying precision down the road, on which St. Roque's church and cottage were becoming already visible. The whole party were walking briskly over a path hard with frost, which made their footsteps ring. The air was still with a winterly touch, benumbed with cold, yet every sound rang sharply through that clear cloudless atmosphere, reddened without being warmed by the sun as it approached the west. It was Christmas again, and they were wending their way towards St. Roque's to assist at the holiday decorations, for which cartloads of laurel and holly had been already deposited within the church. Lucy Wodehouse was chief directress of these important operations. Her sister had accompanied her, partly to admire Lucy's work, and partly to call at the cottage and see how Nettie was going on. Mr. Wodehouse himself had come merely for the pride and pleasure of seeing how much they were indebted to his little girl; and the attendance of the curate was most easily explainable. It was, indeed, astonishing how many extremely necessary and natural "calls of duty" should bring Mr. Wentworth's path parallel to that of the Wodehouses. This is why they were all proceeding together on this particular afternoon in the week before Christmas towards St. Roque's.

In the church, when the party arrived, a little group of workers were busy. The chancel arch was already bristling with glossy holly leaves. At a little distance from the active group occupied with this pleasant work, and full of chatter and consultation, as was natural, stood one little figure pointing out to two children the wonders of that decorative art. Every one of the new-comers, except Mr. Wodehouse, recognized Nettie before she was aware of their presence. She stood with her bonnet fallen a little back as it generally was, either by encounter of the wind, or by the quantity and luxuriance of her beautiful hair, looking upwards to the point where she had directed the children's eyes. She looked a little forlorn and solitary, as was natural, all by herself, so near that group of busy girls in the chancel—so little separated from them by age, so entirely divided by circumstances.



If a certain softening or half-tender pity shone in the curate's eye, could Lucy Wodehouse blame him? But the fact was, Lucy swept past the little Australian with a very brief salutation, and burst into sudden criticism of the work that had been done in her absence which startled her collaborateurs, while Mr. Wentworth followed her into the chancel with a meekness quite unusual to that young priest. Nettie noted both circumstances with a little surprise; but, not connecting them in the most distant degree with herself, turned round with a little twitch of Freddy's arm to go away, and in doing so almost walked into the arms of her older and more faithful friend. Miss Wodehouse kissed her quite suddenly, touching with her soft old cheek that rounder, fairer, youthful face, which turned, half wondering, half pleased, with the look of a child, to receive her caress. Nettie was as unconscious that Miss Wodehouse's unusual warmth was meant to make up for Lucy's careless greeting, as that Lucy had passed her with a positive flutter of resentment and indignation, and that she had been the subject of the conversation and thoughts of all the party. Miss Wodehouse turned with her, taking Freddy's other hand—a proceeding to which that hero rather demurred. They went out together to the frosty road, where the fair willow branches rustled between the church and the cottage. When they reached the porch of St. Roque's, Nettie instinctively held her breath, and stood still for a moment. Along the footpath in front of them a big figure was passing, and beyond that bearded shadow the doctor's drag flew past with all the separate tones of the horse's feet, the wheels, the jingle of the harness, ringing clear through the sharp, unsoftened medium of that frosty atmosphere. The doctor himself had all his attention concentrated upon the windows of the cottage, in which the sun was blazing red. He did not see Nettie in the church porch. He was looking for her too intently in the crimsoned windows, to which he turned his head back as he dashed on. Unawares Nettie clasped the fingers of her little companion tighter in her hand as she watched that unexpected homage. The drag was out of sight in another moment; and in a few seconds more the bell of the cottage pealed audibly, and the door was heard to open, admitting the

Bushman, who had come upon one of his frequent visits. That last sound disturbed Nettie's composure, and at the same time brought her back to herself.

"I cannot ask you to go in, for Mr. Chatham is there, and Susan of course talking to him," said Nettie, with a quiet breath of restrained impatience, "but I should like to talk to you, please. Let me take the children home, and then I will walk up with you. Mrs. Smith is very kind; she will take off their things for them; they behave better now, when I am out for a few minutes—though, to be sure, I never am out much to try them. Come, children; be good, and do not make a great noise till I come back."

"What do you want to talk to *her* for?" asked the little girl, gazing coldly in Miss Wodehouse's face.

"When Nettie went out to her, we made as much noise as we liked," said Freddy, "but there was papa there. Now there's only mamma, and she's so cross. I hate Chatham—mamma's always crossest when Chatham's there. What do you want to talk to people for, Nettie? Come in, and say there's to be toast, and let us have tea."

"We never have any tea till Nettie comes back," added his sister, looking full once more into Miss Wodehouse's face. The calm childish impertinence disconcerted that gentle woman. She gazed at the wonderful creatures with dumb amazement. Her eyes fell before their steady stare. "I should be sorry to bring you out again, dear, if it's a trouble," began Miss Wodehouse, turning her face with a sense of relief from the hard inspection of the children to their little guardian.

Nettie made no reply, but carried off her children to the cottage door, turned them peremptorily in, and issued her last orders. "If you make a noise, you shall not go," said Nettie; and then came back alert, with her rapid fairy steps, to Miss Wodehouse's side.

"Does not their mother take any charge of them?" faltered the gentle inquisitor. "I never can understand you young people, Nettie. Things were different in my days. Do you think it's quite the best thing to do other people's duties for them, dear? and now I'm so sorry—oh, so sorry—to hear what next you are going to do."

"Susan is delicate," said Nettie. "She



never had any health to speak of—I mean, she always got better you know, but never had any pleasure in it. There must be a great deal in that,” continued Nettie, reflectively; “it never comes into my head to think whether I am ill or well; but poor Susan has always had to be thinking of it. Yes, I shall have to take them away,” she added again after a pause. “I am sorry, very sorry too, Miss Wodehouse. I did not think at one time that I had the heart to do it. But, on the whole, you know, it seems so much better for them. Susan will be stronger out there, and I have not money enough to give the children a very good education. They will just have to push their way like the others; and in the colony you know, things are so different. I have no doubt in my own mind now that it will be best for them all.”

“But Nettie, Nettie, what of yourself? will it be best for you?” cried Miss Wodehouse, looking earnestly in her face.

“What is best for them will be best for me,” said Nettie, with a little impatient movement of her head. She said so with unfaltering spirit and promptitude. She had come to be impatient of the dreary maze in which she was involved. “If one must break one’s heart, it is best to do it at once and have done with it,” said Nettie, under her breath.

“What was that you said about your heart?” said Miss Wodehouse. “Ah, my dear, that is what I wanted to speak of. You are going to be married, Nettie, and I wanted to suggest to you, if you wont be angry. Don’t you think you could make some arrangement about your sister and your family, dear?—not to say a word against the Australian gentleman, Nettie, whom, of course, I don’t know. A man may be the best of husbands, and yet not be able to put up with a whole family. I have no doubt the children are very nice clever children, but their manner is odd, you know, for such young creatures. You have been sacrificing yourself for them all this time; but remember what I say—if you want to live happily, my dear, you’ll have to sacrifice them to your husband. I could not be content without saying as much to you, Nettie. I never was half the good in this world that you are, but I am nearly twice as old—and one does pick up some little hints on the way. That is what

you must do, Nettie. Make some arrangement, dear. If he has promised to take them out with you, that is all right enough; but when you come to settle down in your new home, make some arrangement, dear.”

When Miss Wodehouse arrived breathless at the conclusion of a speech so unusually long for her, she met Nettie’s eyes flashing upon her with the utmost surprise and curiosity. “I shall never marry anybody,” said Nettie. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t say anything so foolish,” said Miss Wodehouse, a little nettled. “Do you suppose I don’t know and see *that* Mr. Chatham coming and going? How often has he been since the first time, Nettie? and do you suppose it’s all been benevolence? My dear, I know better.”

Nettie looked up with a startled glance. She did not blush, nor betray any pleasant consciousness. She cast one dismayed look back towards the cottage, and another at Miss Wodehouse. “Can *that* be why he comes?” said Nettie with quiet horror. “Indeed, I never thought of it before—but all the same, I shall never marry anybody. Do you imagine,” cried the brilliant creature, flashing round upon poor Miss Wodehouse, so as to dazzle and confuse that gentlewoman, “that a man has only to intend such a thing and it’s all settled? I think differently. Twenty thousand Chathams would not move me. I shall never marry anybody, if I live to be as old as—as you, or Methuselah, or anybody. It is not my lot. I shall take the children out to Australia, and do the best I can for them. These children want a great deal of looking after—and after awhile in Carlingford, you will all forget that there ever was such a creature as Nettie. No, I am not crying. I never cry. I should scorn to cry about it. It is simply *my business*. That is what it is. One is sorry, of course, and now and then it feels hard, and all that. But what did one come into the world for, I should like to know? Does anybody suppose it was just to be comfortable, and have one’s own way? I have had my own way a great deal—more than most people. If I get crossed in some things, I have to bear it. That is all I am going to say. I have got other things to do, Miss Wodehouse. I shall never marry anybody all my life.”

“My dear, if you are thrown upon this



Mr. Chatham for society all the time of the voyage, and have nobody else to talk to——” said the prudent interlocutor.

“Then we’ll go in another ship,” cried Nettie, promptly; “that is easily managed. I know what it is, a long voyage with these children—they fall up the cabin stairs, and they fall down the forecastle; and they give you twenty frights in a day that they will drop overboard. One does not have much leisure for anything—not even for thinking, which is a comfort sometimes,” added Nettie, confidentially, to herself.

“It depends upon what you think of whether thinking is a comfort or not,” said good Miss Wodehouse. “When I think of you young people, and all the perplexities you get into! There is Lucy now vexed with Mr. Wentworth about something—or nothing worth mentioning; and there was poor Dr. Rider! How he did look behind him, to be sure, as he went past St. Roque’s! I dare say it was you he was looking for, Nettie. I wish you and he could have fancied each other, and come to some arrangement about poor Mr. Fred’s family—to give them so much to live on, or something. I assure you, when I begin to think over such things, and how perverse both people and circumstances are, thinking is very little comfort to me.”

Miss Wodehouse drew a long sigh, and was by no means disinclined to cry over her little companion. Though she was the taller of the two, she leant upon Nettie’s fine little fairy arm as they went up the quiet road. Already the rapid winter twilight had fallen, and before them in the distance, glimmered the lights of Carlingford—foremost among which shone conspicuous the large placid white lamp—for professional reds and blues were beneath his dignity—which mounted guard at Dr. Marjoribanks’ garden gate. Those lights, beginning to shine through the evening darkness, gave a wonderful look of home to the place. Instinctively there occurred to Nettie’s mind a vision of how it would be on the sea, with a wide dark ocean heaving around the solitary speck on its breast. It did not matter! If a silent sob arose in her heart, it found no utterance. Might not Edward Rider have made that suggestion which had occurred only to Miss Wodehouse? Why did it never come into his head that Susan and her family might

have a provision supplied for them, which would relieve Nettie? He had not thought of it, that was all. Instead of that, he had accepted the impossibility. Nettie’s heart had grown impatient in the maze of might-be’s. She turned her back upon the lights, and clasped Miss Wodehouse’s hand, and said good-night hastily. She went on by herself very rapidly along the hard gleaming road. She did not pay any attention to her friend’s protestation that she too was coming back again to St. Roque’s to join Lucy—on the contrary, Nettie peremptorily left Miss Wodehouse, shaking hands with her in so resolute a manner that her gentle adviser felt somehow a kind of necessity upon her to pursue her way home; and, only when Nettie was nearly out of sight, turned again with hesitation to retrace her steps towards St. Roque’s. Nettie, meanwhile, went on at a pace which Miss Wodehouse could not possibly have kept up with, clasping her tiny hands together with a swell of scorn and disdain unusual to it in her heart. Yes! Why did not Edward Rider propose the “arrangement” which appeared feasible enough to Miss Wodehouse? Supposing even Nettie had refused to consent to it, as she might very probably have done with indignation—still, why did it not occur to Dr. Edward? She asked herself the question with a heat and passion which she found it difficult to account for. She half despised her lover, as woman will, for obeying her—almost scorned him, as woman will, for the mere constancy which took no violent measures, but only suffered and accepted the inevitable. To submit to what cannot be helped is a woman’s part. Nettie, hastening along that familiar path, blazed into a sudden burst of rage against Edward because he submitted to it. What he could do else she was as ignorant of as any unreasonable creature could be. But that mattered little. With indignation she saw herself standing on the verge of that domestic precipice, and the doctor looking on, seeing her glide out of his reach, yet putting forth no violent sudden hand to detain her. All the impatience of her fiery nature boiled in her veins as she hastened to the cottage, where Susan was discussing her journey with her Australian visitor. No remnant of pathos or love-sicken- ing remained about Nettie, as she flashed in upon them in all her old haste and self-re-



liance—resolute to precipitate the catastrophe which nobody took any measure to prevent.

## CHAPTER XV.

IT was not long before the doctor was made aware of the ghost in his troubled path. Nobody in Carlingford could meet the big Bushman in those streets, which always looked too narrow for him, without a certain curiosity about that salvage man. Dr. Rider had observed him with jealous interest on his very first appearance; but had hitherto connected no idea but that of a return to Australia, which he felt sure Nettie would never consent to with the big stranger. With such a thought he had seen him making his way towards the cottage that very evening when he himself turned back, as long as those crimsoned windows were visible, to look for Nettie, who did not show herself. The doctor was bound to see a distant patient, miles on the other side of Carlingford. As he dashed along over the echoing road he had time to imagine to himself how Nettie might at that very moment be badgered and persecuted; and when he had seen his patient and done his duty, and with the lamps lighted in the drag, and the frosty wind blowing keen on his face, and the lights of Carlingford cheering him on in the distance, was once more returning, an impatience, somewhat akin to Nettie's, suddenly came upon the doctor. Akin, yet different; for in his case it was an impulse of sensation, an inspiration of the exhilarating speed and energy of motion with which he flew through the bracing air, master of himself, his horse, and the long sweep of solitary road before him. Again it occurred to Dr. Rider to dash forward to St. Roque's and carry off Nettie, oppose it who would. The idea pleased him as he swept along in the darkness, its very impossibility making the vision sweeter. To carry her off at a stroke, in glorious defiance of circumstances, and win happiness and love, whatever might ensue. In the flush of the moment the doctor suddenly asked himself whether this, after all, were not the wisest course? Whether, whatever might come of it, happiness was not worth the encounter of the dark array of troubles behind? and whether to precipitate anything by a sudden conclusion might not be the best way of solving all the intricacies of the matter? He was still in this mood

when he arrived at his own house, where dinner, as usual, was not improved by having been ready for an hour. The lamp was not lighted when he came in, and only the cold reflection of the street lights outside, with a parti-colored gleam at the corner window from his own red and blue professional ensign at the surgery door, lighted the solitary little room, where he looked in vain even for so much as a note or letter to bring some shadow of human fellowship to his home; the fire smouldering dully, the big chair turned with a sullen back against the wall, as if nobody ever sat there,—though Nettie had once and forever appropriated it to her use,—everything in such inhuman trim and good order disgusted the doctor. He rang his bell violently for the lights and refreshments which were so slow of coming, and, throwing himself into that chair, bit his nails and stared out at the lamplight in the rapid access of thought that came upon him. The first thing that disturbed him in this was the apparition of a figure outside peering in with some anxiety at the black windows—somebody who was evidently curious to know whether the doctor had yet come home. The unhappy doctor started, and rang his bell once more with furious iteration. He knew what was coming. Somebody else, no doubt, had taken ill, without any consideration for young Rider's dinner, which, however, a man must manage to swallow even when tormented with importunate patients, and in love. But the knock of the untimely visitor sounded at the much-assailed door before Mary, sulky and resistant, had been able to arrange before the hungry doctor the half-warm, half-cold viands which his impatience would not permit to be duly "heated up;" and he had just seated himself to dispose of the unsatisfactory meal when the little groom, who was as tired as his master, opened the door for Mrs. Smith from St. Roque's. Mrs. Smith was a familiar periodical visitor at Dr. Rider's. She had not ceased to hold to that hasty and unwise financial arrangement into which the doctor was persuaded to enter when Fred's pipe had exasperated the landlady into rebellion. He had supplemented the rent at that exciting moment rather than have Nettie disturbed; and now that poor Fred's pipe was extinguished forever, the doctor still paid the imposition demanded from him—half because he had no



time to contest it, half because it was, however improper and unnecessary, a kind of pleasure to do something for Nettie, little as she knew and deeply as she would have resented it. Dr. Rider's brows cleared up at sight of Nettie's landlady. He expected some little private anecdotes of her and her ways, such as no one else could give him. He gave Mrs. Smith a chair with a benignity to which she had no personal claim. Her arrival made Dr. Rider's beefsteak palatable, though the cooking and condition of the same were, to say the least, far from perfect. Mrs. Smith evidently was a little embarrassed with the gracious reception she received. She twisted the corner of her shawl in her finger as if it had been that apron with which women of her class relieve their feelings. She was in a false position. She came with the worst of news to the melancholy lover, and he treated her as if she brought some special message or favor from the lady of his thoughts.

"Well, Mrs. Smith, and how are you all at the cottage?" said the doctor, applying himself leisurely to his beefsteak.

"Well, doctor, nothing to brag of," said Mrs. Smith, fixing her eyes upon the fringe of her shawl. I haven't nothing to say that's pleasant, more the pity. I don't know, sir, how you'll take it when you come to hear; but it's come very hard upon me. Not for the sake of the lodgings, as'll let again fast enough, now the poor gentleman's sad fate is partly forgotten; but you know, doctor, a body gets attached-like when one set of people stays long enough to feel at home; and there aint many young ladies like Miss, if you were to search the country through. But now she's really give in to it herself, there aint no more to be said. I never could bring myself to think Miss could give in till to-night when she told me; though Smith he always said, when the stranger gentleman took to coming so constant, as he knew how it would be."

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?" cried Dr. Rider, pushing away his plate, and rising hurriedly from that dinner which was fated never to be eaten. Mrs. Smith shook her head and drew out her handkerchief.

"I know nothing more, doctor, but just they're going off to Australia," said the landlady, mournfully; "and Miss has started packing the big boxes as have been in the

hatic since ever they come: they're going off back where they come from—that's all as I know."

"Impossible!" cried the doctor.

"I'd have said so myself this morning," said Mrs. Smith; "but there aint nothing impossible, doctor, as Miss takes in her head. Don't you go and rush out after her, Dr. Rider. I beg of you upon my knees, if it was my last word! I said to Smith I'd come up and tell the doctor, that he mightn't hear from nobody promiscuous as couldn't explain, and mightn't come rushing down to the cottage to know the rights of it and find the gentleman there unexpected. If there's one thing I'm afeard of, it's a quarrel between gentlemen in my house. So, doctor, for the love of peace, don't you go anear the cottage. I'll tell you everything if you listen to me."

The doctor, who had snatched up his hat and made a rapid step towards the door, came back and seized hold of his visitor's shoulder, all his benignity having been put to flight by her unlooked-for revelation. "Look thee! I want the truth and no gossip! What do you mean—what gentleman? What is it all about?" cried Dr. Rider, hoarse with sudden passion.

"Oh, bless you, doctor, don't you blame it upon me, sir," cried Mrs. Smith. "It aint neither my fault nor my business, but that you've always been kind, and my heart warms to Miss. It's the gentleman from Australia as has come and come again; and being an unmarried gentleman, and Miss—you know what she is, sir—and, I ask you, candid, Dr. Rider, what was anybody to suppose?"

The doctor grew wildly red up to his hair. He bit his lips over some furious words which Carlingford would have been horrified to hear, and grasped Mrs. Smith's shoulder with a closer pressure. "What did she tell you?" said the doctor. "Let me have it word for word. Did she say she was going away?—did she speak of this—this—fellow?" exclaimed the doctor, with an adjective over which charity drops a tear. "Can't you tell me, without any supposes, what did she say?"

"I'm not the woman to stand being shook—let me go this minute, sir," cried Mrs. Smith. "The Australian gentleman is a very nice-spoken civil man, as was always



very respectful to me. She came into my back parlor, doctor, if you will know so particular—all shining and flashing, like as she does when something's happened, I don't make no doubt they had been settling matters, them two, and so I told Smith. 'Mrs. Smith,' said Miss, in her hasty way, enough to catch your breath coming all of a sudden, 'I can't stand this no longer—I shall have to go away—it aint no good resisting. These were her very words, Dr. Rider. 'Get me out the big boxes, please,' said Miss. 'It's best done quietly. You must take your week's notice, Mrs. Smith, from this day;' and with that she kept moving about the room all in a flutter like, not able to rest. 'Do go and get me out those boxes; there's always a ship on the 24th,' she says, taking up my mushing and falling to work at it to keep her hands steady. 'The day afore Christmas!' says I; 'and, O Miss, it's running in the face of Providence to sail at this time of the year. You'll have dreadful weather, as sure as life.' You should have seen her, doctor! She gave a sort of smile up at me, all flashing as if those eyes of hers were the sides of a lantern, and the light bursting out both there and all over. 'All the better,' she says, as if she'd have liked to fight the very wind and sea, and have her own way even there. Bless you, she's dreadful for having her own way. A good easy gentleman now, as didn't mind much—Dr. Rider—Doctor!—you're not agoing, after all I've told you? Doctor, doctor, I say—"

But what Mrs. Smith said was inaudible to Edward Rider. The door rang in her ears as he dashed it after him, leaving her mistress of the field. There, where he had once left Nettie, he now, all-forgotten of his usual fastidious dislike of gossip, left Mrs. Smith sole occupant of his most private territories. At this unlooked-for crisis the doctor had neither a word nor a moment to spend on any one. He rushed out of the house, oblivious of all those professional necessities which limit the comings and goings of a doctor in great practice; he did not even know what he was going to do. Perhaps it was an anxious husband or father whom he all but upset as he came out, with sudden impetuosity, into the unfrequented street; but he did not stop to see. Pale and desperate, he faced the cold wind which rushed up between the blank garden-walls of Grange

Lane. At Mr. Wodehouse's door he stumbled against Cecil Wentworth coming out, and passed him with a muttered exclamation which startled the curate. All the floating momentary jealousies of the past rushed back upon the doctor's mind as he passed that tall figure in the wintry road: how he had snatched Nettie from the vague kindnesses of the young clergyman—the words he had addressed to her on this very road—the answer she had given him once, which had driven him wild with passion and resentment. Impossible! the Australian, it appeared, had found nothing impossible in those circumstances in which Nettie had entrenched herself. Had the doctor's wisdom been monstrous folly, and his prudence the blindest shortsightedness? He asked himself the question as he rushed on towards that lighted window shining far along the dark road—the same window which he had seen Nettie's shadow cross, which had been opened to light poor Fred upon the way he never could tread again. Within that jealous blind, shining in that softened domestic light, what drama, murderous to the doctor's peace, might be going on now?

## CHAPTER XVI.

NETTIE had taken her resolution all at once. Breathless in sudden conviction, angry, heated, yet seeing in the midst of her excitement no help but in immediate action, the hasty little woman had darted into the heart of the difficulty at once. Every moment she lingered wore her out and disgusted her more with the life and fate which, nevertheless, it was impossible to abandon or shrink from. Nothing was so safe as to make matters irrevocable—to plunge over the verge at once. All gleaming with resolve and animation—with the frosty, chill, exhilarating air which had kindled the color in her cheeks and the light in her eyes—with haste, resentment, every feeling that can quicken the heart and make the pulse leap—Nettie had flashed into the little parlor, where all was so quiet and leisurely. There Susan sat in close confabulation with the Bushman. The children had been banished out of the room, because their mother's head was not equal to their noise and restlessness. When they came in with Nettie, as was inevitable, Mrs. Fred sustained the invasion with fretful looks and a



certain peevish abstraction. She was evidently interrupted by the rapid entrance, which was as unwelcome as it was hasty. Cold though the night was, Mrs. Fred, leaning back upon her sofa, fanned her pink cheeks with her handkerchief, and looked annoyed as well as disturbed when her children came trooping into the room clamorous for tea behind the little impetuous figure which at once hushed and protected them. Susan became silent all at once, sank back on the sofa, and concealed the faded flush upon her cheeks and the embarrassed conscious air she wore behind the handkerchief which she used so assiduously. Neither she nor her visitor took much share in the conversation that rose round the domestic table. Nettie, too, was sufficiently absorbed in her own concerns to say little, and nobody there was sufficiently observant to remark what a sudden breath of haste and nervous decision inspired the little household ruler as she dispensed the family bread and butter. When tea was over, Nettie sent her children out of the way with peremptory distinctness, and stayed behind them to make her communication. If she noticed vaguely a certain confused impatience and desire to get rid of her in the looks of her sister and the Australian she attached no distinct meaning to it, but spoke out with all the simplicity of an independent power, knowing all authority and executive force to lie in her own hands alone.

"When do you think you can be ready to start? My mind is made up. I shall set to work immediately to prepare," said Nettie. "Now, look here, Susan: you have been thinking of it for months, so it is not like taking you by surprise. There is a ship that sails on the 24th. If everything is packed and ready, will you consent to go on that day?"

Mrs. Fred started with unfeigned surprise, and, not without a little consternation, turned her eyes towards her friend before answering her sister. "It is just Nettie's way," cried Susan, "just how she always does—holds out against you to the very last, and then turns round and darts off before you can draw your breath. The twenty-fourth! and this is the nineteenth! Of course we can't do it, Nettie. I shall want quantities of things, and Mr. Chatham, you know, is not used to your ways, and can't be whisked off in a minute whenever you please."

"I dare say it's very kind of Mr. Chatham," said Nettie; "but I can take you out very well by myself—just as well as I brought you here. And I can't afford to get you quantities of things, Susan. So please to understand I am going off to pack up, and on the 24th we shall go."

Once more, under Nettie's impatient eyes, a look and a smile passed between her sister and the Australian. Never very patient at any time, the girl was entirely aggravated out of all toleration now.

"I can't tell what you may have to smile to each other about," said Nettie. "It is no very smiling business to me. But since I am driven to it, I shall go at once or not at all. And so that you understand me, that is all I want to say."

With which words she disappeared suddenly to the multitudinous work that lay before her, thinking as little of Susan's opposition as of the clamor raised by the children, when the hard sentence of going half an hour earlier to bed was pronounced upon them. Nettie's haste and peremptoriness were mixed, if it must be told, with a little resentment against the world in general. She had ceased being sad—she was roused and indignant. By the time she had subdued the refractory children, and disposed of them for the night, those vast Australian boxes, which they had brought with them across the seas, were placed in the little hall, under the pale light of the lamp, ready for the process of packing, into which Nettie plunged without a moment's interval. While Mrs. Smith told Edward Rider her story, Nettie was flying up and down stairs with armfuls of things to be packed, and pressing Smith himself into her service. Ere long the hall was piled with heaps of personal property, ready to be transferred to those big receptacles. In the excitement of the work her spirit rose. The headlong haste with which she carried on her operations kept her mind in balance. Once or twice Susan peeped out from the parlor door, and something like an echo of laughter rang out into the hall after one of those inspections. Nettie took no notice either of the look or the laugh. She built in those piles of baggage with the rapidest symmetrical arrangement, to the admiration of Smith, who stood wondering by, and did what he could to help her, with troubled



good-nature. She did not stop to make any sentimental reflections, or to think of the thankless office to which she was about to confirm herself beyond remedy by this sudden and precipitate step. Thinking had done Nettie little good hitherto. She felt herself on her true ground again, when she took to doing instead. The lamp burned dimly overhead, throwing down a light confused with frost upon the hall, all encumbered with the goods of the wandering family. Perhaps it was with a certain unconscious symbolism that Nettie buried her own personal wardrobe deep in the lowest depths, making that the foundation for all the after superstructure. Smith stood by, ready to hand her anything she might want, gazing at her with doubtful amazement. The idea of setting off to Australia at a few days' notice filled him with respect and admiration.

"A matter of a three months' voyage," said Smith; "and if I might make bold to ask, Miss, if the weather aint too bad for anything, how will you pass away the time on board ship when there aint nobody to speak to? but, to be sure, the gentleman—"

"The gentleman is not going with us," said Nettie, peremptorily—"and there's the children to pass away the time. My time passes too quick, whatever other people's may do. Where is Mrs. Smith, that I see nothing of her to-night? Gone out? how very odd she should go out now, of all times in the world. Where has she gone, do you suppose? Not to be ungrateful to you, who are very kind, a woman is, of course, twenty times the use a man is, in most things. Thank you—not that; those colored frocks now—there! that bundle with the pink and the blue. One would suppose that even a man might know colored frocks when he saw them," said Nettie, with despairing resignation, springing up from her knees to seize what she wanted. "Thank you—I think, perhaps, if you would just go and make yourself comfortable, and read your paper, I should get on better. I am not used to having anybody to help me. I get on quite as well, thank you, by myself."

Smith withdrew, not without some confusion and discomfort, to his condemned cell, and Nettie went on silent and swift with her labors. "Quite as well! better!" said Nettie to herself. "Other people never

will understand. Now, I know better than to try anybody." If that hasty breath was a sigh, there was little sound of sorrow in it. It was a little gust of impatience, indignation, intolerance even, and hasty self-assertion. She alone knew what she could do, and must do. Not one other soul in the world beside could enter into her inevitable work and way.

Nettie did not hear the footstep which she might have recognized ringing rapidly down the frosty road. She was too busy rustling about with perpetual motion, folding and re-folding, and smoothing into miraculous compactness all the heterogeneous elements of that mass. When a sudden knock came to the door she started, struck with alarm, then paused a moment, looking round her, and, perceiving at one hasty glance that nobody could possibly enter without seeing both herself and her occupation, made one prompt step to the door, which nobody appeared to open. It was Mrs. Smith, no doubt; but the sudden breathless flutter which came upon Nettie cast doubts upon that rapid conclusion. She opened it quickly, with a certain breathless, sudden promptitude, and looked out pale and dauntless, understanding by instinct that some new trial to her fortitude was there. On the other hand, Edward Rider pressed in suddenly, almost without perceiving it was Nettie. They were both standing in the hall together, before they fully recognized each other. Then the doctor, gazing round him at the unusual confusion, gave an involuntary groan out of the depths of his heart. "Then it is true!" said Dr. Rider. He stood among the chaos, and saw all his own dreams broken up and shattered in pieces. Even passion failed him in that first bitterness of conviction. Nettie stood opposite, with the sleeves of her black dress turned up from her little white nimble wrists, her hair pushed back from her cheeks, pushed quite behind one delicate ear, her eyes shining with all those lights of energy and purpose which came to them as soon as she took up her own character again. She met his eye with a little air of defiance, involuntary, and almost unconscious. "It is quite true," said Nettie, bursting forth in sudden self justification; "I have my work to do, and I must do it as best I can. I cannot keep considering you all, and losing



my life. I must do what God has given me to do, or I must die."

Never had Nettie been so near breaking down, and falling into sudden womanish tears and despair. She would not yield to the overpowering momentary passion. She clutched at the bundle of frocks again, and made room for them spasmodically in the box which she had already packed. Edward Rider stood silent, gazing at her as in her sudden anguish Nettie pulled down and reconstructed that curious honeycomb. But he had not come here merely to gaze, while the catastrophe was preparing. He went up and seized her busy hands, raised her up in spite of her resistance, and thrust away, with an exclamation of disgust, that great box, in which all his hopes were being packed away. "There is first a question to settle between you and me," cried the doctor; "you shall not do it. No! I forbid it, Nettie. Because you are wilful," cried Edward Rider, hoarse and violent, grasping the hands tighter, with a strain in which other passions than love mingled, "am I to give up all the rights of a man? You are going away without ever giving me just warning—without a word, without a sign; and you think I will permit it, Nettie? Never—by Heaven!"

"Dr. Edward," said Nettie, trembling, half with terror, half with resolution, "you have no authority over me. We are two people—we are not one. I should not have gone away without a word or a sign. I should have said good-by to you, whatever had happened; but that is different from permitting or forbidding. Let us say good-by now, and get it over, if that will please you better," she cried, drawing her hands from his grasp; "but I do not interfere with your business, and I must do mine my own way."

The doctor was in no mood to argue. He thrust the big box she had packed away into a corner, and closed it with a vindictive clang. It gave him a little room to move in that little commonplace hall, with its dim lamp, which had witnessed so many of the most memorable scenes of his life. "Look here," cried Dr. Rider; "authority has little to do with it. If you had been my wife, Nettie, to be sure you could not have deserted me. It is as great cruelty; it is as hard upon me, this you are trying to do. I

have submitted hitherto, and Heaven knows it has been bitter enough; and you scorn me for my submission," said the doctor making the discovery by instinct. "When a fellow obeys you, it is only contempt you feel for him; but I tell you, Nettie, I will bear it no longer. You shall not go away. This is not to be. I will neither say good-by, nor think of it. What is your business is my business; and I declare to you, you shall not go unless I go too. Ah—I forgot. They tell me there is a fellow, an Australian, who ventures to pretend. I don't mean to say I believe it. You think he will not object to your burdens! Nettie! Don't let us kill each other. Let us take all the world on our shoulders," cried the doctor, drawing near again, with passionate looks, "rather than part!"

There was a pause—neither of them could speak at that moment. Nettie, who felt her resolution going, her heart melting, yet knew she dared not give way, clasped her hands tight in each other and stood trembling, yet refusing to tremble; collecting her voice and thoughts. The doctor occupied that moment of suspense in a way which might have looked ludicrous in other circumstances, but was a relief to the passion that possessed him. He dragged the other vast Australian box to the same corner where he had set the first, and piled them one above the other. Then he collected with awkward care all the heaps of garments which lay about, and carried them off in the other direction to the stairs, where he laid them carefully with a clumsy tenderness. When he had swept away all these encumbrances, as by a sudden gust of wind, he came back to Nettie, and once more clasped the firm hands which held each other fast. She broke away from him with a sudden cry,—

"You acknowledged it was impossible!" cried Nettie. "It is not my doing, or anybody's; no one shall take the world on his shoulders for my sake—I ask nobody to bear my burdens. Thank you for not believing it—that is a comfort at least. Never, surely, any one else—and not you, not you! Dr. Edward, let us make an end of it. I will never consent to put my yoke upon your shoulders, but I—I will never forget you or blame you any more. It is all hard, but we cannot help it. Good-by—don't make it



burden you, who are the only one that—good-by—no more—don't say any more."

At this moment the parlor-door opened suddenly—Nettie's trembling mouth and frame, and the wild protest and contradiction which were bursting from the lips of the doctor, were lost upon the spectator absorbed in her own affairs, and full of excitement on her own account, who looked out. "Perhaps Mr. Edward will walk in," said Mrs. Fred. "Now he is here to witness what I mean, I should like to speak to you, please, Nettie. I did not think I should ever appeal to you, Mr. Edward, against Nettie's wilfulness—but, really now, we, none of us, can put up with it any longer. Please to walk in and hear what I've got to say."

The big Bushman stood before the little fire in the parlor, extinguishing its tiny glow with his vast shadow. The lamp burned dimly upon the table. A certain air of confusion was in the room. Perhaps it was because Nettie had already swept her own particular belongings out of that apartment, which once to the doctor's eyes, had breathed of her presence in every corner—but it did not look like Nettie's parlor to-night. Mrs. Fred, with the broad white bands of her cap streaming over her black dress, had just assumed her place on the sofa, which was her domestic throne. Nettie, much startled and taken by surprise, stood by the table, waiting with a certain air of wondering impatience what was to be said to her—with still the sleeves turned up from her tiny wrists, and her fingers unconsciously busy expressing her restless intolerance of this delay by a hundred involuntary tricks and movements. The doctor stood close by her, looking only at Nettie, watching her with eyes intent as if she might suddenly disappear from under his very gaze. As for the Australian, he stood uneasy under Nettie's rapid, investigating glance, and the slower survey which Dr. Rider made on entering. He plucked at his big beard, and spread out his large person with a confusion and embarrassment rather more than merely belonged to the stranger in a family party; while Mrs. Fred, upon her sofa, took up her handkerchief and once more began to fan her pink cheeks. What was coming? After a moment's pause, upon which Nettie could

scarcely keep herself from breaking, Susan spoke.

"Nettie has always had the upper hand so much that she thinks I am always to do exactly as she pleases," burst forth Mrs. Fred; "and I don't doubt poor Fred encouraged her in it, because he felt he was obliged to my family, and always gave in to her; but now I have somebody to stand by me," added Susan, fanning still more violently, and with a sound in her voice which betrayed a possibility of tears—"now I have somebody to stand by me—I tell you once for all, Nettie, I will not go on the 24th."

Nettie gazed at her sister in silence, without attempting to say anything. Then she lifted her eyes inquiringly to the Australian, in his uneasy spectator position before the fire. She was not much discomposed, evidently, by that sudden assertion of will,—possibly Nettie was used to it,—but she looked curious and roused, and rather eager to know what was it now?

"I will not go on the 24th," cried Mrs. Fred, with an hysterical toss of her head. "I will not be treated like a child and told to get ready whenever Nettie pleases. She pretends it is all for our sake, but it is for the sake of having her own will, and because she has taken a sudden disgust at something. I asked you in, Mr. Edward, because you are her friend, and because you are the children's uncle, and ought to know how they are provided for. Mr. Chatham and I," said Susan, overcome by her feelings, and agitating the handkerchief violently, "have settled—to be—married first before we set out."

If a shell had fallen in the peaceful apartment, the effect could not have been more startling. The two who had been called in to receive that intimation, and who up to this moment had been standing together listening languidly enough, too much absorbed in the matter between themselves to be very deeply concerned about anything Mrs. Fred could say or do, fell suddenly apart with the wildest amazement in their looks. "Susan, you are mad!" cried Nettie, gazing aghast at her sister, with an air of mingled astonishment and incredulity. The doctor, too much excited to receive with ordinary decorum information so important, made a sudden step up to the big embarrassed Aus-



tralian, who stood before the fire gazing into vacancy, and looking the very embodiment of conscious awkwardness. Dr. Rider stretched out both his hands and grasped the gigantic fist of the Bushman with an effusion which took that worthy altogether by surprise. "My dear fellow, I wish you joy—I wish you joy. Anything I can be of use to you in, command me!" cried the doctor, with a suppressed shout of half-incredulous triumph. Then he returned restlessly towards Nettie—they all turned to her with instinctive curiosity. Never in all her troubles had Nettie been so pale; she looked in her sister's face with a kind of despair.

"Is this *true*, Susan?" she said, with a sorrowful wonder as different as possible from the doctor's joyful surprise—"not something said to vex us—really true? And this has been going on, and I knew nothing of it; and all this time you have been urging me to go back to the colony—*me*—as if you had no other thoughts. If you had made up your mind to this, what was the use of driving me desperate?" cried Nettie, in a sudden outburst of that uncomprehension which aches in generous hearts. Then she stopped suddenly and looked from her sister, uttering suppressed sobs, and hiding her face in her handkerchief on the sofa, to the Australian before the fire. "What is the good of talking?" said Nettie, with a certain indignant impatient indulgence, coming to an abrupt conclusion. Nobody knew so well as she did how utterly useless it was to remonstrate or complain. She dropped into the nearest chair, and began with hasty, tremulous hands to smooth down the cuffs of her black sleeves. In the bitterness of the moment it was not the sudden deliverance, but the heartlessness and domestic treachery that struck Nettie. She, the champion and defender of this helpless family for years—who had given them bread, and served it to them with her own cheerful, unwearied hands—who had protected as well as provided for them in her dauntless innocence and youth. When she was thus cast off on the brink of the costliest sacrifice of all, it was not the delightful sensation of freedom which occurred to Nettie. She fell back with a silent pang of injury swelling in her heart, and, all tremulous and hasty, gave her agitated attention to the simple act of smoothing down her sleeves—a simple but symbol-

ical act, which conveyed a world of meaning to the mind of the doctor as he stood watching her. The work she had meant to do was over. Nettie's occupation was gone. With the next act of the domestic drama she had nothing to do. For the first time in her life utterly vanquished, with silent promptitude she abdicated on the instant. She seemed unable to strike a blow for the leadership thus snatched from her hands. With proud surprise and magnanimity she withdrew, forbearing even the useless reproaches of which she had impatiently asked, "What was the good?" Never abdicated emperor laid aside his robes with more ominous significance, than Nettie, with fingers trembling between haste and agitation smoothed down round her shapely wrists those turned-up sleeves.

The doctor's better genius saved him from driving the indignant Titania desperate at that critical moment by any ill-advised rejoicings; and the sight of Nettie's agitation so far calmed Dr. Rider that he made the most sober and decorous congratulations to the sister-in-law, whom for the first time he felt grateful to. Perhaps, had he been less absorbed in his own affairs, he could scarcely have failed to remember how, not yet a year ago, the shabby form of Fred lay on that same sofa from which Susan had announced her new prospects; but in this unexampled revolution of affairs no thought of Fred disturbed his brother, whose mind was thoroughly occupied with the sudden tumult of his own hopes. "Oh, yes, I hope I shall be happy at last. After all my troubles, I have to look to myself, Mr. Edward; and your poor brother would have been the last to blame me," sobbed Mrs. Fred, with involuntary self-vindication. Then followed a pause. The change was too sudden and extraordinary, and involved results too deeply important to every individual present, to make words possible. Mrs. Fred, with her face buried in her handkerchief, and Nettie, her whole frame thrilling with mortification and failure, tremulously trying to button her sleeves, and bestowing her whole mind upon that operation, were discouraging interlocutors; and after the doctor and the Bushman had shaken hands, their powers of communication were exhausted. The silence was at length broken by the Australian, who, clearing his voice between every three words,



delivered his embarrassed sentiments as follows:—

"I trust, Miss Nettie, you'll not think you've been unfairly dealt by, or that any change is necessary so far as you are concerned. Of course," said Mr. Chatham, growing red, and plucking at his beard, "neither your sister nor I—found out—till quite lately—how things were going to be; and as for you making any change in consequence, or thinking we could be anything but glad to have you with us——"

Here the alarming countenance of Nettie, who had left off buttoning her sleeves, brought her new relation to a sudden stop. Under the blaze of her inquiring eyes the Bushman could go no farther. He looked at Susan for assistance, but Susan was still absorbed in her handkerchief; and while he paused for expression, the little abdicated monarch took up the broken thread.

"Thank you," said Nettie, rising suddenly; "I knew you were honest. It is very good of you, too, to be glad to have me with you. You don't know any better. I'm abdicated, Mr. Chatham; but because it's rather startling to have one's business taken out of one's hands like this, it will be very kind of everybody not to say anything more to-night. I don't quite understand it all just at this moment. Good-night, Dr. Edward. We can talk to-morrow, please; not to-night. You surely understand me, don't you? When one's life is changed all in a moment, one does not exactly see where one is standing just at once. Good-night. I mean what I say," she continued, holding her head high with restrained excitement, and trying to conceal the nervous agitation which possessed her as the doctor hastened before her to open the door. "Don't come after me, please; don't say anything: I cannot bear any more to-night."

"But to-morrow," said the doctor, holding fast the trembling hand. Nettie was too much overstrained and excited to speak more. A single sudden sob burst from her as she drew her hand out of his, and disappeared like a flying sprite. The doctor saw the heaving of her breast, the height of self-restraint which could go no further. He went back into the parlor like a true lover, and spied no more upon Nettie's hour of weakness. Without her, it looked a vulgar scene enough in that little sitting-room, from

which the smoke of Fred's pipe had never fairly disappeared, and where Fred himself had lain in dismal state. Dr. Rider said a hasty good-night to Fred's successor, and went off hurriedly into the changed world which surrounded that unconscious cottage. Though the frost had not relaxed, and the air breathed no balm, no sudden leap from December to June could have changed the atmosphere so entirely to the excited wayfarer who traced back the joyful path towards the lights of Carlingford twinkling brilliant through the Christmas frost. As he paused to look back upon that house which now contained all his hopes, a sudden shadow appeared at a lighted window, looking out. Nettie could not see the owner of the footsteps that moved her to that sudden involuntary expression of what was in her thoughts, but he could see her standing full in the light, and the sight went to the doctor's heart. He took off his hat insanely in the darkness and waved his hand to her, though she could not see him; and, after the shadow had disappeared, continued to stand watching with tender folly if perhaps some indication of Nettie's presence might again reveal itself. He walked upon air as he went back, at last, cold but joyful, through the blank solitude of Grange Lane. Nothing could have come amiss to the doctor in that dawn of happiness. He could have found it in his heart to mount his drag again and drive ten miles in celestial patience at the call of any capricious invalid. He was half disappointed to find no summons awaiting him when he went home—no outlet for the universal charity and loving-kindness that possessed him. Instead, he set his easy-chair tenderly by the side of the blazing fire, and, drawing another chair opposite, gazed with sweet smiles at the visionary Nettie, who once had taken up her position there. Was it by prophetic instinct that the little colonial girl, whose first appearance so discomposed the doctor, had assumed that place? Dr. Rider contemplated the empty chair with smiles that would have compromised his character for sanity with any uninstructed observer. When the mournful Mary disturbed his reverie by her noiseless and penitent entrance with the little supper which she meant at once for a peace-offering and compensation for the dinner lost, she carried down-stairs with her a vivid im-



pression that somebody had left her master a fortune. Under such beatific circumstances closed the evening that had opened amid such clouds. Henceforth, so far as the doctor could read the future, no difficulties but those common to all wooers beset the course of his true love.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the red gleams of the early sunshine shone into that window from which Nettie had looked out last night, the wintry light came in with agitating revelations not simply upon another morning, but upon a new world. As usual, Nettie's thoughts were expressed in things tangible. She had risen from her sleepless bed while it was still almost dark, and to look at her now, a stranger might have supposed her to be proceeding with her last night's work with the constancy of a monomaniac. Little Freddy sat up in his crib rubbing his eyes and marvelling what Nettie could be about, as indeed everybody might have marvelled. With all those boxes and drawers about, and heaps of personal belongings, what was she going to do? She could not have answered the question without pain; but had you waited long enough, Nettie's object would have been apparent. Not entirely free of that air of agitated haste—not recovered of the excitement of this discovery, she was relieving her restless activity by a significant re-arrangement of all the possessions of the family. She was separating with rapid fingers those stores which had hitherto lain lovingly together common property. For the first time for years Nettie had set herself to discriminate what belonged to herself from the general store; and, perhaps by way of softening that disjunction, was separating into harmonious order the little wardrobes which were no longer to be under her charge. Freddy opened his eyes to see all his own special belongings, articles which he recognized with all the tenacious proprietorship of childhood, going into one little box by themselves in dreadful isolation. The child did not know what horrible sentence might have been passed upon him while he slept. He gazed at those swift, inexorable fingers with a gradual sob rising in his poor little breast. That silent tempest heaved and rose as he saw all the well-known items following each

other; and when his last new acquisition, the latest addition to his wardrobe, lay solemnly smoothed down upon the top, Freddy's patience could bear no more. Bursting into a long howl of affliction, he called aloud upon Nettie to explain that mystery. Was he going to be sent away? Was some mysterious executioner, black man, or other horrid vision of fate, coming for the victim? Freddy's appeal roused from her work the abdicated family sovereign. "If I'm to be sent away, I sha'n't go!" cried Freddy. "I'll run off, and come back again. I sha'n't, go anywhere unless you go, Nettie. I'll hold on so fast, you can't put me away; and, oh, I'll be good!—I'll be so good!" Nettie, who was not much given to caresses, came up and put sudden arms round her special nursling. She laid her cheek to his, with a little outbreak of natural emotion. "It is I who am to be sent away!" cried Nettie, yielding for a moment to the natural bitterness. Then she bethought herself of certain thoughts of comfort which had not failed to interject themselves into her heart, and withdrew with a little precipitation, alarmed by the inconsistency—the insincerity of her feelings. "Get up, Freddy; you are not going away, except home to the colony, where you want to go," she said. "Be good, all the same; for you know you must not trouble mamma. And make haste, and don't be always calling for Nettie. Don't you know you must do without Nettie some time? Jump up, and be a man."

"When I am a man, I sha'n't want you," said Freddy, getting up with reluctance; "but I can't be a man now. And what am I to do with the buttons if you won't help me? I shall not have buttons like those when I am a man."

It was not in human nature to refrain from giving the little savage an admonitory shake. "That is all I am good for—nothing but buttons!" said Nettie, with whimsical mortification. When they went down to breakfast, she sent the child before her, and came last instead of first, waiting till they were all assembled. Mrs. Fred watched her advent with apprehensive eyes. Thinking it over after her first triumph, it occurred to Mrs. Fred that the loss of Nettie would make a serious difference to her own comfort. Who was to take charge of the children, and conduct those vulgar affairs for which Susan's



feelings disqualified her? She did her best to decipher the pale face which appeared over the breakfast cups and saucers opposite. What did Nettie mean to do? Susan revolved the question in considerable panic, seeing but too clearly that the firm little hand no longer trembled, and that Nettie was absorbed by her own thoughts—thoughts with which her present companions had but little to do. Mrs. Fred essayed another stroke.

"Perhaps I was hasty, Nettie, last night; but Richard, you know, poor fellow," said Susan, "was not to be put off. It won't make any difference between you and me, Nettie dear? We have always been so united, whatever has happened; and the children are so fond of you; and as for me," said Mrs. Fred, putting back the strings of her cap, and passing her handkerchief upon her eyes, "with my health, and after all I have gone through, how I could ever exist without you, I can't tell; and Richard will be so pleased."

"I don't want to hear anything about Richard, please," said Nettie—"not so far as I am concerned. I should have taken you out, and taken care of you, had you chosen me; but you can't have two people, you know. One is enough for anybody. Never mind what we are talking about, Freddy. It is only your buttons—nothing else. As long as you were my business, I should have scorned to complain," said Nettie, with a little quiver of her lip. "Nothing would have made me forsake you, or leave you to yourself; but now you are somebody else's business; and to speak of it making no difference, and Richard being pleased, and so forth, as if I had nothing else to do in the world, and wanted to go back to the colony! It is simply not my business any longer," cried Nettie, rising impatiently from her chair—"that is all that can be said. But I sha'n't desert you till I deliver you over to my successor, Susan—don't fear."

"Then you don't feel any love for us, Nettie! It was only because you could not help it. Children, Nettie is going to leave us," said Mrs. Fred, in a lamentable voice.

"Then who is to be instead of Nettie? Oh, look here—I know—it's Chatham," said the little girl.

"I hate Chatham," said Freddy, with a little shriek. "I shall go where Nettie goes

—all my things are in my box. Nettie is going to take me; she loves me best of you all. I'll kick Chatham if he touches me."

"Why can't some one tell Nettie she's to go too?" said the eldest boy. "She's most good of all. What does Nettie want to go away for? But I don't mind; for we have to do what Nettie tells us, and nobody cares for Chatham," cried the sweet child, making a triumphant somersault out of his chair. Nettie stood looking on, without attempting to stop the tumult that arose. She left them with their mother, after a few minutes, and went out to breathe the outside air, where at least there were quiet and freedom. To think, as she went out into the red morning sunshine, that her old life was over, made Nettie's head swim with bewildering giddiness. She went up softly, like a creature in a dream, past St. Roque's, where already the Christmas decorators had begun their pretty work—that work which, several ages ago, being yesterday, Nettie had taken the children in to see. Of all things that had happened between that moment and this, perhaps this impulse of escaping out into the open air without anything to do, was one of the most miraculous. Insensibly Nettie's footstep quickened as she became aware of that extraordinary fact. The hour, the temperature, the customs of her life, were equally against such an indulgence. It was a comfort to recollect that, though everything else in the universe was altered, the family must still have some dinner, and that it was as easy to think while walking to the butcher's as while idling and doing nothing. She went up, accordingly, towards Grange Lane, in a kind of wistful solitude, drifted apart from her former life, and not yet definitely attached to any other, feeling as though the few passengers she met must perceive in her face that her whole fortune was changed. It was hard for Nettie to realize that she could do absolutely nothing at this moment, and still harder for her to think that her fate lay undecided in Edward Rider's hands. Though she had not a doubt of him, yet the mere fact that it was he who must take the first step was somewhat galling to the pride and temper of the little autocrat. Before she had reached the butcher, or even come near enough to recognize Lucy Wodehouse where she stood at the garden-gate, setting out for St. Roque's, Nettie heard the headlong wheels of something



approaching which had not yet come in sight. She wound herself up in a kind of nervous desperation for the encounter that was coming. No need to warn her who it was. Nobody but the doctor flying upon wings of haste and love could drive in that break-neck fashion down the respectable streets of Carlingford. Here he came sweeping round that corner at the George, where Nettie herself had once mounted the drag, and plunged down Grange Lane in a maze of speed which confused horse, vehicle, and driver in one indistinct gleaming circle to the excited eyes of the spectator, who forced herself to go on, facing them with an exertion of all her powers, and strenuous resistance of the impulse to turn and escape. Why should Nettie escape?—it must be decided one way or other. She held on dimly, with rapid trembling steps. To her own agitated mind, Nettie herself, left adrift and companionless, seemed the suitor. The only remnants of her natural force that remained to her united in the one resolution not to run away.

It was well for the doctor that his little groom had the eyes and activity of a monkey, and knew the exact moment at which to dart forward and catch the reins which his master flung at him, almost without pausing in his perilous career. The doctor made a leap out of the drag, which was more like that of a mad adventurer than a man whose business it was to keep other people's limbs in due repair. Before Nettie was aware that he had stopped, he was by her side.

"Dr. Edward," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "hear me first! Now I am left unrestrained, but I am not without resources. Don't think you are bound in honor to say anything over again. What may have gone before I forget now. I will not hold you to your word. You are not to have pity upon me!" cried Nettie, not well aware what she was saying. The doctor drew her arm into his; found out, sorely against her will, that she was trembling, and held her fast, not without a sympathetic tremor in the arm on which she was constrained to lean.

"But I hold you to yours!" said the doctor; "there has not been any obstacle between us for months but this; and now it is gone, do you think I will forget what you have said, Nettie? You told me it was impossible once——"

"And you did not contradict me, Dr. Ed-

ward," said the wilful creature, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "I can walk very well by myself, thank you. You did not contradict me! You were content to submit to what could not be helped. And so am I. An obstacle which is only removed by Richard Chatham," said Nettie, with female cruelty, turning her eyes full and suddenly upon her unhappy lover, "does not count for much. I do not hold you to anything. We are both free."

What dismayed answer the doctor might have made to this heartless speech can never be known. He was so entirely taken aback that he paused, clearing his throat with but one amazed exclamation of her name; but before his astonishment and indignation had shaped itself into words, their interview was interrupted. An irregular patter of hasty little steps, and outcries of a childish voice behind, had not caught the attention of either in that moment of excitement; but just as Nettie delivered this cruel outbreak of feminine pride and self-assertion, the little pursuing figure made up to them, and plunged at her dress. Freddy, in primitive unconcern for anybody but himself, rushed headforemost between these two at the critical instant. He made a clutch at Nettie with one hand, and with all the force of the other thrust away the astonished doctor. Freddy's errand was of life or death.

"I sha'n't go with any one but Nettie," cried the child, clinging to her dress. "I hate Chatham and everybody. I will jump into the sea and swim back again. I will never, never leave go of her if you should cut my hands off. Nettie! Nettie!—take me with you. Let me go where you are going! I will never be naughty any more! I will never, never go away till Nettie goes. I love Nettie best! Go away, all of you!" cried Freddy, in desperation, pushing off the doctor with hands and feet alike. "I will stay with Nettie. Nobody loves Nettie but me."

Nettie had no power left to resist this new assault. She dropped down on one knee beside the child, and clasped him to her in a passion of restrained tears and sobbing. The emotion which her pride would not permit her to show before, the gathering agitation of the whole morning, broke forth at this irresistible touch. She held Freddy close and supported herself by him, leaning all her



troubled heart and trembling frame upon the little figure which clung to her bewildered, suddenly growing silent and afraid in that passionate grasp. Freddy spoke no more, but turned his frightened eyes upon the doctor, trembling with the great throbs of Nettie's breast. In the early wintry sunshine, on the quiet rural high-road, that climax of the gathering emotion of years befell Nettie. She could exercise no further self-control. She could only hide her face, that no one might see, and close her quivering lips tight that no one might hear the bursting forth of her heart. No one was there either to hear or see—nobody but Edward Rider, who stood bending with sorrowful tenderness over the wilful fairy creature, whose words of defiance had scarcely died from her lips. It was Freddy, and not the doctor, who had vanquished Nettie; but the insulted lover came in for his revenge. Dr. Rider raised her up quietly, asking no leave, and lifted her into the drag, where Nettie had been before, and where Freddy, elated and joyful, took his place beside the groom, convinced that he was to go now with the only true guardian his little life had known. The doctor drove down that familiar road as slowly as he had dashed furiously up to it. He took quiet possession of the agitated trembling creature who had carried her empire over herself too far. At last Nettie had broken down; and now he had it all his own way.

When they came to the cottage, Mrs. Fred, whom excitement had raised to a troublesome activity, came eagerly out to the door to see what had happened; and the two children, who, emancipated from all control, were sliding down the banisters of the stair, one after the other, in wild glee and recklessness, paused in their dangerous amusement to watch the new arrival. "Oh! look here; Nettie's crying!" said one to the other, with calm observation. The words brought Nettie to herself.

"I am not crying now," she said, waking into sudden strength. "Do you want them to get killed before they go away, all you people? Susan, go in, and never mind. I was not—not quite well out of doors; but I don't mean to suffer this, you know, as long as I am beside them. Dr. Edward, come in. I have something to say to you. We have nowhere to speak to each other but here," said Nettie, pausing in the little hall, from

which that childish tumult had died away in sudden awe of her presence; "but we have spoken to each other here before now. I did not mean to vex you then—at least, I did mean to vex you, but nothing more." Here she paused with a sob, the echo of her past trouble breaking upon her words, as happened from time to time, like the passion of a child; then burst forth again a moment after in a sudden question. "Will you let me have Freddy?" she cried, surrendering at discretion, and looking eagerly up in the doctor's face; "if they will leave him, may I keep him with me?"

It is unnecessary to record the doctor's answer. He would have swallowed not Freddy only, but Mrs. Fred and the entire family, had that gulp been needful to satisfy Nettie, but was not sufficiently blinded to his own interests to grant this except under certain conditions satisfactory to himself. When the doctor mounted the drag again he drove away into Elysium, with a smiling Cupid behind him, instead of the little groom who had been his unconscious master's confidant so long, and had watched the fluctuations of his wooing with such lively curiosity. Those patients who had paid for Dr. Rider's disappointments in many a violent prescription, got compensation to-day in honeyed draughts and hopeful prognostications. Wherever the doctor went he saw a vision of that little drooping head, reposing, after all the agitation of the morning, in the silence and rest he had enjoined, with brilliant eyes half-veiled, shining with thoughts in which he had the greatest share; and, with that picture before his eyes, went flashing along the wintry road with secret smiles, and carried hope wherever he went. Of course it was the merest fallacy so far as Nettie's immediate occupation was concerned. That restless little woman had twenty times too much to do to think of rest—more to do than ever in all the suddenly changed preparations which fell upon her busy hands. But the doctor kept his imagination all the same, and pleased himself with thoughts of her reposing in a visionary tranquillity, which, wherever it was to be found, certainly did not exist in St. Roque's Cottage, in that sudden tumult of new events and hopes.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"I ALWAYS thought there was good in him by his looks," said Miss Wodehouse, standing in the porch of St. Roque's, after the wedding-party had gone away. "To think he should have come in such a sweet way and married Mrs. Fred! just what we all were wishing for, if we could have ventured



to think it possible. Indeed, I should have liked to have given Mr. Chatham a little present, just to mark my sense of his goodness. Poor man! I wonder if he repents—”

“It is to be hoped not yet,” said Lucy, hurrying her sister away before Mr. Wentworth could come out and join them; for affairs were seriously compromised between the perpetual curate and the object of his affections; and Lucy exhibited a certain acerbity under the circumstances which somewhat amazed the tender-hearted old maid.

“When people do repent, my belief is that they do it directly,” said Miss Wodehouse. “I dare say he can see what she is already, poor man; and I hope, Lucy, it wont drive him into bad ways. As for Nettie, I am not at all afraid about her. Even if they should happen to quarrel, you know, things will always come right. I am glad they were not married both at the same time. Nettie has such sense! and of course, though it was the very best thing that could happen, and a great relief to everybody concerned, to be sure, one could not help being disgusted with that woman. And it is such a comfort they’re going away. Nettie says—”

“Don’t you think you could walk a little quicker? there is somebody in Grove Street that I have to see,” said Lucy, not so much interested as her sister; “and papa will be home at one to lunch.”

“Then I shall go on, dear, if you have no objection, and ask when the doctor and Nettie are coming home,” said Miss Wodehouse, “and take poor little Freddy the cakes I promised him. Poor child! to have his mother go off and marry and leave him. Never mind me, Lucy, dear; I do not walk so quickly as you do, and besides I have to go home first for the cakes.”

So saying the sisters separated; and Miss Wodehouse took her gentle way to the doctor’s house, where everything had been brightened up, and where Freddy waited the return of his chosen guardians. It was still the new quarter of Carlingford, a region of half-built streets, vulgar new roads, and heaps of desolate brick and mortar. If the doctor had ever hoped to succeed Dr. Marjoribanks in his bowery retirement in Grange Lane, that hope now-a-days had receded into the darkest distance. The little surgery round the corner still shed twinkles of red and blue light across that desolate triangle of unbuilt ground upon the other corner houses where dwelt people unknown to society in Carlingford, and still Dr. Rider consented to call himself M.R.C.S., and cultivate the patients who were afraid of a physician. Miss Wodehouse went in at the invitation of Mary to see the little drawing-

room which the master of the house had provided for his wife. It had been only an unfurnished room in Dr. Rider’s bachelor days, and looked out upon nothing better than these same new streets—the vulgar suburb which Carlingford disowned. Miss Wodehouse lingered at the window with a little sigh over the perversity of circumstances. If Miss Marjoribanks had only been Nettie, or Nettie Miss Marjoribanks! If not only love and happiness, but the old doctor’s practice and savings, could but have been brought to heap up the measure of the young doctor’s good-fortune! What a pity that one cannot have everything! The friendly visitor said so with a real sigh as she went down-stairs after her inspection. If the young people had but been settling in Grange Lane, in good society, and with Dr. Marjoribanks’ practice, this marriage would have been perfection indeed!

But when the doctor brought Nettie home, and set her in that easy-chair which her image had possessed so long, he saw few drawbacks at that moment to the felicity of his lot. If there was one particular in which his sky threatened clouds, it was not the want of Dr. Marjoribanks’ practice, but the presence of that little interloper, whom the doctor in his heart was apt to call by uncomplimentary names, and did not regard with unmixed favor. But when Susan and her Australian were fairly gone, and all fears of any invasion of the other imps, which Dr. Rider inly dreaded up to the last moment, was over, Freddy grew more and more tolerable. Where Fred once lay and dozed, and filled the doctor’s house with heavy fumes and discreditable gossip, a burden on his brother’s reluctant hospitality, little Freddy now obliterated that dismal memory with prayers and slumbers of childhood; and where the discontented doctor had grumbled many a night and day over that bare habitation of his, which was a house, and not a home, Nettie diffused herself till the familiar happiness became so much a part of his belongings that the doctor learned to grumble once more at the womanish accessories which he had once missed so bitterly. And the little wayward heroine who, by dint of hard labor and sacrifice, had triumphantly had her own way in St. Roque’s Cottage, loved her own way still in the new house, and had it as often as was good for her. But so far as this narrator knows, nothing calling for special record has since appeared in the history of the doctor’s family, thus reorganized under happier auspices, and discharging its duties, social and otherwise, though not exactly in society, to the satisfaction and approval of the observant population of Carlingford.



From The National Review.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by her Great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. Third edition, with Additions and Corrections derived from the original Manuscripts, illustrative Notes, and a new Memoir. By W. Moy Thomas. In two volumes. London: Henry Bohn.

NOTHING is so transitory as second-class fame. The name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is hardly now known to the great mass of ordinary English readers. A generation has arisen which has had time to forget her. Yet only a few years since, an allusion to the "Lady Mary" would have been easily understood by every well-informed person; young ladies were enjoined to form their style upon hers; and no one could have anticipated that her letters would seem in 1862 as different from what a lady of rank would then write or publish as if they had been written in the times of paganism. The very change, however, of popular taste and popular morality gives these letters now a kind of interest. The farther and the more rapidly we have drifted from where we once lay, the more do we wish to learn what kind of port it was. We venture, therefore, to recommend the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as an instructive and profitable study, not indeed to the youngest of young ladies, but to those maturer persons of either sex "who have taken all knowledge to be their province," and who have commenced their readings in "universality" by an assiduous perusal of Parisian fiction.

It is, we admit, true that these letters are not at the present day very agreeable reading. What our grandfathers and grandmothers thought of them it is not so easy to say. But it now seems clear that Lady Mary was that most miserable of miserable beings, an ambitious and wasted woman; that she brought a very cultivated intellect into a very cultivated society; that she gave to that society what it was most anxious to receive, and received from it all which it had to bestow;—and yet that this all was to her as nothing. The high intellectual world of England has never been so compact, so visible in a certain sense, so enjoyable, as it was in her time. She had a mind to under-

stand it, beauty to adorn it, and wit to amuse it; but she chose to pass great part of her life in exile, and returned at last to die at home among a new generation, whose name she hardly knew, and to whom she herself was but a spectacle and a wonder.

Lady Mary Pierrepont—for that was by birth her name—belonged to a family which had a traditional reputation for ability and cultivation. The *Memoirs of Lucy Hutchinson*—(almost the only legacy that remains to us from the first generation of refined Puritans, the only book, at any rate, which effectually brings home to us how different they were in taste and in temper from their more vulgar and feeble successors)—contains a curious panegyric on *wise William* Pierrepont, to whom the Parliamentary party resorted as an oracle of judgment, and whom Cromwell himself, if tradition may be trusted, at times condescended to consult and court. He did not, however, transmit much of his discretion to his grandson, Lady Mary's father. This nobleman, for he inherited from an elder branch of the family both the marquissate of Dorchester and the dukedom of Kingston, was a mere man "about town," as the homely phrase then went, who passed a long life of fashionable idleness interspersed with political intrigue, and who signalized his old age by marrying a young beauty of fewer years than his youngest daughter, who, as he very likely knew, cared nothing for him and much for another person. He had the "grand air," however, and he expected his children when he visited them, to kneel down immediately and ask his blessing, which, if his character was what is said, must have been *very* valuable. The only attention he ever (that we know of) bestowed upon Lady Mary was a sort of theatrical outrage, pleasant enough to her at the time, but scarcely in accordance with the educational theories in which we now believe. He was a member of the Kit-Cat, a great Whig club, the Brooks's of Queen Anne's time, which, like Brooks's, appears not to have been purely political, but to have found time for occasional relaxation and for somewhat unbusiness-like discussions. They held annually a formal meeting to arrange the female toasts for that year; and we are told that a whim seized her father to nominate Lady Mary, "then not eight years old a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier



than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and in the gayety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified; there is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs, of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast." Perhaps some young ladies of more than eight years old would not much object to have lived in those times. Fathers may be wiser now than they were then, but they rarely make themselves so thoroughly agreeable to their children.

This stimulating education would leave a weak and vain girl still more vain and weak; but it had not that effect on Lady Mary. Vain she probably was, and her father's boastfulness perhaps made her vainer; but her vanity took an intellectual turn. She read vaguely and widely; she managed to acquire some knowledge—how much is not clear—of Greek and Latin, and certainly learned with sufficient thoroughness French and Italian. She used to say that she had the worst education in the world, and that it was only by the "help of an uncommon memory and indefatigable labor" that she had acquired her remarkable attainments. Her father certainly seems to have been ca-

pable of any degree of inattention and neglect; but we should not perhaps credit too entirely all the legends which an old lady recounted to her grandchildren of the intellectual difficulties of her youth.

She seems to have been encouraged by her grandmother, one of the celebrated Evelyn family, whose memory is thus enigmatically but still expressively enshrined in the diary of the author of *Sylva*. "Under this date," we are informed, "of the 2d of July, 1649, he records a day spent at Godstone, where Sir John" (this lady's father) "was on a visit with his daughter;" and he adds, "Mem. The prodigious memory of Sir John of Wilts's daughter, since married to Mr. W. Pierrepont." The lady who was thus formidable in her youth deigned in her old age to write frequently, as we should now say,—to open a "regular commerce" of letters, as was said in that age,—with Lady Mary when quite a girl, which she always believed to have been beneficial to her, and probably believed rightly; for she was intelligent enough to comprehend what was said to her, and the old lady had watched many changes in many things.

Her greatest intellectual guide, at least so in after-life she used to relate, was Mr. Wortley, whom she afterwards married. "When I was young," she said, "I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years in my father's library; and so got that language, whilst everybody else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances." She pursued, however, some fiction also; for she possessed, till her death, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's *Female Quixote*, a ponderous series of novels in folio, in one of which she had written, in her fairest youthful hand, the names and characteristic qualities of "the beautiful Diana, the volatile Clemene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise, and so on, forming two columns."

Of Mr. Wortley it is not difficult, from the materials before us, to decipher his character; he was a slow man, with a taste for quick companions. Swift's diary to Stella



mentions an evening spent over a bottle of old wine with Mr. Wortley and Mr. Addison. Mr. Wortley was a rigid Whig, and Swift's transition to Toryism soon broke short that friendship. But with Addison he maintained an intimacy which lasted during their joint lives, and survived the marriages of both. With Steele likewise he was upon the closest terms, is said to have written some papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and the second volume of the former is certainly dedicated to him in affectionate and respectful terms.

Notwithstanding, however, these conspicuous testimonials to high ability, Mr. Wortley was an orderly and dull person. Every letter received by him from his wife during five-and-twenty years of absence, was found, at his death, carefully indorsed with the date of its arrival and with a *synopsis* of its contents. "He represented," we are told, "at various times, Huntingdon, Westminster, and Peterborough in Parliament, and appears to have been a member of that class who win respectful attention by sober and business-like qualities; and his name is constantly found in the drier and more formal part of the politics of the time." He answered to the description given more recently of a similar person: "Is not," it was asked, "Sir John — a very methodical person?" "Certainly he is," was the reply, "he files his invitations to dinner." The Wortley papers, according to the descriptions of those who have inspected them, seem to contain the accumulations of similar documents during many years. He hoarded money, however, to more purpose, for he died one of the richest commoners in England; and a considerable part of the now marvellous wealth of the Bute family seems at first to have been derived from him.

Whatever good qualities Addison and Steele discovered in Mr. Wortley, they were certainly not those of a good writer. We have from his pen and from that of Lady Mary a description of the state of English politics during the three first years of George III., and any one who wishes to understand how much readability depends upon good writing would do well to compare the two. Lady Mary's is a clear and bright description of all the superficial circumstances of the time; Mr. Wortley's is equally superficial, often unintelligible and always lumbering, and scarcely succeeds in telling us

more than that the writer was wholly unsuccessful in all which he tried to do. As to Mr. Wortley's contributions to the periodicals of his time, we may suspect that the jottings preserved at London are all which he ever wrote of them, and that the style and arrangement were supplied by more skilful writers. Even a county member might furnish headings for the *Saturday Review*. He might say: "*Trent* British vessel—Americans always intrusive—Support Government—Kill all that is necessary."

What Lady Mary discovered in Mr. Wortley it is easier to say and shorter, for he was very handsome. If his portrait can be trusted, there was a placid and business-like repose about him, which might easily be attractive to a rather excitable and wild young lady, especially when combined with imposing features and a quiet sweet expression. He attended to *her* also. When she was a girl of fourteen, he met her at a party, and evinced his admiration. And a little while later, it is not difficult to fancy that a literary young lady might be much pleased with a good-looking gentleman not uncomfortably older than herself, yet having a place in the world, and well known to the literary men of the age. He was acquainted with the classics too, or was supposed to be so; and whether it was a consequence of or a preliminary to their affections, Lady Mary wished to know the classics also.

Bishop Burnet was so kind as to superintend the singular studies—for such they were clearly thought—of this aristocratic young lady; and the translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, which he revised, is printed in this edition of her works. But even so grave an undertaking could not wholly withdraw her from more congenial pursuits. She commenced a correspondence with Miss Wortley, Mr. Wortley's unmarried sister, which still remains, though Miss Wortley's letters are hardly to be called hers, for her brother composed, and she merely copied them. The correspondence is scarcely in the sort of English or in the tone which young ladies, we understand, now use.

"It is as impossible," says Miss Wortley, "for my dearest Lady Mary to utter thought that can seem dull as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a fault that those who envy you most would not be



able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you can assume, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, that you tax with dulness (perhaps because they were writ when you was not in a right humor, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed), are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy."

To which the reply is:—

"I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would choose to receive gifts and graces: I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good-nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there; imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I'm in love: if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races [at] Thoresby without seeing, or even wishing to see, one of the sex. Now, if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo."

After some time Miss Wortley unfortunately died, and there was an obvious difficulty in continuing the correspondence without the aid of an appropriate sisterly screen. Mr. Wortley seems to have been tranquil and condescending; perhaps he thought placid tactics would be most effective, for Lady Mary was not so calm. He sent her some *Tatlers*, and received, by way of thanks, the following tolerably encouraging letter:—

"To Mr. Wortley Montagu.

"I am surprised at one of the *Tatlers* you send me; is it possible to have any sort

of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to condemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet farther; was I to choose of two thousand pounds a year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; [it] takes off from the happiness of life; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings that ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show; at the same time I know there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning; as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humor you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure was I in love I could not talk as you do. Few women would have spoke so plainly as I have done; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world; and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be forever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not all.

"I don't enjoin you to burn this letter. I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever writ to



one of your sex, and shall be the last. You must never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind; my resolutions are seldom made and never broken."

Mr. Wortley, however, still grumbled. He seems to have expected a young lady to do something even more decisive than ask him to marry her. He continued to hesitate and pause. The lady in the comedy says, "What right has a man to intend unless he states his intentions?" and Lady Mary's biographers are entirely of that opinion. They think her exceedingly ill-used, and Mr. Wortley exceedingly to blame. And so it may have been; certainly a love correspondence is rarely found where activity and intrepidity on the lady's side so much contrasts with quiescence and timidity on the gentleman's. If, however, we could summon him before us, probably Mr. Wortley would have something to answer on his own behalf. It is tolerably plain that he thought Lady Mary too excitable. "Certainly," he doubtless reasoned, "she is a handsome young lady and very witty; but beauty and wit are dangerous as well as attractive. Vivacity is delightful; but my esteemed friend Mr. Addison has observed that excessive quickness of parts is not unfrequently the cause of extreme rapidity in action. Lady Mary makes love to me before marriage, and I like it; but may she not make love also to some one else after marriage, and then I shall not like it." Accordingly, he writes to her timidously as to her love of pleasure, her love of romantic reading, her occasional toleration of younger gentlemen and quicker admirers. At last, however, he proposed; and as far as the lady was concerned, there was no objection.

We might have expected, from a superficial view of the facts, that there would have been no difficulty either on the side of her father. Mr. Wortley died one of the richest commoners in England; was of the first standing in society, of good family, and he had apparently, therefore, money to settle and station to offer to his bride. And he did offer both. He was ready to settle an ample sum on Lady Mary, both as his wife and as his widow, and was anxious that, if they married they should live in a manner suitable to her rank and his prospects. But nevertheless there was a difficulty. The *Tatler* had recently favored its readers with dissertations

upon social ethics not altogether dissimilar to those with which the *Saturday Review* frequently instructs its readers. One of these dissertations contained an elaborate exposure of the folly of settling your estate upon your unborn children. The arguments were of a sort very easily imaginable. "Why," it was said, "should you give away that which you have to a person whom you do not know; whom you may never see; whom you may not like when you do see; who may be undutiful, unpleasant, or idiotic? Why, too, should each generation surrender its due control over the next? When the family estate is settled, men of the world know that the father's control is gone, for disinterested filial affection is an unfrequent though doubtless possible virtue; but so long as *property* is in suspense, all expectants will be attentive, to those who have it in their power to give or not to give it." These arguments had converted Mr. Wortley, who is said even to have contributed notes for the article, and they seem to have converted Lady Mary also. She was to have her money, and the most plain-spoken young ladies do not commonly care to argue much about the future provision for their possible children; the subject is always delicate and a little frightful, and, on the whole, must be left to themselves. But Lord Dorchester, her father, felt it his duty to be firm. It is an old saying, that "you never know where a man's conscience may turn up," and the advent of ethical feeling was in this case even unusually beyond calculation. Lord Dorchester had never been an anxious father, and was not now going to be a liberal father. He had never cared much about Lady Mary, except in so far as he could himself gain *éclat* by exhibiting her youthful beauty, and he was not now at her marriage about to do at all more than was necessary and decent in his station. It was not therefore apparently probable that he would be irritatingly obstinate respecting the income of his daughter's children. He was so, however. He deemed it a duty to see that "*his* grandchild never should be a beggar," and, for what reason does not so clearly appear, wished that his eldest male grandchild should be immensely richer than all his other grandchildren. The old feudal aristocrat, often in modern Europe so curiously disguised in the indifferent exterior of a careless man of the world, was,



as became him, dictatorial and unalterable upon the duty of founding a family. Though he did not care much for his daughter, he cared much for the position of his daughter's eldest son. He had probably stumbled on the fundamental truth that "girls were girls and boys were boys," and was disinclined to disregard the rule of primogeniture by which he had obtained his marquise, and from which he expected a dukedom.

Mr. Wortley, however, was through life a man, if eminent in nothing else, eminent at least in obstinacy. He would not give up the doctrine of the *Tatler* even to obtain Lady Mary. The match was accordingly abandoned, and Lord Dorchester looked out for and found another gentleman whom he proposed to make his son-in-law; for he believed, according to the old morality, "that it was the duty of the parents to find a husband for a daughter, and that when he was found, it was the daughter's duty to marry him." It was as wrong in her to attempt to choose as in him to neglect to seek. Lady Mary was, however, by no means disposed to accept this passive theory of female obligation. She *had* sought and chosen; and to her choice she intended to adhere. The conduct of Mr. Wortley would have offended some ladies, but it rather augmented her admiration. She had exactly that sort of irritable intellect which sets an undue value on new theories of society and morality, and is pleased when others do so too. She thought Mr. Wortley was quite right not to "defraud himself for a possible infant," and admired his constancy and firmness. She determined to risk a step, as she herself said, unjustifiable to her own relatives, but which she nevertheless believed that she could justify to herself. She decided on eloping with Mr. Wortley.

Before, however, taking this audacious leap, she looked a little. Though she did not object to the sacrifice of the customary inheritance of her contingent son, she by no means approved of sacrificing the settlement which Mr. Wortley had undertaken at a prior period of the negotiation to make upon herself. And according to common sense she was undoubtedly judicious. She was going from her father, and foregoing the money which he had promised her; and therefore it was not reasonable that, by going to her lover, she should forfeit also the

money which *he* had promised her. And there is nothing offensive in her mode of expression. "'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disoblged. Save me from that fear, if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it." But true and rational as all this seems, perhaps it is still truer and still more rational to say, that if a woman has not sufficient confidence in her lover to elope with him without a previous promise of a good settlement, she had better not elope with him at all. After all, if he declines to make the stipulated settlement, the lady will have either to return to her friends or to marry without it, and she would have the full choice between these satisfactory alternatives, even if she asked no previous promise from her lover. At any rate, the intrusion of coarse money among the refined materials of romance is, in this case, even more curious and remarkable than usual.

After some unsuccessful attempts, Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley did elope and did marry, and, after a certain interval, of course, Lord Dorchester received them, notwithstanding their contempt of his authority, into some sort of favor and countenance. They had probably saved him money by their irregularity, and economical frailties are rarely judged severely by men of fashion who are benefited by them. Lady Mary, however, was long a little mistrusted by her own relations, and never seems to have acquired much family influence; but her marriage was not her only peculiarity, or the only one which impartial relations might dislike.

The pair appear to have been for a little while tolerably happy. Lady Mary was excitable, and wanted letters when absent, and attention when present; Mr. Wortley was heavy and slow; could not write letters when away, and seemed torpid in her society when at home. Still these are common troubles. Common, too, is the matrimonial



correspondence upon baby's deficiency in health, and on Mrs. Behn's opinion that "the cold bath is the best medicine for weak children." It seems an odd end to a deferential perusal of Latin authors in girlhood, and to a spirited elopement with the preceptor in after years; but the transition is only part of the usual irony of human life.

The world, both social and political, into which Lady Mary was introduced by her marriage was singularly calculated to awaken the faculties, to stimulate the intellect, to sharpen the wit, and to harden the heart of an intelligent, witty, and hard-headed woman. The world of London—even the higher world—is now too large to be easily seen, or to be pithily described. The elements are so many, their position is so confused, the display of their mutual counteraction is so involved, that many years must pass away before even a very clever woman can thoroughly comprehend it all. She will cease to be young and handsome long ere she does comprehend it. And when she at last understands it, it does not seem a fit subject for concise and summary wit. Its evident complexity refuses to be condensed into pithy sayings, and brilliant *bon-mots*. It has fallen into the hands of philosophers, with less brains perhaps than the satirists of our fathers, but with more anxiety to tell the whole truth, more toleration for the many-sidedness of the world, with less of sharp conciseness, but, perhaps, with more of useful completeness. As are the books, so are the readers. People do not wish to read satire now-a-days. The epigrams even of Pope would fall dull and dead upon this serious and investigating time. The folly of the last age affected levity; the folly of this, as we all know, encases itself in ponderous volumes which defy refutation, in elaborate arguments which prove nothing, in theories which confuse the uninstructed, and which irritate the well-informed. The folly of a hundred years since was at least the folly of Vivien, but ours is the folly of Merlin:—

"You read the book, my pretty Vivien,  
And none can read the text, not even I,  
And none can read the comments but myself—  
Oh, the results are simple!"

Perhaps people did not know then as much as they do now; indisputably they knew nothing like so much in a superficial way

*about* so many things; but they knew far more correctly where their knowledge began and where it stopped; what they thought and why they thought it: they had readier illustrations and more summary phrases; they could say at once what it *came to*, and to what action it should lead.

The London of 1700 was an aristocratic world, which lived to itself, which displayed the virtues and developed the vices of an aristocracy which was under little fear of external control or check; which had emancipated itself from the control of the crown; which had not fallen under the control of the *bourgeoisie*; which saw its own life, and saw that, according to its own maxims, it was good. Public opinion now rules, and it is an opinion which constrains the conduct, and narrows the experience, and dwarfs the violence, and *minimises* the frankness of the highest classes, while it diminishes their vices, supports their conscience, and precludes their grossness. There was nothing like this in the last century, especially in the early part of it. The aristocracy came to town from their remote estates,—where they were uncontrolled by any opinion or by any equal society, and where the eccentricities and personalities of each character were fostered and exaggerated,—to a London which was like a large county town, in which everybody of rank knew everybody of rank, where the eccentricities of each rural potentate came into picturesque collision with the eccentricities of other rural potentates, where the most minute allusions to the peculiarities and the career of the principal persons were instantly understood, where squibs were on every table, and where satire was in the air. No finer field of social observation could be found for an intelligent and witty woman. Lady Mary understood it at once.

Nor was the political life of the last century so unfavorable to the influence and so opposed to the characteristic comprehension of women as our present life. We are now ruled by political discussion and by a popular assembly, by leading articles, and by the House of Commons. But women can scarcely ever compose leaders, and no woman sits in our representative chamber. The whole tide of abstract discussion which fills our mouths and deafens our ears, the whole complex accumulation of facts and figures to which we refer everything, and which we apply to



everything, is quite unfemale. A lady has an insight into what she sees ; but how will this help her with the case of the *Trent*, with the proper structure of a representative chamber, with Indian finance or parliamentary reform ? Women are clever, but cleverness of itself is nothing at present. A sharp Irish writer described himself "as bothered intirely by the want of preliminary information ;" women are in the same difficulty now. Their nature may hereafter change, as some sanguine advocates suggest. But the visible species certainly have not the intellectual providence to acquire the vast stores of dry information which alone can enable them to judge adequately of our present controversies. We are ruled by a machinery of oratory and discussion, in which women have no share, and which they hardly comprehend : we are engaged on subjects which need an arduous learning, to which they have no pretensions.

In the last century much of this was very different. The Court still counted for much in English politics. The House of Commons was the strongest power in the State machine, but it was not so immeasurably the strongest power as now. It was absolutely supreme within its sphere, but that sphere was limited. It could absolutely control the money, and thereby the policy of the State. Whether there should be peace or war, excise or no excise, it could and did despotically determine. It was supreme in its choice of *measures*. But, on the other hand, it had only a secondary influence in the choice of *persons*. Who the prime minister was to be, was a question not only theoretically determinable, but in fact determined by the sovereign. The House of Commons could despotically impose two conditions : first, that the prime minister should be a man of sufficient natural ability, and sufficient parliamentary experience, to conduct the business of his age ; secondly, that he should adopt the policy which the nation wished. But, subject to a conformity with these pre-requisites, the selection of the king was nearly uncontrolled. Sir Robert Walpole was the greatest master of parliamentary tactics and political business in his generation ; he was a statesman of wide views and consummate dexterity ; but these intellectual gifts, even joined to immense parliamentary experience, were not alone sufficient to make him

and to keep him Prime Minister of England. He also maintained, during two reigns, a complete system of court-strategy. During the reign of George II. he kept a *queen-watcher*. Lord Hervey, one of the cleverest men in England, the keenest observer, perhaps, in England, was induced, by very dexterous management, to remain at court during many years—to observe the queen, to hint to the queen, to remove wrong impressions from the queen, to confirm the Walpolese predilections of the queen, to report every incident to Sir Robert. The records of politics tell us few stranger tales than that it should have been necessary for the Sir Robert Peel of the age to hire a subordinate as safe as Eldon, and as witty as Canning, for the sole purpose of managing a clever German woman, to whom the selection of a prime minister was practically intrusted. Nor was this the only court-campaign which Sir Robert had to conduct, or in which he was successful. Lady Mary, who hated him much, has satirically described the foundation upon which his court-favor rested during the reign of George I.

"The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity to the succession, and was reinstated in his office of general, etc. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry, would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the house of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement ; he had a very handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London ; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbor in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the queen died.

"Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives ; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth their while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. Lord Townshend had then been many years an excellent husband to a sober wife, a kind master to all his servants and dependants, a serviceable relation wherever it was in his power, and followed



the instinct of nature in being fond of his children. Such a sort of behavior without any glaring absurdity, either in prodigality or avarice, always gains a man the reputation of reasonable and honest; and this was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States, not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticising on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun, a French refugee (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers), happened then to be at the Hague, and was civilly received at Lord Townshend's, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality, and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to. Lord Townshend was recalled when the queen changed her ministry; his wife died, and he retired into the country, where (as I have said before) Walpole had art enough to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much more advantage by the match than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands.

"When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and playfellows, male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the king's treasury thirty years with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere, and unambitious man. Bernstoff the secretary was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the king's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the king, as the only proper person for the important post of Secretary of State; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might possibly have retained forever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother R. Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate."

And it is indisputable that Lord Townshend, who thought he was a very great statesman, and who began as the patron of Sir Robert Walpole, nevertheless was only his court-agent—the manager on his behalf of the king and of the king's mistresses.

We need not point out at length, for the passage we have cited of itself indicates how well suited this sort of politics is to the comprehension and to the pen of a keen-sighted and witty woman.

Nor was the court the principal improver of the London society of the age. The House of Commons was then a part of society. This separate, isolated, aristocratic world, of which we have spoken, had an almost undisputed command of both Houses in the Legislature. The letter of the constitution did not give it them, and no law appointed that it should be so. But the aristocratic class were by far the most educated, by far the most respected, by far the most *eligible* part of the nation. Even in the boroughs, where there was universal suffrage, or something near it, they were the favorites. Accordingly, they gave the tone to the House of Commons; they required the small community of members who did not belong to their order to conform as far as they could to their usages, and to guide themselves by their code of morality and of taste. In the main the House of Commons obeyed these injunctions, and it was repaid by being incorporated within the aristocratic world: it became not only the council of the nation, but the debating-club of fashion. That which was "received" modified the recipient. The remains of the aristocratic society, wherever we find them, are penetrated not only with an aristocratic but with a political spirit. They breathe a sort of atmosphere of politics. In the London of the present day, the vast miscellaneous *bourgeois* London, we all know that this is not so. "In the country," said a splenetic observer, "people talk politics; at London dinners you talk nothing; between two pillars of crinoline you eat and are resigned." A hundred and fifty years ago, as far as our rather ample materials inform us, people in London talked politics just as they now talk politics in Worcestershire; and being on the spot, and cooped up with politicians in a small social world, their talk was commonly better. They knew the people of whom they spoke, even if they did not know the subjects with which they were concerned.

No element is better fitted to counteract the characteristic evil of an aristocratic society. The effect of such societies in all times has been frivolity. All talk has tended



to become gossip; it has ceased to deal with important subjects, and has devoted itself entirely to unimportant incidents. Whether the Duc de — has more or less prevailed with the Marquise de — is a sort of common form into which any details may be fitted, and any names inserted. The frivolities of gallantry—never very important save to some woman who has long been dead—fill the records of all aristocracies who lived under a despotism, who had no political authority, no daily political cares. The aristocracy of England in the last century were, at any rate, exempt from *this* reproach. There is in the records of it not only an intellectuality, which would prove little, for every clever describer, by the subtleties of his language and the arrangement of his composition, gives a sort of intellectuality even to matters which have no pretension to it in themselves, but likewise a pervading medium of political discussion. The very language in which they are written is the language of political business. Horace Walpole was certainly by nature no politician and no orator; yet no discerning critic can read a page of his voluminous remains without feeling that the writer has through life lived with politicians and talked with politicians. A keen observant mind, not naturally political, but capable of comprehending and viewing any subject which was brought before it, has chanced to have this particular subject—politics—presented to it for a lifetime; and all its delineations, all its efforts, all its thoughts, reflect it, and are colored by it. In all the records of the eighteenth century the tonic of business is seen to combat the relaxing effect of habitual luxury.

This element, too, is favorable to a clever woman. The more you can put before such a person, the greater she will be; the less her world, the less she is. If you place the most keen-sighted lady in the midst of the pure futilities and unmitigated flirtations of an aristocracy, she will sink to the level of those elements, and will scarcely seem to wish for anything more, or to be competent for anything higher. But if she is placed in an intellectual atmosphere, in which political or other important subjects are currently passing, you will probably find that she can talk better upon them than you can, without your being able to explain whence she derived either her information or her talent.

The subjects, too, which were discussed in the political society of the last age were not so inscrutable to women as our present subjects; and even when there were great difficulties, they were more on a level with men in the discussion of them than they now are. It was no disgrace to be destitute of preliminary information at a time in which there were no accumulated stores from which such information could be derived. A lightening element of female influence is therefore to be found through much of the politics of the eighteenth century.

Lady Mary entered easily into all this world, both social and political. She had beauty for the fashionable, satire for the witty, knowledge for the learned, and intelligence for the politician. She was not too refined to shrink from what we now consider the coarseness of that time. Many of her verses themselves are scarcely adapted for our decorous pages. Perhaps the following give no unfair idea of her ordinary state of mind:—

#### “TOWN ECLOGUES.

##### “ROXANA: OR, THE DRAWING-ROOM.

“Roxana, from the court retiring late,  
Sighed her soft sorrows at St. James's gate.  
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,  
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppressed;

They groan the cruel load they're doomed to bear;

She in these gentle sounds expressed her care.

“Was it for this that I these roses wear?

For this new set the jewels for my hair?

Ah! Princess! with what zeal have I pursued!

Almost forgot the duty of a prude.

Thinking I never could attend too soon,  
I've missed my prayers, to get me dressed by noon.

For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign?

My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.

I sacrificed both modesty and ease,

Left operas and went to filthy plays;

Double-entendres shock my tender ear;

Yet even this for thee I choose to bear.

In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,

And every joy of life before me lay,

By honor prompted, and by pride restrained,

The pleasures of the young my soul disdained:

Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe

Censured my neighbors, and said daily prayer.

“Alas! how changed—with the same sermon-mien

That once I prayed, the *What d'ye call 't* I've seen.

Ah! cruel Princess, for thy sake I've lost

That reputation which so dear had cost:

I, who avoided every public place,

When bloom and beauty bade me show my face,



Now near thee constant every night abide  
 With never-failing duty by thy side ;  
 Myself and daughters standing on a row,  
 To all the foreigners a goodly show !  
 Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,  
 And merchants' wives close by the chair been  
     seen,

Had not I amply filled the empty space,  
 And saved your highness from the dire disgrace.

“ ‘ Yet Coquetilla's artifice prevails,  
 When all my merit and my duty fails ;  
 That Coquetilla, whose deluding airs  
 Corrupt our virgins, still our youth ensnares ;  
 So sunk her character, so lost her fame,  
 Scarce visited before your highness came :  
 Yet for the bedchamber 'tis her you choose,  
 When zeal and fame and virtue you refuse.  
 Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train  
 Whom censure blasts not, and dishonors stain !  
 Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,  
 And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs !  
 Let Iris leave her paint and own her age,  
 And grave Suffolka wed a giddy page !  
 A greater miracle is daily viewed,  
 A virtuous Princess with a court so lewd.

“ ‘ I know thee, court ! with all thy treach'rous  
     wiles,

Thy false caresses and undoing smiles !  
 Ah ! Princess, learned in all the courtly arts,  
 To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts !

“ ‘ Large lovely bribes are the great states-  
     man's aim ;

And the neglected patriot follows fame.  
 The Prince is ogled ; some the king pursue ;  
 But your Roxana only follows you.  
 Despised Roxana, cease, and try to find  
 Some other, since the Princess proves unkind :  
 Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,  
 If not a greater, a more firm support.’ ”

There was every kind of rumor as to Lady Mary's own conduct, and we have no means of saying whether any of these rumors were true. There is no evidence against her which is worthy of the name. So far as can be proved, she was simply a gay, witty, bold-spoken, handsome woman, who made many enemies by unscrupulous speech, and many friends by unscrupulous flirtation. We may believe, but we cannot prove, that she found her husband tedious, and was dissatisfied that his slow, methodical, *borné* mind made so little progress in the political world, and understood so little of what really passed there. Unquestionably she must have much preferred talking to Lord Hervey to talking with Mr. Montagu. But we must not credit the idle scandals of a hundred years since, because they may have been true, or because they appear not inconsistent with the characters of those to whom they relate. There were legends against every attractive and fashionable woman in that age, and most of

the legends were doubtless exaggerations and inventions. We cannot know the truth of such matters now, and it would hardly be worth searching into if we could ; but the important fact is certain, Lady Mary lived in a world in which the worst rumors were greedily told and often believed about her and others ; and the moral refinement of a woman must always be impaired by such a contact.

Lady Mary was so unfortunate as to incur the partial dislike of one of the great recorders of that age, and the bitter hostility of the other. She was no favorite with Horace Walpole, and the bitter enemy of Pope. The first is easily explicable. Horace Walpole never loved his father, but recompensed himself by hating his father's enemies. No one connected with the opposition to Sir Robert is spared by his son if there be a fair opportunity for unfavorable insinuation. Mr. Wortley was the very man for a grave mistake. He made the very worst which could be made in that age. He joined the party of constitutional exiles on the Opposition bench, who had no real objection to the policy of Sir Robert Walpole ; who, when they had a chance, adopted that policy themselves ; who were discontented because they had no power, and he had all the power. Probably, too, being a man eminently respectable, Mr. Montagu was frightened at Sir Robert's unscrupulous talk and not very scrupulous actions. At any rate, he opposed Sir Robert ; and thence many a little observation of Horace Walpole's against Lady Mary.

Why Pope and Lady Mary quarrelled is a question on which much discussion has been expended, and on which a judicious German professor might even now compose an interesting and exhaustive monograph. A curt English critic will be more apt to ask, “ Why they should *not* have quarrelled ? ” We know that Pope quarrelled with almost every one ; we know that Lady Mary quarrelled or half quarrelled with most of her acquaintances. Why, then, should they not have quarrelled with one another ?

It is certain that they were very intimate at one time ; for Pope wrote to her some of the most pompous letters of compliment in the language. And the more intimate they were to begin with, the more sure they were to be enemies in the end. Human



nature will not endure that sort of proximity. An irritable vain poet, who always fancies that people are trying to hurt him, whom no argument could convince that every one is not perpetually thinking about him, cannot long be friendly with a witty woman of unscrupulous tongue, who spares no one, who could sacrifice a good friend for a bad *bon-mot*, who thinks of the person whom she is addressing, not of those about whom she is speaking. The natural relation of the two is that of victim and torturer, and no other will long continue. There appear also to have been some money matters (of all things in the world) between the two. Lady Mary was intrusted by Pope with some money to use in speculation during the highly fashionable panic which derives its name from the South-Sea Bubble,—and as of course it was lost, Pope was very angry. Another story goes, that Pope made serious love to Lady Mary, and that she laughed at him; upon which a very personal, and not always very correct, controversy has arisen as to the probability or improbability of Pope's exciting a lady's feelings. Lord Byron took part in it with his usual acuteness and incisiveness, and did not leave the discussion more decent than he found it. Pope doubtless was deformed, and had not the large red health that uncivilized women admire; yet a clever lady might have taken a fancy to him, for the little creature knew what he was saying. There is, however, no evidence that Lady Mary did so. We only know that there was a sudden coolness or quarrel between them, and that it was the beginning of a long and bitter hatred.

In their own times Pope's sensitive disposition probably gave Lady Mary a great advantage. Her tongue perhaps gave him more pain than his pen gave her. But in later times she has fared the worse. What between Pope's sarcasms and Horace Walpole's anecdotes, Lady Mary's reputation has suffered very considerably. As we have said, her offences are *non proven*; there is no evidence to convict her; but she is likely to be condemned upon the general doctrine that a person who is accused of much is probably guilty of something.

During many years, Lady Mary continued to live a distinguished fashionable and social life, with a single remarkable break. This interval was her journey to Constantinople.

The powers that then were, thought fit to send Mr. Wortley as ambassador to Constantinople, and his wife accompanied him. During that visit she kept a journal, and wrote sundry real letters, out of which, after her return, she composed a series of unreal letters as to all she saw and did in Turkey, and on the journey there and back, which were published, and which are still amusing, if not always select, reading. The Sultan was not then the "dying man;" he was the "Grand Turk." He was not simply a potentate to be counted with, but a power to be feared. The appearance of a Turkish army on the Danube had in that age much the same effect as the appearance of a Russian army now. It was an object of terror and dread. A mission at Constantinople was not then a *bureau* for interference in Turkey; but a serious office for transacting business with a great European power. A European ambassador at Constantinople now presses on the Government there impracticable reforms; he then asked for useful aid. Lady Mary was evidently impressed by the power of the country in which she sojourned; and we observe in her letters evident traces of the notion, that the Turk was the dread of Christendom,—which is singular now, when the Turk is its *protégé*.

Lady Mary had another advantage too. Many sorts of books make steady progress; a scientific treatise published now is sure to be fuller and better than one on the same subject written long ago. But with books of travels in a stationary country the presumption is the contrary. In that case the old book is probably the better book. The first traveller writes out a plain straightforward description of the most striking objects with which he meets; he believes that his readers know nothing of the country of which he is writing, for till he visited it he probably knew nothing himself; and, if he is sensible, he describes simply and clearly all which most impresses him. He has no motive for not dwelling upon the principle things, and most likely will do so, as they are probably the most conspicuous. The second traveller is not so fortunate. He is always in terror of the traveller who went before. He fears the criticism,—“this is all very well, *but* we knew the whole of it before. No. 1 said that at page 103.” In consequence, he is timid. He picks and



skips. He fancies that you are acquainted with all which is great and important, and he dwells, for your good and to your pain, upon that which is small and unimportant. For ordinary readers no result can be more fatal. They perhaps never read,—they certainly do not remember anything upon the subject. The curious *minutiae*, so elaborately set forth, are quite useless, for they have not the general framework in which to store them. Not knowing much of the first traveller's work, that of the second is a supplement to a treatise with which they are unacquainted. In consequence they do not read it. Lady Mary made good use of her position in the front of the herd of tourists. She told us what she saw in Turkey,—all the best of what she saw, and all the most remarkable things,—and told it very well.

Nor was this work the only fruit of her Turkish travels; she brought home the notion of inoculation. Like most improvers, she was roughly spoken to. Medical men were angry because the practice was not in their books, and conservative men were cross at the agony of a new idea. Religious people considered it wicked to have a disease which Providence did not think fit to send you; and simple people "did not like to make themselves ill of their own accord." She triumphed, however, over all obstacles; inoculation, being really found to lengthen life and save complexions, before long became general.

One of the first patients upon whom Lady Mary tried the novelty was her own son, and many considerate people thought it "worthy of observation" that he turned out a scamp. When he ran away from school, the mark of inoculation, then rare, was used to describe him, and after he was recovered, he never did anything which was good. His case seems to have been the common one in which nature (as we speak) requites herself for the strongheadedness of several generations by the weakness of one. His father's and his mother's family had been rather able for some generations; the latter remarkably so. But this boy had always a sort of practical imbecility. He was not stupid, but he never did anything right. He exemplified another curious trait of nature's practice. Mr. Montagu was obstinate, though sensible; Lady Mary was flighty, though clever. Nature combined the defects. Young Edward

Montagu was both obstinate and flighty. The only pleasure he can ever have given his parents was the pleasure of *feeling* their own wisdom. He showed that they were right before marriage in not settling the paternal property upon him, for he ran through every shilling he possessed. He was not sensible enough to keep his property, and just not fool enough for the law to take it from him.

After her return from Constantinople, Lady Mary continued to lead the same half-gay and half-literary life as before; but at last she did not like it. Various ingenious inquirers into antiquated minutiae have endeavored, without success, to discover reasons of detail which might explain her dissatisfaction. They have suggested that some irregular love-affair was unprosperous, and hinted that she and her husband were not on good terms. The love-affair, however, when looked for, cannot be found; and though she and her husband would appear to have been but distantly related, they never had any great quarrel which we know of. Neither seems to have been fitted to give the other much pleasure, and each had the fault of which the other was most impatient. Before marriage Lady Mary had charmed Mr. Montagu, but she had also frightened him; after marriage she frightened, but did not charm him. He was formal and composed; she was flighty and *outrée*. "What will she do next?" was doubtless the poor man's daily feeling; and "will he ever do anything?" was probably also hers. Torpid business, which is always going on, but which never seems to come to anything, is simply aggravating to a clever woman. Even the least impatient lady can hardly endure a perpetual process for which there is little visible and nothing theatrical to show; and Lady Mary was by no means the least impatient. But there was no abrupt quarrel between the two; and a husband and wife who have lived together more than twenty years can generally manage to continue to live together during a second twenty years. These reasons of detail are scarcely the reasons for Lady Mary's wishing to break away from the life to which she had so long been used. Yet there was clearly some reason, for Lady Mary went abroad, and stayed there during many years.

We believe that the cause was not special



and peculiar to the case, but general, and due to the invariable principles of human nature, at all times and everywhere. If historical experience proves anything, it proves that the earth is not adapted for a life of mere intellectual pleasure. The life of a brute on earth, though bad, is possible. It is not even difficult to many persons to destroy the higher part of their nature by a continual excess in sensual pleasure. It is even more easy and possible to dull all the soul and most of the mind by a vapid accumulation of torpid comfort. Many of the middle classes spend their whole lives in a constant series of petty pleasures, and an undeviating pursuit of small material objects. The gross pursuit of pleasure, and the tiresome pursuit of petty comfort, are quite suitable to such "a being as man in such a world as the present one." What is not possible is, to combine the pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyment of comfort with the characteristic pleasures of a strong mind. If you wish for luxury, you must not nourish the inquisitive instinct. The great problems of human life are in the air; they are without us in the life we see, within us in the life we feel. A quick intellect feels them in a moment. It says, "Why am I here? What is pleasure, that I desire it? What is comfort, that I seek it? What are carpets and tables? What is the lust of the eye? What is the pride of life, that they should satisfy *me*? I was not made for such things. I hate them, because I have liked them; I loathe them, because it seems that there is nothing else for me." An impatient woman's intellect comes to this point in a moment; it says, "Society is good, but I have seen society. What is the use of talking, or hearing *bon-mots*? I have done with both till I am tired of doing either. I have laughed till I have no wish to laugh again, and made others laugh till I have hated them for being such fools. As for instruction, I have seen the men of genius of my time; and they tell me nothing,—nothing of what I want to know. They are choked with intellectual frivolities. They cannot say 'whence I came, and whither I go.' What do they know of themselves? It is not from literary people that we can learn anything; more likely they will copy, or try to copy, the manners of lords, and make ugly love, in bad imitation of those who despise them."

Lady Mary felt this, as we believe. She had seen all the world of England, and it did not *satisfy*. She turned abroad, not in pursuit of definite good, nor from fear of particular evil, but from a vague wish of some great change—from a wish to escape from a life which harassed the soul, but did not calm it; which awakened the intellect without answering its questions.

She lived abroad for more than twenty years, at Avignon and Venice and elsewhere; and, during that absence, she wrote the letters which compose the greater part of her works. And there is no denying that they are good letters. The art of note-writing may become classical,—it is for the present age to provide models of that sort of composition,—but letters have perished. Nobody but a bore now takes pains enough to make them pleasant; and the only result of a bore's pains is to make them unpleasant. The correspondence of the present day is a continual labor without any visible achievement. The dying penny-a-liner said with emphasis, "That which I have written has perished." We might all say so of the mass of petty letters we write. They are a heap of small atoms, each with some interest individually, but with no interest as a whole; all the items concern us, but they all add up to nothing. In the last century, cultivated people who sat down to write a letter took pains to have something to say, and took pains to say it. The postage was perhaps ninepence; and it would be impudent to make a correspondent pay ninepence for nothing. Still more impudent was it *after* having made him pay ninepence, to give him the additional pain of making out what was half expressed. People, too, wrote to one another then, not unfrequently, who had long been separated, and who required much explanation and many details to make the life of each intelligible to the other. The correspondence of the nineteenth century is like a series of telegrams with amplified headings. There is not more than one idea; and that idea comes soon, and is soon over. The best correspondence of the last age is rather like a good light article,—in which the points are studiously made,—in which the effort to make them is studiously concealed,—in which a series of selected circumstances is set forth,—in which you feel, but are not told, that the principle of the



writer's selection was to make his composition pleasant.

In letter-writing of this kind Lady Mary was very skilful. She has the highest merit of letter-writing,—she is concise without being affected. Fluency, which a great orator pronounced to be the curse of orators, is at least equally the curse of writers. There are many people, many ladies especially, who can write letters at any length, in any number, and at any time. We may be quite sure that the letters so written are not good letters. Composition of any sort implies consideration; you must see where you are going before you can go straight, or can pick your steps as you go. On the other hand, too much consideration is unfavorable to the ease of letter-writing, and perhaps of all writing. A letter too much studied wants flow; it is a museum of hoarded sentences. Each sentence sounds effective; but the whole composition wants vitality. It was written with the memory instead of the mind; and every reader feels the effect, though only the critical reader can detect the cause. Lady Mary understood all this. She said what she had to say in words that were always graphic and always sufficiently good, but she avoided curious felicity. Her expressions seem choice, but not chosen.

At the end of her life Lady Mary pointed a subordinate but not a useless moral. The masters of mundane ethics "observe, that you should stay in the world, or stay out of the world." Lady Mary did neither. She went out, and tried to return. Horace Walpole thus describes the result: "Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think

her avarice, her art, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, and no shoes. An old black laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

"*Insanam vatem aspicias.*"

It would have been a stranger prophecy now even than it was then." There is a description of what the favorite of society becomes after leaving it for years, and after indulging eccentricities for years! There is a commentary on the blunder of exposing yourself in your old age to young people, to whom you have always been a tradition and a name! Horace Walpole doubtless painted up a few trivialities a little. But one of the traits is true. Lady Mary lived before the age in which people waste half their lives in washing the whole of their persons.

Lady Mary did not live long after her return to England. Horace Walpole's letter is written on the 2d February, 1809, and she died on the 21st August in the same year. Her husband had died just before her return, and perhaps, after so many years she would not have returned unless he had done so. *Requiescat in pace*, for she quarrelled all her life.

**POISON FOR THE WHOLE ANIMAL KINGDOM.**—However innocuous, and even occasionally beneficial, tobacco may be when smoked at suitable times and in moderate quantities, yet the quantity of poison which is produced for this purpose in the course of the year is incredible. Thus, the annual crop of tobacco grown in the various regions of the world which produce it is estimated at 550,000,000 lbs., and of this the chemist has shown that about five per cent on an average consists of an alcaloid named nicotine, which is so poisonous that a few drops produce death. In the crop of tobacco above specified, there must be 27,500,000 lbs. of nicotine; and this would nearly fill 100,000 wine barrels, giving an allowance of four or five hundred drops to every man, woman, and child in the world—enough in all probability to poison every living creature on the face of the earth!

FROM Paris we hear that the second volume of "the Family of Orleans," by M. Crétineau Joly, is shortly to appear, and is said to contain a curious document relative to the present Emperor of France. It is a letter from Queen Hortense, written soon after the Strasburg adventure. The mother of Louis Napoleon writes: "The failure of the undertaking is not to be much regretted." And later: "If unfortunately my Louis ever should become Emperor, he would ruin everything, and France entirely." It is supposed that this volume will appear in two editions, as no French publisher will venture on printing this letter; the French edition will merely make mention of the letter, while the Belgian is to reprint it completely.—*London Review*.



## TO ENGLISHMEN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

You flung your taunt across the wave :  
 We bore it as became us,  
 Well knowing that the fettered slave  
 Left friendly lips no option save  
 To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. " Mere lack of will  
 Not lack of power," you told us :  
 We showed our free-state records ; still  
 You mocked, confounding good and ill,  
 Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery ; to the verge  
 Of power and means we checked it :  
 Lo !—presto, change ! its claims you urge,  
 Send greetings to it o'er the surge  
 And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,  
 In slave-aborring rigor,  
 Our Northern palms, for conscience' sake ;  
 To-day you clasp the hands that ache  
 With " walloping the nigger ! " \*

O Englishmen !—in hope and creed,  
 In blood and tongue our brothers !  
 We too are heirs of Runnymede ;  
 And Shakspeare's fame, and Cromwell's deed,  
 Are not alone our mother's.

" Thicker than water " in one rill  
 Through centuries of story  
 Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
 We share with you its good and ill,  
 The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave  
 Nor length of years can part us :  
 Your right is ours to shrine and grave,  
 The common freehold of the brave,  
 The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach  
 Our kindred frail and human :  
 We carp at faults with bitter speech  
 The while for one unshared by each  
 We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart if not the knee  
 To England's Queen, God bless her !  
 We praised you when your slaves went free :  
 We seek to unchain ours. Will ye  
 Join hands with the oppressor ?—

And is it Christian England cheers  
 The bruiser, not the bruised ?  
 And must she run, despite the tears  
 And prayers of eighteen hundred years,  
 A *muck* in Slavery's crusade ?

O black disgrace ! O shame and loss  
 Too deep for tongue to phrase on !  
 Tear from your flag its holy cross,  
 And in your van of battle toss  
 The pirate's skull-bone blazon !

—Independent.

\* See English caricatures of America: Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, " Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger ? "

## THE NATION'S PRAYER

LORD GOD, on bended knee  
 Three Kingdoms cry to thee,  
 God save the Queen !

God of all tenderness,  
 Lighten her load, and bless,  
 Deep in her first distress—  
 God save the Queen !

Hold thou our Lady's hand,  
 Bid her arise and stand—  
 God save the Queen !

Grant her thy comfort, Lord ;  
 Husband ! thy arm afford ;  
 Father ! fulfil thy word—  
 God save the Queen !

Thou hast given gladness long,  
 Make her in sorrow strong—  
 God save the Queen !

Dry our dear Lady's tears,  
 Succor her lonely years  
 Safe through all woes and fears—  
 God keep the Queen !

Sweet from this sudden gloom  
 Bring thou life's perfect bloom—  
 God save the Queen !

Thou who hast sent the blow,  
 Wisdom and grace bestow  
 Out of this cloud of woe—  
 God save the Queen !  
 —Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and flushed with hope  
 Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,  
 And reached the ship and caught the rope,  
 And whistled to the morning star,  
 And while on deck he whistled loud  
 He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,  
 " Boy, though thou art young and proud,  
 I see the place where thou wilt lie.  
 The sands and yeasty surges mix  
 In caves about the dreary bay ;  
 And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
 And in thy heart the scrawl shall play ! "  
 " Fool ! " he answered, " Death is sure  
 To those that stay and those that roam :  
 But I will never more endure  
 To sit with empty hands at home.  
 My mother clings about my neck,  
 My sisters clamor, ' Stay, for shame ! '  
 My father raves of death and wreck,  
 They are all to blame, they are all to blame.  
 God help me ! save I take my part  
 Of danger on the roaring sea,  
 A devil rises in my heart,  
 Far worse than any death to me."

—Contributed by Tennyson to " The Victoria Regina," a new Annual.



From The London Review.

MR. GLADSTONE ON AMERICA.

ALL that Mr. Gladstone says respecting America is courteous and considerate. We wish he could have spoken more openly; but he was evidently restrained by the reflection that everything said by a person in his position, would be canvassed across the water with all the irritable susceptibility natural to the nation and the crisis; and that it became him, both as a Christian and the Minister of a friendly power, to throw as much oil as he could upon the still seething waters. He described the predominant feeling of this country towards the United States at the outbreak of their civil strife with perfect truth, as being one of general good-will and sincere sympathy, and of desire for the restoration of peace and prosperity to their shores, in whatever manner might seem best to themselves. He correctly expresses the prevalent conviction also—a conviction which it is evident he shares—when he says that “all the thinking men of the country came to the conclusion that the party which seemed to be the strongest had, in the war for the subjugation of the South, committed themselves to an enterprise which would prove completely beyond their power. We saw there a military undertaking of tremendous difficulty, and one which, if successful, would only be the preface and the introduction to political difficulties yet greater than the military difficulties of the war itself.” So far we agree with Mr. Gladstone most cordially. But when he goes on to state, as not merely his own sentiment but that of the country at large, that “not only had England nothing to fear from the growth of the United States, but that so far as we had a selfish interest at all in the matter, our interest was that the American Union should continue undisturbed,”—we cannot but think that Mr. Gladstone was saying rather what politeness than what sincerity demanded. Of course the day is long past when either the Government or the people of Great Britain were jealous of the progress, or felt any envious regret at the prosperity, of any nation. So long as our neighbors leave us in safety and tranquillity, we rejoice in their growing wealth and numbers, with a gratification second only to that with which we watch our own. We desire no territory for the possession of which they

are competitors; we have no longing for the lands of others, and we have no fear of being deprived of whatever we desire to keep; and political economy has taught us long ago that the swelling affluence of surrounding nations is shared by us and not abstracted from us. But it is scarcely true to say that England had no reason to fear the growing might of the American Republic, when we have had too many and too recent proofs that the very rapidity and extent of that growth had demoralized both the people and the Government; that their strength had made them prompt to encroach and prone to overbear; that their craving for territory had so grown with what it fed on, that though their own lands were only just dotted over with inhabitants, yet the sight, or rather the notion, of any other races on that vast continent, had become gall and wormwood to their grasping and ambitious minds; and that the consciousness of their augmenting power had so turned the heads of the democracy, that the rights and feelings of others seemed actually to have no existence in their eyes whenever they traversed American sentiments or objects. We cannot admit that England had no reason to desire the curtailment of a power which had led to such results as these.

Nor can we consent to endorse Mr. Gladstone's saying that “the selfish interests of England, so far as those interests were involved at all, would demand that the American Union should have continued undisturbed.” No doubt our selfish interests, whichever way they had pointed, would never have prevailed so far as to dictate any proceeding which had the remotest tendency to dissolve the Union, or even to prompt any decided expression of opinion on the question. The one would have been wrong, the other indecorous. In truth, till a year ago, none in England, except a few philosophic and far-seeing thinkers, ever contemplated the disruption which has taken place as a probable event. No doubt, also, the war which has followed the disruption has been more injurious to British interests, and must be so while it lasts, than the continuance of the Union could have been for long years to come. Our trade with the North has been hampered and endangered, and our trade with the South has been altogether suspended. Our manufacturers are already



suffering severely from the want of their usual supply of American cotton, and will have to suffer still more. No doubt, moreover, the war, as we have just had proof, incidentally involves us in great danger and discomfort, and forces us to incur heavy military expenses. But it is nevertheless indisputably true, that it is the civil war, and not the civil split, which is affecting us so mischievously. If this disruption had been peaceably effected, there can, we think, be little doubt that England would have been a gainer by the transaction; and when peace shall return and the disruption has been established, the gain will become apparent. Protectionist notions had taken a deep hold of the American mind, especially of the mind of the North, where manufactures needing, or supposed to need, artificial fostering, had extensively sprung up. Of late years these notions, far from giving way, as ours had done, under the influence of reason and experience, had acquired greater and greater prevalence and fixity. For half a century the tariffs of the United States had, with scarcely a deviation, been becoming regularly more and more prohibitive or discouraging to importations from abroad of all articles produced at home. The tariffs of 1816, 1828, 1833, and 1842, were all of this character, and they culminated in the Morrill tariff of 1861, which for absurdity, illiberality, and complexity, is, perhaps, not to be matched in any country. Now, the earlier tariffs were enacted in defiance of the earnest opposition of the South, and at the time when Southern statesmen habitually held the seat and the influence of government; it was certain then that, as soon as the supremacy was wrested from them—as it was by the triumph of the Republican party on Mr. Lincoln's election,—the protectionist principles of the Northern section of the Union would have unchallenged sway. And, accordingly, so it proved. The Northerners were willing to concede much on the *Free Soil*, but not one inch on the *Free Trade* question. At the very moment they were suggesting all sorts of liberal compromises as to slavery, they were passing the Morrill tariff almost by acclamation—a tariff avowedly directed against England, at once the chief customer for Southern produce, and the cheapest supplier of Southern wants. It was obvious, therefore, that—as long as

the Union existed in its old form, and more determinately and vigorously than ever before—the commercial policy of the United States would be governed by the steady resolution to encourage native and to prohibit British manufactures to the greatest possible extent. In a short time, it is obvious enough, they would have succeeded to a degree which we should have felt most severely. Already the operation of the American tariffs had become painfully apparent. It is not fair to quote our diminished imports to that country in 1861 (though they have fallen off to little more than *one-third* of their usual amount), because this may have been caused as much by the war as by the new duties. But it is worthy of notice—as a marked contrast with our trade to other countries—that while our *imports* thence have increased since 1854 from £29,795,000 to £44,728,000, our exports *thither* of British goods have *remained absolutely stationary*, having been £21,410,000 in 1854, and £21,613,000 in 1860.

Now, as soon as the independence of the Confederate States is established, we shall find a twofold change. Their government will be as anxious as our own for a fair and free interchange of our mutual productions; and the cotton, rice, and tobacco, which they send us, will be paid for by the calicoes of Manchester, the woollens of Leeds and Bradford, and the cutlery of Sheffield, which we shall send them. They will be clothed and armed by us, instead of by the Pennsylvanians and the New Yorkers; and they, as well as we, will be gainers by the change. In addition to this, our goods will then penetrate even into the Northern States, in spite of the prohibition of any tariffs and the vigilance of any custom-houses. With a continuous frontier of a thousand miles, thinly peopled, and impossible to guard, how can Free Trade and Protection flourish side by side? How can the cheap cottons and the excellent knives and hatchets with which Kentucky and Virginia will be flooded, be hindered from finding their way across the river and through the woods into Ohio and New York? The thing is simply impossible; and of all the consequences which may be anticipated from the separation between North and South, we regard a considerable increase of our export trade to both sections as the most absolutely certain.



From The Examiner, 11 Jan.

# THE SPANIARD IN MEXICO.

THE latest intelligence from Vera Cruz is of a somewhat startling character, and must particularly disturb the equanimity of those sanguine individuals who still cling to the belief that Spain can be under any circumstances a trustworthy ally, and who have been looking forward with confidence to the good results which are to flow from the joint intervention of the European powers in the affairs of Mexico. It appears that the Captain-General of Cuba, without waiting for the arrival of the French and English squadrons has landed with a considerable body of Spanish troops on the coast of the Republic, captured the fortress of San Juan d'Ulloa, and forced the weak and ill-provided garrison of Vera Cruz to evacuate the town and retire inland. Having performed those feats of arms, General Serrano, as we are told, delays further operations until he shall be reinforced by General Prim and the Anglo-French contingents. Had the expedition been fitted out in order to assist Spain to reconquer the magnificent colonial empire which she lost after three centuries of misgovernment, this conduct on the part of her officer would have been both judicious and considerate; but as we have been led to anticipate a very different consummation, it is evident that the most probable effect of those premature and violent steps will be to introduce new complications, and to destroy all hope of a speedy and pacific solution of the Mexican question. Already the patriotic feelings of the people have been aroused to resist the invader, and when the forces of England and France make their appearance on the scene popular passion will fail to discriminate between them and those of the ancient enemy and oppressor.

The attack on Vera Cruz may not have been expressly authorized by the Spanish Government, but there is every reason to suppose that it will meet with its approval, as did the lawless and unprincipled aggression upon the Republic of San Domingo in April last. For several years the Cabinet of Madrid has been attempting to fix a quarrel on the leaders of the Liberal party in Mexico, and they are now perhaps of opinion that it will be easy to glide from "intervention," undertaken with the ostensible motive of restoring order to a distracted country, into a

serious war, carried on with the aid and concurrence of the only two powers able to check its ambitious designs. Wild as the scheme may appear, it must never be forgotten that Spain still aspires to supremacy in Central America, and that the petty and doubtful pecuniary claims of a few of her subjects are a mere pretext to cover her deeply laid plan of conquest. At heart bitterly hostile to the cause of human freedom, in spite of the constitutional forms which have been adopted at home, she has constantly favored the reactionists of Mexico, and, as we have before pointed out, has done everything in her power to keep alive the flame of civil dissension. In this object the diplomatic agents at the capital have been zealously seconded by thousands of Spaniards engaged in commercial pursuits throughout the republic, who have always taken an extremely active part in its politics, and by the numerous military officers who have received their education in the army of the mother country. Many of the most devoted and efficient partisans of Miramon and Marquez are of Spanish birth, and it is probably calculated that their influence, exerted at a propitious moment, will induce a large proportion of the soldiery to "pronounce" for annexation. According to the last despatches from the Gulf, it was expected that the allied squadrons would arrive at the scene of operations about the beginning of January—fully a month after the striking of the first blow by General Serrano. Upon communicating with Sir Charles Wyke, the British commander may, perhaps, deem it advisable to await farther instructions from home before taking any steps to redress by force the grievances of our bondholders, who sometimes speak in the columns of the daily press as if the Royal Navy existed solely for their benefit. It appears from the letter of the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Consul of the Republic in London, published in the *Times* of the 6th inst., that the obnoxious law of the 17th of July last, which decreed the suspension of all payments to national creditors for the space of two years, has been repealed by Congress, and that there is every prospect of the dividends being transmitted more regularly in future than has been the case during the last few years. The chief ground for foreign interference having been thus removed, in obedience to the remonstrances of the British



Minister, it is difficult to see any reason for landing a single soldier or marine at Vera Cruz, unless it be intended to furnish a body-guard to every European merchant between the Atlantic and the Pacific, a measure which the Mexican correspondent of the *Times* appeared to advocate when he enumerated last autumn all the outrages committed by reactionary brigands during the period when the Government of President Juarez was in its weakest state.

There can be no doubt that the Liberal party is much stronger now than in the years 1859-60, when the Republic had two rival Presidents, the one established at the capital and the other at the chief seaport, each receiving countenance and recognition from the envoy of some foreign power. Since the fall of Miramon the Constitutionals have been steadily advancing to a position of nearly undisputed authority, and it is certainly unfortunate that the hopes of the scattered bands of Marquez and Mejia should be re-awakened by the arrival of a European force, which they cannot fail to regard as acting in accord with Spain, whose enemies are their enemies, and whose interests, like theirs, are entirely opposed to the maintenance of peace and order.

It is possible that in the despatch from the Mexican Foreign Office above referred to Don Manuel de Zamacona may draw too bright a picture of the present condition of the Republic, but the silence of those writers who some time ago catalogued the crimes of nameless marauders, and called aloud for intervention with a fervor and persistency seldom equalled since the "*delenda est Carthago*" of the elder Cato, proves at least that a very sensible amelioration is gradually taking place. It is to be regretted that the patience and indulgence which have so long been extended by England to the worst excesses of former administrations should be exhausted at the precise moment when a new set of men are rising into power, willing to learn wisdom from the faults of their predecessors, and desirous of acting rightly towards foreign nations. It is a delusion to suppose

that they can be in the slightest degree assisted in their efforts to restore prosperity to their country by the presence of an English or French force; the President, who even in appearance should be supported by the guns of a European Government, would inevitably lose ground in the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens. It is vain to speculate on the course which may be pursued at the present juncture by the commander of the French squadron in Mexican waters, but it is a notorious fact that the emperor's diplomatic representative at the capital has always shown himself a warm friend to the exiled Conservative leaders, and a willing tool in the hands of priestly intriguers. The number of Frenchmen settled in the city of Mexico is stated to be upwards of three thousand, and it is more for the protection of their persons than to enforce a pecuniary claim, in her case of trifling amount, that France now interferes in the affairs of the Republic. It is difficult to believe that her subjects ever were exposed to any serious danger from the inhabitants, with whom they generally have been in the habit of living on the most friendly terms, and it is to be hoped that her officers will not be hasty in lending their support to the acts of General Serrano. We must never forget that the "pacification" of Mexico, as understood by the foreign partisans of the clergy, is merely another name for the ascendancy of Spain, and that if their schemes be for a time successful a desperate struggle must ultimately occur between that power and one or both of the Anglo-American Confederations.

By interfering now the nations of Europe have forfeited the right to protest against, and, if necessary, to oppose by force, the encroachments of the people of the Southern States, who only await the settlement of their present difficulties to march across the Rio Grande preaching the doctrine of "intervention," and establishing order and slavery also throughout the length and breadth of the territories of their unhappy neighbor.



From The Examiner.

*John Rogers: the Compiler of the first Authorized English Bible; the Pioneer of the English Reformation; and its first Martyr.* Embracing a Genealogical Account of his Family, Biographical Sketches of some of his Principal Descendants, his own writings, etc., etc. By Joseph Lemuel Chester. Longmans.

MR. CHESTER is a native of New England, who crossed the Atlantic in hope of proving his descent from old John Rogers. In this he failed, but of the notes which he collected, this volume is the result. Two hundred pages are devoted to the martyr himself, about half as many to his ancestors and descendants, and a hundred and fifty more—the most valuable part of the whole book—to the printing of various documents rich in interest to the student of Church literature during the Tudor century.

The first portion of the work is ill-constructed, being nearly as much about Foxe as about Rogers. Not content with saying, as he does in his preface, that the martyrologist's account of the martyr is "full of the widest discrepancies and grossest errors," and with calling attention to the importance of his own discoveries, as he might have done in a few pointed and unobtrusive notes, he loads his text with useless discussion and abuse worse than useless. Whole pages of Foxe are copied out solely that they may be tediously controverted, and the same charges are made again and again, when the biographer has once done his best to substantiate them. In this way the scanty story is spun out to three times the necessary length, and every worthless page diminishes the interest that would be felt in a statement of the simple facts.

John Rogers was born about the year 1500, in the suburbs of old Birmingham. At Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, according to Foxe, "he profitably travailed in good learning," and he obtained his B.A. in 1525. Soon after that he took orders. Towards the end of 1532 he seems to have become rector of the Church of Trinity the Less, in London. About two years later he went, as chaplain to the Company of Merchant Adventurers, to Antwerp, and he lived on the continent during twelve or fourteen memorable years. Starting as a popish priest, he might have continued to perform his sacred functions "after the common use and custom," says

Foxe, "of the worshippers of idols at that time." But in Antwerp he met with William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, exiles for the truth, and with them he promptly formed a close friendship. Tyndale had issued his first translation of the New Testament in 1525. He returned to England, where he was martyred in October, 1536, and the bright example of his faithfulness to the death may have been the crowning argument for the conversion of Rogers. Be that as it may, Rogers, shifting ground "by little and little, from day to day," and steadily growing in sympathy with the fugitives of whom he became a leading patron, had renounced his chaplaincy and become wholly a Protestant in the early part of 1537, when he married Adriana de Weydon, a Brabant lady, "more richly endowed with virtue and soberness of life than with worldly treasures."

During the same year was published the Matthew Bible, in the preparation of which Mr. Chester accords to his hero a far larger share than is usually attributed to him. Some few historians, Bale and Fuller especially, declare that Rogers translated the entire volume, but the majority have passed him by as simply a "corrector of the press." It is probable that, working under Tyndale so long as the latter lived, he completed the work by himself, revising those parts which had already been translated for the first time, and rendering the rest. At any rate, the Matthew Bible appeared under his auspices, and, if we except Wyclif's noble production, nearly two centuries older, it was the first really valuable version. Coverdale's, printed in 1535, was in every way a failure, equally untrue to the original and ill-adapted to the tongues of Englishmen. This one of Rogers', however, Archbishop Cranmer declared to be so good that no one could hope to produce a better "till a day after doomsday;" and it is substantially the version still used throughout the land. It appeared in eleven hundred and ten folio pages of black letter adorned with seventy-eight woodcuts, forming, as Mr. Chester tells us with precision, a volume measuring fourteen and a half inches in length, ten and a half in width, and three in thickness.

That is the one great work for which Rogers is entitled to enduring honor. He returned to England, now opened to Prot-



estants by Edward the Sixth's accession, in the autumn of 1548, and towards the end of the same year he published a translation of one of Melancthon's works. Mr. Chester justly defends him from Foxe's charge of implication in the doom of Joan of Kent. He makes clear the succession of his ecclesiastical preferments during Edward's reign. In May, 1550, Rogers became Rector of St. Margaret Moyses and Vicar of St. Sepulchre, both in London, and on the 24th of August, 1551, he was appointed Prebend of St. Pancras. Somewhat later he became Divinity Lecturer in St. Paul's. But, even in those sunny days for Protestantism, he had too much of the nonconforming spirit to be heartily liked by those highest in power; and then upon Edward followed Mary.

Rogers had conscientiously objected to the Lady Jane's elevation to the sovereignty, as the right was clearly with Mary; but on the 6th of August, 1553, three days after the queen's arrival in London, he delivered, at Paul's Cross, what Foxe describes as "a most godly and vehement sermon, avowing and confirming such true doctrine as he and others had there taught in King Edward's days, exhorting the people constantly to remain in the same, and to beware of all pestilent popery, idolatry, and superstition." It was his glory to be the first public assessor of those principles for which many—he the earliest—suffered martyrdom under Mary, and by which religious liberty was won for Englishmen in all succeeding time. For his bold speech he was forthwith called before the Council. Gardiner charged him with preaching against the queen. "That did I not," he declared; "let that be proved, and let me die for it!" He was arrested, and deprived of all his clerical emoluments, but less vindictive measures were resorted to than his enemies desired. For nearly half a year he remained prisoner in his own house. On the 27th of January, 1554, he was transferred to Newgate.

"Bonner," avers Foxe, "had long striven, with his utmost power, to accomplish this result, as he could not abide such an honest neighbor." From Newgate he issued noble protests for the true faith, but at the same time enjoined men to singular moderation, urging them to act as obedient subjects to the Queen's Highness, and rather to give

their heads to the block than in any point to rebel or once mutter against the Lord's Anointed. In writing and praying, and in such converse with his fellow-prisoners and his wife and other visitors as the rigid prison-rules would allow, a year was passed. On the 22d of January, 1555, he was again taken before the Council, and then there could be no question of his doom. Brow-beating and wanton cruelty, such as always accompany religious persecution, Rogers had to face, and there was in him the same rare patient endurance of insult as in thousands of brave martyrs. Sir Richard Southwell scornfully told Rogers that, when he came to the burning, he would not be so confident and fearless. "Sir, I cannot tell," he answered, raising his eyes to heaven, "but I trust to my Lord God, yes." On returning to his cell, Rogers wrote a very eloquent account of his examination, and compiled appropriate messages to the wife and children, from whom he knew he must very soon be separated. These latter were penned on "the 27th of January, at night." On the morning of the 28th he was, with unseemly haste, brought up for the final trial, which occupied two days, although its issue had been long decided. On Monday morning, the 4th of February, he was burnt. At almost the last moment Sheriff Woodroffe urged him to recant. "That which I have preached I will seal with my blood," was Rogers' only answer. "Then thou art an heretic," said the sheriff. "That," meekly replied Rogers, "shall be known at the day of judgment." Woodroffe was not pleased. "Well," he said, "I will never pray for thee." "But I will pray for *you*!" answered Rogers, and in that brave Christian temper he died.

Of the martyr's children Daniel rose to be a skilful, honest diplomatist, a man after Walsingham's own heart, under Queen Elizabeth. A dear friend of Sir Philip Sidney, he was, we are told by Camden, "excellently well learned." Mr. Chester's brief account of him is especially valuable, because in it he is able to rectify some inaccuracies into which Mr. Motley has fallen, and to present the man in a much truer and worthier light than is thrown on him through the pages of the "History of the United Netherlands."

Mr. Chester's book, we should add, is adorned with a portrait and five illustrations.



From The Spectator.

## INTELLECTUAL INSTINCTS.\*

THE valuable portion of this little book is the first,—on what we may call the Intellectual Instincts. The second, on Reason, could not be discussed to much purpose, even succinctly, within the brief limits of Sir George Ramsay's book, but he has done good service in bringing pointedly before the philosophical world the large instinctive element which still remains unexplained at the basis of all our intellectual operations. It is too common to confine the notion of instinct to active processes, and the result has been a fatal narrowing of the whole field of discussion on this subject. In fact intellectual instinct is quite as important as active instinct, and is usually involved in it. Instinctive acts and emotions are those, as Sir G. Ramsay reminds us, which are, in the individual at least, *original*, not slowly built up out of association and habit—which are involuntary—which force themselves on us without any thought of our own, and which spring up *beneath* the field of consciousness and cannot be adequately justified in that field but must be assumed as justifying themselves. For example, take the case of parental love; so far as it is an instinct at all, it is due to no education, or meditation, or will, or habit, but asserts its own force over the mind; it springs into existence beneath the field of consciousness, and if asked to justify itself to another who has not experienced it, it can do so only by asserting imperatively its own overpowering vitality. Here, then, we have the type of a true instinct: but the thinking world has not generally perceived that the whole basis of our intellectual life, as well as our moral, emotional, and active, rests upon such instincts, and that this fact has a great bearing upon the theory of instinct which Mr. Darwin recently brought so ably before the world in his theory of species. Let us take Sir G. Ramsay's four *notes* of intellectual instinct:—

“The characteristics of instinctive knowledge may more methodically be summed up thus:—

First.—It must be *original*, not derived from previous knowledge. From this it follows, as a corollary, that it is got without effort, whether we will or not; without seeking, without meditation; that it neither demands nor admits of logical proof.

“Secondly,—It must be *universal*, held by all men without exception; even by those who profess to doubt it.

\* *Instinct and Reason on the First Principles of Human Knowledge.* By Sir George Ramsay, Bart. Walton and Maberly.

“Thirdly.—It must be *irresistible*, proof against all sceptical arguments, though unanswerable.

“Fourthly.—It must not be self-evident, like the axioms of mathematics; in other words it must not be *discerned* to be true. The corollary from this is, that the denial of instinctive truth, however perverse, is still admissible; for such denial is, strictly speaking, not absurd, that is, not directly opposed to reason.

“These four characteristics, with their corollaries, sufficiently determine what is instinctive knowledge.”

Now we have a remark to make on this fourth criterion of instinctive knowledge. It is true to say that instinctive knowledge must not, properly speaking, be self-evident; must not, *while it remains indistinctive*, be *discerned* to be true, but it is a great mistake to say that any knowledge, which is knowledge at all, can *in no case* be discerned to be true. Sir G. Ramsay says that a man's knowledge of his personal identity differs from his knowledge that “lines equal to the same line are equal to one another,” in that the one is not discerned to be true, and the other is. We say, on the contrary, that there are stages in every man's life when neither the one nor the other are *discerned* to be true, though they are implicitly assumed to be true,—though they *regulate* all the actions and the life, as instinctive knowledge. Again there comes a time when both the one and the other truth are *discerned*—the one as truly discerned as the other,—the personal truth as certainly as the mathematical truth. The lower animals assume, and act upon the assumption of, their personal identity as habitually as man; otherwise a dog beaten once would not be disposed to refrain from the act which brought him the beating; the assumption of personal identity is as clearly there wherever there is memory, as in the man, but the dog does not think about it and discern it,—he does not bring it within the discriminating power of his reason. The child is, in its infancy, in just the same position,—it assumes for all practical purposes, but never discerns, its personal identity. But that it is a truth as capable of intellectual discernment as mathematical axioms themselves seems to us perfectly clear.

But Sir G. Ramsay would have been right in saying that the majority of instinctive truths are not like the particular class of mathematical truths, capable of being made evident to others, and is quite right in saying that their denial is not intrinsically self-contradictory. But this is a cross division which distinguishes the instinctive truths founded, in each case, on individual experience from those founded on external facts



accessible to all alike. I can never make evident to another *my* grounds for believing in my own personal identity, and if another man had lost all sense of his own personal identity, if he forgot one moment the *self* of the previous moment and looked upon himself as a different man, I could assert that he was not sane but not that he was self-contradictory. The fact on which intellectual instincts usually rest is a fact of individual experience alone, where no one else's experience can invalidate yours. A mother without maternal instincts could as easily be made to appear *logically* incoherent—which of course would be impossible—as a man without the instinct (and perception founded on the instinct) of his personal identity. He would be a man with a craze, no doubt, because this sense of personal identity runs through everything; but if he cannot identify *himself*, no one can do it for him. The fact, therefore, on which the knowledge derived from intellectual instincts usually rests is a personal fact, accessible to no mind but one. The facts on which mathematical knowledge rests are external and objective facts open to all the world. In the former case, therefore, *both* the basis of fact *and* the perceiving power lie in the individual mind; in the latter only the perceiving power, the basis of fact being patent to all the world.

If, now, Sir G. Ramsay wishes to deny the name of instinct to the latent and regulative general *forms* of the mind, and to keep it for the latent and regulative individual *facts* of the mind, we have no objection; only we say, do not deny that these truths are as capable as any others of clear *discernment*, and only incapable of being made evident by one to another, because the fact which makes it evident to my mind is not that which makes it evident to yours. It is a similar fact, but not the same.

This being premised, we must add that Sir G. Ramsay's list of intellectual instincts is very defective. He enumerates "personal identity," "knowledge of matter"—he should rather say, "knowledge of something distinct from mind"—"knowledge of uniformity in nature," "knowledge of our own free will," "belief in human testimony." But one of the clearest cases of an intellectual instinct is left out, in the *classifying* instinct, which is as strong in the lower animals as in man. When the slave-making ant avoids the *pupæ* of the little yellow ant, or uses them only for food, knowing that they will not make good slaves, while it seizes with the greatest eagerness the *pupæ* of the red ant, to train itself up new slaves—is not the classifying instinct as distinctly developed as in man himself? That repeated perceptions of different individuals of the

same class tend to form in the mind a certain instinctive or working notion of a class, is a fact at the basis of our whole intellectual nature, without which we could scarcely be said to have an intellectual nature, and it is a fact common to us with the lower animals.

Again, Sir G. Ramsay has omitted the interpretative instincts of man—by which we attribute (long before definite associations of ideas can have been formed) a certain meaning to the expression of the human face and manner—to smiles and frowns, and the other symbols of thought and emotion. Probably the "instinct of belief in human testimony" is really to be classed as simply *one* of the tendencies to ascribe a definite meaning to the moral *expressions* of men, whether those expressions be conveyed through the eye and ear, or in any other way. This is one of the highest class of our intellectual instincts, and also one which scarcely ever passes at all, during our human life, into the region of really intellectual *discernment*.

On the whole, though, Sir G. Ramsay's little book has interest and acuteness; it would have been better if he had left Logic to others, and expanded the portion on intellectual instincts into a dissertation which is much needed.

The subject needs the more notice, because the discussion of the origin of instinct raised by Mr. Darwin was exceedingly embarrassed by the restriction to active instincts, which have a direct tendency to preserve and advantage the race of the beings which possess them. The theory of "natural selection" was—that creatures accidentally, and perhaps abnormally gifted with a special advantage in organization, often transmit that advantage, and that so soon as a species thus springs up of which it is a permanent and marked feature, the advantage they possess tends to prolong and multiply *their* class rather than that of the competing and inferior species, which become the prey of natural enemies, while the gifted species survives and increases. The knotty point of the problem was, how far the operation of this cause might be supposed to extend. Could it in any way account for the first birth of species—for the *origin* of instinct as well as its modification? We think the intellectual instincts would have something to say on this head. Could the classifying instinct, for instance, *originate* in the mind of an accidentally gifted ant, which for the first time should begin to recognize as a class the red ants, and as a distinct class the white ants? Is it not clear that in these intellectual instincts we have a starting-point which, though no doubt capable of indefinite improvement, cannot be supposed to originate in elements other than mental?



From The Spectator.  
ELIMINATE.

SIR,—As a reader of your journal for the last twenty-five years, I beg to tender you thanks for the nervous and correct language which has marked its columns, and for the frequent protests it has made against mannerisms of style and the lax employment of words and phrases by public writers. May I be permitted to call your attention to the term "*eliminate*" (with its nominal form), as one in which I observe a tendency towards a corrupt and confused meaning amongst some inferior writers, which it may be useful to check in time.

Its derivation explains its meaning to be that of "thrusting out" or "expelling;" its philosophical use is that of casting out a confusing or non-essential element, so as to exhibit the relations of the essential factors of a problem. Figuratively speaking, *eliminate* always refers to the "dross," never to the "precious ore," to the accident, not the cause—to the falsehood, not the truth.

We have words in plenty for expressing the idea of "bringing into view" the end or object desired, such, to wit, as elicit, evolve, unfold, deduce, discover, develop, etc., but we have, I think, hardly another word equivalent to "*eliminate*;" to "exclude" does not fully meet the sense required, and to "weed" is too specific and metaphorical.

To generalize the word "elimination," therefore, so as to make it signify no more than "evolution" is not only to confound an obvious distinction between "casting out" and "bringing out," the one referring to that which is worthless, the other to that which is worthy, but it leaves our language without an exact philosophical term which is in constant demand.

Your own pages afford many illustrations of its precise and proper employment. Here is one taken from your article on "The Confessions of a Reforming German Duke," August 24, p. 915: "Liberalism is a political faith which can scarcely be said to exist in very small societies, so much does it depend on a circle of various interests wide enough to *eliminate* selfish individual wants, and give a certain breadth to patriotic zeal."

In the same number, p. 929, column 1st, I find another example: "Of too early marriages, the author says, with striking justice, that they *eliminate* the period of youth from a workman's life."

The current number of the *National Review* presents another instance of the right use of the word. It will be found in an Essay on the book of "Ecclesiastes," p. 155: "The thinker may not be conscious of tending towards Atheism, or of having *eliminated* from his world the only power which gives to man any personal consciousness of a God."

It is clear, from these examples, that to use the word "elicit" in these passages, would be, indeed, to "eliminate" the meaning, not to express or "elicit" it. To find this substitution in curious specimens of second-rate temperance literature, as in the *Weekly Record*, where the editor blames Dr. Lees for *not* taking the wisest methods of "*eliminating* the truth!"—is not surprising; but when we pass to such respectable works, as in general issue from the press of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, and find the same vulgarisms creeping into use, the fact seems to call for special protest and rebuke, from all lovers, of "the pure well of English undefiled," and from all who appreciate the value of precision in philosophical language. I allude to a volume which has been noticed with some praise in your columns, *The past and Present Life of the Globe*, by David Page, F.G.S.

At p. 118, I find an example, which is repeated again and again, the word evidently being a favorite phrase, though always employed in the false sense: "The plants and animals of the newer epochs bear the impress of specialization, and find in new external conditions a fitting habitat for their growth and *elimination*"!!! (meaning development).

Again, at p. 221, I find a double offence in a single sentence: "Not progress from imperfection to perfection of purpose, but from mechanism to the subtler *elimination* of mind . . . from a long azoic period, during which the material elements were being *eliminated* into mechanical order."

Allow me, sir, the advantage of your columns to protest against the notion that "elimination" is "development" on the one hand, or "arrangement" on the other: above all, to reclaim "against the absurdity that progress can in any sense consist in the 'casting-out' of mind."

Yours Truly,

F. R. L.

Leeds, January 11, 1862.



*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, the petition of the Subscriber respectfully sheweth :*

THAT inauspicious as the present state of our national affairs may seem in some respects, it is favorable to the correction of a practice, long established, and of great damage to the stability of mercantile transactions, and to the pecuniary interest of the government. That is, — suffering private corporations to usurp the sovereign power of creating the Currency.

So vital does the Constitution consider this point, that it prohibits the *States* from coining even Gold and Silver. How much more important that they should not coin paper! And yet they have done this—and done it by irresponsible deputies.

In ordinary times it would be almost impossible to correct this practice, by means of which some hundreds of corporations now *divide among themselves two hundred millions of dollars*, borrowed without interest from the people, and lent back to the same people upon interest. The political power of these corporations and their debtors would ordinarily be too strong to be resisted, and it is only when danger is upon us that an aroused patriotism makes it possible to resume this neglected attribute of sovereign power, and make it available for the defence of the nation.

And this may now be done gradually, and without any violent changes of existing customs or interests, by a process which has long been in successful practice in England, and which is as simple as is the planting of corn,—a process by which there will grow up a harvest of such abundance that it will pay off our debt; and in its other results will repay all the money loss occasioned by the war.

Let Gold to pay the Interest of the Public Debt, be deposited in the Mint, and let such interest be paid by Mint Drafts in sums of 5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 dollars. These drafts should be payable in New York and Boston as well as in Philadelphia. As they will be of the same value as gold, and more convenient except for exportation, the gold itself, after the necessary amount shall have entered into circulation, will only be called for, when needed for sending abroad. When Peace shall return there will be a rapid,

large, and permanent accumulation of gold in the Mint and other depositories; while Mint Drafts will be supplying its place in all parts of the Republic. By such a process the Bank of England has always in circulation notes never less in amount than one hundred millions of dollars.

When it shall have been found that a considerable amount of gold has remained uncalled for, let a Board of Currency be empowered to invest portions thereof, from time to time, in United States Stock. Let the interest of such Stocks be invested in the same manner. The result will be First,—that the whole debt will rapidly be absorbed, as shown hereafter; and Second,—that such an *unfluctuating Currency* will be provided for all parts of the country as will give security and steadiness to business, and will thus raise the standard of mercantile morality. Men who have lived long amidst the floods and ebbs of Bank-note Currency, by which so many thousands have been shipwrecked, will not think it extravagant to estimate this last advantage as a sufficient recompense for the money losses of the Rebellion.

It will cost nothing to begin such a policy. If proved good upon trial it will grow with the steadiness of nature, and when mature will supplant (as it ought) all other than National Currency. How much such growth will be impeded, or quickened, by the present derangement of our finances, and the failure of the Banks, it is not easy to compute. A table is appended, which is estimated to be below the mark. In less than twenty years from this time it would probably become an established doctrine that the proper business of Banks is to lend money, not to borrow or coin it.

Whatever other plans of Currency or Banking you may sanction, pray try this also. If it be worthy, as your petitioner believes, it will when once set in operation, outlive and outgrow all others. It is immaterial to the argument whether the progress be more or less rapid than is indicated in the Table.

It is evident that the growth of this Sinking Fund and of our National Credit and



Power, depend upon such Taxation as shall pay the Interest and other expenses of the government. It is desirable, and seems almost necessary, that such a Tariff as will yield the greatest revenue (and to be altered only to correct mistakes on this point) should be considered as fixed for twenty-five years. This settled policy, added to such Direct Taxation as would make the revenue suffi-

cient to pay current expenses, including Interest, would *this year* make our National Credit strong enough to bear any strain which the possible pressure of Europe may make necessary. In 1888 our population will be seventy millions, and the Budget may then safely be put on a Peace establishment.

E. LITTELL.

*Living Age Office, Boston, 6 Feb. 1862.*

### SINKING-FUND AND NATIONAL CURRENCY.

#### ESTIMATED GROWTH IN 25 YEARS.

THE present Bank-note Currency is estimated to exceed 200 millions. Mint Drafts would gradually supplant it, and increase as the growing business of the country should require.

Suppose that by 1863 there should be a circulation of Mint Drafts, over and above the amount brought in for payment, of 20 millions, thus leaving that amount of gold uncalled for, and that it would be safe to invest in U. S. Stocks 10 millions thereof.

Invest then, 10 millions, - - - - -										10
1864	Interest on 10 millions	-	7-10 millions, which invest with 10	3-10 more						11
1865	"	21	"	1 1-2	"	"	10 1-2	"		12
1866	"	33	"	2 1-2	"	"	10 1-2	"		13
1867	"	46	"	3	"	"	11	"		14
1868	"	60	"	4	"	"	11	"		15
1869	"	75	"	5	"	"	11	"		16
1870	"	91	"	6	"	"	11	"		17
1871	"	108	"	7	"	"	11	"		18
1872	"	126	"	9	"	"	11	"		20
1873	"	146	"	10	"	"	11	"		21
1874	"	167	"	12	"	"	11	"		23
1875	"	190	"	13	"	"	11	"		24
1876	"	214	"	15	"	"	11	"		26
1877	"	240	"	17	"	"	11	"		28
1878	"	268	"	19	"	"	11	"		30
1879	"	298	"	21	"	"	11	"		32
1880	"	330	"	23	"	"	11	"		34
1881	"	364	"	25	"	"	11	"		36
1882	"	400	"	28	"	"	11	"		39
1883	"	439	"	30	"	"	11	"		41
1884	"	480	"	33	"	"	11	"		44
1885	"	524	"	37	"	"	11	"		48
1886	"	572	"	40	"	"	11	"		5
1887	"	623	"	43	"	"	11	"		
1888	"	677	"	47	"	"	11	"		

So the amount of U. S. Stocks absorbed would be 735 millions; of which 452 mil is Interest, and 283 millions Principal. The outstanding Mint Drafts being under millions at the end of the 25 years; which is, as it ought to be, much less in proportion than the corporation paper now is.



## DEAD.

THE seasons weave their ancient dance,  
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,  
The world rolls on through day and dark,  
Regardless of our joys or woes !

Still up the breezy western slopes  
The reaper girls, like apples brown,  
Bend singing to their gleeful toil,  
And sweep the golden harvest down :

Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds  
The boles of cedar and of pine,  
Chants the lone blackbird from the brake  
With melancholy voice divine :

Still all about the mossy tracks  
Hums at his darg the woodward bee ;  
Still fitfully the corn-crake's note  
Comes to me from the upland lea :

Still round the forest bower SHE loved,  
The woodbine trails its rich festoons ;  
The slumbrous poppies burst and fall  
Beneath the silent autumn moons.

Still round her lattice, perched aloof,  
In sunny shade of thatched eaves,  
The jasmine clings, with yearning pale,  
And withers in its shroud of leaves :

Still round the old familiar porch  
Her cherished roses blush and peer,  
And fill the sunny air with balm,  
And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here within, one touch of change !  
The footstool—the embroidered chair—  
The books—the arras on the wall—  
The harp—the music,—all are there.

No touch of change ! I close my eyes—  
It cannot be SHE comes no more !  
I hear the rustling of her dress ;  
I hear her footstep on the floor.

I feel her breath upon my brow ;  
I feel her kiss upon my cheek :—  
Down, phantoms of the buried past !  
Down, or my heavy heart must break.  
—*Poems by a Painter.*

## UNDER THE CROSS,

I CANNOT, cannot say—  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on—  
“ Thy will, O God, be done.”

I cannot, in the wave  
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,  
Look up to heaven, with spirit brave  
With holy chrism ;  
And while the whelming rite goes on,  
Murmur, “ God's will be done.”

I am not strong to bear  
This sudden blast of scorching breath,  
Which blossoms hope in black despair,  
And life in death ;  
I cannot say, without the sun,  
“ My God, thy will be done.”

I thought, but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will ;  
And that it would be sweet to say—  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon,  
“ Thy will, my God, be done.”

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart ;  
And Pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, “ God's will be done.”

O shadow, drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride ;  
O flood ! that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide !  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
“ God's will, not mine, be done.”

Now, faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross—heavy and rude—  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed ;  
The holy words my pale lips shun—  
“ O God, thy will be done.”

Pity my woes, O God !  
And touch my will with thy warm breath ;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death ;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, “ Thy will be done ! ”

January 1, 1862. W. C. R.  
N. Y. Examiner.

## ABSENCE.

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation  
Against thy strength,  
Distance, and length ;  
Do what thou canst for alteration :  
For hearts of truest metal  
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,  
He soon hath found  
Affection's ground  
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.  
To hearts that cannot vary,  
Absence is Presence, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,  
That I can catch her,  
Where none can watch her,  
In some close corner of my brain :  
There I embrace and kiss her ;  
And so I both enjoy and miss her.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 927.—8 March, 1862.

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DRINKING SONGS. *Mr. Haskell*: Under the caption of "*Brilliant*," you have published the following

## DRINKING SONG.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet  
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,  
So through life's desert springing sweet,  
The flower of friendship grows;  
And as, where'er the roses grow,  
Some rain or dew descends,  
'Tis Nature's law that wine should flow  
To wet the lips of friends.  
Then once again, before we part  
My empty glass shall ring;  
And he that has the warmest heart  
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat:  
But gray-haired sages think  
It means, Be moderate in your meat,  
And partly live to drink;  
For baser tribes the rivers flow  
That know not wine or song:  
Man wants but little drink below,  
But wants that little strong,  
Then once again, etc.  
O. W. HOLMES.

To have written anything for the benefit of mankind, and especially of the rising generation, must remain among the *hæc dim meminisse juvabit* of the writer. I therefore send you a humble imitation, making up in grave, every-day truth, whatever it may lack, in Bachanalian fiction.

## DRINKING SONG.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet,  
The reckless drunkard goes,  
He cannot keep upon his feet,  
And tumbles on his nose.  
Wine wears its welcome out, ere long—  
Says he, the time has come,  
To change this trash for something strong,  
And wet my lips with rum.  
Then once again, before we part,  
My empty glass shall ring;  
And he that has the warmest heart  
Shall first be drunk on sling.

They say we were not born to eat,  
And gray-haired tipplers think  
We spend too much for butcher's meat,  
And not enough for drink.  
Water may suit the grov'ling soul  
Unused to wine and song—  
Now soon we think the sparkling bowl  
Can never be too strong!  
Then once again, before we part,  
My empty glass shall ring,  
And he that has the warmest heart  
Shall first be drunk on sling.

About our path, about our bed,  
When care and sorrow come,  
There's nothing for an aching head  
And bursting heart like rum.

Wine, on the jaded stomach falls—  
'Tis profitless to sip.  
The leech prescribes—and nature calls  
For Santa Cruzian flip.  
'Twas *mala praxis*, from the first;  
And now no power can save—  
Death comes, at last, to quench his thirst,  
Deep in the drunkard's grave.  
Then once again, before we part,  
My empty glass shall ring—  
And he who has the warmest heart  
Shall first be drunk on sling.  
—*Transcript.* SIGMA.

## UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[From "The Martyrdom of Kelavane. A Poem." London, 1861. — Kelavane was a Georgian princess, who was martyred for Christianity by the Persians in 1624.]

THE sweet solemnities of simple prayer—  
That blessed mystery of daily life!  
The earth hath unseen altars everywhere,  
To pacify with love the world of strife.  
Out of the darkness comes a holy cry  
Of children to their Father, all night long;  
A cry for help goes up the silent sky,  
A cry that love transforms into a song.

The tempest roars, but cannot ring it down;  
The thunder stills it not; the ocean wild  
May howl up through the heavens, it cannot  
drown  
The simplest prayer that's breathed by a  
child.

Men walk among the ancient yromises,  
And know that God is on Mount Horeb still,  
Although no prophet sees him face to face,  
Although no more he thunders from the hill.

The silence of the desert still is his;  
The pilgrimage of sorrow, his dread hand  
Doth guide through all the weary wilderness,  
Betwixt old Egypt and the promised land.  
The mother mourning by the bed of death,  
The childless widow, and the orphan lone.  
Cry all, "O Father!" and the ear of faith  
Receives its answer from the eternal throne.

And still the cry goes up the silent night;  
From out the trouble goes a prayer for peace;  
And from the darkness goes a cry for light;  
And from captivity for sweet release;  
And from repentant lips, with pleading hoarse,  
Rise hope's faint accents, broken with dismay;  
And from the flaming bosom of remorse  
A cry for that sweet peace it threw away.

Oh, heartfelt prayers have more than angels'  
wings;  
And bruised souls there be, and men forlorn,  
Who sit all night and cry aloud with kings,  
Who lay aside their golden crowns, and mourn  
In one community of humble hearts,  
O'er all the earth where faithful men have trod,  
In that grand unity which faith imparts,  
The mystery of one broad life in God.



From The Quarterly Review.

*Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady-Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales: with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote-Books.* Two vols. London, 1861.

MORE than twenty years ago the world was scandalized by the appearance of the "Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth," which made public such strange revelations respecting the court-history of the Regency. The book was condemned by public opinion, with an universal and righteous expression of disgust. The compiler, for the sake of earning a little money, had poured profusely out all the scandal hoarded in volumes of ill-natured note-books, and in numbers of confidential and careless letters, deeply affecting the character of some and the memory of many more, and in especial that of a benefactress. But it would probably have been dismissed with more of contempt than of hostile notice, had it not also deeply affronted two classes of readers, usually opposed to each other—those who thought conservative principles engaged in the defence of the character of George IV., of which singular sect there were still a few living in 1838; and those, more powerful in that day, who had more or less committed themselves by their advocacy of the unfortunate Queen Caroline. Twenty years more have pretty nearly disposed of both these classes, and indeed of all who take any interest in the intrigues of Carlton House, and Warwick House, and Connaught Place, except as matters of historical gossip, or who care for the accurate distribution of posthumous contempt between the unhappy couple whose sordid quarrels were once affairs of State, and puzzled the wits and almost broke the hearts of statesmen who had nerve to confront Europe in arms. It is therefore with comparative indifference that we find the favorite tattle of our grandmothers once more revived by the publication of these relics of Miss Cornelia Knight, or Ellis Cornelia Knight, as she signs herself; lady-companion, as she ought to have been styled—under-governess as people would persist in styling her—to the Princess Charlotte during the eventful years of her life 1813 and 1814. Not that we would commit the gross injustice of comparing Miss Knight to the diarist in question. We cannot believe

that Miss Knight intended her so-called Autobiography for publication, though her editor, Mr. Kaye, gives reasons for thinking she did; and, at all events, she did not betray, or enable others to betray, the confidences made to her in correspondence, by keeping and docketing private letters. Nor are her remains satirical in style, nor very liberal in their revelations. Miss Knight had the character in her generation of being an extremely cautious person, and her caution exhibits itself curiously enough in these volumes; for while at one time she notes down, in the most tranquil and matter-of-fact way, circumstances which any one who was interested in the personages concerned would forget if they could, or commit at all events to their memory alone, she seems at other times embarrassed by the delicacy of her own secrets, and chronicles them with much apparatus of mystery. She reminds us, occasionally, of that poor comrade of Thistlewood the traitor who wrote down some political sentiments in prison to please a fancier of autographs, but could not refrain, through habit, from designating Sidmouth and Castlereagh by initials and dashes, though he was going to be hanged next morning. But the general impression produced by the present diarist is only a trifle less painful than that left by her predecessor. She is constantly imputing, often by such quiet insinuation as is not readily detected, low or crooked motives to almost every person concerned in the Princess Charlotte's affairs. Traits of the worst description are recorded with such dispassionate tranquillity, that it is only on reflection and second reading that we become conscious how very base, and even shocking, are the conduct or sentiments thus calmly ascribed. It is therefore one of those books of scandal of which it is impossible not to regret the publication; such as do but cause unnecessary annoyance, if not to the living, to those who cherish the memories of their dead, while they add absolutely nothing to our knowledge of any fraction of history worth knowing. But as such books will always continue to be published while money is an object with "families into whose hands they have got," and will certainly be read when published (Miss Knight has already reached a third edition), we must content ourselves with entering this, our conventional protest,



in opposition to the arguments by which Mr. Kaye justifies the publication, and proceed.

Miss Knight was the daughter of Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, an officer of well-deserved reputation. She made the acquaintance, as a girl, of "Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and other celebrities of the age." She attained in her day considerable reputation "as a lady of extensive learning and manifold accomplishments." Mrs. Piozzi calls her "the far-famed Cornelia Knight." She wrote "*Dinarbas, a Sequel to Rasselas*," and "*Marcus Flaminius, a View of the Military, Political, and Social Life of the Romans*," a novel in two volumes, which, as Mr. Kaye rather satirically remarks, "being in the stately classical style, hit the taste of the age." But judging from these remains alone, and not having read either *Dinarbas* or *Marcus Flaminius*, we should be inclined to suspect that the learning which gained her celebrity did not reach much beyond the standard required for astonishing "persons of quality." It did not certainly preserve her from startling historical mistakes, or from a pertinacious inability to spell foreign names (which her editor has not taken the trouble to correct), and to scan either French or Latin verses.\*

Miss Knight's father, Sir Joseph, died in 1775, when she was about eighteen; and Lady Knight, being in straitened circumstances, and unable to obtain a pension, went with her daughter to live on the Continent. They dwelt a good deal at Rome, where Miss Knight picked up an amount of knowledge of the personages and ways of its curious court very rare with English people, and which furnishes the most amusing portion of her foreign diaries. She was at Rome when the French agitator, Basseville, was murdered by the Conservative mob, in 1793. In 1798, when Berthier occupied the Eternal City, she and her mother effected their escape to Naples with some difficulty. And here commences that which—when we remember what she afterwards became—is the most curious chapter in Miss Knight's history; over which her editor passes with very discreet forbearance of remark. She and her mother established the closest intimacy with Sir William Hamilton, the British envoy, and with his too celebrated wife. They partook in all the vehement enthusiasm with

which the victory of the Nile and Lord Nelson's triumphant arrival at Naples were saluted by the English there. They were also the eye-witnesses and the partakers of the idolatry evinced by the King and Queen of Naples, and by Lady Hamilton, for the hero who threw himself so unsuspectingly into their arms. She became a kind of deputy poetess laureate for the occasion; added a stanza—"Join we great Nelson's name," and so forth—to the National Anthem; and addressed strains commencing, "Come, cheer up, fair Delia," to Lady Hamilton, in connection with the great commander. She became, apparently, the indispensable inmate of that circle. She accompanied them to Palermo, and there Lady Knight died, in 1799; and "*Cornelia*," says the editor, "in fulfilment of her mother's dying injunctions, placed herself under the protection of the Hamiltons." Miss Knight herself tells us nothing of this, nor of the causes which led her to form so close an attachment to her ladyship, whom she cautiously terms "a singular mixture of right and wrong." She only informs us that she left Sicily in company with the Hamiltons, with Lady Hamilton's mother Mrs. Cadogan, Lord Nelson, and the Queen of Naples, on the 8th June, 1800, for Leghorn; and proceeded thence to Ancona, which place they reached after a difficult and somewhat romantic journey. She reached Trieste by a different ship; but there rejoined the Hamilton and Nelson party, and proceeded with them on what may be called their triumphal route through Germany, by Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg. They arrived in town in November, when Miss Knight "went to a hotel in Albemarle Street with Mrs. Cadogan." And it is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Knight's account of the journey contains little but a chronicle of the decorous ovations with which it was attended.

Now let us turn to the other side of the story. In the summer of 1800, Mrs. St. George, an Irish widow lady of family, was residing in Germany, and familiar with several of its courts. She was young, of much talent, and a very lively power of observation. Portions of her "*Journal*" have been printed by her son, the present Dean of Westminster. We extract from it without comment, which is quite unnecessary, the passages which relate to the sojourn of Nelson,

\* See vol. ii., pp. 181 and 197.



the Hamiltons, and Miss Knight at Dresden:—

“Oct. 2.—Dined at the Elliots’. [Mr. Elliot was British Minister at the Saxon Court.] While I was playing at chess with Mr. Elliot, the news arrived of Lord Nelson’s arrival, with Sir. W. and Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Cadogan, mother of the latter, and Miss Cornelia Knight, famous for her ‘Continuation of Rasselas’ and ‘Private Life of the Romans.’

“Oct. 3.—Dined at Mr. Elliot’s, with only the Nelson party. It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all the features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes bright blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice low, but not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity, who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of that General. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most devoted and submissive I have seen. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. Miss Cornelia Knight seems the decided flatterer of the two, and never opens her mouth but to show forth their praise; and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton’s mother, is what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honor of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face, but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. . . .

“Oct. 7.—Lady H—— continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain, even to folly, and stamped with the manner of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and

has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says she will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England. . . .

“Oct. 8.—Dined at Madame de Loss’, wife to the Prime Minister, with the Nelson party. The Electress will not receive Lady Hamilton, on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot, “Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the Elector down, and — me, I’ll knock him down too.” She was not invited in the beginning to Madame de Loss’, upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse, and then Mr. Elliot persuaded Madame de Loss to invite her.

“Oct. 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliots’, given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner; after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behindhand; called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers proposed the Queen of Naples, adding, ‘She is my queen; she is queen to the backbone.’ Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavored to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty, but not till the lord and lady, or, as he calls them, Antony and Moll Cleopatra, were pretty far gone. I was so tired I returned home soon after dinner, but not till Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the queen would receive her, adding, ‘I care little about it. I had much sooner she would settle half Sir W.’s pension on me.’ After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the Tarantola. During her acting Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause, which no written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then, ‘Mrs. Siddons be d—d!’ Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the Elector never gave dinners or suppers. ‘What!’ cried she, ‘no guttling?’ Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping



round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and ribbon all flying about in the air.

"Oct. 10.—Mr. Elliot saw them on board [a boat on the Elbe] to-day. He heard by chance from a king's messenger that a frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally. He says, 'The moment they were on board there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton's maid began to scold in French about some provisions which had been forgotten, in language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words which were never spoken but by *men* of the lowest class, and roaring them out from one boat to another. Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew, and her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn.'"

Now, it may be said once for all, it is open to every one to make such allowance as he may think proper for the youth and vivacity and slightly satirical turn of the authoress of these sketches. But they must be substantially true. They were written down on the impression of the moment, and preserved for no purpose except that of communication to her own family. There is no suspicion of intended publication here. Some, in their veneration for the memory of Lord Nelson, have been displeased at their appearance. They are wrong, we think. To get at the truth about the *tracasseries* of Carlton House is of no conceivable importance to mankind; but that the character of one of the real heroes of history should be thoroughly known—known in its weaknesses no less than its strength—is of very considerable importance indeed. Such men must not be painted "en buste." Nor is there any fear that the real fame of Nelson will suffer by additional exposures of his follies about Lady Hamilton. As well criticise Samson for his relations with Dalilah. The truth is that there are marked men in history, though very few, whose character is of the Samsonic type—men of unlimited bravery, intense and contagious enthusiasm, absolute simplicity and honesty of purpose, and withal the merest children, or worse than children, in point of external demeanor

and of personal weaknesses, whether of the same nature with those of Nelson or not. Such men were Wolfe, Seidlitz, Suwarrow (to whom Mrs. St. George acutely compares Nelson). Such is Garibaldi. Men like these are always cherished, as they should be, in popular affection, and lose little or nothing of their peculiar popularity after Time has done its worst in disclosing their failings.

But the strange part of this Teniers-like bit of history, for our present purpose, consists in the light which it reflects on the real characteristics of the refined Miss Cornelia Knight, "lady-companion" a few years afterwards to the Princess Charlotte. We find her, not a young girl deprived of her natural protector, but a demure orphan of forty-two, deliberately attaching herself to the fortunes and society of this bacchanalian citizeness of the demi-monde, and her convenient mother. We do not insinuate the slightest scandal against Miss Knight. Though she must have handled a vast deal of pitch between Palermo and Albemarle Street, she remained undefiled; and far from having any imputation cast upon her, she passed for a model of decorum, if not quite "one of the most high-minded women in the world, and the kindest-hearted," as Lady Charlotte Bury calls her, in the spirit of Connaught-House partisanship. Her condescension, and that of others, to the Hamiltons, was in some degree veiled by the blaze of Nelson's glory, and the services which the boldness and readiness of his Emma had rendered to the British cause. She was attached to them by the ties of dependence and gratitude. "Most of my friends," she says after her arrival in London, "were very urgent with me to drop the acquaintance; but circumstanced as I had been, I feared the charge of ingratitude, though greatly embarrassed what to do, for things became very unpleasant." (Vol. i. p. 162.) All this sufficiently accounts for the indulgence of society towards her; but it does not account for the extraordinary circumstance that a lady, whose antecedents in this respect were so unlucky, was selected, first as the familiar attendant of the stiff Queen Charlotte, next as the "lady-companion" of that queen's granddaughter during the most critical years of her brief life. That the travelling-companion of Emma

\* Journal kept during a visit to Germany in 1799 and 1800, edited by the Dean of Westminster, pp. 75-83.



Hamilton should have been chosen, not simply to play propriety in a youthful Princess' drawing-room, but to train her heart and intellect, and watch over her under circumstances of embarrassment and delicacy almost unparalleled, is such a fact as the greatest enemy of courts would scarcely have dared to invent. We fear it can only remain on record as a proof how indescribably low the standard, not exactly of morals, but of moral sentiment, had descended in ours, at the period in question.

So, however, it fell out. In March, 1805, Miss Knight was taken into the service of Queen Charlotte, without any solicitation, she says, on her part:—

“Her Majesty had been pleased to express a desire that I should be attached to her person, without any particular employment, but that I should be lodged at Windsor, in a house belonging to Her Majesty, with a maid in her service to do the work of the house. Her Majesty added that she would allow me £300 a year, and that I should be present at her evening parties when invited, and always on Sundays and red-letter days, and be ready to attend her in the morning when required to do so.”—Vol. i. p. 168.

In this capacity she passed the melancholy season of the death of the Princess Amelia and final seclusion of George III.; and she adds some touching details of these events to those already known. In 1813 she was transferred, or rather transferred herself, to the service of the Princess Charlotte; but the circumstances of the change are very warily recounted, and not quite intelligibly. It seems that she had got heartily tired of the Queen's dreary little society—“dull, uninteresting, and monotonous; every year more confined, and ever, from the kindness of the royal family, condemned to listen to all their complaints and private quarrels.” Nor does Queen Charlotte seem to have cared particularly for Miss Knight. But Her Majesty had the tenacity of soured old age. Miss Knight could not, therefore, get herself liberated without a most disproportionate amount of finesse and diplomacy. Sir Henry Halford was the agent employed by the Regent, as it should seem, to effect the lady's extradition. He wrote her a most pressing letter, offering her among other things, as she asserts, the title of “Honorable;” and “with this letter came two from the Princess Elizabeth, one of which was

written by the Queen's desire, to give me a hint that the Prince wished I should come forward to assist him . . . but adding, that the Queen would not bias me either way. The other letter was a private one, in which she urged me to write a letter to the Queen, showing an inclination to accept, and offering to consider myself still as in her service, or terms to that effect.” The answer she received was unsatisfactory. “I saw,” she says, “that the Queen wished me to take the refusal on myself, that she might not offend the Prince.” She was dreadfully disappointed; and went, “with a heavy heart, after an hysterical fit,” to the castle, where she met such a reception as compelled her to decline the Prince Regent's proposal. But the pressure on the part of Carlton House continued, until (if we may believe her) she adopted an expedient which seems to carry one back to the days when Queen Elizabeth's courtiers used to propitiate her with purses full of broad pieces. She was aware that Her Majesty was just at this time hard pressed for cash; and, renewing her supplication for permission to depart, “offered some arrangements which I thought would serve to free Her Majesty from embarrassment, and *particularly the loan of one thousand pounds, without interest*—a sum which I knew the Queen was at that time very desirous to procure, and which, added to the salary which I gave up, and the house which she might let, would set her completely at her ease in respect to Frogmore and the farm.” But the Queen, unlike the governor of Tilbury, was proof against the allurements of the “thousand pounds.” “To this letter I received, next day, two answers—the one, relative to my offer, of course private; and the other respecting my acceptance of the employment. Both were resentful and bitter to a high degree.” Miss Knight was very angry, and so she told Lord Moira's wife and sister. “The ladies approved of my feelings, but Lord Moira did not. He thought my nerves ought to be braced against marks of resentment which he did not think I had deserved. *I did not mention to them the pecuniary part of the correspondence*; nor is it known to any human being except one friend, who will never repeat it.” (Vol. i. p. 196.) At last the arrangement was effected, as she tells us, by means of an urgent letter from the Prince Regent himself; pos-



sibly the "pecuniary part of the correspondence" had diminished her mistress' reluctance to part with her. But the Queen remained—at least in Miss Knight's belief—her fixed enemy to the end of her days; and she herself, as we shall see, ultimately repented having left Her Majesty.

On the 25th January, 1813, Miss Knight was "presented" on her new appointment. The establishment into which she had, with full knowledge of the facts, introduced herself, was certainly not such as the well-regulated mind of a duenna of fifty would usually select as a refuge after the storms of life. The daughter of George and Caroline was now just seventeen; a fine spirited girl, with much talent, much nobleness of heart, an ungoverned will, but a most affectionate, and through affection a controllable, disposition. Such is the verdict posterity may fairly pass on the poor perishing creature who then filled such a space in the public eye—the bright ephemeron of our history, or the "fair-haired daughter of the isles," of whom those who were grown men forty years ago can even now hardly read without some emotion. So hemmed in from childhood upwards by every evil influence—the victim of so much sinister design—that she should have won love and respect—that calumny should have glanced harmless from beside her, is surely enough to prove her real merit, even after all allowance for the exaggerations both of flattery and of faction, which, in her case, happened to combine. At the time when the Regent chose Miss Knight to attend her, he had been seized with a sudden fear lest his clever child should all at once chip the shell, and soar beyond his control. She had just had the boldness to ask her father, through Lord Liverpool, "that, as she understood Lady de Clifford had resigned, she might have no other governess, but an establishment of her own, and ladies-in-waiting." "I believe," says Miss Knight, "she wrote that letter by the advice of Miss Mercer Elphinstone, her old and intimate friend." We believe Miss Knight's suspicion of Miss Mercer's interference to be entirely false; and it will be seen presently how this misstatement is in keeping with many other particulars asserted or insinuated in this Autobiography respecting the lady in question, now Countess de Flahault. The Prince, however,

"was violently angry when he heard of the letter, and took Lord Eldon down with him to Windsor, where in the Queen's room, before Her Majesty, Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford, in a very rough manner the learned lord expounded the law of England as not affording Her Royal Highness what she demanded; and, on the Prince's asking what he would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, 'If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up.' Princess Charlotte heard this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier?'"—Vol. i. p. 184.

The story is differently told (as the editor points out) in Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary, and more plausibly, as the epigram is ascribed to Lady de Clifford instead of the girlish Princess. Most probably neither version is true. The result, however, of "things being in this uncomfortable state," as Miss Knight calls it, was, that the new establishment, with the Duchess of Leeds at the head as "Governess," was framed by the Regent and Sir Henry Halford as nearly on a nursery model as the case would admit of. The Princess' "coming out," if such a phrase be applicable to princesses, was indefinitely postponed. "Warwick House" was selected as her place of confinement. We copy the description of it for the benefit of modern Londoners, and to show what accommodation was thought sufficient for presumptive royalty in the times when King George III. was content with a couple of lodging-houses on the Esplanade at Weymouth, and his offspring with the brick boxes about Kew:—

"Warwick House, in which Princess Charlotte and I, with an excellent family of old servants, were now the only residents, was an old, moderate-sized dwelling, at that time miserably out of repair, and almost falling to ruins. It was situated at the extremity of a narrow lane,\* with a small courtyard and gates, at which two sentinels were placed. On the ground-floor were a hall, dining-room, library, comptroller's-room, and two very small rooms, with a good staircase, and two back staircases much

\* "At the end of Warwick Street, which stretches rom Cockspur Street towards the modern Carlton House Terrace," says the editor.



the reverse. . . . Yet for a private family it was far from being uncomfortable, though anything but royal. The drawing-room and Princess Charlotte's bedroom, with bay windows, looked on a small garden with a wall, and a road which divided it from the garden of Carlton House, to which there was a door of communication. Nothing could more perfectly resemble a convent than this residence; but it was a seat of happiness to Princess Charlotte compared with the Lower Lodge at Windsor, and she was anxiously desirous to remain in town as much as possible."

She was promised, according to Miss Knight, parties and balls, and drawing-rooms without number, to sweeten her seclusion; but no such promises were kept. "Every consideration was to be sacrificed to the plan of keeping the Princess Charlotte as much as possible a child;" and here we have the secret unconsciously revealed of great part of Miss Knight's dissatisfaction with her new office; for the title of "Sub-governess" which the court people persisted in giving her, and against which she continually remonstrated, was in keeping with that jealousy of the Princess' years which would fain have revoked the premature grant of a "lady-companion."

In this strictly watched retirement the poor young Princess had to endure a far severer trial than those of such petty annoyances—the tribulation brought on her by the quarrels between the Regent and Princess of Wales, which, in this summer, reached their height. We know that the natural yearning of a child's heart made the Princess lean strongly to the side of her mother. Great part of the people, and even of the court sympathized strongly with this tendency on her part. All London was affected on the famous occasion when their carriages met during a period of prohibited intercourse on Constitution Hill, and mother and daughter almost threw themselves into each other's arms—an event, by the way, to which Miss Knight does not advert, though it made a great sensation at the time. We know now what the Princess could not know, for none could explain it to her with the observance of the common sanctity of the maternal relation, why it was absolutely necessary to stifle that voice of affection. We know that in enforcing the separation as far as he could, the Regent was performing no more

than a duty, however repulsive. But then he, of all men, was the most utterly unfitted to enforce on a daughter precepts in themselves salutary. His deep sins against that mother—the unmanly, undignified character of his dealings with his family—the vices of his crapulous court—all these rose up in judgment against him, whenever he endeavored to take what, in the case of another father, might have been deemed salutary precautions. And all his faults were known to his daughter but too well, while the evidence of her mother's failings rested on hearsay, which she would not believe. The Regent, it must be plainly said for truth's sake, was one of those men on whom a course of hard profligacy has wrought out its own last revenge. Even when he meant well he could no longer act well. He had lost the refined sense of delicacy and honorable courtesy in dealing with man or woman; all that was left was a certain plausibility of manner, and even that manner has been severely observed upon by persons well qualified to judge. When his daughter was "thrown into agonies of grief" by the daily discussions about her mother's guilt, on the occasion of the famous Douglas Charges (in the spring of 1813), he could not forbear, according to Miss Knight, from forcing the poor girl to go with him through the hateful subject of "investigation" in the presence of Lord Liverpool, "as his confidential servant!" The Princess was "dreadfully overcome" by this piece of coarseness, and the Regent could not, for the life of him, conceive why, "for she had taken everything he had said to her, *when alone*, perfectly well!" Scenes illustrating the same deficiency of moral perception on his part abound throughout these pages.

"The Prince took me aside this evening [very shortly after her engagement with the Princess], and talked to me for a long while against the Princess of Wales, and the little regard she had shown for Princess Charlotte when a child, and how by her negligence there was a mark on the Princess Charlotte's nose, having left her hands at liberty, whereas *he* used continually to watch beside her cradle. He said very severe things of the Princess of Wales in every way, and even accused her of threatening to declare that the Princess was not his daughter. I really had not remarked this little blemish on the smooth and beautiful skin of my



young Princess, and should have had great difficulty in forbearing to smile at the seriousness with which that important misfortune was mentioned, if I had not been horrified by the rest of the conversation."—Vol. i. p. 211."

Even when the Regent meant kindly, his tactless and frivolous ways of proclaiming his authority were almost as annoying as his displeasure.

"He was in high good-humor this evening, but in the midst of it tapping me on the shoulder said, 'Remember, however, my dear Chevalier' his pet name for Miss Knight, 'that Charlotte must lay aside the idle nonsense of thinking that she has a will of her own; while I live she must be subject to me as she is at present, if she were thirty, or forty, or five-and-forty.' This, of course, I did not repeat to Her Royal Highness."

Occasionally the monotony of princely intercourse was varied for the inmates of Warwick House by such scenes as the following. After a birthday dinner at Sandhurst,—

"The Prince did not speak to Princess Charlotte, the Duchess, or me, but looked as if he wished to annihilate us. . . . When the Queen was about to depart, the Prince Regent was not to be found, and we afterwards learned that he, with the Duke of York, Prince of Orange (the father), and many others, were under the table. The Duke of York hurt his head very seriously against the cellaret. In short, it was a sad business."

Yet, coarse and unfeeling as the Prince may be deemed in his conduct to his child, it is justice to his memory to say that even the narrative of the resentful Miss Knight does not ascribe to him anything amounting to cruelty. His behavior was by turns overbearing, sulky, jealous, querulous—everything but what it should have been where the object was to conciliate and to restrain; but of intentional cruelty there is no evidence.

Of the associates in the same service whom Miss Knight encountered at Warwick House, she gives the following hopeful picture :—

"The Bishop of Salisbury used to come three or four times a week, and 'do the important' as her Royal Highness' 'preceptor.' He had expressed great satisfaction at my coming into her service, and had, I know, wished it many years before; but however willing I was to be on the best terms with the Bishop, and to induce Princess Charlotte to treat him with attention, I could not

but see how narrow his views, how strong his prejudices, and how unequal his talents were to the charge with which he had been entrusted by the good old King, much against the Prince's inclination. The Bishop's first points were to arm Princess Charlotte against the encouragement of Popery and Whig principles (two evils which he seemed to think equally great), and to appear himself a man of consequence. . . . The Bishop had been preceptor to the Duke of Kent, and living much at Windsor, where he was formerly a canon, had imbibed the *bad style of manners* belonging to that place" [this is an accusation against the Collegiate Chapel which we never heard of before]; "and as it was not grafted on any natural or acquired elegance, he was in that respect also unfit for his situation; added to which his temper was hasty, and his manner easily ruffled."—Vol. i. p. 233.

We by no means accept all poor Miss Knight's jaundiced views of the personages about the Princess; but it seems clear enough, from all we know of him, that Bishop Fisher, whatever his episcopal merits may have been, was about as fit to direct the intellect and control the temper of a young and sorely perplexed girl as he would have been to nurse a child of a year old. Under the Bishop were "Dr. Short, sub-preceptor, a good sort of Devonshire man, with some classical knowledge, very little taste, an honest heart, but over-cautious temper, fearful of offending;" "Mr. Sterkey? minister of the Swiss church, who read French with the Princess," strangely described as "a man of good manners for his station, and of a very pliant disposition, ready to do anything not absolutely wicked;" and Küper, the German preceptor, suspected of being a spy. Then there was the good Duchess of Leeds (governess), who had no inclination to quarrel with anybody, and really seems to have been the most sensible and cleanest of the party :—

"Provided that she might ride two or three times a week at Hall's, a second-rate riding-school, on an old quiet horse, for exercise, get into her shower-bath, and take calomel when she pleased, dine out, and go to all parties when invited, shake hands with everybody, and touch her salary, she cared for nothing more, except when mischievous people to plague her, or curious people to know what was going on, talked to her about Princess Charlotte's petticoats being too short, of Her Royal Highness nodding in-



stead of bowing, or talking to the maids of honor at chapel between the prayers and the sermon."

None of them perhaps quite what the disappointed lady-companion paints them, but evidently a wretchedly inferior set of attendants, from whom the proud and clever Princess instinctively withdrew herself into a state of mental insulation.

Such was the muddy whirlpool into which the unfortunate Miss Knight plunged herself, and in which, after an ineffectual struggle or two, she went, as we shall see, to the bottom. Unfortunately she did not enter the household as an impartial person. All its inmates naturally took one side or the other, the mother's or the father's; she had taken the former beforehand. This is plain on her own statement. "When Lord Moira was endeavoring to persuade me to accept the place offered me," she says, "I told him my sole motive then was to assist in *rescuing a noble young creature from surrounding persecution*, to give her room to show what she really was, misunderstood as she appeared to be, and certainly capable of becoming a blessing to her country or the reverse;" and more to the same effect. This passage really affords the key to her subsequent narrative. After reading it, one feels that her protestations of impartiality and a simple desire to perform a difficulty must go for nothing. All her actions were subject to a bias, and so is her narrative. She soon lost favor with the Prince Regent, and to lose favor with him was to become the object of a kind of effeminate, spiteful, and wayward hostility. Unfortunately she did not gain it with the Princess; and this was the crowning disappointment of her life. The Princess evidently had confidence in her steadiness, and wished, in her way, to be kind to her and to love her; but she did *not* love her, nor even like her; and the efforts went against the grain. We collect this from the general tenor of the Autobiography, as well as from Lady Charlotte Bury's express statement. But, with the natural feeling of unsuccessful candidates for the attachment of a superior, Miss Knight could not ascribe this failure to any demerits of her own, and attributed it throughout to the ill offices of another. And here commences the most objectionable part of the narrative. The

person on whom Miss Knight fixed as the subject of her jealousy was Miss Mercer Elphinstone. To her she ascribes, sometimes by assertion, more often by insinuation, almost every disappointment which occurred to herself. Miss Mercer was perhaps the only one of the Princess' few intimates who was the choice of her own heart. Some years older than the latter, she was able at once to be her adviser and her bosom friend. And although herself no favorite of the Regent, nor partial to him—in fact, involved in his general dislike of the "damned ladies"—she seems to have exercised that influence, on all important occasions, in order to persuade her friend into submission to her father. That such unpalatable advice should have been given and received without any interruption of their cordial relations, does honor to both. Accordingly, in the Princess of Wales' circle, Miss Mercer was regarded as one of those who "set the mother against the daughter,"\* and Miss Knight probably shared the feelings of the Connaught-House party:—

"About this time," she says (March, 1813), "Miss Mercer Elphinstone came to town, and Princess Charlotte wrote to ask the Regent's permission for seeing her. It was evident that this had been arranged beforehand, and that the conditions were that Miss Mercer, who had more influence than any one with Princess Charlotte, should open her eyes to her mother's imprudence, and break the confidential intimacy between them."—Vol. i. p. 225.

We believe this to be altogether false. No conditions whatever were made with Miss Mercer; the permission was simply given to her father, who was in the Prince's household. However, we are told in the very next page:—

"I soon perceived the change, and also some difference of conduct towards myself. Princess Charlotte left off shaking hands with me when we met in the morning and parted at night; a circumstance trifling in itself, and unnecessary where people live in the same house together, but it was accompanied by hints that when she had an establishment her ladies should be kept at a distance; and a short time after, that her ladies ought to be peeresses or of the highest connections. I could easily guess whence all

\* Lady Charlotte Bury's Diary, i. 249. See also Moore's Diary, vol. iii. p. 112.



this was derived, but said nothing." . . . Soon after, on a similar occasion, "I burst into tears, and was obliged to remain in my room that evening. Next day Princess Charlotte hinted something about jealousy, of which I took no notice; but I perceived her mind had been poisoned."

All this—and there is much more of such stuff—seems to have been in truth the mere prompting of the "green-eyed monster." Miss Mercer and Miss Knight were on the most friendly outward terms, and the former seems to have known nothing of what was rankling in the mind of the poor lady-companion.

These petty *tracasseries* were soon to give way to intrigues and annoyance of a more serious description. No young lady of great prospects, let alone her being,—

"The loveliest maid, besides,  
That ever heired a crown,"\*

can escape rumors of flirtation; and so long as the world goes on in its present way, such will be borne on every breeze. In the case of the Princess Charlotte, these began early enough. Already, when Miss Knight joined the household, talk was busy about Captain Fitzclarence, the late Lord Munster, whom, as we have been informed, the Princess scarcely knew by sight. Her father wished her to marry the young Prince of Orange, just restored to his Dutch expectations by the fall of Napoleon. The project was taken up very strongly by the Regent, partly from exceeding desire to get rid of the additional embarrassment occasioned by his daughter in his unhappy relations with his wife. The scheme did no discredit to its promoters: the Prince's character stood high, the marriage was in consonance with the British policy; but, somehow, Orange matches (notwithstanding the instance of the great Deliverer) have seldom been popular in England. At all events, the Princess could not abide him. As soon as she discovered what was in store for her, she seems to have been anxious to escape from persecution by some other union—she had scarcely considered what. She wanted to marry some one of the Princes of Prussia—she wanted to marry the Duke of Gloucester; and however the idea may provoke a smile from those who remember that

\* When dressed for the evening, says Miss Knight, with excusable partiality, she was "the handsomest woman in the room."

kind-hearted Prince in later days, it was not thought so preposterous in 1813. Attachment to him she had not formed; but he had touched her feelings by words of friendly encouragement proffered in her deep troubles. One of her truest-hearted advisers, Lord Grey, did not disapprove of the idea. Lord Grey was a strong party man, and one whose judgment was as subject in general to be warped by party considerations as that of others; but not on a matter appealing so closely to the higher principles of his nature as the confidence of an almost friendless girl, and she the heiress of the throne. He seems, as far as we can judge, to have advised her in the spirit of a friend interested in her welfare alone, and at the same time free from that over-sensitive regard to her rank and position which affected the judgment of others:—

"About this time" (August, 1813), writes Miss Knight, "Her Royal Highness, by the advice of Miss Mercer, with whom she constantly communicated, entered into another correspondence which promised great utility. Politics were not concerned in it, and nothing could be more correct than the advice given with respect to her filial duty, as well as other points of her conduct. To this friend she communicated what had passed with her father; and the advice was, if possible, to comply with his wishes with regard to the Prince of Orange; but, if resolved to marry the Duke of Gloucester, to wait patiently until the age of twenty-one, when more efficacious measures could be pursued. This adviser professed himself the friend of the Duke, but certainly was fair and impartial in the manner in which he wrote."

A stranger notion than this seems to have entered the heads of some less authorized intermeddlers—that of marrying her to the Duke of Devonshire, then the rising star of the world of fashion. Miss Knight repeats an "ill-natured story" that Miss Mercer encouraged the Duke's expectations in this direction, in hopes that, if repulsed, he might fall back on herself. "I heard this story," she kindly says, "from every one, but did not believe it." (Vol. i. p. 243.) It gave rise, however, to the only smart saying we have seen attributed to Miss Knight, which is in Lady C. Bury's Diary: "There was hung (in a room at Warwick House) one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of Devonshire. I asked



Miss Knight whom it represented ; she said that was not known ; *it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender when young.*"

All these ideas, however, evaporated, and the disagreeable reality pressed on. The young Princess did her best to comply with the general wish. She consented to marry the Prince of Orange, and then she withdrew her consent. High and low puzzled their brains to explain that inexplicable thing "the bent of woman's fantasy." Lord Castlereagh's solution was curt and characteristic : "Faction had been busy at work upon the Princess Charlotte's mind." ("Correspondence," vol. x. p. 61.) Others laid her obstinacy at her mother's door. Others detected the influence of the clever, handsome, intriguing Duchess of Oldenburg, sister of the Czar, whose proceedings in England were the subject of much comment among professed politicians ; and these had certainly some reason to congratulate themselves on their clear-sightedness when the rejected Prince was ultimately picked up by another sister. Others looked to personal causes. Miss Knight thought the Prince "particularly plain and sickly in his look," and boyish in manner. Some said he had offended taste by a very glaring pair of scarlet breeches, donned in an inauspicious hour. Some, that by help of that "mad, droll German" Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, he got sadly intoxicated on one occasion when he had to dance with his intended—a disagreeable circumstance, but less unpardonable, perhaps, in the eyes of one who had been used (if Miss Knight can be believed) to see her father and the keeper of her father's conscience in a similar plight. The reason commonly assigned consisted in disputes about the Princess' residence in Holland ; on which much ingenious constitutional lore was spent, furnished to the Princess either by Mr. Hallam or some equally competent authority. This, however, was no doubt an "official" reason only. Whatever the real cause may have been, it lay deeper. As for the mother herself, those who are acquainted with the debasing revelations of the "Diary of the Times of George the Fourth" know how she received, and used, the disagreement. Without one thought for her daughter's real happiness, she was wholly absorbed in exultation at the defeat of her husband's hopes by that daughter's "spir-

ited" resistance. She applauded it to the echo, and professed to believe that a plot had been thereby defeated for banishing the young Princess to the Continent, and then declaring her illegitimate ! It is edifying to observe that each parent brought this charge against the other. This opposition ultimately led to those measures of increased severity on the part of the Regent which produced the Princess Charlotte's famous flight from Warwick House, in a hackney-coach, on July 12, 1814.

The immediate cause of those measures has, however, not been hitherto known. Miss Knight offers a solution of the question, if we can believe her. She brings Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg now on the scene as pressing his attentions on her mistress, "who was by no means partial to him, and only received him with civility. However, Miss Mercer evidently wished to recommend him." Had this been true, Miss Mercer could hardly repent of having promoted the event which secured a few short months of happiness to her ill-fated friend. But we believe there is no more foundation for this than for the many similar insinuations with which these pages are filled. Thus much only seems probable, that reports about Prince Leopold united with other causes in determining the Regent to get rid of all the Warwick House establishment, and carry the Princess Charlotte to his own home. And then followed the escape in question, over which we wish to pause for a few moments, merely to show the apparent hopelessness of arriving at historical truth in details when an event so notorious, and in which so many took part, is represented with such strange discrepancies of narrative by independent eye-witnesses. The following is Miss Knight's account, omitting only some details about herself, and some sly, ill-natured hits at her *bête noire* Miss Mercer :—

"About six (in the evening of the 12th July) the Regent came (to Warwick House), attended by the Bishop only (as I supposed) ; but he came up alone, and desired I would leave him with Princess Charlotte. He was shut up with her three-quarters of an hour, and afterwards a quarter more with the Bishop and Her Royal Highness. The door then opened, and she came out in the greatest agony, saying she had but one instant to speak to me, for that the Prince asked for



me. I followed her into her dressing-room, when she told me the new ladies were in possession of the house; that I and all the servants were to be dismissed; that she was to be confined at Carlton House for five days, after which she was to be taken to Cranbourne Lodge, in the midst of Windsor Forest, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a week; and that if she did not go immediately, the Prince would sleep at Warwick House that night as well as all the ladies. I begged her to be calm, and advised her to go over as soon as possible, assuring her that her friends would not forget her. She fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, 'God Almighty grant me patience!' I wished to stay and comfort her, but she urged me to go to the Prince, for fear of greater displeasure. I went to him, and he shut the door; the Bishop was with him. He told me he was sorry to put a lady to inconvenience, but that he wanted my room that evening for the ladies, repeating what Princess Charlotte had already told me. I asked in what I had offended, but he said he made no complaint, and would make none; that he had a right to make any changes he pleased, and that he was blamed for having let things go on as they had done. . . . I then made a low curtsy to him and left the room. What was my astonishment when I could not find Princess Charlotte anywhere, and when at length Miss Mercer and her maid, who had come (as was often the case) to dress her before dinner, appeared from my bedroom, the latter crying, and Miss Mercer saying she supposed Princess Charlotte was gone to her mother! The Prince came forward when I returned to the dressing-room, and I brought Miss Mercer, who desired I would do so, that she might not be suspected of anything clandestine. She told him that as she was dressing herself in Princess Charlotte's bedroom, she heard her say she would go to her mother's (Lewis, the dresser, thought when she took her bonnet she was going to Carlton House), and before they could prevent it she had disappeared. The Prince was very cool, and seemed rather pleased, saying he was glad that everybody would now see what she was, and that it would be known on the Continent, and no one would marry her. . . . The Bishop and Miss Mercer offered to go and look for her, and proposed my accompanying them, which I refused, saying I should wait, for that I did not wish to be in *that house*—meaning the Princess of Wales'—but that if I went, and Princess Charlotte asked me to stay with her, I could not refuse remaining with her *there or in a prison*. . . . About nine the Bishop returned. He did not come to me, but I heard he was gone

over to Carlton House, that he had found Princess Charlotte, but had not brought her with him. I therefore went immediately to Connaught Place, and asked to see Princess Charlotte alone. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in waiting on the Princess of Wales, came out to me and told me that Her Royal Highness was with her mother, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, and Mr. Brougham, in the next room, and the Princess of Wales desired I should walk in. She added how much the Princess had been surprised when she heard, by a messenger despatched from the house to Blackheath (whither she had gone on business), that Princess Charlotte was there, and not finding Mr. Whitbread and another member—I forget whom—to advise with, had sent for Mr. Brougham, and that before she got home Princess Charlotte had sent for the Duke of Sussex. I still begged to see Princess Charlotte alone, to which Lady Charlotte Lindsay seemed willing to consent; but Miss Mercer, who came in, said she had promised the Regent not to leave her alone with any one. I said, rather stiffly, that she might go with me, and Her Royal Highness withdrew with me into the part of the room separated by columns, when I gave her her seals, to which was annexed a key, and a letter which had come during her absence. She met me with great joy, and told me I was to stay with her, for she had written offering to go to her father on that condition, and that she would retain her maid, and receive the visits of Miss Mercer. We waited some time for the return of the Bishop with the answer to these proposals, and at length I offered to go to Carlton House, and endeavor to see the Prince. I did, but could not see him. I was told that I might see the Chancellor or Lord Liverpool. I answered I was ready to see either of them, when I was ushered into a room where the Chancellor and Lord Ellenborough were seated at each end of a long table. The former informed me that the Bishop was returned with the answer that Her Royal Highness must submit unconditionally, on which I replied that I had nothing more to do but return to her, and take her maid and night-things, as she might be obliged to remain that night in Connaught Place. . . . I went back to Princess Charlotte, taking with me Mrs. Lewis, her dresser; and when I arrived I found the Bishop had stated she must submit to return to her father unconditionally, holding out the hope that Miss Mercer would be allowed to visit her. I saw the letter she had written. It was very flattering to me; but I did not wish to have been made an object of controversy between her and her father. It was two in the morning before the Duke of York



arrived to take her away. I was too much affected to follow her down-stairs; . . . and I afterwards heard from the Duke of Sussex that a hackney-coach followed the Duke of York with the Chancellor and two other lawyers in it, as also that when dear Princess Charlotte arrived at Carlton House she was made to remain in the courtyard for more than half an hour, while they were debating within how they would receive her.\*

Let us now compare with Miss Knight's story the account given by Lord Brougham† of the same event, thirty years after its occurrence. It must be premised that this cannot be well understood without reading Lord Eldon's succinct narrative of his own share in it, as reported by Mr. Twiss:—

"When we arrived I informed her a carriage was at the door, and we would attend her home. But home she would not go. She kicked and bounced, but would not go. Well, to do my office as gently as I could, I told her I was sorry for it, for until she did go, she would be obliged to entertain us, as we would not leave her. At last she accompanied us."‡

"But this," says Lord Brougham, "is a perfect misstatement, indeed a pure fiction, and there are three persons living who know it to be so, and, having read the above lines, agree in so declaring it. When the Princess' escape became known at Carlton House (for it is not true, as stated by Mr. Twiss, that the Prince and Bishop went to see her at Warwick House, to inform her of the new constitution of her household, and that she asked leave to retire, and escaped by a back-staircase), the Regent sent notice to the heads of the law, and of his own Duchy of Cornwall establishment. Soon after these arrived, each in a separate hackney-coach, at Connaught Terrace, the Princess of Wales' residence. There were the Chancellor, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Adam, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, Mr. Leach, the Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards the Duke of Kent. There had already come to join the Princess Charlotte, Miss Mercer, now Lady

Keith and Countess de Flahault, who came by the Regent's express desire as his daughter's most confidential friend; Mr. Brougham (for whom the young Princess had sent as a person she had already often consulted); the Duke of Sussex, whose attendance he had taken the precaution of asking, knowing that he happened to dine in the immediate neighborhood; the Princess of Wales, too, had arrived from her villa at Blackheath, where she was when Mr. Brougham and Miss Mercer arrived. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, then in waiting. Dinner had been ordered by the Princess Charlotte, and the party, except the Duke of Sussex, who did not immediately arrive, were at table, when from time to time the arrival of the great personages sent by the Regent was announced, as each of their hackney-coaches in succession came into the street. Some were suffered to remain in these vehicles, better fitted for convenience than for state; but the presumptive heiress to the crown having chosen that conveyance, it was the humor of the party, which she was now delighting with her humor and interesting by her high spirits, like a bird flown from a cage, that these exalted subjects should become familiar with a residence which had so lately been graced with the occupancy of their future sovereign. Exceptions, however, were made, and the Duke of York immediately was asked into a room on the ground-floor. It is an undoubted fact, that not one of the persons sent by the Regent, not even the Duke of York, ever was in any of the apartments above-stairs for one instant until the young Princess had agreed to leave the house and return home. The Princess of Wales saw the Duke of York for a few minutes below; and this was the only communication between the company above and those below—of whom all but the Duke and the Bishop remained outside the house. After a great deal of discussion, the Princess asked Mr. Brougham what he, on the whole, would advise her to do. He said, 'Return to Warwick House or to Carlton House, and on no account pass a night out of it.' She was exceedingly affected—even to tears—and asked if he too refused to stand by her. The day was beginning to break—a *Westminster election* to reinstate Lord William (after the sentence on him which abolished the pillory and led to his re-election) was to be held that day at ten o'clock. Mr. Brougham led the young Princess to the window, and said, 'I have but to show you to the multitude which in a few hours will fill these streets and that park, and possibly Carlton House will be pulled down; but in an hour after the soldiers will be called out, blood will flow,

\* Vol. i. p. 304-310. Some slight additional details are given at the beginning of vol. ii.

† We quote from the "Law Review," vol. i.: "Life of Lord Eldon," attributed to Lord Brougham by Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors." There is a separate account in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1838, which is commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham also. And, lastly, there is the contemporaneous account in the Whig paper, the *Morning Chronicle* of July 14, 1814 (Miss Knight, vol. i. p. 311), which, from internal evidence, looks very like a *communiqué* from "Mr. Brougham." All three vary in some particulars.

‡ Life of Lord Eldon, vol. ii. p. 523.



and if your Royal Highness lives a hundred years, it will never be forgotten that your running away from your home and your father was the cause of the mischief; and you may depend upon it the English people so hate blood that you will never get over it.' She at once perceived the truth of this statement, and, without any kind of hesitation, agreed to see her uncle, below, and accompany him home. But she told him she would not go in any carriage except one of her father's, as her character might suffer; she therefore retired to the drawing-room until a royal coach was sent for, and she then went home with the Duke of York."

So far his lordship. We omit the singular story which follows, about the "protocol executed in sexplicate original," at Connaught House, before the Princess left it, solemnly recording her resolution never to marry the Prince of Orange, to which we find no allusion elsewhere.

Leaving out the contradiction of the statement in the "Life of Lord Eldon" (on which more presently), it will be seen that his lordship commences by declaring that "it is not true that the Prince and Bishop went to see the Princess at Warwick House at all." This assertion is sufficient of itself to show the extreme defectiveness of his lordship's memory. The fact that they *did* go to Warwick House is stated in all the narratives of the time, and has now received confirmation, if any such had been needed, from Miss Knight's plain narrative. We have also seen another authentic version of the occurrences at Warwick House, slightly differing from Miss Knight's but only by such minute discrepancies as occur every day between straightforward witnesses. After the Princess' first impetuous declaration that "she would go to her mother," she and the one or two friends who were endeavoring to calm her mind—

"were disturbed by the Bishop knocking loudly at the door of her bedroom; and the Princess, thinking that it was her father come to take her away, rushed through the passage which led to Miss Knight's apartment (which also communicated with the back stairs). Miss Mercer, on this, retreated to finish dressing in Mrs. Lewis' room. There was a window in this room which overlooked Warwick Lane; and the first suspicion which those in the room had of the Princess' flight was from hearing some persons who were working in the street say, 'Why, sure

it is the Princess who has run up the lane!' . . . The Princess had her bonnet on long before her interview with the Regent. Her flight was sudden and unpremeditated, under the influence of terror."

The next statement of Lord Brougham on which we are forced to comment is his description of the "dinner at Connaught Place," and of the events which there took place. It would appear from this that "the party," including Mr. Brougham himself, sat down to that jocose meal, Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, and other dignitaries of state, remaining outside, in their "hackney-coaches," not even asked indoors, while the Princess Charlotte—the terrified young creature who had just fled hither for protection against what her imagination represented as a frightful persecution—amused herself, and the rest of the company, by being extremely facetious at the expense of the dignitaries aforesaid! Such a story, if true, would scarcely increase our respect for the Princess, who, young as she was, would have been guilty of strangely indecorous trifling at such a moment, in a party of very unwonted associates. But apparently his lordship's playful memory has here again deceived him. Unless we are very much misinformed, Mr. Brougham was not one of the guests at that "dinner" at all. A hasty meal had been served in a small room adjoining the drawing-room, to which none sat down except the Princess of Wales, Princess Charlotte, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and Miss Mercer. Mr. Brougham—sent for as a legal adviser, not a guest—arrived while they were at table. The supposed concourse of hackney-coaches in front of the house during the dinner seems to be simply a melodramatic incident. Lords Eldon and Ellenborough very certainly were not there. We have seen that Miss Knight went to Connaught Place some time *after* the Princess' flight; found the above-named ladies there, and Mr. Brougham with them; waited there for some time for an answer from the Bishop of Salisbury to certain proposals; and then went to Carlton House, where she found the Chancellor and Lord Ellenborough "seated at each end of a long table." By this time it must have been late at night; and as the two legal sages were at Carlton House at the two ends of a long table, it is quite clear they were not, as Lord Brougham supposes,



sitting as butts for his and the Princess Charlotte's pleasantries in front of Connaught "Terrace," as his lordship calls it by the figure *prolepsis*. Miss Knight goes on to say, "it was two in the morning before the Duke of York arrived to take her (the Princess) away. I afterwards heard from the Duke of Sussex that a hackney-coach followed him (the Duke of York), with the Chancellor and two other lawyers in it." Lord Eldon, therefore, did not arrive until the very end of the little drama; and then, no doubt, took place the scene between him and the Princess, which Mr. Twiss makes him describe in a style more graphical than refined. Except to Lord Brougham—who doubtless believes that his predecessor had an innate propensity for unnecessary lying—it would have seemed strange that Lord Eldon or his biographer should go out of the way to invent a false account of an indifferent occurrence, in which, moreover, the Chancellor does not play a very dignified part. But we have other authority for saying that Lord Eldon's story is simply true.

The next point in Lord Brougham's narrative on which commentary becomes indispensable is not quite so much *de minimis* as those we have referred to. "Mr. Brougham," he says, "was sent for by the young Princess, as a person she had already often consulted." Mr. Brougham, as all the world knows, was the legal and partly the political adviser of her mother, the Princess of Wales. Miss Knight, as we have seen, tells quite a different story; namely, that it was the Princess of Wales herself who "had sent for Mr. Brougham," and that before her mother's arrival Princess Charlotte had sent for the Duke of Sussex.\* Now we need not say that on the question who sent for him, mother or daughter, Lord Brougham's own direct statement ought to be a very different authority from Miss Knight's hearsay. But it is impossible not to remark how signally his lordship's memory has failed him as to other parts of this transaction. It is certainly strange—passing strange—that though poor Princess Charlotte could not well have had many "secrets" from the prying eyes at Warwick House, neither its inmates nor any one else except his lordship himself seem to have been the least aware that she

had consulted him often, or consulted him at all. On one occasion, in April, 1814, she wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, touching her proposed marriage, which made the Prince remark to Miss Knight that it was *supposed* Princess Charlotte must have legal advisers, as her letters were not those of a woman. "I said that he must recollect she had gone through a course of study on the laws of England, and by his own observation to me one evening at Carlton House was allowed to be mistress of the subject. He smiled, and said Her Royal Highness turned his arms against himself. (Vol. i. p. 286.) And we know that those who were far nearer to her heart than Miss Knight believed that she had no legal adviser at all." Thus much must be said—that if it is true that the young Princess, without the knowledge of her own closest intimates, was wont to consult her mother's professional counsellor and her father's ablest political enemy, it shows, better than any other evidence, the evil influence attained over her by that mother, shows an amount of duplicity on her own part for which we should not have been prepared, and justifies in substance, if not in point of taste and judgment, the measures which that father adopted or threatened towards her.

As to the not very important question whose influence it was which prevailed on the young Princess to return to her father, the actors in the scene seem all to disagree, partly from that natural tendency which every one has on such occasions to represent himself as the first performer. The Duke of Buckingham says ("Memoirs of the Court of England under the Regency") that it was the Princess of Wales who induced her daughter to go back, being for her own part merely anxious to encounter no obstacles to her project for leaving the country. "It is certain," says Miss Knight, pointedly, "that on the fatal morning it struck me that the Princess of Wales was more anxious for the removal of Princess Charlotte out of her house than the Prince was to get her into his." Lord Eldon evidently thought that *he* prevailed on the Princess to leave, through the awful threat that he and Lord Ellenborough would stay with her till she did. The Duke of Sussex told Sir Samuel Romilly that "*he* and Brougham persuaded her to go to Carlton House." ("Diary of Sir Samuel

\* Lord Brougham, as we have seen, says that *he* brought the Duke of Sussex.



Romilly," iii., 145.) Lord Brougham himself, as we see from his narrative, has no doubt that "alone he did it." Evidently all the parties pulled together with a hearty good-will, though from a singular variety of motives; and their united efforts overcame the resolution of an unhappy child, probably more frightened than obstinate.

We should be extremely reluctant, in conclusion, to disturb the picturesque effect of that well-told private scene at the window between the Princess and her adviser which ends Lord Brougham's narrative, and which has become, as it were, a part of received English history. Very few men would have had the presence of mind and readiness of wit to address so rhetorical an argument to an agitated young Princess at such a moment; but no one will deny that the hero of the tale might have been one of those few. Nevertheless, there are some details which our prosaic minds find a difficulty in understanding. "The Westminster election" gave occasion for the pointed warning; but there was *no* Westminster election that day; it took place on Saturday the 16th, and the preliminary Palace Yard meeting had been on Monday the 11th. "The day was beginning to break" is an essential feature in the composition—that is, it was past three o'clock. The Princess then consented; but before she would go, a carriage had to be sent for from Connaught Place to Carlton House, made ready there, and brought back to Connaught House again. At this rate, the Princess could scarcely have reached her father's before it was broad daylight and the streets filling—a singular circumstance, which no contemporary mentions. Now Miss Knight says "it was two in the morning before the Duke of York arrived to take her away," and implies that she did not stay long afterwards. Not a word about sending for a carriage; the Duke had evidently brought one. The *Morning Chronicle* says, "At a little past three Her Royal Highness was conveyed to Carlton House."\*

After this, one may fairly ask with Sir Walter Raleigh, "what is history?" Had we an account of some event of antiquity of the same apparent authenticity with Lord

Brougham's narrative of that in which he took part at Connaught House, what Niebuhr would venture to question it? and yet, as soon as another eye-witness is evoked from the shades, and the newspapers of the day are consulted, they flatly and irreconcilably contradict him!

One question, however, of more than mere historical curiosity forces itself on the reader of this little domestic novellette. Why were all parties—the Duke of Sussex and Mr. Brougham, quite as much as the Duke of York and Lord Eldon—so vehemently anxious to get the Princess Charlotte, despite her tears and sufferings, to Carlton House immediately? The night was far spent, or rather it was already morning. After many hours of fatigue and agitation, what more natural than that she should repose a few hours longer under the roof of her own mother? Why could not this be effected without entrenching on her father's right to control her movements? There is no reason for supposing that the Regent would, on his own account, have objected to so trifling an indulgence. Such unnecessary cruelty would have been inconsistent with the rest of his conduct, which, as we have said, was in all this matter rather arbitrary and injudicious than barbarous. And if he had insisted on this point, what a fine opportunity for his opponents to "make capital" out of such a display of senseless tyranny! But, in truth, the reader will not have forgotten Miss Knight's shrewd hint, that the mother was far more anxious to get rid of the daughter than the father to get her back. And it is clear that he must have been prepared for the contingency of her remaining at Connaught House that night; for we have seen that Miss Knight was allowed to take thither "her maid and night things." Unfortunately the real reason for this precipitancy seems plain enough. Every man in that house well knew—every one, probably, except the young Princess herself and Miss Mercer knew—that Connaught House was not a residence in which the heiress of the crown could with propriety remain for a single night. She could not be exposed to encounter "the Sapios" and the rest of the goodly society whose doings are chronicled in Lady Charlotte Bury's pages; and her mother's character and temper afforded no guarantee that she should be spared a single item of

\* The Edinburgh Reviewer says, "returned to Warwick House between four and five o'clock." We know that she never returned to Warwick House at all.



such disgrace. Such was doubtless the motive which acted, and very properly acted, on the Princess of Wales' own advisers; and yet those very advisers were ready to take the first occasion afterwards of reiterating their conviction of that lady's absolute innocence, and the causeless jealousy of her illustrious persecutor!

With the Warwick House escapade ends Miss Knight's appearance on the historical stage. She was dismissed, as we have seen, that evening. She "kicked and bounced a good deal," as Lord Eldon would have phrased it; "begged to know in what she had offended;" but the Regent answered, "he made no complaints, and should make none." She was excessively angry when the *Morning Post* informed mankind that, "by means of one of the most pious and virtuous characters of the land, it was soon discovered that many of the Princess' associates were persons possessing pernicious sentiments alike hostile to the daughter, the father, and the country," and wrote to the Bishop of Salisbury to know if *she* was one of the "obnoxious associates" in question. What answer the pious prelate made does not appear. She once more endeavored to mollify the Prince Regent, whom she assured "I have no acquaintance, nor have I had any communication, with persons of seditious principles, improper conduct, or sentiments hostile to your Royal Highness;" but equally in vain. It is clear she was suspected of aiding and comforting the Whigs in their designs against the heiress presumptive. The exalted Toryism of this Autobiography reads like a posthumous protest against such injustice. She was never admitted within the precincts of the Regent's household again. But she was allowed the consolation of attending one drawing-room, in March, 1815. She had a pension of £300 a year "as a compensation for having left the Queen's service to attend on Princess Charlotte;" in strictness perhaps a sufficient acknowledgment, but not a very ample one, for the devotion of her later years to the service of the family. She was gratified when "a person who had the means of knowing many things relative to the Princess Charlotte told her the Regent and Queen had opened their eyes with respect to her, and were now persuaded that her conduct had been such as they could not think inju-

rious to themselves. It is probable," she adds, "that they knew who was the mischief-maker." (Vol. ii. p. 113.) After the final separation from the court her little chronicle loses, of course, its historical importance, if such a phrase can be used in reference to it. But for those readers who find some amusement in tracing the "romance of a dull life," there is something of interest in watching the way in which the poor lady clung for a long time to the associations of that circle from which she was now dissevered. She catalogues very fondly every letter she received from Princess Charlotte, and these were at first rather numerous and "affectionate;" entering into details respecting the little occupations and annoyances of her life. Their frequency soon diminishes; as in the ordinary case of friendship between a superior and an inferior. When their personal communication is interrupted, the former breaks gradually away, not through unkindness, but engrossed by new scenes and subjects, from that tie of intimacy which the latter still cherishes, and vainly endeavors to maintain. Marriage, and its new employments, obliterated the impressions left by the old humble companion. At last, on July 30, 1817, Miss Knight, on going abroad, "called to take leave of Princess Charlotte, but could not see her, as Prince Leopold was suffering from a pain in his face! She wrote me a very affectionate note afterwards to apologize." Such was the end of their intimacy, for in a few months more the young Princess had ceased to exist. "The entry in Miss Knight's diary, on this afflicting subject, is brief and inexpressive," says the editor.

"I received a visit from Miss Knight," says Lady Charlotte Bury, in 1820; "her presence recalled Kensington and the poor Princess to my mind. She conversed with sense and kindness on these topics, but her exceeding prudence always restrains the expression of her feelings, and she appeared averse to dwelling on the subject. . . . Miss Knight has a very refined mind, and takes delight in every subject connected with literature and the fine arts. She is exceedingly well read, and has an excellent judgment in these matters. I alluded once to the poor Princess Charlotte's death, but Miss Knight only replied, 'Ah! that was a melancholy event,' and passed on to other subjects. She did not impress me with the idea of lamenting the Princess so much as



I supposed she would have done. But perhaps she may in reality mourn her melancholy fate, and only forbears speaking of her lest she should say too much. Certainly Miss Knight was very ill-used by the Queen and the Regent, and I do not think Princess Charlotte liked, though she esteemed her. Miss Knight was not sufficiently gay, or of a style of character suited to Her Royal Highness."—*Diary*, vol. iv. p. 7.

Certainly the misgiving that her own life had, after all, been thrown away by mistake, seems to have visited the poor ex-companion in her disgrace:—

"I have lived," she says, near the close of her life, "to witness the termination of many things, and I humbly bend with resignation and gratitude to the Divine dispensations. With respect to myself all I can say is this, I cannot help regretting having left the Queen. My intentions were not bad, but in many respects I consulted my feelings more than my reason. My mind was then too active, perhaps now it is too indolent; but either I ought to have remained with the Queen, or I ought to have carried things with a higher hand to be really useful while I was with Princess Charlotte. I had no support from the good Duchess (of Leeds), nor, indeed, from any one. I had the romantic desire that Princess Charlotte should think for herself, and think wisely. Was that to be expected from a girl of seventeen, and from one who had never had proper care taken of her since early childhood? She might have been great indeed. She had a heart and mind capable of rendering her so. She had the most charitable disposition possible."—Vol. ii. p. 86.

She seems, indeed, to have been a promising creature, whose faults lay on the surface, while her better qualities formed the substratum of her character. If we could receive Lord Brougham's account of her, she must, as we have pointed out, have been vulgarly hoydenish, and at the same time capable of deep dissimulation; but we hope his lordship mistook her. Her attachment to a few cherished friends was warm indeed. She had much of the best part of her unhappy mother's character—her readiness to love those whom she had found serviceable and friendly, in whatever rank of life, and to take a sympathizing interest in their affairs. Her carefulness for her poor dying attendant, Mrs. Gagarin, and sorrow for her loss, are very pleasingly narrated by Miss Knight. Generous she was to a fault in her own little

sphere. Indeed, her father quarrelled with her extravagance in this respect, and, with his usual tact, complained that "young ladies of immense fortunes" would accept presents from his daughter!—(Vol. i. p. 275.) "She liked giving presents to all her friends," says one who loved her. "She was extravagant, from not knowing the value of what she ordered." On this account, those who could take the liberty sometimes expostulated with her, and refused her gifts. Her favorite presents were her portraits, contained her hair, and had inscriptions in them. Whether we call her resolution in the matter of the Prince of Orange firmness or obstinacy, it was successful at all events, and it secured the happiness of her short life; and her demeanor in the quarrels between her parents, and especially on the Douglas occasion, evinced, as we have seen, an amount of delicacy and self-respect strangely contrasting with the lessons she could have received from either.

The remainder of Miss Knight's long life seems to have been spent chiefly in wanderings on the Continent, and she was a lively and indefatigable chronicler of events and personages met with in the course of her migrations. Her ancient Toryism was much roused by the events of 1830, and she collected very assiduously all the bits of gossip within her reach to the discredit of the Citizen-King. We do not remember to have met with the following before:—

"A stranger happening to be in Paris soon after the Revolution of July, 1830, was stopped by a young chimney-sweeper, who asked him if he had seen the King of the French. The other replied in the negative. 'Would you like to see him?' continued the chimney-sweeper; 'only give me a piece of five francs, and you shall see him.' The stranger agreed to do so, and they went away together to the Palais Royal. As soon they were in sight of the balcony the boy began to call out, 'Louis Philippe! Louis Philippe!' in which cry he was joined by the rabble near him. The King of the French came out to make his obeisance, and the gentleman gave a five-franc piece to the sweeper. 'Now,' said the boy, 'if you have a mind to hear him sing, only promise me five more, and you shall be satisfied.' The stranger assented, and His Majesty, at the command of the mob, joined in the Marseillaise Hymn, with all the appropriate grimaces."—Vol. ii. p. 196.



Her last sojourn was in Paris, where, in the words of her editor, she "closed her long and well-regulated life on the 17th of December, 1837, in the eighty-first year of her age."

Miss Knight's "Autobiography" is a work which must necessarily have a permanent though limited value, as an authentic record of certain very undignified passages in our history. The more reason, therefore, have we to complain of the very superficial way in which editorial duties have been discharged. Mr. Kaye is one of our first historical scholars, and a book really edited by him could not be otherwise than valuable; but he confesses that "his time was engrossed by other occupations," and acknowledges assistance. It is clear that the drudgery fell into hands either too ignorant or too lazy to perform it. The "Anecdotes recorded by Miss Knight mostly at the end of her journals," which occupy the last sixty pages, were little worthy of preservation, and are evidently inserted merely by way of "padding," as the modern phrase is. But not a single note from the editor helps us to ascertain the date, place, or circumstances of any of them. How far the endless misspellings of foreign names which disfigure the book are the printer's fault or Miss Knight's, we cannot say: in any case, no attempt has been made to correct them. Her frequent historical mistakes are left for the most part equally unnoticed, and others quite as careless are added in the notes, apparently from memory. It was hardly fair to leave such historical slipslop as Miss Knight's notions about the Pallavicini family (vol. ii. p. 185); or that Cardinal Bernis was Prime Minister of France; or that the same Cardinal was dismissed from his embassy to Rome in 1791,

"because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Republic!" (i. 99); or to add such loose statements by way of note as that "the Duke of Wellington called the battle of Navarino an untoward accident" (ii. 270). The biographical notices in the notes of persons mentioned by Miss Knight are of the usual order of indolence; those comparatively unknown, of whom we should have been glad to learn something, are regularly passed over without remark; while we are treated to detailed memoirs of those with whom everybody is familiar. These, however, are not always very appropriate—as when the only mention made of the literary works of the gay Chevalier de Boufflers is that he "published a book called *Libre Arbitre*," and of those of the once famous M. de Fontanes, that he "translated into French Pope's Essay on Man." Miss Knight says of Dumouriez, "He had been both a lawyer and a soldier, and I used to fancy that I could trace in him the distinctive features of both professions." This, says the editor, "is an error. At the age of eighteen young Dumouriez distinguished himself at an affair of the advanced posts under Marshal d'Estrees, and in the following year he obtained a cornetcy of horse." True; but he does not add that Dumouriez was "reformed" immediately afterwards—that for twenty years he performed scarcely any military duty, but, though never a lawyer, was employed almost wholly as a civilian; which accounts for the *tum Marte quàm Mercurio* air which the fair writer ascribes to him. These may seem trifles to remark on; but, in truth, they are not so to those who are really fond of biographical study, and know how much the good editing of a book of that description, contributes to the pleasure of reading it.

WE hear that a company is being formed, one of the objects of which is to make arrangements for the reception of foreign excursionists to this country during the Exhibition time. Mr. Layard, and others equally well known, are, we believe, associated with this laudable project. The good order with which the British workmen who made an excursion to Paris last sum-

mer were received in the French capital, should stimulate Londoners to make suitable preparations for the reception of the bands of foreign workmen who are now saving weekly, in order to spare time and money for a visit to our Second World's Fair. The name of the society to which we refer, and which deserves every encouragement from the public, is The Great Exhibition Society.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## CONCERNING THE WORLD'S OPINION.

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON COWED PEOPLE.

It seems to me that there are few things in which it is more difficult to hold the just mean, than our feeling as to the opinion of those around us. For the most part, you will find human beings taking a quite extreme position as to what may be called the World's Opinion. They pay either too much regard to it, or too little. Either they are thoroughly cowed by it, or they stand towards it in an attitude of defiance. The cowed people, unquestionably, are in the majority. Most people live in a vague atmosphere of dread of the world, and of what the world is saying of them. You may discern the belief which prevails with the steady-going mass of humankind, in the typical though not historical fact which was taught most of us in childhood,—that DON'T CARE came to a bad end. The actual idea which is present to very many minds is difficult to define. Even to attempt to define it takes away that vagueness which is of the essence of its nature, and which is a great reason of the fear it excites. And the actual idea varies much in different minds, and in the same mind at different times. Sometimes, if put into shape, it would amount to this: that some great and uncounted number of human beings is watching the person, is thinking of him, is forming an estimate of him, and an opinion as to what he ought to do. Sometimes the world's opinion becomes a more tangible thing: it means the opinion of the little circle of the person's acquaintance; or the opinion of the family in which he or she lives; or the opinion of even some single individual of a somewhat strong, and probably somewhat coarse and meddlesome nature. In such a case the world becomes personified in the typical Mrs. Grundy; and the fear of the world's opinion is expressed in the question—What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Most people, then, live in a vague fear of that which may be styled Mrs. Grundy; and are cowed into abject submission not merely to her ascertained opinions, but also to what they fancy that possibly her opinions may be. Others, again—a smaller number, and a number lessening as the individuals who constitute it grow older—confront Mrs.

Grundy, and defy her. DON'T CARE was a leader of this little band. But even though DON'T CARE had not come to trouble, it is highly probable that as he advanced in years he would have found that he must care, and that he did care. For a good many years I have enjoyed the acquaintance and the conversation of a man who, even after he became Solicitor-General, held bravely yet temperately by the forlorn hope of which a large part has always consisted of the young and the wrongheaded; and from which, with advancing years and increasing experience, men are so apt to drop away. I know that it was not vaporizing in him to say, "The hissing of collected Europe, provided I knew the hissers could not touch me, would be a grateful sound rather than the reverse—that is, if heard at a reasonable distance." \* But though I believe the words were sincere when he said them, yet I am convinced it was only by a stiffening of the moral nature, implying effort too great to last, that he was able to keep the feeling which these words express. I see in these words the expression of a desperate reaction against a strong natural bias; and I believe that time would gradually crumble that resolute purpose down. By a determined effort you may hold out a heavy weight at arm's length for a few minutes; you may defy and vanquish the law of gravitation for that short space; but the law of gravitation, quietly and unvaryingly acting, will beat you at last. And even if Ellesmere could peacefully go about his duty, and tranquilly enjoy his home, with that universal hiss in his ears, I know of those into whose hearts that hiss would sink down,—whose hearts that hiss would break. How about his wife and children? And how would the strong man himself feel, when day by day he saw by the pale cheek, the lined brow, the anxious eye, the unnatural submissiveness, that *they* were living in a moral atmosphere that was poisoning them? Think of the little children coming in and saying that the other children would not play with them or speak to them. Think of the poor wife going to some meeting of charitable ladies, and left in a corner without one to notice her or take pity on her. Ah, my friend Ellesmere, once you have given hostages to fortune, we know where the world can make you feel!

\* Ellesmere, in *Companions of my Solitude*.



Let us give a little time to clearing up our minds on this great practical question, as to the influence which of right belongs to the world's opinion; as to the deference which a wise man will accord to it. Let us try to define that great shadowy phantom which holds numbers through all their life in a slavery which extends to all they say and do; to the food they eat, and the raiment they put on, and the home they dwell in; and in many cases even to what they think, and to what they will admit to themselves that they think. The tyranny of the world's opinion is a tyranny infinitely more subtle and farther-reaching than that of the Inquisition in its worst days; one which passes its sentences, though no one knows who are the judges that pronounce them; and one which inflicts its punishments by the hands of numbers who utterly disapprove them. And yet, one has not the comfort of feeling able to condemn this strange tribunal out and out; you are obliged to confess that in the main its judgments are just, and its supervision is a wholesome one. Now and then it does things that are flagrantly unjust and absurd; but if I could venture, with my experience of life, to lay down any general principle, it would be the principle, abhorrent to warm young hearts and to hasty young heads, that in the main the world's opinion is right in those matters to which the world's opinion has a right to extend. I dare say you will think that this is a general principle promulgated with considerable reservation. So it is; and I hardly know to which thing, the principle or the reservation, it seems to me that the greater consideration is due.

It is wrong, doubtless, to be always thinking what people will say. It is a low and wretched state of mind to come to. There is no more contemptible or miserable mortal than one of whom *this* can be said:—

“While you, you think  
What others think, or what you think they'll  
say;  
Shaping your course by something scarce more  
tangible  
Than dreams, at best the shadows on the stream  
Of aspen trees by flickering breezes swayed—  
Load me with irons, drive me from morn till  
night,  
I am not the utter slave which that man is  
Whose sole thought, word, and deed are built  
on what  
The world may say of him!”

The condition of mind described in these indignant lines is doubtless wrong and wretched. But still one feels that these lines must be understood with much qualification and restriction. Neither in moral principle, nor in common sense or taste, can one go with those who run to the other extreme. It is as well for most people to be cowed by a rule which in the main will keep them right, as to be suffered to run wild with no rule at all. The road to insanity is even more short and direct to the man who resolves that he shall do nothing like anybody else, than to the poor subdued creature in whom the fear of the world's judgment has run to that morbid excess that she fancies that as she goes along the street every one is pointing at her. There was nothing fine in Shelley's wearing a round blue jacket after he was a married man, just because men in general do not wear boys' jackets. And his writing *Atheist* after his name in the tourists' book, to shock people, does not strike me for its profanity half so much as for its idiotic silliness and its contemptible littleness. I do not admire the woman who walks about, a limp and conspicuous figure, in the days when crinoline is universally accepted. The extreme of crinoline is silly; the utter absence of it is silly; the wise and safe course is the middle one. I do not think it wise or admirable for a lady to walk a quarter of a mile bareheaded along a crowded street to a friend's house, even though thus she may save the trouble of going up-stairs for her bonnet. I do not approve the young fellow who tells you, when you speak to him about some petty flying in the face of the conventional notion of propriety, that he will do exactly what he likes, and that he does not care a straw what any one may think or say. That young fellow is in a very unsafe, and a very unstable position. It is not likely that he will long remain at his present moral stand-point. It is extremely probable that after a few signal instances of mischief brought upon himself by that defiant spirit, he will be cowed into abject submission to what people may think, and become afraid almost to move or breathe for fear of what may be said by folk whose opinion he secretly despises. He will gain a reputation for want of common sense, which it will be very difficult to get rid of. And even the humblest return to his alle-



giance to Mrs. Grundy may fail to conciliate that individual's favor, lost by many former insults.

There are some persons who are bound, not merely in prudence, but in principle, to consider the world's opinion a good deal. They are bound, not merely to avoid evil, but to avoid even the appearance of evil. And this because their usefulness in this world may be very prejudicially affected by the unfavorable opinion of those around them. It is especially so with the clergy. A clergyman's usefulness depends very much on the estimation in which he is held by his parishioners. It is desirable that his parishioners should like him: it is quite essential that they should respect him. It is not wise in the parson to shock the prejudices of those around him. It will be his duty sometimes to yield to opinions which he thinks groundless. However fond a clergyman of the Anglican Church may be of a choral service, it will be extremely foolish and wrongheaded in him to endeavor to thrust such a service upon a congregation of people who in their ignorance think it popish. And it will not be prudent in a clergyman of the Scotch Church, placed in a remote country parish where the population retains a good deal of the old covenanting leaven, to fill his church windows with stained glass, or even to put a cross above the eastern gable. And such a man will also discern that it is his duty to practise a certain economy and reticence in the explaining of his views as to instrumental music in church, and liturgical services. If it be the fact that many rustics in the parish regard these things as marks of the Beast, he need not obtrude the fact that he holds a different opinion. For he would then, in some quarters, bring all his teaching into suspicion. Let Mr. Snarling take notice, that I am counselling no reserve in the grave matters of doctrine: no reserve, that is, in the sense of making your people fancy that you believe what you do not believe, or that you do not believe what you do. The only economy in doctrine which I should approve would be that of bringing out and applying the truth which seems most needful at the time, and best fitted for its exigencies. But as to other things, both in statement and in conduct, I hold by a high authority which states that many things may be lawful for the parson which are not

expedient. And I believe that in little things the world's judgment is right in the main. There is a gravitation of society towards common sense: at least to approving it, if not to acting upon it. I am not going to defend hats and the like; or to stand up for our angular Western dress against the flowing garments of the East, though I believe our dress is more convenient if it be less graceful. And I do not believe there is any perverse bent of society to what is ugly and inconvenient, at least in male attire: if any hatter or tailor produced a better covering, which would be as cheap, it would doubtless find acceptance. But I hold that it is not wise for any ordinary man to take issue with his race on any point of dress. He will not be the wisest of judges who shall first lay aside the venerable wig of gray horsehair. It is not expedient that a young clergyman should fly in the face of his parishioners on such a question as the wearing of a shooting-coat or a black neck-tie, or as going out with the hounds. It was not wise in John Foster, the great Baptist preacher, to horrify his simple flock by appearing in his pulpit in a gray coat and a red waistcoat. No doubt, in logic, his position was unassailable. For people who reject all clerical robes as popish, it is manifestly absurd to make a stand for a black coat and a white neckcloth. By making a stand for these, you cut the ground from under your feet: you admit the principle which justifies satin and lawn. Let me say, a sound and reasonable principle too. It is not fitting that in every-day attire a man should conduct the worship of God's house. But even with folk who thought differently, John Foster acted unwisely. As lawyers would say, it was a bad issue to take. I know how a certain eminent essayist, whom I much revere, stands up for eccentricity. He holds it to be a useful protest against our tendency to a dead conformity. I venture to say that, generally, it is not wise to be eccentric. You find that eccentric people are usually eccentric in little things, not worth fighting about. We all know that there are great and important things in which the world thinks wrongly: take issue *there* with the world, if you like: but it is not worth while to do so in small matters of dress and behavior. It is not worth while to take a beard into the pulpit where it will interfere with the congregation's attention to



the sermon; nor to appear in the same place in lavender gloves in a country where lavender gloves, in such a locality, are unknown. It is wise to give in to the little requirements on which the world's opinion has been plainly expressed. If you are resolved to take a part of opposition to all the world, do so in the behalf of things which are worth the trouble of the strife. Let it not be engraven on your tombstone, Here lies the man who confronted the human race on the question of the wide-awake hat. Stand up for truth and right, if you are fond of fighting: you will have many opportunities in this life. Smite the flunkey, pierce the humbug, violently kick the aristocratic liar and seducer, and probably you will find abundant occupation. But though you know it is a pleasant and enjoyable thing for yourself and your children to sit on the steps of your country-house in the sunshine after breakfast, you will not gain the approval of wise men by doing the like on the steps of your town-house in a much-frequented street: say, for example, in Princes Street in Edinburgh. And though you often roll on the grass with your little boy in the country, do not attempt the like on the pavement of such a public way. For in that case it is conceivable that you may be jeered at by the passers-by, and apprehended by the police. And while you are being conveyed to the station-house, instead of being esteemed as a philosopher and revered as a martyr, it is not impossible that you may be laughed at as a fool. "We sat on the bridge, and swung our legs over the water:" with these words an eloquent writer lately began an essay. Of course, the bridge was in a quiet rural spot. If the writer and his friend had done the like on London Bridge, the small boys would have hallooed at them, and the constable would have moved them on. Yet the merits of the deed are the same in either case. Only in the one case the world says You may; in the other case it says You must not. And the human being who resists the world's judgment in these little matters, shows, not strength, but weakness. Where principle is involved, it is noble to swing your legs, but not otherwise. But doubtless you have remarked that it is a common thing to find great obstinacy in petty concerns in a man who has no real firmness. You will find people who are squeezable and facile in the great affairs

of life, and in their larger opinions have not a mind of their own, but adopt the opinion of the last person they heard express one; yet who persistently stick to some little absurd or bad habit which they have often been entreated to leave off, which annoys their friends, and makes them ridiculous. You will find a man whom you might turn round with a straw in his belief on any question political, moral, or literary, but who, having taken up the ground that once one is three, would go to the stake rather than give in to the world's way of thinking on that point.

I beg the reader to observe, I do not counsel a general conformity to the appointments of his particular world, merely on the ground that non-conformity may cause him to be derided, or disliked, or suspected. I wish him to think of the injury which his non-conformity may occasion to others. If your shooting-coat, my clerical brother, however light and easy to walk in on a hot summer day, is to stand between a poor dying girl and the comfort and profit she might get from your counsels and prayers, why, I think, if you are the man I mean, that you will determine never to go beyond your own gate but in the discomfort (often very great in country parishes) of severely clerical attire. Possibly few of my readers know that in various rural districts of Scotland a sermon, however admirable, will do no good if the preacher reads it; he must either give it extempore, or appear to do so by having previously written it and committed it to memory. "I canna thole the paper," I have heard an intelligent farmer say. He meant, he could not bear the sight of the manuscript discourse. It is fair to add that this prejudice is fast dying out, even in rural parishes: while in large towns in Scotland, it has entirely disappeared. But however unreasonable and stupid may have been the prejudice which condemned over-wrought ministers to several hours weekly of the irksome schoolboy labor of getting their sermons by heart, and however painful the anxiety which a man with an uncertain memory must often have felt on a Sunday morning, in the fear that he might forget what he had painfully prepared, and be reduced to a state of utter blankness, and ignominiously stick in his sermon; still, you will think that a conscientious man, earnest to do good, would



make this painful sacrifice, not to his popularity, but to his usefulness. Let me confess, for myself, that I cannot imagine how the elder clergy of the Scotch Church were able to accomplish this awful toil. The father of the present writer, for thirty years, wrote and committed to memory two sermons of forty minutes each, every week; and hundreds of his brethren did the same. I could not do it to save my life. Surely, the intellectual fibre of the new generation is less muscular than that of their fathers. I have made mention of a judicious economy in giving instruction. You may discern the result of the want of it in what we are told about a poor dying laborer, in one of the midland counties of England. It is quite unquestionable that the world goes round with the sun; but it is not in the weakness of the parting hours of life that a poor uneducated man should be called to reconstruct the theory of the universe under which he had lived all his days. And though it was certainly needful to explain to the dying man the meaning of Christian faith, it might have been done without going into anything like metaphysics; and in a way in which a child of six years old might understand it, possibly as well as the parson himself. But a young parson could not see this. He would correct all the intellectual errors of his humble parishioner. He would pour upon him a flood of knowledge. Possibly you may smile at the odd expressions; but I remember few sentences which have so touched me with their hopeless pathos, as that with which the dying man feebly turned to the wall, and spoke no more. "Wut wi' faeth," he said, "and wut wi' the earth goin' round the sun, and wut wi' the railways all a-whuzzin' and a-buzzin', I'm clean muddled, confuzzled, and bet!" Well, let us hope that light came at the evening-time upon that blind, benighted way.

It should be borne in mind, that as to any particular subject, there is sometimes great difficulty in ascertaining what the world (by which I mean our own particular world) is actually saying. It seems to me especially difficult to know, in a small community, what is the general opinion upon almost any matter. For you may fall in with people holding quite exceptional opinions. And exceptional opinions are often very strongly

held; and held by very clever men. I remember hearing a really able man (one whom the great world has recognized as such) declare that in his judgment a certain clergyman, not remarkable for talent, earnestness, oddity, or anything but self-conceit, was the greatest preacher he had ever listened to; incomparably greater than A, B, C, or D, each of whom is well known to fame. The man who expressed this opinion was one you would have been obliged to admit as most competent to form an opinion; yet somehow, for some inexplicable reason, some sympathy or antipathy beyond the reach of reasoning, he had come firmly to hold an opinion which was entirely exceptional, which was shared by no other human being. And thus the world may be saying one thing at one tea-table, and just the opposite at another tea-table, in some little country town. At one tea-table, the sermon of last Sunday may be very good; at the other, it may be very bad. The like difference of opinion may exist as to the efficiency of the member of Parliament. At one table, he may be a worthy, hard-working man; at the other, a poor silly creature. So with the singing of Miss X. If you are enjoying the cup that does not particularly cheer with Mrs. Smith and her set of friends, you may be informed, as a stranger to the town, that a great treat awaits you in listening to Miss X.'s songs. Her voice is splendid, and admirably cultivated; her taste exquisite. She is generally regarded as singing better than Jenny Lind. You naturally go away with the belief that in the opinion of the world at Drumsleekie, Miss X. is a very great singer. But all this is due to the accident of your taking tea with Mrs. Smith. Had it been Mrs. Jones, you would have been told that Miss X. overstrained her voice; that she sang untruly; that she sang flat; that she sang harshly; that her affectation in singing was such that it was hard to refrain from throwing something at her head; and finally, that she could not sing at all. All this is perplexing. It would be a comfort to get over the preliminary difficulty, and to find out what it is that the world actually does say. Its voice, however, conveys an uncertain sound. And it would cost more time and trouble than the result would be worth, to add up the tea-tables on one side, and the tea-tables on the other side,



and then discover on which side is the preponderant weight. And in case it should be found that the tea-tables on either side exactly balanced each other, the difficulty would arise, that it would appear that in Drumsleekie, on the subject of Miss X.'s singing, the world had no opinion at all. The favorable and unfavorable would just neutralize one another. And as with the singing of Miss X., so will you find it with the beauty of Miss Y., and the manners of Miss Z. Likewise with the horses of Mr. Q., and the poems of Mr. R. In short, to sum the matter up, it depends entirely on the set into which you get in a small community, what impression you are to carry away as to the general opinion upon any question. For though one slice taken from a leg of mutton will give you a fair idea of the general flavor of all the joint; yet you may (so to speak) cut a slice out of the talk of the town which shall be entirely different from all the rest. You may have chanced on the faction which cries up the new town-hall, or on the faction which cries it down. You may have chanced on the party which thinks the parson the greatest of men, or on the party which esteems him as one of the least.

Then it is certain that Mrs. Grundy may be made to appear to say almost anything, by the skilful management and the energy of two or three pushing individuals. It is possible for a very small number of persons to *get up a sough* (to use the Scotch phrase) either for or against a man. A few clacking busy-bodies, running about from house to house, may disseminate a vague unfavorable impression. A few hearty, active, energetic friends may cause the world's opinion, in a little place, to seem to be setting very strongly in a man's favor. You have probably heard the legend, which very likely is fabulous, of the fashion in which the blacking of a certain eminent man rose into universal fame. The eminent man hired four footmen, of loud and fluent power of expression, and of brazen countenance. He arrayed them in gorgeous liveries; the livery of each being quite different from that of the other three. Then, each alone, from morning to evening they pervaded London; and this was what they did. When each footman saw a shop in which blacking appeared likely to be sold, he rushed into it with great appearance of excitement, and exclaimed

in a hurried manner, "Give me some of Snooks' blacking instantly." Snooks, it should be mentioned, was the name of his eminent employer. "Snooks' blacking," said the man in the shop; "we never heard of it!" "Not heard of Snooks' blacking!" exclaimed the footman; "why, my master wont let me brush his boots with any other; and just now he is roaring at me for brushing his boots this morning with that of Stiggins; I must be off elsewhere and get Snooks' blacking forthwith." This interview naturally startled the man in the shop; he began to think, "I must get some of Snooks' blacking; everybody must be using Snooks' blacking!" And when, in the course of the day, the other three footmen severally visited his shop as the first had done; one exclaiming, "the Chancellor wont use anything but Snooks' blacking;" another "His Grace wont use anything but Snooks' blacking;" the last (in crimson livery), "His Majesty wont use anything but Snooks' blacking;" the man in the shop took his resolution. He found out the factory of Snooks, and ordered a large quantity of his blacking.

That which has pushed blacking into fame, has done the like for other things. Two or three individuals, vigorously puffing a book, may cause it to seem that the world's judgment in the locality where they live is in that book's favor. And most people will bow to that judgment. Not very many people have so much firmness, or confidence in themselves, as to hold their own opinion in the presence of the strongly expressed opinion of the world on the other side. And a loud and confident declaration that something is very bad, will silence and put down many people who in their secret soul think it very good.

The *sough*, or general opinion and belief in a country district, may occasionally be got up by persons who are little better than idiots. Let me relate a story which I heard, long ago. A very distinguished preacher once went to preach in the parish church of a certain big and ugly village in Scotland. The village lies among the hills, in a pastoral district. It had no railway communication; no near neighbors; no large town within many miles. The people, many of them, were very ignorant, very pragmatistical and self-conceited. The big and ugly vil-



lage thought it was the centre of the world; possibly, that it was the whole world. Its population formed an unfavorable estimate of the preaching of the great orator. It was generally said in the village that "his sermons were no' very weel conneckit." It happens that the discourses of that clergyman are remarkable for their logical linkedness of thought; for the symmetry and beauty of their skéleton, no less than for the brilliance and range of their illustrations. But some blockhead said (not having anything particular to say) that they were "no' very weel conneckit." Other blockheads grasped at this. It was something to say; and to say it seemed to imply the possession of some critical acumen. So the voice of Mrs. Grundy, in that village, re-echoed that statement on every side. The statement was, indeed, absurd. You might as well have said that the sermons were distinguished by their ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation, or by their want of mezzotinto. But people seized it, and repeated it. I remember going as a boy to that locality; and hearing several persons, all densely stupid, and most of them very conceited, speak of the great preacher. They all criticised him in the self-same terms; "His sermons were no' very weel conneckit!" But there is no opinion expressed with so great confidence as the opinion of the man who is incapable of forming any opinion. I remember an old gentleman telling me how he went to hear Dr. Chalmers. "I could not understand the man," said he; "I could not see what he was driving at." I am entirely satisfied that the old gentleman told the truth. Like the Squire in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Dr. Chalmers could supply argument, but he could not supply intellect to comprehend it.

An unfavorable *sough* may be got up in a rural district, by a man who combines caution with malignity; and all in such a way that you cannot lay hold of the malicious but cautious man. Let us suppose a new doctor is coming to the village. You, the old doctor, may go about the village and beg the people to try and receive him civilly; he may not be such a bad man after all. The truth probably is, that nobody supposes him a bad man, or intends to receive him otherwise than civilly; but a few days judiciously spent may excite a prejudice which it will take some time to allay. Some one

speaks to you in praise of an acquaintance. You may reply, in a hesitating way, "Yes; he is rather a nice fellow; but—well, I don't want to say anything bad of any one." In this way you have not committed yourself; but you have conveyed a worse impression than you could probably have conveyed by any definite charge you could have made against the man. Honest and manly folk, indeed, may possibly call you a sneak. What do you care? Some muscular Christian may kick you. In that case you will have the comfort of knowing that it unquestionably serves you right.

There is something worrying and vexatious, in thinking that the *sough of the country side* which in Scotland signifies the general opinion of the neighborhood, is running against yourself and your possessions; even though you heartily despise the individuals whose separate judgments go to make up that *sough*. For you gradually come to attach considerable importance to the opinion of the people among whom you live, even though that opinion be in itself worth nothing. There is compensation, however, in the fact, that if the unfavorable opinions of stupid and incompetent people are able to depress a man, the favorable opinions of stupid and incompetent people are able to elate and encourage even a very clever and wise man. Many such men are kept up to the mark at which they do good and even great things, by rumors of the high estimation in which they are held by Mrs. Grundy. There is probably as much happiness communicated to a human being by the favorable estimate of those around him—though they are people of no great standing, and not very wise—as if they were the wisest and noblest of the land. For, by degrees, even the wise man begins to fancy that these people who think so highly of him are quite ordinary folk; they are more capable judges of human excellence than people in their station in life usually are. I can quite understand that the author who finds his book praised in the *Little Peddlington Gazette*, or the *Whistlebinkie Banner of Freedom* will conclude that these are important newspapers, conducted with intelligence much surpassing that of country papers in general. He will be quite cheerful for a whole forenoon after reading in either of



those journals, that he is one of the most original thinkers of the age. So a clergyman, who is popular in his own parish, will quite honestly come to think that its population is remarkable for its intelligence and its power of appreciating a good sermon. Of course, as has been said, the converse case holds good. The ill opinion of those around you, if quite universal, is depressing, however much you may despise that opinion. Not only is that unfavorable estimate always around you, like an unhealthy atmosphere, but you gradually come to think that the people who hold it are rather wise and important people. A parson, going from a large and intelligent parish to one where the people are few and uncultivated, knows at first very nearly what is the mark of his present position and his present congregation. He knows that, seriously, the opinion which his parishioners form of him is neither here nor there. But he learns very soon that comfort and discomfort may be caused by judgments which are absolutely valueless. You may remember what Philip Van Artevelde says of that which may be regarded as the most favorable of all individual estimates of man:—

“How little flattering is a woman’s love!  
Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world;  
Worth to men’s measures of their own deserts,  
If weighed in wisdom’s balance, merely nothing!”

And gradually you go farther than Van Artevelde. Probably even that philosophic man, as he found day by day new indications of the warm affection and the hearty admiration of the woman he had in his mind when he said such words, began to think that, after all, there must be something unusual about him to elicit all that devotion; began to think that her opinion was sound and just; and that she must be a person of no ordinary sagacity who arrived at a judgment so true. You will do all that. You will not only be pleased by the favorable estimate of incompetent judges: you will come to think that they are very competent judges. A clergyman who at one time used to preach to a great crowd of cultivated folk in London, told me that after he had been a few months in a little country parish, he felt quite pleased when he found the mill girls of a manufacturing town four miles off, walking over on Sundays to hear him preach; and

also that he began to think these mill girls very intelligent people, whose appreciation was worth having. Your “nature is subdued to what it works in.” You stand in considerable awe of things amid which you always live. And the truth is, that almost everything, when you come to know it well, is bigger than the stranger fancies it. It is because things, when you come to know them, are really so good, that the *lues Boswelliana* prevails to such a degree in biographers; that each parson thinks his own church in some one respect superior to the general run; and that the rustics of each parish think their own the finest in the country. The things are really very good; and it is difficult to estimate how good, relatively to others. When a wise man finds himself second, or ninth, or nineteenth, in competition with others, whether the competition be in the size of his turnips, the speed of his horses, the beauty of his pictures, the bitterness of his reviews, the amiability of his children, or the badness of his headaches (all matters of which people are given to boast), the wise man will not necessarily conclude that he himself or his belongings are less good or great than he had previously supposed. The right conclusion is this: that other men and their belongings are better or bigger than he had fancied them. And though the favorable appreciation of judges, barristers, cabinet ministers, and the like, is undoubtedly worth more than that of factory girls, still the favorable appreciation of the factory girls may be regarded as worth a good deal, by one who lives exclusively among factory girls.

Besides this, there is a farther consideration that comes in to give weight to the unfavorable judgment of Mrs. Grundy. A wise man, knowing how human vanity leads people to over-estimate their own merits, would, if he found that everybody thought he was a fool, begin to fear that he was one; and also to fear that the fact that he could not see he was a fool showed the hopelessness of his condition; as we know that a maniac occasionally believes that he is the only sane person in the world. I believe that there is nothing that can hold a man up against the depressing effect of being held in little esteem by those around him, as his family, or his neighbors; but the fact of his being held in good estimation by some per-



son or persons elsewhere, whom he can regard as wiser and worthier judges of him than those around him are. I have known a great preacher, whose church was nearly empty on Sundays. It was in a remote rural district. But whenever he went to preach in any large town, the church in which he preached was crowded to excess. So he could set the opinion of the remote Mrs. Grundy against that of the near Mrs. Grundy, and, though surrounded by the unfavorable estimation of the near Mrs. Grundy, he could retain composure and confidence in himself, by backing up his estimate of himself with that of the distant world. And there are people with no distant friends to lean on, who yet, in a remote situation, find the support and sympathy they want, in the better part of our periodical literature. The *Times*, coming daily to an educated man in a very rustic place, is a great blessing. So is the *Saturday Review* to the country parson. So are the Quarterly Reviews generally. He will find much in them with which he cannot agree; a good deal which is extremely distasteful to him. But in reading them, he breathes a different atmosphere from that in which he is placed by many of his daily concerns and acquaintances. He finds in them something to prevent him from being cowed into conformity. He finds the thoughts of cultivated men, holding the same canons of taste with himself; and, in the main, holding nearly the same great points of belief on more important things. I felt it as a comfort, after lately hearing a man say that a certain noble cathedral was "a great ugly jail of a place," to read a brilliant article in praise of Gothic architecture. And when you are building a pretty Elizabethan house, with all its graceful characteristics, you do not mind a bit that Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Snarling, and Miss Limejuice go about saying that it is gimcrack, barbarous, popish, inconvenient, dark, and fit only for monks and nuns, when you are able to turn to many pages on which competent men have set out the beauties and comforts of that delightful style, and shown up the nonsense of the stupid and tasteless folk who abuse it. But if you stood alone in the world in your love for the well-shown gable and the pointed arch, it may be feared that, unless you had the determination of the martyr, you would be badgered into keeping

your opinions to yourself, and into conforming your practice to that of other people. There are few more delightful things to any one who has long lived among those with whom he feels no sympathy, than to find himself among people who think and feel as he does. And there is more than pleasure in the case; there is something in this that will strengthen and vivify his tastes and beliefs into redoubled energy.

You will not unfrequently find people who loudly profess their contempt for the world's opinion, who are really living in abject terror of it. A coward, you know, often assumes a bullying manner. And there is no weaker or sillier way of considering Mrs. Grundy, than to be ever on the watch for opportunities of shocking her. It is for the most part nervous people, very much afraid of her, who do this. We all know persons who take great delight in trying to astonish mankind by the awful opinions they express, and by conduct flatly opposed to the rules of civilized society. You will find parsons who in their sermons like to frighten people, by sailing as near unsound doctrine as possible; or by a manner very devoid of that gravity which becomes the time and place. So with young ladies who smoke cigars, or talk in a fast manner to gentlemen on subjects and about people of which they ought to know nothing. So with the greater part of all eccentricity. One can bear eccentricity, however great, when it is genuine. One can bear the man, however oddly he may act, who acts in Mrs. Grundy's presence as though he saw her not; and who *bonâ fide* does not see her. But it is a very wretched and contemptible thing, to witness a man doing very bold things, going through all kinds of eccentric gyrations, with a side glance all the while at Mrs. Grundy, and with an ear upon the stretch to remark what she is going to say. There are men who are right in carefully observing the world's opinion of them and their doings; whose duty it is to observe these things carefully. There are men who know for certain that the world has an opinion of them; an opinion varying from day to day; and an opinion upon whose variations very tangible results depend. Such a man is the Prime Minister in this country. His possession of actual power and of profitable place depends just upon the world's opinion of him: an opinion



which ebbs and flows from week to week ; which is indicated unmistakably by his parliamentary majority as it rises and sinks ; and which is affected by a host of circumstances quite away from the Premier's merits. If the Premier is desirous to retain his place, I should fancy that, till he gets indurated to it, it must be a most disagreeable one. From what a variety of quarters the voice of Mrs. Grundy must be borne to his ears ; and how difficult it must be to know precisely what importance to attach to this or that specific bellow ! Judging from the easy way in which the present head of the Government bears his functions, one would suppose that to be Prime Minister must be like being stoker of an American high-pressure steamer. At first, you will be in momentarily expectation of being blown up ; but by and by you will come to take it quite coolly ; indeed, with a hardihood rather appalling to most people to see. There is no one who has it in his power to know so certainly and immediately what his own world thinks of him, as a great actor. It is an index of his popularity, as certain as the mercury in the thermometer is of the temperature, how the theatre fills at which he performs. And to him, popularity is more than empty praise. It is substantial pudding. The bread and butter of his wife and children depend upon it. There are cases in which it is a miserable spectacle to see a man eagerly anxious about the world's opinion. There is no more contemptible and degrading sight, than a clergyman who sets his heart upon popularity as a preacher ; who is always fishing for compliments, and using clap-trap arts to draw a crowd and amaze people. You come to hear of preachers who, it is plain, are prepared to go any length ; men who would preach standing on their head rather than fail of creating a sensation. I thank God I never listened to such ; but I have read in print addresses described as having been given in buildings professedly used for the worship of the Almighty, which addresses, in their title, subject, and entire tone, were perfectly analogous to the advertisements and exhibitions of Barnum. Their vulgar buffoonery and disgusting profanity were intended as a bait to the lowest and worst classes in the community. You may have known persons in various walks of life, who were in the possession of the world's good opinion, but who could not be said to

be in the enjoyment of it. It did not make them happy to have it, but it would have made them miserable to lose it. To go down a peg or two in the scale of fame would have been unendurable. And you would find them occasionally putting out feelers, to try whether the popular gale was slackening. Should it show signs of slackening, you have various acquaintances who will be careful to inform you. I knew a young divine who preached for almost the first time at a certain country church. A few days after a man from the parish, a vulgar person, and almost a stranger, came and assured him that his sermon did not by any means giv sahtisfawkshun. I have known a person, a stupid and ignorant blockhead, who devoted himself to going about and retailing to every one he knew, any wretched little piece of tattle which might be disagreeable to hear. I don't believe the man was malignant. I suppose he yielded to an impulse analogous to that which makes a hen cackle when it has laid an egg. Unhappily some men are so weak that though they find it unpleasant to be informed that the world is pronouncing opinion against them, they yet find a certain fascination impelling them to learn all particulars as to this unfriendly opinion. And so the ignorant blockhead found many attentive auditors. Doubtless this gratified him. My readers, cut such a man short at once. Snub him. Shut him up. As you would close the window through which a bitter north-east wind is blowing into your chamber on a winter day, so shut up this wretched gutter that conveys to you the dregs of Mrs. Grundy !

As you go on through life, my friend, you will discover a good many *Cowed People*. These people have been fairly beaten by their fear of what the world will say. They are always in a vague alarm. They are afraid of doing or saying the most innocent thing, lest in some way, they cannot say how, it may turn to their prejudice. They are in mortal dread of committing themselves. They live in some general confused apprehension of what may come next. They are always thinking that Mr. A. bowed rather stiffly to them, and wonder what it can mean ; that Mrs. B. looked the other way as they passed, and no doubt intends to finally cut their acquaintance ; and the like. All this



shades off into developments which pass the limit of sanity; as believing that the entire population of the place have combined against them, and that the human race at large is resolved to thwart their plans and crush their hopes. I do not mention these things to be laughed at. The sincerest sympathy is due to such as suffer in this way. No doubt all this founds upon a nervous, anxious nature; but it has been greatly fostered by lending a ready ear to such stupid, if not malicious, tattlers as have just been mentioned. There is, indeed, much of natural temperament here; much of physical constitution. There are boys who go to school each morning, trembling with vague apprehension, they cannot say of what. Possibly there is some idea that all their companions may league against them. There is not much of the magnanimous about boys; and such a poor little fellow probably leads a sad enough school life. And years afterwards, when he is a man in business, you may find him going away from his cottage on the outskirts into town each morning, to get his letters and attend to the day's transactions, as Daniel might have gone into the den. To many human beings the world is as a great, fierce machine, whirling and grinding inexorably on; and their great desire is to keep away from it. And possibly the man who is most thoroughly cowed by the world is not the man who lives in an even and equable awe of it; but rather he who now and then rebels, makes a frantic, foolish fight for freedom, gets terribly mauled in a quarrel with the world on some stupid issue, and then gives up, and sinks down beaten into a state of utter prostration. Probably such a man, for awhile after each desperate rally, is the most cowed of cowed men.

There are human beings of this temperament who seem to feel as though any street in which an acquaintance lives were barricaded against their passage. They will tell you they don't like to pass Mr. Smith's house, lest he should see them. You listen with wonder, and possibly you reply, "Suppose he does, what then?" Of course they cannot answer your question; they cannot fix on any specific evil result which would follow if Mr. Smith did happen to see them; they have simply a vague fear of the consequences of that event. You will find such people, if they are walking along the street, and see

any one they know coming in their direction, instantly get out of the way by turning down some side lane. I believe that in the hunting-field the cry of *Ware wheat* warns the horseman to keep off the ground sown with that precious grain, lest the crop suffer damage. I think I have seen human beings, the voice of whose whole nature, as they advanced through creation, appeared to be *Ware Friends!* Their wish was just to keep out of anybody's way. It was vain to ask what harm would follow even if they met Mr. Green or the Miss Browns. They did not know exactly why they were afraid: they were vaguely cowed. Is it because the present writer feels within himself something which might ultimately land him in that wretched condition of moral prostration, that he is anxious to describe it accurately and protest against it bitterly? You find people so thoroughly cowed, that they appear to be always apologizing for venturing to be in this world. They seem virtually to say to every one they meet, but especially to all baronets, lords, and the like, "I beg your pardon for being here." You will find them saying this even to wealthy mercantile men. Not only is this a painful and degrading point to arrive at; I do not hesitate to say that it is a morally wrong one. It implies a forgetfulness of Who put you in this world, my friend, that you should wish to skulk through it in that fashion. Is not *this* the right thing for a human being to feel—The Creator put me here, in my lowly place indeed; but I have as good a right in this world, in my own place in it, as the Queen or the Emperor. My title to be here is exactly the same as that of the greatest and noblest: it is the will of my Maker. And I shall follow the advice of a good and resolute man in an early century, who was always ready to give honor to whom it was due, but who would not abnegate his rights as man, for mortal. I intend to do what he said should be done by "every man"—I intend "wherein I am called, therein to abide with God."

There are few more contemptible exhibitions of human slavery than you may find in cowed people who, in every little thing they do, are guided not by their notion of what is right, but by their belief as to what Mrs. Grundy may say, more especially the Grundy whose income and social standing somewhat surpass their own. I once heard a parson,



who had a large income, say that he could not venture to put his man-servant into livery, because the gentry in his parish would not like it! I suggested that it was no concern of the gentry how he might attire his servant; that the questions to be considered concerned only himself, and appeared to me to be these:—

1. Whether he could afford it;
2. Whether he would like it.

And that for myself, if I could answer these questions in the affirmative, I should like to see the man in my parish who would venture to interfere with what I thought fit to do in the matter. Not but what I believe that vulgar and impertinent individuals might be found who would not like to see my friend approximating too closely to their own magnificence; but if there be a thing in this world to be decisively and instantly snubbed, it assuredly would be the insolence of venturing to express, in my friend's presence, either liking or dislike in the case. I have known a talking busybody, a relation of Miss Limejuice, who called at the house of a family lately come to settle in a remote country region, to inform them that their dining so late as they did was regarded as presumptuous; and that various neighboring families felt aggrieved that their own dinner-hour, hitherto esteemed the most advanced in fashion, had been transcended by the new comers. It may suffice to say, that though the relation of Miss Limejuice was treated with entire civility, she never ventured in that house to recur to that topic again. It is curious how rapidly it comes to be understood, whether any individual possesses that cowed and abject nature which permits impertinent interference in his private concerns, or not. The most meddlesome of tattling old women knows when she may venture to repeat Mrs. Grundy's opinion, and when she had better not. And this without the least noisy demonstration; all this with very little reference to the absolute social position of the person to be interfered with. It is a question of the nature of the animal. An eagle, you know, is a smaller animal than a goose; but it is inexpedient to interfere with the former bird. If you have any unpleasant advice to offer, stick to the goose, my friend!

In this country, when a man gets on in life, and begins to evince signs of wealth, the only hostile feeling he is likely to encounter

is that of the superior class into which he is now seeking admission. It is natural enough that those who have long been in an elevated place should feel disquieted when they find some one on whom they have been accustomed to look downwards, rising up to their own level, or even transcending it. The feeling, of course, is an unworthy one; and worthy people struggle with it, and soon get over it. A still more disagreeable manifestation is one which I am told is not uncommon in democratic countries. It is that the man who rises is pursued by the envy and hatred of the class from which he rises; and that the people of that class desire to keep him down to his original level. I have been told that in the United States men who have reached great fortune are afraid to take the use of it, lest by doing so they should draw upon themselves the popular enmity. It is quite certain that a rich man in a certain Atlantic city put up a gilded lamp over his front-door; and that in a few days a deputation of his neighbors waited upon the rich man, and informed him that the gilded lamp would not do; that it was esteemed as "too aristocratic;" and that if he did not wish his windows smashed, he had better have it taken away. In this country, the rich man would have shown the deputation the door; if, indeed, one can imagine the deputation even coming to him. But in that country of unlimited freedom, where the people are free to force other people to do what *they* like, and what the other people don't like, a different course was advisable. The rich man humbly bowed to the expressed judgment of Mrs. Grundy; and he removed the gilded lamp. As the old Scotch poet said, "Ah, Freedom is a nobill thing!" The misfortune is, that in a perfectly free country, it seems essential that the cultivated minority should be the most cowed people—i.e., the most abject slaves—on the face of the earth.

It is worthy of notice, that in the respect of the attitude which men assume towards the world's opinion, the most remarkable change sometimes passes over them. We all know that human beings, in the course of their lives, go through many phases of opinion and feeling as to most matters: but I think there is no single matter in which they may exhibit extremes so far apart as in the mat-



ter of confidence and cowedness. You will find men who as schoolboys were remarkable for their forwardness; who were always ready to start up and roar out an answer in their class; and who even at college were pushing and confident, and quite willing to take a lead among their fellow-students; but who ten years after leaving the university, have shrunk into very modest and retiring and timid men. I have known several cases in which this was so; always in the case of men who had carried off very high honors. Doubtless this loss of confidence is in some measure the result of growing experience, and of the lowlier estimate of one's own powers which *that* seldom fails to bring to men of sense; but I believe that it is in no small measure the result of a nervous system early over driven, and of a mental constitution from which the elasticity has been taken by too hard work, gone through too soon. You know that if you put a horse in harness at three years old, he will, if he be a good horse, do his work splendidly; but he will not do it long. At six years old, he will be a spiritless, broken-down creature. You took it out of him too soon. He is used up. And the cleverest young men at the universities are often like the horse set to hard work at three. By the time they are two-and-twenty, you have sometimes taken out of them the best that will ever come. They will probably die about middle age; and till that time they will go heavily through life, with little of the cheerful spring. They will not rise to the occasion. They cannot answer the spur. They are prematurely old: weary, jaded, cowed. Oh, that the vile system of midnight toil at the universities, both of England and Scotland, were finally abolished! It directly encourages many of the most promising of the race to mortgage their best energies and their future years to sustain the reckless expenditure of the present. It would be an invaluable blessing if it were made a law, inexorable as those of the Medes, that no honors should ever be given to any student who was not in bed by eleven o'clock at latest.

It is a sad thing when any person, old or young, goes through his work in a cowed spirit. I do not mean goes through his work in a jaded, heartless way, merely, but goes through his work in the bare hope of

escaping blame. A great part of all that is done in this world is done in this way. Many children, many servants, many clerks, and even several parsons, go through their daily round thus. I need not say how poorly that work will usually be done which the man wishes just to get through without any great reprobation; but think how unhappily it will be done, and what a miserable training of mind and heart it is! It seems to me that few people do their work heartily, and really as well as they can. And people whose desire is merely to get through somehow, seem to stand to their work as at a level below it. The man who honestly does his best, works from above; his task is below him; he is master of it, however hard it may be. The man who hopes no more than to escape censure, and who accordingly aims at nothing more, seems to work from below; his task is above him; he is cowed by it. Let us resolve that we shall always give praise when we can. You will find many people who are always willing to find fault with their servants, if their servants do anything wrong, but who never say an approving word when their servants do right. You will find many people who do the like as to their children. And only too often that wretched management breaks the spring of the youthful spirit. Yes, many little children are cowed; and the result is either a permanent dull quiescence, never to be got over, or a fierce reaction against the accursed tyranny that embittered early years—a reaction which may sometimes cast off entirely the bonds of natural affection, and even of moral restraint. How it encourages and cheers the cowed little fellow, growing up in the firm belief that he is hopelessly wicked, and never can do anything to please any one, to try reward as a change from constant punishment and bullying! I have seen the good effect upon such a one of the kind approving word. How much more cheerfully the work will be done; how much better it will be done; and how much happier a man will be that does it! A poor fellow who never expects that he can please, and who barely hopes that he may pass without censure and abuse, will do his task very heartlessly. Let us praise warmly and heartily wherever praise is deserved. And if we weigh the matter, we shall find that a great deal of hearty praise is deserved



in this world on every day that shines upon it.

May I conclude by saying, that many worthy people go through their religious duties in a thoroughly cowed spirit? They want just to escape God's wrath—not to gain his kind favor. The great spring of conduct within them is not love, but abject terror. Truly a mistaken service! You have heard of the devil-worshippers in India; do you know why they worship the devil? Because they think him a very powerful being, who can do them a mischief if they don't. Does not the worship of the Almighty rendered in that cowed spirit, partake of the essential nature of devil-worship? Let us not love and serve our Maker, my reader, because we are in fear that he will torment us if we do not. Let us humbly love and serve him because he is so good, so kind to you and me, because he loved us first, and because we can see him

and his glory in the kindest face this world ever saw! I do not think we should have been afraid of Jesus of Nazareth. I do not think we need have gone in a cowed spirit to him. And in him we have the only manifestation that is level to our understanding, of the Invisible God. I think we could have gone to him confidently as a little child to a kind mother. I think we should have feared no repulse, no impatience as we told to him the story of all our sins and wants and cares. We can picture to ourselves, even yet, the kindly, sorrowful features which little children loved, and which drew those unsophisticated beings together round him without a fear. Let there be deep humility, but nothing of that unworthy terror. You remember what we know on the best of all authority is the first and great thing we are to do. It is not to cultivate a cowed spirit. It is to LOVE our Maker with heart and soul and mind.

A. K. H. B.

**A NAME FOR OUR COUNTRY.**—From the beginning of the Rebellion we have been convinced that our descriptive and awkward name is one great cause of the confusion of ideas, at home and abroad, upon the nature of the government. See what the *Saturday Review* of 18 Jan. says upon the subject. When we assemble a Convention on the Constitution a name should be settled by authority. We suggest, but do not like, "The Republic of America."

"The United States and their inhabitants have never had anything which can really be called a name. 'The United States of North America' is a mere diplomatic description, not the real name of a country. 'A citizen of the United States' is yet more manifestly a formula which can only be used in some document of unusual solemnity. We have had to fall back on the awkward names of 'America' and 'Americans.' There is plainly no reason why those names should be applied to that particular part of the Continent rather than to any other part. A Canadian or a Brazilian is as much an American as a citizen of New York or New Orleans. There is also the practical difficulty that the restricted use has not wholly excluded the general one. If we are talking politics, 'America' means the United States only; but if we are talking philology or natural history, 'America' still means the whole Continent. The circumstances of the United States made it very difficult to find a good name. Thirteen colonies,

previously united by nothing but a common allegiance to the British Crown, united themselves into a Federal Republic. There was no name which at once included them all and did not include something besides. In describing the Revolutionary War the difficulty constantly occurs. We have to talk of 'Colonists,' 'Provincials,' 'Continental,' and, after the Declaration of Independence, of 'Americans.' Their enemies, on the other hand, are 'the British.' They are hardly ever 'the English.' Doubtless the colonists still looked on themselves as Englishmen. They were Englishmen in America, just as the others were Englishmen in Britain. Something of the feeling, or at least of the habit, is still retained. Americans still often say 'British' where men of any other nation would say 'English.' In truth, whatever we say of the motley crowds of Irish and Germans in some of the States, a true New Englander or a true Virginian should not in the least object to be called an Englishman. He is not a Briton—that is a matter of geography and of politics; but he is an Englishman by blood and language. And though he will not call himself an Englishman, he will do exactly the same thing in another form by the use of the ridiculous word 'Anglo-Saxon.' The strictest description of the 'Americans' would be 'those among the English in North America who threw off their allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain.' In truth, there is no real name either for the country or for its people."



From The National Magazine.

### MY UNCLE'S STORY.

FOR many years I have regularly made an expedition to the north-west coast of Ireland. There my uncle, Mr. Barton, resided in his wild and beautiful glebe,—the mountains to the south, the broad Atlantic to the north,—and there I used to visit him, to fish for salmon and trout in the lakes and rivers, and to shoot his grouse. Oh, what happy days they were! The glorious scenery; the wild sport; the bracing, invigorating air; the warm-hearted, rough, but courteous and kindly mountaineers, who thought no courtesy or kindness sufficient for “the rector’s nephew.” How well they loved him! Though a stranger to them by birth and education, still he was their sympathizing friend. He had learned their feelings, and they felt that he was heart and soul their own.

And now all is over. I was hastily summoned to him in last May, and, after a short illness, he passed peacefully away, bewailed and missed by all those kind people who loved him so truly. Farewell, then, to those happy scenes; but long will his memory live who gave them half their zest.

After the excitement of this day’s work, I shall try to calm my feelings by transcribing a letter which I found in his desk, and which throws a light on some earlier passages in my uncle’s history.

How well I remember the quiet grave, catching the last long beams of the western sun.

I comply with your desire, my dear nephew, to know the history of my life, although I cannot let you have it until you find it in my papers after I am gone: I could not be at ease in your society if I felt you had this key to my inner self, to unlock the past at your pleasure; I should always fear allusions to what is buried deep in my heart; but my principal reason is—that there is an image which I could not bear to associate in your mind with your rusty old uncle until death has thrown over me the softening veil which will make it less incongruous. You have always known me as an old parish clergyman, and I never was a young one. My early days, from the time I lost my mother, were devoted to study; and the line of research which suited both my abilities and my

taste (which never was youthful), required a close investigation and pursuit of truth, for its own sake, with a quick and sharp detection of falsehood, which had the effect of satisfying my moral perceptions without nourishing or enlarging them. When I detected a fallacy or misrepresentation, or brought to light some fact that was hidden under exaggeration, no doubt there was so much gained on the side of truth; but truth was none the more lovely for the victory. Mine was a dry, hard, accurate life, yet a happy one. The esteem in which I was held within and beyond the walls of my college was satisfactory evidence that my labors were useful; and I found among literary men as much interchange of thought and of good-will as I desired.

I had taken holy orders as a matter of course, at a certain stage in my university career; and was quite content to bear the title of Reverend, and to officiate occasionally; preaching faithfully and honestly whenever I was required to preach; without ever considering the vows I had taken to feed the flock of Christ, and to fulfil to them the duties of a pastor. I had no flock to feed, no disciples to educate; and the ordination office was to me a dead letter. Suddenly the excitement, then at its height, about “Church principles,” aroused me; I read the vows of ordination with new eyes, as a reality; and a reality into which I had voluntarily entered, and wilfully neglected, not even attempting to fulfil what I had undertaken. I saw that having thus pledged myself it was no longer a matter of choice; and I determined to seek some work among my fellow-creatures, and no longer to live between the covers of a book; but there was great awkwardness and difficulty in the task. I was accustomed to teach and to influence minds through the press, and my name was known as an author, not only in my own peculiar line of dry research, but also by those poems which had unhappily seen the light, and which I could not now recall. How could I face living men and women with these things fastened to my name, so that anybody might read my thoughts and feelings and aspirations and compare them with myself? Perhaps it was vanity; but, whatever was its source, the mortification and shyness were very great; so great that



I refused several appointments, and at last caught at one of the most unattractive to every man in my college.

"Will any one go to the West Coast of Ireland? Here is a letter from a friend of mine, who is obliged to go abroad for his wife's health, and wants some one to fill his place for a few months."

Here I thought I could begin, and get away as soon as I had conquered the first difficulty. Probably there would be no work, as it was a parish stretching along the wild shore of the Atlantic, between the mountains and the ocean; but I could get accustomed to the position of a parish clergyman, and to the sound of my own voice, and then—as I often repeated to myself—and then leave it. So my services were offered and accepted, and I was requested to make no delay, as the rector, Mr. Mansell, must be gone before a certain Sunday, and there was not a clergyman within twelve miles who could officiate for him. It was in this brief interval I learned what would have made me draw back, had it not been too late: I was to share the rectory with the mother and sister of the absentee, and they would make me acquainted with the parish!

"Impossible!" I said; "I shall go to the village inn."

"My dear sir, do you know that coast? There is no village; and no inn within twenty-two miles."

"Then I shall lodge in a farmhouse."

"Be it so," answered my friend, smiling; "but I advise you not to decide until you see what an Irish farmhouse is like."

"And as to showing me the parish—where are the churchwardens?"

"I suppose there are none."

"Then the squire of the parish could surely point out the boundaries, and so on?"

"The squire, or rather the lord of the soil, has a house ten miles from the church; but he lives in London, or at one of his English residences."

It was too late to retract. I need not describe my journey, and yet you who so often travel the same ground can have no idea what it was five-and-twenty years ago. What is now an ill-natured caricature of poor Ireland was then literally true; broken cars, imperfect harness, kicking horses, tipsy drivers, and all the rest of it: and right glad I was when the unmistakable voice of

the Atlantic told me I was near my destination. Now, I shall go minutely over the first few days; you could not otherwise understand it. And remember, George, that every hour is so engraven on my mind, that I can call up any scene at pleasure; so that often when I sit silent in your presence, I am seeing forms, and hearing voices, yes, and *enjoying* conversations, that exist only in memory. It was in this drawing-room, where I now write. I was courteously and hospitably welcomed by an old lady, who spoke of her absent son, and of the benefit I had conferred on them in taking his place. Her manner possessed not only the natural dignity that belongs to character, but also the polish which is acquired by society; and I felt at once that in this wild and remote region I was in the presence of one who belonged to the circles of nobility. She called my attention to the glorious aspect of the setting sun, which was sending a pillar of fire down into the ocean, and casting its last beams, with a power beyond the noontide, into the room.

The door opened, and a light and girlish figure entered as it were into those beams, which seemed to circle and close around her, radiant and calm. She was not aware of my arrival, and started at the sight of a stranger; but, graciously acknowledging my presence, she passed hastily forward, and knelt beside her mother. The sounds were almost inaudible; but it was evident she was relating some tale of pressing want; and, having received directions, she left the room with a key and a basket. All the detail of that little figure was stamped on my perception by a sort of mental photography: the modest bonnet, the white dress, (she always wore white), the black mantle so gracefully falling around her; then the unconsciousness of self which the whole movement expressed, and the varying looks of pity, of explanation, of pleading, of urgency, that passed over her features in that short moment; the unconscious action, the hands clasped, then raised, then pointing—all as if expressing some urgent necessity of her own. After a short interval she returned, dressed for the evening, and with graceful courtesy welcomed me, apologizing for not doing so before, as "there was some one waiting, in great distress." I had a letter of introduction to the formidable sister, and I hesitated in present-



ing it, saying, "Perhaps this lady is not here." It could scarcely be that this young girl was the person to show me the parish, and there was an unusual disparity between the ages of mother and daughter; so that I was surprised, and perhaps relieved, when she said, "Yes; it is for me," and entered into animated conversation about the writer and the subject of the letter. My anxiety lest I should be domesticated with these ladies was set at rest; for the elder informed me that separate apartments were prepared for me, and I need only visit them when it was my pleasure to do so.

Strange to tell, that was the first evening I ever conducted family worship. It began with a hymn, in which the voices of the ladies and servants united; and then we separated, after I had received a gracious invitation to pass the next day with them.

My first walk along these noble cliffs was with her. I had never seen the ocean in its open and unbroken grandeur, and, as she said afterwards, she felt as if she were going to present me to the Sovereign. I was conscious that she felt my unuttered delight, and guided me from point to point as one who could appreciate; but I was struck then, and always, by her silence in the presence of the beautiful and the grand. She loved nature with a reverence so deep and heartfelt, that she could no more have spoken light words of praise and admiration, than she could have been garrulous about her mother's excellence. A glance, a scarcely perceptible movement of hand or eye, directed my attention to the grandest points of view,—to the combination of rock and ocean—to the fine outline of the headlands—to the effect of light and shadow; yet she allowed me to see and to admire for myself; never distracting me from one object by exclaiming at the beauty of another. I have seen her cheek grow pale and flush again before the majesty of the waves; I have seen her gaze upon the sun setting, or the moon as it was reflected in the water, with eyes that spoke a homage beyond the sun or moon; I have seen those sweet eyes fill with tears of pleasure over a new-blown flower; but I have seldom heard her speak of her love of beauty, or expatiate on the scenery in which she delighted; never, except in moments of most confidential intercourse, when her mind unfolded its secret treasures.

We walked by the cliffs to the coastguard station, where she said my English ascent would be like home music; and then we visited a school, in which each child seemed to possess some peculiar interest of character or circumstance. Many a smile and many a glance of quick intelligence passed between her and the children, while they tried to answer the English gentleman's questions. I had thought of a school only as an instrument of which the pupils were part of the machinery, and observed, with some surprise, "Each of these children seems an especial favorite."

"Well," she replied, "each is a favorite for some reason; no one could help loving them, they are so nice."

My idea of nice was strangely in contrast with this assembly of bare feet and laughing faces; but I understood her application of the word, when, on the way homeward, a troop of these little ones stood before us, flushed and panting after a race across the fields to collect the nosegays of wild-flowers which they now presented to her. She sat down on a rock to admire and arrange them, and while I was examining with my pocket microscope one she presented to me,\* I saw and heard the happy group.

"O Miss Ellie," said a girl, with a deprecating glance at her feet covered with mud, "I had to go far in the bog for this bog-bean; wont you wear it in your hair?"

"I shall put it in water, Maggie," she replied; "it is too beautiful for dress."

"Not too beautiful for you, Miss Ellie darling!" said the girl, with a look of intense admiration.

"And I had a great race after this red milkwort," said another; "wont you keep them separate, that you may think of us till to-morrow, Miss Ellie?"

"I shall take as many as I can carry," she answered; "and with the rest I crown my best of little girls, that watches her poor Granny's sheep." And quickly twining the flowers into a wreath, she placed it on the head of a little one who looked the poorest and most ragged of the party, and who ran off laughing, followed by the whole group, over sandbanks and rocks.

\* In the writer's pocket-book was found a Pen-guicula, carefully pressed, and inscribed "My first walk in Ireland."



"Do you teach them botany, Miss Mansell?" I inquired in my dry way.

"Oh, no!" she replied, blushing: "but I want them to enjoy all the lovely things God has spread around them."

And now we came to a hovel, sunk below the level of the path; into which, after begging me to pardon her absence for a few minutes, she dived, and was received with a yell of welcome. I heard the loud voices within, and her own gentle tones, all speaking a language unknown to me; and she soon emerged, having deposited the contents of a basket which she had carried all the way; and followed by yells in the same unknown tongue, which the gesticulation with which they were uttered showed to be blessings.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you," she said; "but they have typhus fever in that house."

"And have you no fear of infection?"

"None," she replied; "but if I had there is no choice; for they are unfortunately very bad people, and none of their neighbors care for them. The husband has just returned from prison."

"For what crime?" I asked.

"For burning our hay, and killing our sheep," she replied, with some hesitation and a blush, as if she had done it herself.

"And would they injure you now?" I inquired.

"Perhaps not; I hope not; but they are very wretched and totally ignorant," she replied.

"You speak their language—Gaelic?" I observed.

"Irish," she replied, correcting me with a look of something like indignation. "My native language."

"Is it not very difficult to learn?" I asked.

"Not very much more difficult than German," she replied; "but I found it necessary to give up learning German, to give my whole attention to it."

"Was not that a sacrifice?"

"I confess it was," she replied; "but there are hundreds here who speak no other language; and while we are ignorant of theirs we must be aliens, and can never be their friends and comforters; so I had no choice."

Wherever Duty spoke, she always felt "she had no choice;" and her conception

of the extent or demands of Duty never was limited by her own convenience or her own taste. If a sacrifice was to be made, she did not deny that it was a sacrifice, though she bore it cheerfully; but in general the master-passion of her heart, a pure benevolence, made her own choice and preference coincide with any effort to which she was called. Until she knew me well enough to cease to fear me, she fancied I was too learned and too abstracted to be conscious of what was passing around me; so that while I looked at a book, or hid behind a sheet of the *Times*, all went on as if I were not in the room: as she afterwards said, "I had the happy art of letting myself be forgotten:" and thus I could observe their pleasant household ways, and hear their discursive talk, and see her innocent playfulness with her mother, unchecked by the presence of a stranger—and sometimes, when I was shut up in the study, her merry laugh or a joyous snatch of song would reach me from the garden beneath, like a breath of summer air rustling the leaves of an old book.

A few days after my arrival, I had thus shut myself up for the morning to complete a manuscript on which I was engaged; but my attention was irresistibly attracted by a boat, which sailed early towards the Island. There was no church there at that time, and the lighthouse being the only visible building, I had thought of it only as a picturesque mass of rock, rising abruptly out of the waves which dashed and raved around it. After some hours the boat re-appeared, and, having watched its progress through those tremendous billows, I went to see its arrival at the landing-place, where I was surprised to find Mrs. Mansell, waiting, she said, to meet her daughter. I exclaimed "Is it possible she is in that boat?—what a dreadful risk!"

There was some hauteur in her tone as she replied, "There is no danger on so calm a day as this. Miss Mansell is not imprudent; the old boatman is skilful and experienced. My maid (formerly her own nurse) accompanies her in all her expeditions: but," she added earnestly, "if there was some risk and if there was some hardship, I would not forbid it: in the cause of charity I would see my daughter encounter difficulty, just as I saw her father go to battle. As good soldiers of Jesus Christ we have not only to



fight the enemy within our own hearts; we must contend against the misery and darkness which sin has produced around us. In this instance, however, there is no risk."

As she sprang from the boat to the beach she was welcomed in her mother's embrace as if after a month's separation; and as they walked towards the house Mrs. Mansell questioned her so as to let me learn the object of the excursion.

"Were the young women at the light-house pleased with the last books?"

"Quite interested, and they asked for another; and they have begun to teach those poor children; and they quite gladly undertook to make the clothes for that poor baby; and the seeds in their garden are coming up nicely, so that it will be a pleasure to them all the autumn."

"And the Coastguard?"

"They promise to bring the child next Sunday for baptism, and will all come to church to hear the English gentleman" (with a shy smile towards me). "And, mamma, I have promised that you and nurse will be sponsors for the baby, as they have no friends."

"Were your strawberries acceptable to the sick girl?"

"Well, as she had never seen any before, I had to encourage her, like Robinson Crusoe, by eating one; and at first, like Friday, she 'began to spatter;' but finally enjoyed them, though the 'tea and white loaf' were more welcome. And mamma, the light-house girls went with me, and promise to visit her often."

"Was your rope approved of?"

Here the bright face clouded, and, in a subdued voice, she told,—

"O mamma, darling! Only yesterday a poor boy was nearly killed by the cord giving way while he was gathering sea-birds' eggs down the cliff; but he clung to the rock; and you can imagine how glad they were to get that fine strong rope."

"And how was the Irish reader received?"

"They would not have listened to him if he had gone alone; but I left him sitting on the rocks, reading the story of peace (the last chapter of St. Matthew) to four fishermen; who became so interested that they asked him to remain the night and finish it."

"You will think us very wild Irish people, Mr. Barton," said her mother, when she had left us, "when I tell you that this island expedition takes place every week in fine weather. It is my son's parish, and he visits it regularly."

"It does seem a severe life for a young girl," I said.

"Severe? Yes," she repeated thoughtfully; "severe, but not harsh: never was a young creature more perfectly happy."

It was indeed true. She seemed ever to exult in a joyous sense of existence; an overflowing of vitality and happiness that communicated itself to all around her. Every eye brightened as it met hers; and all kindly and pleasant feelings seemed to flow forth to greet her; and her life was a thanksgiving to Him who had given her all things richly to enjoy.

I was disposed to regard this mission to the island as a great event, something to be either proud or humble about; and was prepared to receive her as a heroine or a devotee. But when she rejoined us, in her pretty evening costume, there was nothing to remind us that she had not spent the morning among her flowers, except that her color was heightened by the sea-breeze, and her eyes were dancing with that peculiar gladness they seemed to catch from the waves in sunshine; and no allusion was made to the island, except that she was rejoicing over some shells and seaweed she had gathered there. She would have been incredulous had she seen it recorded that her whole strength was devoted to acts of charity; yet it was the fact; not as a rule, but because she yielded herself to every claim of the needy, and they did claim all she could give. It was not that as a matter of stern duty she dedicated hours of each day to the poor as a class; but that the individuals around her had some want—to be clothed, to be fed, to be visited—from which she never thought of turning away her face. Political economy would have frowned on her want of system. I am only telling what was, not what might have been. Her life of ceaseless benevolence was the outflowing of a spirit of grateful love; each separate act was spontaneous; she lived for and in others so entirely, and was so truly actuated by the desire to follow Him who went about doing good, that it became a difficult question how



far she was exercising self-denial ; and, in studying her life, I learned that where there is a real abnegation of self as the object, there is little room for that sort of petty conflict between inclination and duty which is often exalted into a virtue, and spoken of as the highest attainment. She had naturally a noble thirst for knowledge, and her mind had just reached the point where the passive receptiveness of childhood changes to the active inquiry of maturity ; life, death, and eternity, were before her as great realities ; she was full of questionings (though never of doubts and scruples, for her faith was clear, and her conscience healthful) ; and contact with a man who had read and thought and seen was just what she wanted to meet the cravings of her intellect. I was able to teach her much ; to direct her exertions for self-cultivation ; and all the while that I was learning from her lessons which have formed my life since, she was looking up to me with the enthusiastic reverence with which the philosophers of Greece were regarded by their disciples. That volume of poems had long been her favorite companion, though, with exquisite tact, she concealed this from me until our confidence had gone beyond my natural reserve and awkwardness.

Truly beautiful it was to see her, just when catching the solution of a problem ; just when grasping a thought which had been vaguely moving in her mind ; just when reading a passage of poetry that made her eye kindle and her lip quiver, suddenly break off, and with childlike simplicity attend to some trifle for her dear mother's work ; or start up at the frequent call, "Miss Ellie, one wants you." I have seen her performing the most menial offices for the sick and helpless ; dressing wounds at which her cheek grew pale ; and in five minutes returning with unchecked interest to the most refined conversation on literature. The first time I saw her thus engaged, she mistook my look for disapprobation, and answered it with a deep blush ; saying in a low tone, "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Yet there was nothing abrupt in these transitions : the playfulness of a merry child ; the deep feeling of a thoughtful woman ; the practical energy of a philanthropist ; the earnestness of a being thoroughly imbued with the perception and the love of truth,

blended into each other, so that there was "nothing sudden, nothing single ;" her idiosyncrasy was one, though composed of endless variety ; and she was none the less firmly rooted and grounded in fixed principle, because she was flexible to every touch of human sympathy, and versatile in the perception and reflection of every light and shadow. I believe that had I never seen her after the first evening there would have been an indelible impression on my existence ; she entered my heart almost as she entered the room. It was not an excited sense of admiration ; it was simply that *she*, such as she was, became a part of my inner life, which never could be by weal or woe detached from it : I used to please myself with the thought that it was like a child coming into a dull and silent house ; the windows are thrown open, chambers are searched that had been locked and forgotten, the old walls echo to sounds of gladness ; voice and light have come. I loved her at once, though I loved her increasingly. Very soon I began to regard whatever she had touched or used as sacred, almost as I do now. If I saw a careless hand approach a book or flower of hers, I felt—somewhat as I did the other day, when I so hastily and rudely removed your whip and gloves from that little table, which was once her work-table ;—I had a mysterious consciousness of her presence : an indescribable consciousness, too, of her unspoken thoughts. I never deceived myself by calling it mere friendship ; I knew that I loved as man or woman can love but once. The first love of early youth is fervent and attractive, but the power and majesty of the passion is only known where it enters into the soul of a strong man. I did thus love her, yet without one selfish feeling ; to see her, to hear her, to share her interests as I did—in fact to know that she existed—was so much to me that I never was tempted to look beyond the present. I knew perfectly that such love as I felt for her she never could feel for me ; that no mingling visions of a mutual future must ever be cherished. And at that time there was no pain in the thought, so entirely had self disappeared while I lived in her : but the awakening came.

You know the effect, even now, of the cry of "Puseyism." At that time it was regarded as some mysterious evil ; and those



who uttered and those who echoed the accusation only meant something dreadful, with little definite meaning. The observance of a festival (All Saints) which I was not aware was generally neglected in Ireland, was the occasion of raising this cry against me: and then my dress, my manner, my doctrine (apparently least important of the three), were brought up in confirmation of the charge. I received a formal request from the bishop that I would at once resign the temporary care of the parish, as even the discussion of the accusations against me would excite painful disturbance in the diocese. The very principles which his lordship condemned obliged me to yield instant obedience. Indeed, as I held the appointment only by his permission, I doubt whether I could have resisted: but while my resignation was passing through the post-office, there came an official order, given at the request of the neighboring clergy (who a few years after discovered that the doctrines they condemned were in their Bibles, and the practices in their Prayer-books), that I should not again officiate in the church. The congregation were actually assembled there for a week-day service, and I had to dismiss them.

The keen and indignant sense of wrong, which belongs to her country, was very strong in her nature, and it rose at this indignity to her friend. For the first time, she waited for me in the church, and for the first time volunteered to take my arm: while her whole figure assumed an air of pride and dignity, at which I could not but smile, as she thus walked through the little assembly, making conspicuous the honor and veneration in which she held me.

Once again we met in that aisle, but not face to face—once again she passed in my presence through that churchyard, but I saw her not!

Then came the separation; after six months of a communion as perfect, a love on the one side and a friendship on the other as pure and as true, as ever blessed the human heart. The evening previous to my departure her dear mother was confined to her room by cold, and we were for an hour alone. She brought me, as a parting gift, a little volume of sketches, which you will find with this. The coastguard station we first visited; the church; the island; the half-

built schoolhouse which I had begun as a gift to the parish; a view of the cliffs from the water, and of the mountains from her flower-garden. In the first page there is a wreath of violets surrounding the words "Thoughts of good together done." She pointed to the two verses alluded to in the *Christian Year*, with which I had made her acquainted, and repeated in a low voice:—

"Oh, joys that, sweetest in decay,  
Fall not like withered leaves away;  
But with the silent breath  
Of violets, drooping one by one,  
Soon as their fragrant task is done  
Are wafted high in death."

She raised her eyes to my face, and read there what I intended to conceal. In a startled tone she said,—

"You are *very* sorry, are you?"

I answered,—and the words sounded hard and distant, and beat upon my ear as if spoken by another,—“I did not know the human heart was capable of such anguish.”

She looked at me with her truthful and inquiring eyes, and I replied,—

"You, Ellie!"

"Me!" she exclaimed with an expression of unfeigned astonishment and terror. And then I spoke; I told her all that was in my heart; and I only asked her to remember our happy intercourse when I had returned to my solitary home.

After a long pause, she repeated the word "Solitary—must it always be solitary? Surely, you will find a companionship more worthy of you than mine!"

I besought her not to say that; and told her the plain fact that I had never thought of marriage, because I had never thought of love; and I could never think of it again.

"And I have doomed you to a solitary home, perhaps a desolate age," she said slowly and thoughtfully.

My journey commenced early, and in the dim twilight of a November morning she was in the breakfast-room: the blight of an intense mental conflict was on her face; her fingers were interlaced with nervous intensity; she seemed to shiver in the chilly air, and there was an expression of submissive endurance as if she had suffered for years.

She began at once in a calm low tone: "My dearest, kindest friend, I have wronged you grievously; I did not intend it; but I must have tried to attract you, to appear



superior to what I am, or you could never, never—oh! do not interrupt me; let me say it all—I have never felt what love is; I have only an ideal to sacrifice; an ideal that might never be realized; and I will make the sacrifice if you will accept it.”

It is said by those who have recovered from drowning that in the moment when they hung between life and death their whole past seemed to stand before them as a present fact—and so it was with me when she had spoken those words; in that moment a future with her, a future placed within my grasp, unrolled to my vision; thoughts and hopes that had never lived before sprung up in vigor; I saw a home in which she presided: I saw her my own—but true love crushed the selfish imagination. The conflict was fearful, but it was brief; a conflict that curdled years into a minute, a conflict in which the good and the evil within strained every power for the mastery; but true love prevailed pure and triumphant; and her mother's heart could not have folded round her more tenderly than mine to shield her from such a sacrifice. Poor child! her gratitude when I refused to accept it found vent in floods of tears, and she kissed my hand as though it had broken the chain that bound the victim to the stake. When her composure was restored, I told her what I would accept in return for all the love I bore her—it was that she would never believe it possible I could change, and also that she would never be startled into withdrawing the confidence of friendship by the fear that I might ever seek more.

She looked at me again, with that earnest, honest look. “But if on trial you find yourself desolate; if I have indeed blighted your life; you will allow me to make all the compensation I can:” and again there was that shudder of quivering pain; that expression of self-immolation; and again she repeated, “I am quite sincere; I have never seen any one; it was only an ideal of what might be.”

A length I persuaded her that I could never find happiness in any sacrifice of hers; and thus we parted.

If she had trifled with my happiness, if she had shown coldness or indifference, if my conscience had accused her of any fault, I should have been desolate; but my esteem was only deepened; I could gaze on and admire and honor her unfolding excellence,

and my love remained my own, unsullied in its purity, strengthened in its power.

“There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
It makes a thing endurable which else  
Would upset the brain or break the heart;”

and in this comfort my life has abounded. I have never, never, except for one short interval, felt solitary since I knew her; I have felt her life so influencing mine; I can so refer to her taste and judgment: I know so well how she would act in every circumstance, and view every subject, that I cannot be alone. I speak in the present tense, for there was that which could not die; the forms and modes of life may alter, but the character they express changes not. Into my external life, too, into my relation with my fellow-creatures, she had brought vitality; other objects were never darkened by contrast with her brilliancy; her light was diffusive, and gave an interest to everything it touched. Hitherto I had regarded mankind in the mass, and all my ideas for their good were fixed on extensive plans, on the machinery of benevolence: she taught me to individualize, she brought into my existence the feminine element in which persons are regarded rather than things or ideas; and in my parishioners (for I immediately entered on the duties of a parish near my college, where I was warmly welcomed on my return from my Irish exile) I found the interest which arises from personal sympathy.

Any one to hear her speak would imagine she had lived among the most interesting people and places in the world; you would long to be acquainted with any one she mentioned; no person or thing remained commonplace under her touch. I thought this a charm peculiar to herself, but in absence I found it was just the power of truth and love which dwelt in her. There is a beauty and an interest and an idiosyncrasy in every creature of God, and we are blind to it, because we have so little love: she had taught me to love, not herself alone, but all with whom his Providence connected me. You were a baby-boy then, my dear George, and I wondered how in my absence you had become so lovely and attractive. The change, your mother said, was not in you, but in my own perceptions; my heart and eyes were opened. The effect was felt in my ministry; the children became so attached to me as



to receive my instruction with delight; all were drawn to their minister; no; I never again was solitary; it is a blessed thing to be beloved, but better still it is to love; as your favorite poet has since expressed it:—

“God gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.”

But though love was in one sense left alone, in another and a higher it can never be alone. I say all this to you, my dear George, lest you should reproach her, as she reproached herself, for my solitary life.

At first her letters,—for she became a regular correspondent,—were grave and constrained, like those of a child who had done wrong; but gradually as I wrote of common subjects and daily interests, she became herself. And those letters present a better picture than I could draw of the ever-varying yet ever-consistent character of her nature; but I cannot let you read them. My dear George, they are the contents of the sandalwood box which I have directed to be placed in my coffin.

This went on for years; the development and strengthening of intellect, and the growth in deep and earnest piety, were unconsciously displayed, so that no link in her life was lost to me. At length a name was mentioned: I observed a stronger expression of her affection and esteem to myself; a stronger assurance that she never could forget all she owed to me. Then came the wish that I could know Mr. Lyndsey and that he could know me; he could appreciate me; he would be worthy of my friendship. I knew what was coming, and felt no pain when a long letter from dear Mrs. Mansell, and a short one from herself, announced her approaching marriage. I knew him by character; he had been a distinguished member of my university. My brother was quartered in the cathedral town in Ireland where he was curate, and frequently mentioned the zeal and genius and eloquence of the young Oxonian.

I do believe he was worthy of her; I do believe that under his moulding hand she attained her highest perfection, both of excellence and happiness. They walked as heirs together of the grace of life, having one aim and one hope;—it seemed the fulfilled ideal of marriage. I traced it in many

ways; at first she seemed afraid to give utterance to her happiness, but truth prevailed. I asked her to write to me freely and fully as she used to do, and then it flowed out in every word and expression. She gloried in his worth and genius; she admired and looked up to him with a love and reverence so profound that it absorbed all thought of what she was to him; she thought herself so honored in being his wife, so raised above herself, that her identity seemed almost lost. His views, his words, his thoughts, his deeds filled every letter; not by intention, for she sometimes told me something of herself in a postscript, but because he seemed to fill all space in her world; yet underlying all was the dear home-consciousness, the soft, tender confidence, that she was precious to him as he was to her. I had come so much to live in their happiness, and to feel their bright life the sunshine of mine (for the conflict had been long past, and every selfish wound long healed), that her loss could scarcely have been a greater shock to me than the announcement of his death, with the addition so frequent in the Irish papers, “by typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his duties.” Columns were filled, in the local newspapers, with lamentation, and with testimonies to his value, with many respectful allusions to the young widow. She was childless too. I did not dare to write to her, and remained in suspense until, by her own desire, her brother informed me of all particulars. The illness had been brief, and from the first hopeless. She was cast down, but not in despair; despair dwells not with faith. And now there was a new phase in her existence. It did seem so strange, so wofully strange, that she was a mourner; that she, who was the comforter of all, who was such a reservoir of joy that when she shook her wings bright gleams fell all around; that she, with the merry eyes and gleesome laugh,—Ellie, her own self, was now the afflicted one.

I heard of her continually, and from her occasionally. That was the darkest period of my life. Not having known him I was cut off from her. I deeply regretted the morbid feeling which had from time to time caused me to delay accepting his cordial invitations. Had I been his friend, I might have shared and soothed her sorrow; now I could only feel for her, not with her, and the very servants who valued their master



seemed nearer to her than I was. And I was lonely in heart; but gradually, as she arose from the cold stupor of a blow so crushing, there appeared in her letters an elevation of the whole being, a purity, a sanctity, a sublime humility, and I found myself again a learner; while she—precious child!—in the simplicity of her heart, expressed to me all the depth of her bereavement, and all the depth and height of her consolation.

Another grief quickly followed, in the death of my dear, kind friend, her mother. And she was alone. Her brother and his wife urged her to make this glebe again her home, but she decided on remaining in the place where he whom she loved had laid down his life for his brethren; and she said, "I shall not be desolate if I can feel his life prolonged in mine, by carrying on his work among the afflicted."

At length I determined to see her once again, and, as I had a friend near the town, I went to his house, and asked her to appoint an hour to receive me. It was nine years since we had met. All that morning a scene rose before my eyes, of which I had seldom thought in the interval. It was her romantic garden among the rocks, after a summer gale from the west, which had torn and beaten to the ground many of her favorite plants; and I seemed once more to see her figure as she bound them up with looks of tender pity, as if the flowers could feel. I was prepared for a change, but not so great a contrast. For the vast ocean and the lofty mountains there was the narrow street, with no view but the cathedral tower; for the white dress and gay blue ribbons fluttering in the breeze there was the deep mourning garb; for the ringlets that used to glitter in the sun, and toss in the wind, and shade her laughing eyes, there was that awful widow's cap. I gazed a moment in silence; she smiled, and I saw Ellie once more. All the soul of goodness and truth which made the loveliness of that bright girl spoke through the holy smile of the widowed woman. O Ellie! Ellie! if I had loved you well in your mirth, how did my very soul melt in tenderness before your sorrow! How gladly would I have laid down my life, yes, or my reason, how gladly would I have let her forget me forever, if I could thus have restored her

husband! I think she read it all in my face, for she answered my thought:—

"Yes, I wish you had known him, for then my dear, dear friend, you would not think my lot so sad: you would understand that I enjoy a companionship in the thought of him; that I am happier in having belonged to him, than in all else this life could have given; and there is hope; hope full of immortality."

This first interview was very painful. I felt as if I were looking at her image in a mirror, not at her real self; or as if she were encased in crystal—unapproachable. There is something awful in a great and sublime sorrow that seems to place the mourner in another sphere. I left her that day feeling cold and far off, and with a most painful sense of inferiority; but her exquisite tact perceived the cause of my pain; and at our next meeting she allowed her tears to flow freely, and permitted me to see the lowly desolation to which Divine support was vouchsafed. She spoke of her own life as ended; the world closed to her as an individual: and yet when she spoke of others, I found her alive to their joys and hopes, as well as to their sorrows: instead of being absorbed in self, her sympathy flowed fresh and free as ever, but its channel was deepened. Speaking of her former sympathy with affliction, she said,—

"I did feel for all I perceived, but it was a shallow pity; I did not know that the human heart was capable of such anguish."

The words thrilled on my ear, and I started. She was too truthful to affect unconsciousness; and blushed as she said gently,—

"For years those words rung on my ear as the refrain of a very sorrowful song, and they came unconsciously to my lips. For years I reproached myself, and thought how much happier you had been if you had never known me; and I used to wish you could forget or dislike me; because I knew nothing about it then; but when I learned that it is better to love than even to be beloved (words I did not understand, when you used them), I learned to believe you; and now I *know* how much better is bereavement, by death or otherwise, than the calm of dormant or stunted affections; the peace of having nothing to lose."



"Nothing true ever is lost," I replied ; "it only takes another form of existence."

"I know that now," she said ; "and, as we have touched on the subject, I must tell you that Henry honored and blessed you for your generous rejection of a sacrifice which was due to you."

A sacrifice, indeed, it would have been ; and now I rejoiced that I had not selfishly grasped the unopened bud : it would not have withered in my bosom ; but it would never have developed into a perfect flower of love, which crowned even her widowhood with glory.

This visit cemented our friendship in many ways. Her whole character, intellect, and feelings, was now fully formed ; our converse was no longer as teacher and disciple, but as equal friends ; and I carried back to my English rectory many precious thoughts, many suggestions for others, many high aspirations for myself, of which she was the author, so that solitude never seemed lonely.

I saw her twice afterwards, at considerable intervals, and found her each year a more lovely specimen of a Christian lady ; wielding an influence over every class of mind ; entering into every form of human life—its hopes, its fears, its perplexities, its wants ; just as the ocean sends its waters into each crevice of the rocks, each opening in the sand-hills, unchanged by what it touches ; she seemed to be the chosen depository of every form of confidence ; from that of the intellectual sceptic, for whom her quick intuition severed truth from error, down to the inhabitants of the country gaol, whose hardened brows often bowed and blushed before the purity of her kindness.

I had returned from my last visit in 1846, and was deeply engaged in parochial and literary work, when that fearful blight fell on the fields of Ireland, almost immediately followed by famine and pestilence. She at once returned to her brother's parish (this parish, dear George), where, as in other portions of the coast lying between the mountains and the ocean, the calamity had fallen with peculiar severity. At first we had no idea what it would be ; yet each account deepened into more profound wretchedness. Her letters to me never entered into detail ; she said, "It is a relief to have your help, without giving those harrowing descriptions which reduplicate our miserable work when

we want a moment's rest ; but which are necessary to excite the interest of strangers." But I afterwards saw her letters to others, and then I felt how dull, how dead I had been not to perceive that personal help was as much needed as the money and supplies which I had busied myself in sending. To say the truth, I lived in hope of an invitation, and felt it so great a privilege to work with them that I dared not propose it. Very early in the spring, with an acknowledgment of a sum of money she wrote these words : "Can you come and help us ? My brother is worn out ; you have been my best friend, and to you I turn in this extremity." The letter had been delayed ; five days had elapsed when it reached me ; but, thank God, not a moment was lost after. I heard the roar of the Atlantic, and, mingled with its awful voice, there arose occasionally a wail like human sorrow. I came in sight of the church ; a clergyman, in his surplice, was leaning against the pillar of the gate, his head bowed on his hands ; there was a turn in the road, and the cry, feeble, and of unutterable sadness, rose again ; the sexton stopped me, and besought me to "help the master ; it will kill him ;" not another word ; but I knew it all. The man spoke to him ; and with a look that even at that moment struck my heart, he said, "God bless you !" and put on me the surplice, and placed the book in my hands ; and there I stood to welcome her to her last earthly dwelling. Blessed be God for that service for the burial of our dead ! How could my soul cleave to the dust, how could it look down into the grave, while I pronounced the Saviour's words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and knew that they were true !—while I gave thanks that she was now in joy and felicity ; and knew that so it was. There was only one moment when human anguish had the mastery ; when the coffin was lowered, and *that* sound fell on it ; and just then a sunbeam, struggling through the clouds, glittered on the name, as if her parting smile ; then I continued the service unbroken by one sob ; and when it was ended a woman, with a cry like a wounded animal, rushed forward, and kneeling over the open grave covered the coffin-lid with ivy and primroses, uttering all the while the low, low wail, "Miss Ellie ! Miss Ellie !" It was the same who years before, on that first day, brought her the



flowers, and said, "Not too beautiful for you." The utter desolation of all gave me strength; I was there as her friend to comfort others; even then, as the cry arose, I was struck by the feebleness of the wail. Large men seemed unable to place the sods; *I did it*; I helped to cover her; I arranged all; and then I looked for her brother. He had sunk on a tombstone, and relieved from the task to which he had nerved himself, he was weeping like a helpless child; his wife trying to soothe him. But, as the people began to disperse, he suddenly rose, saying, "These people are starving;" and with rapid steps led the way to the place where food was distributed: it was their hour; and a dense mass of human creatures surrounded the door, in every stage of wretchedness, from the eager famine which clutched the food and devoured it, to the apathetic state in which it was necessary to rouse and to feed them. Rags, dirt, effluvia, disease—all seemed concentrated round this building; and there I stood, where she had stood six days before, measuring, seeing that none were overlooked, guarding the weakest, and putting food into lips that could scarcely open; while her brother, without a coat, and his shirt-sleeves turned up, stood over the steaming cauldrons, working to his utmost power of manual labor, till all were supplied. Then to each was given a portion for the evening meal, and then the crowd dispersed. The prayers and blessings of many mingled with the curses and grumblings of a few; while many a voice, too weak to speak before, took up the cry, "Miss Ellie! Miss Ellie!—our darling lady."

The first words he spoke were of the present scene: "Those who have helped us at first have sunk one by one; none left. I thank God you are come!" It was not till we reached this house that I heard more. A few broken sentences told me that the day after she wrote to me she was engaged as usual in the soup-kitchen; and then, as she did always, she rode up the mountain with a basket of food, lest any had been unable to come. She found an infant at the breast of

a dead mother; she took it and warmed it in her bosom, and while she was trying to feed it the baby died; she had to leave them there, and there was none to bury them. That evening, while writing as usual details of their wants and expenditure, she fell asleep; when placed in bed her mind wandered a little; she spoke of the green pastures and the river of life as if she beheld them; she spoke to her husband as if he were beside her; and then, with an expression of profound satisfaction, she repeated thrice, "that Name which is above every name;" and then she fell asleep, and awoke no more. She died, exhausted by her struggle against human misery; beaten to death by the waves of a sorrow beyond her power to surmount.

I took up her work, and remained with her dear brother; no words can tell how dear he became to me! (Poor Nurse had preserved for me one long ringlet: you will always be kind to Nurse, whom you have known so long as my faithful housekeeper.) I resigned my parish to devote myself to him and his; he had her eyes in a rougher setting; her generous and devoted spirit, with less natural energy and power. Those deep gray eyes became larger and more brilliant as the cheek sunk and the voice became hollow. The misery of the people was relieved by sacrifices (by which you are the chief loser) which the emergency demanded; so that *his* last months were not tortured by the sight of wretchedness he could not relieve; and he went down to the grave in peace; and I saw him laid beside his sister, and I spoke again at her side the words of peace and hope and triumph, the victory of faith.

At his request this parish was given to me, and I rejoiced in the charge: and here it is, my dear nephew, you have known me, and have enjoyed your summer holidays beside the Atlantic; and here you will come to see your old uncle once again.

Her grave has never been without fresh flowers. You asked me with surprise who could place them there so early in the morning; now you know. Try to arrange with my successor that it may be continued.



## THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AIR—*Let Schoolmasters puzzle their brains.*

'Tis not very easy to tell  
 How language had first a beginning,  
 When Adam had just left the shell,  
 And Eve hadn't taken to spinning;  
 Or if, in some other queer way,  
 Men rose to be lords of creation,  
 What power brought their tongues into play,  
 Or prompted their speechification?  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some think they were ready inspired  
 With lexicon, syntax, and grammar,  
 And never like children required  
 At lessons to lisp and to stammer.  
 As Pallas by Jove was begot  
 In armor all brilliantly burnished,  
 So man with his Liddell and Scott  
 And Buttman or Blomfield was furnished.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some say that the primitive tongue  
 Expressed but the simplest affections;  
 And swear that the words said or sung  
 Were nothing but mere Interjections.  
*O! O!* was the signal of pain:  
*Ha! Ho!* was the symptom of laughter:  
*Pooh! Pooh!* was the sign of disdain,  
 And others came following after.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Some, taking a different view,  
 Maintain the old language was fitted  
 To mark out the objects we knew,  
 By mimicking sounds they emitted.  
*Bow, wow* was the name for a dog:  
*Quack, quack* was the word for a duckling:  
*Hunc, hunc* would designate a hog,  
 And *wee wee* a pig and a suckling.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

If asked these hard things to explain,  
 I own I am wholly unable;  
 And hold the attempt the more vain,  
 When I think of the building of Babel.  
 The primitive world to lay bare,  
 Philologists try, but I doubt it:  
 As none of them chanced to be there,  
 It's clear they know nothing about it.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

What Adam in Eden might speak,  
 Could not be the tongue of his mother;  
 It may have been Gaelic or Greek;  
 It must have been something or other.  
 It may have been Sanscrit or Zend,  
 Chaldaic, Assyrian, Arabic:  
 It may have had joints without end,  
 Or it may have been monosyllabic.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

But why should we puzzle our brains  
 With Etymological folly?  
 The prize wouldn't prove worth the pains,  
 Or help us a bit to be jolly.

For if we in twenty strange tongues  
 Could call for a beefsteak and bottle,  
 By dint of mere learning and lungs,  
 They wouldn't be nearer our throttie.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

I've ranged, without drinking a drop,  
 The realms of the dry Mithridates:  
 I've studied Grimm, Burnouf, and Bopp,  
 Till patience cried "*Ohe jam satis.*"  
 Max Müller completed my plan,  
 And, leave of the subject now taking,  
 As wise as when first I began,  
 I end with a head that is aching.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

The speech of old England for me,  
 Which serves us on every occasion!  
 Henceforth, like our soil, let it be  
 Exempted from foreign invasion.  
 It answers for friendship and love,  
 And all sorts of feeling and thinking;  
 And, lastly, all doubt to remove—  
 It answers for singing and drinking!  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## RETROSPECTION.

"I MIGHT have been" — oh! sad, suggestive  
 words!  
 So full of hidden meaning, yet so vain!  
 How sadly do they sound on memory's chords,  
 And waken feelings of regretful pain!  
 I might have been a wiser, better man,  
 With signs of well-won honor on my brow,  
 Had I adhered to nature's simple plan,  
 Or reasoned with myself, as I do now.  
 True that my life has been with ills beset,  
 Early neglect and poverty and gloom,  
 Within whose shades — how well remembered  
 yet! —  
 My mind found neither sustenance nor room;  
 Yet, with instinctive longing for the right,  
 It sought for fitting food, and struggled towards  
 the light.

Too late to gather up the waste of years,  
 And turn to profit the encumbering dross;  
 The gold has vanished, — and these sudden tears  
 Attest my silent sorrow for the loss.  
 Too late to win the humble meed of fame  
 I hoped and strove for in my early days;  
 Too late to cast the shadow from my name,  
 And turn the world's hard censure into praise;  
 Too late to ask the dear beloved and lost,  
 Forgiveness for stern word and galling deed,  
 Uttered and done at such a fearful cost  
 That I am bankrupt, — and too late to plead:  
 But O my God! here on my suppliant knee  
 I ask, — Am I too late for mercy and for thee?

—*Miscellaneous Poems by John Critchley Prince.*



# THE LIVING AGE.

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## VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Tis midnight : through my troubled dream  
 Loud wails the tempest's cry ;  
 Before the gale, with tattered sail,  
 A ship goes plunging by.  
 What name ? Where bound ?—the rocks around  
 Repeat the loud halloo.  
 —The good ship Union, Southward bound :  
 God help her and her crew !

And is the old flag flying still  
 That o'er your fathers flew,  
 With bands of white and rosy light,  
 And fields of starry blue ?  
 —Ay ! look aloft ! its folds full oft  
 Have braved the roaring blast,  
 And still shall fly when from the sky  
 This black typhoon has past !

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark !  
 May I thy perils share ?  
 —O landsman, these are fearful seas  
 The brave alone may dare !  
 —Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,  
 What matters wind or wave ?  
 The rocks that wreck your reeling deck  
 Will leave me naught to save !

O landsman, art thou false or true ?  
 What sign hast thou to show ?  
 —The crimson stains from loyal veins  
 That hold my heart-blood's flow !  
 —Enough ! what more shall honor claim ?  
 I know the sacred sign ;  
 Above thy head our flag shall spread,  
 Our ocean path be thine !

The bark sails on : the Pilgrim's Cape  
 Lies low along her lee,  
 Whose headland crooks its anchor flukes  
 To lock the shore and sea.  
 No treason here ! it cost too dear  
 To win this barren realm !  
 And true and free the hands must be  
 That hold the whaler's helm !

Still on ! Manhattan's narrowing bay  
 No rebel cruiser scars ;  
 Her waters feel no pirate's keel  
 That flaunts the fallen stars !  
 —But watch the light on yonder height,—  
 Ay, pilot, have a care !  
 Some lingering crowd in mist may shroud  
 The capes of Delaware.

Say, pilot, what this fort may be  
 Whose sentinels look down  
 From moated walls that show the sea  
 Their deep embrasures' frown ?  
 The rebel host claims all the coast,  
 But these are friends, we know,  
 Whose footprints spoil the " sacred soil,"  
 And this is ?——Fort Monroe !

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore ?  
 —The traitorous wreckers' hands  
 Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays  
 Along the Hatteras sands.  
 —Ha ! say not so ! I see its glow !  
 Again the shoals display  
 The beacon light that shines by night,  
 The Union Stars by day !

The good ship flies to milder skies,  
 The wave more gently flows,  
 The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas  
 The breath of Beaufort's rose.  
 What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,  
 Fair-striped and many-starred,  
 Whose shadow palls the orphaned walls,  
 The twins of Beauregard ?

What ! heard you not Port Royal's doom ?  
 How the black war-ships came  
 And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom  
 To redder wreaths of flame ?  
 How from Rebellion's broken reed  
 We saw his emblem fall,  
 As soon his cursèd poison-weed  
 Shall drop from Sumter's wall ?

On ! on ! Pulaski's iron hail  
 Falls harmless on Tybee !  
 Her topsails feel the freshening gale,  
 She strikes the open sea ;  
 She rounds the point, she threads the keys  
 That guard the Land of Flowers,  
 And rides at last where firm and fast  
 Her own Gibraltar towers !

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,  
 At anchor safe she swings,  
 And loud and clear with cheer on cheer  
 Her joyous welcome rings :  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! it shakes the wave,  
 It thunders on the shore,—  
 One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
 One Nation, evermore !  
 —*Atlantic Monthly.*

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How grandly solemn is this arch of night !  
 How wonderfully beautiful and vast !  
 Crowded with worlds enswathed in living light—  
 Coeval with the immeasurable past !  
 With what a placid and effulgent face  
 The mild moon travels 'mid her golden isles,  
 And on the Earth, asleep in Night's embrace,  
 Pours the soft lustre of her quiet smiles !  
 Can I, O God, who tremble here with awe,  
 Doubt the Designer, sneer at the design,  
 Nor own that all is of thy wisdom, thine,  
 Fashioned by thee, and governed by thy law ?  
 I marvel at the being who can see  
 In these, thy mighty works, no evidence of thee.  
 —*Chambers's Journal.* J. C. P.



From The Edinburgh Review.

*Reisebriefe von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy aus den Jahren 1830 bis 1832.* Herausgegeben von Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Leipsig: 1861.

THIS book, though it is merely in one sense a fragment—at best an episode belonging to a life which was a complete poem—is in every point of view remarkable, as the unconscious utterance of young genius full of hope and enjoyment, in which the form bears a most harmonious proportion to the matter. By no musician, it may be said without fear of correction, has any record been left comparable to these memorials of travel, sent by an artist, to gladden the happiest home from which artist ever went forth, to gather, to observe, and to enjoy. Among the histories of hope deferred, of powers wasted, of faculties half developed, of passions and appetites forced into preternatural activity, which the biography of musicians includes, the virtuous, brilliant, and successful career of Felix Mendelssohn stands alone and apart. “The boy,” as Goethe well said, “came into the world on a lucky day.” He was born into a family of easy fortune; a family, too, having ambitions and traditions belonging to other lives than those of the merchant and the trader. Philosophy and scholarship were connected with the name of Mendelssohn. It had a place and an honor of its own, even in that cold, cynical capital, the city of Berlin. His father was a man as earnest as liberal. His mother was superior in every sense of the word; not merely in ordering her own household life, but in looking beyond it, to every influence and enjoyment from without, which taste and art and literature could furnish; a serene, cordial woman, as unpretending as she was gentle, who will live in the recollections of all who have known her, by that tone of distinction in manner, in thought, and in acquirements, which help at once to freshen and to warm the atmosphere in which genius is born and nurtured.

Rarely, if ever, has culture been more wisely and liberally bestowed, than in the case of this fortunate boy. Rarely, if ever, have affection and intelligence reaped a richer harvest. He was as gracious as he was gifted—evil seemed to glance aside from him—temptation to get no hold on

him. He was singularly exact without pedantry. Everything that he acquired was ranged according to its value in the chambers of a memory which nothing seemed to encumber. He learned with extreme ease and rapidity,—yet retained that which was solid and serious, with a steadfastness rare in men of so mercurial a temperament. Though he was full of vivacity and humor, endowed with a keenness of observation not to be surpassed, there was not a grain of mockery in his composition. He delighted to admire and to venerate; from the first to the last he had an unaffected relish and enjoyment in the society of those older than himself, while he retained the merriment of a child, and his sympathy with childhood. In the practice of that art which he exercised as naturally as other men exercise the common gift of speech, in the regulation of his life, in his public responsibilities, and in his domestic duties and affections, the whole career of Felix Mendelssohn bore the stamp of a moral beauty and elevation, not common among the sons of men. Nothing vulgar, affected, or unclean could approach him; no ungenerous thought ever touched him; he combined the wit and readiness of a man of the world with the affectionate simplicity of boyhood. One more universal in appreciation, more shrewdly discriminating, yet withal in his own personality intensely national, has rarely been born. His tastes and aptitudes seemed hardly to have a limit. He had a painter's eye and a poet's heart. Everything that was good and beautiful in art or in Nature—no matter what the world, no matter what the climate, no matter what the period,—was not so much seen and studied, as possessed by him. He was a ready and exquisite linguist, endowed with that instinct for subtlety in language, of which many less perfectly educated persons never dream. One of his last earthly exercises, we have been told, was the examination of a friend's son in Greek. He was a keen lover of literature. Lastly, having exceeding personal beauty, a face of such mobility, brilliancy, and sweetness of expression, as defied the portrait-painter's art, the absence of personal vanity or frivolity was as rare as it was real. It is difficult, indeed, by the aid of the most minute magnifying powers, to recall a flaw, or an inconsistency of character or talent. “Complete” might have been the



word written on his tombstone, could it be applied to any human being.

Complete, too, was his career in all that makes existence radiant and prosperous. It became obvious, at an early period of his boyhood, that the gift of musical genius dropped in his cradle was the central one, round which many other tastes and talents grouped themselves. The practical part of his art he took up like a sport, in rivalry with his sister Fanny,—one of the most remarkable female musicians of her time. There were excellent masters of the science in Berlin; and the genial and profound Zelter, a man brimful of intellect and idea, who could hold his own with even such a correspondent as Goethe,—was the friend and counsellor to whom, probably, Mendelssohn was the most largely indebted for instruction, and to whose influence may be in part ascribed the tone and cast which characterize his music. This, again, might possibly, in part, arise from the peculiar plight of his art in Berlin, during the period when the boy's mind was moulded. The appointment of Spontini to a place of trust and emolument, and his repute as a man insincere and intriguing as he was courtly, sharpened to opposition an anti-Italian spirit, and contributed to turn an imagination, in which fantasy was singularly balanced by a spirit of order, towards the antique and rich, but not obsolete, writings of the patriarchs of music. Be this as it may, it became presently apparent that Mendelssohn's musical tendencies did not chime in with those of Berlin. It was his father's dream that he should become one of the ornaments of his birthplace; but the youth never took kindly to the town as a residence, nor the town to him as a composer, till its captious inhabitants were compelled, for very shame, to follow in the wake of European fashion. How it fell out, that our England—as much decried abroad as if this country had not nourished Handel's mighty genius, and suggested to Haydn the crowning inspiration of his life, and welcomed the prodigious talent of little Mozart, and soothed the last hours of Beethoven, soured with Austrian neglect—furnished Mendelssohn with the arena in which his genius surprised all Europe, is a matter of history too well known to need restatement here, though it has been too largely forgotten in the wholesale contempt with which

musical Germany is pleased to regard musical England. He was wont to refer with exquisite delight to his first visit to London, and to his after journey to Scotland and Wales, during which life-friendships were made, never to fail him. But there was something still wanting to his education,—the influence of that spell of beauty and association which belongs to Italy as to no other country under the sun or moon. This volume is largely devoted to his impressions of the South, showered forth for the beloved home-circle. Taken as letters, in themselves, their literary value can hardly be overrated; nothing more perfect has ever fallen from the pen even of those whose pen is their only instrument, and it is long indeed since Germany has given us any production of equal interest and merit. We understand that an English translation of the volume is in preparation; but as the work is probably still unknown to the great majority of our readers, we shall borrow largely from its pages.

The very first letter in the series—written at Weimar on the first stage of the journey from Berlin to Italy—contains possibly the last bright glimpse which will be given of a spot of which we are not yet weary.

*“Weimar, May 21st, 1830.*

“I do not think that in all my former experience in travelling, I ever remember so bright or fresh a day as that of yesterday. In the early morning the sky was dark and cloudy, till later when the sun broke through; add to this the clearness of the air and its being the Assumption day of the Virgin: the people were all in their holiday clothes; in one village we saw them going into church, in another streaming out of it, in another playing at bowls, every garden bright with beds of tulips; we drove quickly, and I had all these things to admire. In Weissenfels they gave me a little wicker carriage, and in Naumberg an open drosky; the luggage, with hat and cloaks, was stowed into it somehow; I bought two great sprays of lily of the valley, and so paraded the country as if on a pleasure excursion. Beyond Naumberg we met P—, who envied me; next President G—, in a tiny little carriage (its springs in him had no light weight to bear); he and his two daughters, or wives, at any rate the two females who were with him, also envied me like the first. We rattled up the Köserner hill; for the draught was nothing for the horses. . . . The country was so gracious with spring, it looked so bright, smiling, and arrayed; then the sun



went down very solemnly behind the hills; and as the Russian ambassador rolled by, very moody and business-like, with two carriages and four, I slipped past him in my little drosky with the speed of a hare; . . . through the whole day I composed very little, and only enjoyed myself in a lazy way . . . —24th. I had written all this before I saw Goethe, which I did after an early walk in the park, and now here I am, and my letter, of course, no further on. I may possibly remain for the next two days, and it will be no harm if I do, for I have never seen the old gentleman so amiable and cheerful, so talkative and communicative, as he is at present. The reason of my stay is one that makes me vain, I had better say proud, and I will not hide it from you. Goethe sent me yesterday a letter addressed to a painter of the town, which I was to deliver in person; and Otilie \* has confided to me that a commission to take my picture was contained in it; Goethe being anxious to add my likeness to a collection of sketches of his friends, which he began some time ago. The thing pleased me well, but as I have not yet set eyes, by your leave, on the worshipful artist, nor he on me, I shall have to remain until the day after to-morrow; and as I said before, I am no ways vexed at this, for my life is perfect, and I thoroughly enjoy the society of the old gentleman. As yet I have dined with him every day, and am bidden to his house again; this evening there will be a party, when I shall have to play; at these times he talks of everything, and inquires into everything in a way that is pleasant. But I really ought to make my narrative more reasonable and consecutive. The morning I spent with Otilie, whom I found still delicate and complaining at times, but in better spirits than she used to be, and to me friendly and affectionate as I have always known her; we have been almost always together, and I have had pleasure in getting to know her better. Ulrica is more pleasing and attractive than ever; that which was so grave in her, has now settled into keeping with her whole being—she has a singleness and depth of feeling that make her one of the most lovable visions I know. The two boys, Walter and Wolff, are lively and diligent, and to hear them chatter of grand-papa's 'Faust,' is really quaint. But to return to my story: I had sent Zelter's letter straight to Goethe, and he invited me to dinner; when I found him externally little altered, but at first stiff and not very sympa-

\* Otilie von Goethe, the poet's daughter-in-law; Ulrica, Walter, and Wolff, were his grandchildren. Ulrica was at this time about five years old—a lovely child; we believe she died young: the young men still survive.

thetic. I suppose he wished to see how I would turn out, but I fancied he would continue so, and got vexed. Luckily the conversation turned on the Ladies' Committee in Weimar, and on the 'Chaos,' an idiotic newspaper which the ladies were to edit, and where I was exalted by appearing as a contributor. Goethe then began to make merry on the subject, to tease the ladies about their benevolence, intellectual efforts, subscriptions, and sick nursing, to the last of which he seemed to have an extreme aversion. . . . We wandered on to all kinds of subjects, to the 'Räuber Braut' of Ries, of which he said that it contained all that a modern artist seemed to require to make him happy; viz., a brigand and a bride. He then fell foul of all the young people of the day, for their 'yearnings,' and for being all so melancholy; told stories of a young lady to whom he had paid some attentions, and who seems to have felt some interest in him; and then on to the Exhibition, and to the sale of fancy work for the poor, where the ladies of Weimar were to be saleswomen, but where he averred nothing could be bought, because the young people generally apportioned the goods beforehand, and then hid their wares till the right customers appeared. After dinner he said suddenly, 'Good children! pretty children! must always be amused, but a foolish folk though,' and sat making eyes like an old lion exceedingly sleepy. Afterwards I played to him; he thought it very wonderful, the more so that it was long since he had heard any music; the art, he said, had much advanced lately, but he knew nothing of the subject, and I had to tell him a great deal, for as he said, 'We must now have a good and sensible talk together.' He called to Otilie, 'I dare say you have made very good arrangements, but it makes no difference to my commands, which are, that you should make tea here, so that we may all be together.' 'Will it not be too late though,' she said, 'for Reimer has to come to work with you?' 'Why,' he replied, 'you let your children off from their Latin Lessons to-day, that they might hear Felix play, so for once you may let me off from my work.' He begged me to dine with him next day, and in the evening I played a great deal. As I had begged Goethe to *tutoyer* me, he sent me a message to say, I must really remain more than the two days I had named, otherwise he should never get into the way of doing so. When he said this to me; when he thought that I should not lose time in remaining; when he invited me to dine with him every day, if I had no other engagement; when I have been with him every day from that time to this; when yesterday he made



me talk to him of Scotland, of Hengstenberg, of Spontini, and of Hegel's æsthetics; when he sent me over with the ladies to Tiefurth, but forbid me to drive to Berke, because there was such a pretty girl there, that he did not wish to send me to my ruin; and when I think that *this* is the Goethe of whom people used to say, that he was not one Goethe, but consisted of several little Goethes, I should have been a fool if I had grudged my time here. To-day I am to play him things of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and bring him on so far, as he expresses it. Besides all this, I have done the ordinary tourist's work; I have seen his library and 'Iphigenia in Aulis.' Yours,

"FELIX."

How charming are the following first glimpses of the land of enchantment!—with the touch of home-yearning in the writer—with his rapture over the Titian pictures; and then his outbreak of indignation at the folly and fickleness of Vienna. The "Ave Maria," whimsically designated in it as a theological protest, is one of its master's most lovely and ingenious pieces of sacred music; for in Mendelssohn religious sentiment was so genuine and natural that it found musical expression with equal purity in the pathetic ritual of the Catholic Church, and in the majestic chorales of the Protestant congregation.

"To Professor Zelter.\*

"Venice, Oct. 16th, 1830.

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—At last I have trodden Italian ground; and I wish this letter to be the first of a series of notes that I propose sending to you regularly of all that appears to me most interesting and remarkable. For my not having written to you ere this, you must blame the distracted and racketty state in which I lived both in Munich and in Vienna. . . . I hope you have not taken my silence amiss, and that I may look for a few lines from you, if it be but to tell me that you are well and happy. The world at present, looks so stormy; and all that one imagines to be most lasting in its nature, one sees collapsing in two days' time. It is, therefore, doubly good to hear well-known voices, and to convince one's self that there are some things which neither fail nor fall, but which stand fast forever. It is very trying that for the last fortnight my home letters have all miscarried, and that neither here nor at Trieste have I had any tidings from my own people; so a few lines from you, addressed to me here, in your old way, would be both

cheering and refreshing, and they would bring with them the conviction that you think of me with the same kindness that you have felt since I was a child. My family will, I dare say, have read to you what a happy impression the first sight of the plains of Italy made upon me; here I seem to hurry, hour by hour, from one pleasure to another. I am always seeing something new and unexpected. In the first days I picked out some masterpieces, to which I like to devote a couple of hours every day. These are three pictures of Titian—'The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple,' 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' and 'The Entombment of Christ;' then a picture of Giorgione's, representing a girl, who, guitar in hand, sits lost in thought, and gazing so wistfully out of the picture, that she looks as if she was just going to break into a song, and gives me the feeling that I must begin one too. There are several others; and the pictures alone would be worth a journey to Venice, for the strength, the piety, and the intellectual wealth of the men who painted them, seem to beam upon me from their works, every time that I look at them. I scarcely regret that, as yet, I have heard no music here; for I suppose the music made by the angels in 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' when, floating round Mary, they shout for joy, one answering the other upon cymbals, and two playing on curious, crooked flutes, as well as that song which is passing through the soul of my lute player, cannot be reckoned among things which one has *heard*. I have only heard the organ played once; and it was a pitiable performance. I was looking at the 'Peter Martyr,' by Titian, in the Church of the Franciscans. Divine service was going on; and as the old pictures, in the very places for which they had been intended, and in which they had been painted, began to start out through the darkness, the church became, for me, full of a dim, religious solemnity. Just as I was gazing at that marvellous evening landscape, with the trees, and the angels among the branches, the organ began. The first notes that I heard, gave me a rush of delicious joy; but the second, and the third, and all the following ones, brought me back from all my visions to very ordinary life; for the man played in church, at divine service, and in the presence of rational beings such tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee as this . . . and the 'Peter Martyr' hung beside him. . . . I have been myself very musically minded, however, and have composed a good deal. Before I left Vienna, an acquaintance gave me a copy of Luther's 'Divine Songs;' and as I read them, they took hold of me in a way that they had never done before. I mean to set

\* Mendelssohn's teacher in the theory of music.



several of them to music this winter. In Vienna, I finished two little bits of sacred music—a Choral, in three parts, for choir and orchestra, 'O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,'\* and an 'Ave Maria,' for eight voices. The people round me there were all so worthless that I behaved myself like a divinity student among them. Moreover, from all their best piano-forte players, both male and female, I did not hear a single note of Beethoven; and when I hinted that there was, after all, *something*, both in him and in Mozart, they said, 'Ah, you are then a lover of classical music.' 'Yes!' quoth I. To-morrow, I intend to go to Bologna, there to look upon the face of St. Cecilia; then, by Florence, to Rome, which, God willing, I hope to reach in eight or ten days. From that place I can write you something longer and better; to-day I only wanted to make a beginning, and, in begging you not to forget me, to offer you my best wishes for health and happiness, which accept from yours faithfully,

FELIX."

Mendelssohn's appreciation of the moods and schools of Italian painting was universal. The glory of Titian could enrapture him at Venice; but that he could be held fast by glories in art, different in humor and spirit, is proved by a letter from Florence, belonging to a later period. There is something in the marvellous refinement and the early doom of Raphael which has an affecting resemblance to the genius and the destiny of the writer.

"MY DEAR SISTERS.— . . . I spent the whole forenoon, from ten to three, in the galleries. . . . I have a peculiar pleasure in the works of the monk Fra Bartolommeo, who was a pious man, with a soul at once earnest and tender. There is a little picture by him which I have discovered for myself; it is about the size of this sheet, and divided into two parts, representing the Adoration and the Presentation in the Temple. The figures are about two finger-lengths in height, but all painted with the finest and most delicate handling, with the most brilliant coloring, the brightest ornamentation, and lit by the most joyous sunshine. One sees in the picture how the pious artist must have labored at it with love and elaborated its smallest detail, perhaps in order to give it away and to make some one very happy with the gift. I felt as if the painter were still about it, and would again sit in front of it, though absent for the moment. Just such

surprise and pleasure I also had to-day, in looking at the so-called 'Madonna del Cardellino,' which Raphael painted as a wedding gift for a friend; and just as I was meditating on all these men, so long ago dead, but whose minds still converse so distinctly with us and with others, I passed accidentally into the room where the portraits of the great painters hang. Once before I had seen them and looked on them as a show and a curiosity; for there are over three hundred of them, generally from the masters' own hands, so that one sees at once the man and his work; but to-day they assumed a strange meaning for me. Some day by word of mouth I may tell you much of all this, but I must say that Raphael's likeness of himself is almost the most touching picture of his that I have ever seen. In the middle of a great hall covered to the very ceiling with names, hangs a small picture, with not much to distinguish it, but upon which the eye irresistibly fastens. It is Raffaele Sanzio: young, very delicate, and pale, but with a yearning of infinite passion, and with the languor of almost sickening longing in the mouth and eyes: one seems to see into his very soul. That he never was to be able to express what he saw, what he was, and what he felt; that the wish was to goad him on and on, and that he must die young, all this is written in the sad, suffering, spiritual face, and one quivers when one looks into the dark eyes, and at the mouth, which is compressed as if by some painful thought. Over against *him*, you may see an ugly, stalwart fellow, a man full of bone, of muscle, and of marrow; Michael Angelo, who looks angry and rough. On the other side, is one wise, earnest, and lion-like; that is Leonardo da Vinci. But you cannot see them! and I could talk of them better than I can write."

In the month of November he had taken up his abode for the winter in Rome,—at that time, even more than at present, the resort of men of singular genius and learning. Bunsen was the Prussian minister at the Papal Court; Thorwaldsen, Vernet, and Bendeman represented the arts of sculpture and painting; and the society of Rome had (what it has since lost) a highly intellectual character.

"Rome, November 8th, 1830.

"To-day I have to write to you of my first week in Rome, of how my *ménage* is arranged, of my hopes for the winter, and of how the *genius loci* has affected me. This will be difficult to accomplish,—more difficult to express. I feel as if I had changed

\* Good Friday Hymn of Paul Gerhardt's, 1666. They were the last words to which Frederick William of Prussia listened, when he lay dying.



my nature since I came here; and I now feel that of all my former hurry and impatience in pressing on my journey, my lively wish to reach this crowning-point has been the cause, while I looked on it only as a habit, and tried to repress it at the time. Now I have reached the goal; and my spirit is at once so joyous, so peaceful and so earnest, within me, that I cannot describe it to you. What it is that so works on me, I cannot say; but the awful Coliseum, the brighter glory of the Vatican, and the air, mild and sweet as of spring, all contribute to it. So do the kind friends, the cheerful rooms,—in short, everything that surrounds me. Something has changed me; I am well and happy, to a degree that I have not known for years; I have such a rush and pleasure in work that I think I shall accomplish even more than I had proposed to myself; indeed, I have done a good deal already. If it only pleases God to grant me a continuance of this happiness, I see a charming winter stretch before me. Imagine to yourselves a little two-windowed house in the Piazza di Spagna, No. 5, which is in sunshine all day; a room on the first floor, with a good grand piano from Vienna; on the table lie prints of Palestrina and Allegri with their scores, a Latin psalm-book, out of which I compose a 'Non Nobis.' Such is my present residence. . . . The evenings I generally spend with Bendeman and Hübner, at whose houses the German artists assemble. I have been several times with Schadow, and have a valuable acquaintance in the Abbate Santini, who possesses a very complete library of old Italian music, and who is complaisance itself in giving and lending me everything I want. With regard to the singers in the Pope's choir, whom I have heard three times now, I shall write a detailed account to Zelter. I am enchanted with Bunsen; we have so much to say to one another; and I think he has some work for me to do, which, if I can conscientiously undertake, I will do as well as it is in my power to do anything. 9th. Every day brings me new expectations, and, better still, it fulfils them. The sun has just come out for my breakfast, and I am now going to work. By the first opportunity, I will send you, dear Fanny, the things I did at Vienna, and everything else that I happen to have ready. You, dearest Rebecca, shall have my sketch-book. I cannot say I am pleased with it myself, and I mean to look a great deal at the sketches of the landscape painters here, in hopes of learning a better method. I had hoped to light upon a style of my own, but in vain. To-day I am to visit the Lateran and the ruins of old Rome, and in the evening I go to a friendly English family whose

acquaintance I have made. I beg you still to send me plenty of letters of introduction, for I am seized with a wish to know a monstrous number of people among the Italians. In this happy way I live on: at each new moment of pleasure I think of you all, so be happy, rejoice with me at the prospect that seems to open for me here. Farewell.

"Yours, FELIX M. B."

How the influences of Rome worked on the young artist from other worlds of art than his own, may be seen in the following letters. In the first of them, however, there is something better still to be traced; the writer's manly, constant home love,—his earnest desire to satisfy the expectations of his father.

"Rome, December 10th, 1830.

"MY DEAR FATHER.—It is a year to-day since your birthday was celebrated in Hensel's house; let me think it is the same to-day, and write to you from Rome, as then from London. As a present for you, I mean to finish writing out the overture to the 'Isles of Fingal;'\* and when to-morrow I write the date (11th December), and have the fair copy in my hands, it will feel as if I ought to be able to give it to you directly. I believe I have never worked with such a will as at present, and to accomplish all I have undertaken will occupy the whole of this winter. My health is good; but the warm south wind, the sirocco, attacks one's nerves desperately, and I am obliged to beware of playing too much or too late at night. This is more easily done at present, for as I played every night last week, I shall take a couple of days' rest. Bunsen, who always begs me not to play if it is bad for me, gave a large party yesterday, and of course I could not stay away. I enjoyed it extremely because I made several pleasant acquaintances there, and because Thorwaldsen expressed himself in such a friendly way that I am quite proud of it. I have always honored him as a great man, and admired him; to see his face is refreshing. The man himself is lion-like, and by looking at him one can see he must be a great artist. His eye is clear and piercing, as if everything to his sight resolved itself into form and proportion. Add to all this he is quite gentle and kindly; humble-minded too, though standing so far above the rest. I think he has pleasure in little things, and I know that it is a great pleasure for me to be face to face with so great a man, and to feel that the creator of things in themselves immortal, stands beside me with all the peculiarities

\* "Die Hebriden."



of individual life, and that with all this he is only a man, like the rest. Bunsen has just left me, and left best wishes and greetings, which he desires me to transmit to you. He is kindness and attention itself to me, and, since you ask me, I think we suit one another very well. . . . The artists here are a fearful and wonderful set of people, when one sees them sitting in their haunt, the Café Greco. I go there very seldom, for, to tell the truth, both the people and their *habitat* make me shudder. Imagine a room eight feet in width, small and dark, and along one side of which they are allowed to smoke; there they lounge upon benches with broad-leaved hats and huge dogs beside them, necks and cheeks, indeed their whole faces, covered with hair; they make a horrid spitting, and say rude things to one another, while their dogs attend to the spread and propagation of vermin. A necktie or a coat would be an innovation among these people; the only bit of their face not already disguised by hair, is hidden behind spectacles: and they sit on this wise, drinking coffee and talking of Titian and Pordenone as if *they* had hob-nobbed it beside them in the Café Greco, hatted and bearded like themselves. Then they paint such sickly Madonnas, such attenuated saints, and such milk-faced heroes, that one longs to run a muck at the whole concern. These Rhadamanthine judges are not afraid to handle even that picture of Titian's in the Vatican which you allude to: they say it has no meaning or object; that a master should work so long at a picture with reverent care and love, and not be able to see into things, at least as far as they do with their large spectacles, is an idea that does not seem to have occurred to them. . . . Schadow, whose society I often share and always enjoy, because he, according to his lights, judges calmly and wisely, modestly bowing to all real greatness, said, the other day, that Titian had never painted, and could not paint, a dull or indifferent picture; and I agree with him. Life, animation, and the vigor of a great and sound mind may be seen in everything he ever touched, and when these are present it is well. It is a charming and remarkable thing, that though one can see nothing here but what has been a thousand times described, written of, praised and blamed, painted and criticised, both rightly and wrongly, by the greatest of masters and the smallest of pupils, yet the things have in themselves the power of making a fresh and strong impression, striking each man for himself, and appealing to him through the peculiarities of his own being. Here one may always turn from *people* to *things*, and

profit by so doing; in Berlin the reverse was very often the case."

The second extract adds a few more touches to the sketch of Thorwaldsen.

"Rome.

"I have been in several of the ateliers lately. Thorwaldsen has just finished the clay of his statue of Lord Byron, who is represented as seated upon some ruin, his foot upon the capital of a broken column, and looking up as if just prepared to write down something upon the tablet which he has in his hand. Instead of being in Roman costume, he is represented in the simplest ordinary dress, and I find that the effect of this is not only not disturbing, but positively good. The whole work has that inexpressible life and touch of nature which Thorwaldsen knows to give to his sculpture; and while the expression is far from being an affected one, it is sad and elegiac in no common degree. I must send you in another letter an account of his Triumph of Alexander; it deserves a letter to itself, for no piece of sculpture ever affected me as this has done; I go there once a week, when there I see *this* only, and while seeing, I, too, feel that I 'enter Babylon.' You know how fond Thorwaldsen is of music, and I sometimes play to him in the morning, when he is at work. He has a very good piano in his room; and while I watch him kneading out his brown clay, now modelling an arm, now spreading out some piece of drapery with a fine, firm hand,—in short, when I see him doing that which all men are afterwards to admire in an imperishable material, I assure you, I am glad that I can do anything that gives him pleasure.—F. M. B."

To this must be added yet one more notice not less acute and admiring,—one more illustration of the versatility and comprehensiveness of the musical youth, when flung into the world of another art. He had fancied, as one of these letters tells us, that in drawing he might at Rome pick up "a style of his own." And even the little pen-and-ink sketches scattered occasionally through his letters show that his natural grace and facility would have enabled him to master any branch of art besides that which was peculiarly his proper gift.

"Rome.

"You asked me about Horace Vernet, and you could not have suggested a more agreeable theme. I think I may say that I have learnt from him, and I think every one *might* learn from him. He is easy of



address and unselfconscious, even in his works. If he sees a figure that suggests something to him, he has it immediately; and while the rest are debating whether it is beautiful or not, whether they are to praise or to blame it, one finds that he has already gone on to something new, and upset all our critical and æsthetic rules for us! If this spirit is not one that can be acquired, I am sure that it is the principle of a great mind, and the brightness which arises from it, as well as the eternal freshness which it puts into his works, are things that nothing else could replace. In one of the leafy alleys in the thickest of the Villa Medici, where the trees, in this flowery and scented season, are almost overpoweringly sweet, stands a little house which is his atelier. The finest disorder reigns throughout: guns and hunting-horns lie about, with a brace of dead hares or rabbits, while on the wall hang his finished or about-to-be-finished pictures. There is his 'Inauguration of the National Cockade' (a wild picture which I don't like), likenesses of Thorwaldsen, Eynard, Latour, horses, studies and sketches for a Judith, a portrait of the Pope, two Moorish heads, Pifferari, soldiers and pontifical guard, my little self, Cain and Abel, finally the atelier itself hanging in the atelier. Everybody comes to visit him here. At my first sitting, there were some twenty persons present.

F. M. B."

It is now fair to turn to his experiences in his own field of production. Few travellers' wonders have been oftener or more rapturously described than the Easter music at Rome. During some half a century it lived in the imagination of untravelled persons, as the *ne plus ultra* of what is powerful, mysterious, and noble in sacred music. It is true that some of the marvel was taken away so long ago as in Mozart's time, when his stolen transcript of the "Miserere" made it evident that that service rested for its effect on the scenery of the rite, and the traditional manner in which the penitential chant was executed, not on any intrinsic grandeur of the composition. Still, however, the Passion-Week performances have been repeatedly described by Catholic and Protestant writers, in language, however resonant, conveying little clear idea to the artistic sense. Nothing has been printed on the subject comparable to the following letters, in which the union of precise description and picturesque emotion is most happily effected.

"Rome, April 4th.

"The Holy Week has drawn to a close, my passport for Naples is made out, my rooms begin to look empty, and my winter in Rome to belong to things of remembrance and the past. I am to start in a few days, so, God willing, my next letter to you will be from Naples. However bright and exciting the winter itself may have been, it has just closed in a week the recollection of which can never be effaced; what I have seen and heard far exceeded my expectations, and, as it was the finale, I will try in this my last Roman letter to give you some account of it. People have praised these ceremonies of the Passion Week; some have blamed them; but they have always omitted to say of them that which is their great distinction,—they are a wonderful *whole*. It is of this alone that I wish to speak to you. He must be a miserable creature upon whom the united worship, and the awe of a great multitude of his fellow-men, does not make an impression of reverence and of prayer, were that worship offered to the very golden calf itself; and only he who has something better to put in its place, should attempt to negative or overthrow it. Do not, therefore, expect from me a precise critique upon the singing, whether pure or false in its intonation, whether flat or not; upon the compositions, whether fine or the contrary. I prefer trying to tell you what effect the whole had upon me, how everything contributed to it; and the technical parts of the business, to which I naturally paid great attention, I will write of fully to Zelter. On Palm Sunday the first ceremony took place. . . . The cardinals, two and two, led the procession; the wide-winged doors of the chapel were opened and they swept slowly through. The music, which seemed to encircle one always like an element, became fainter and fainter, the singers passed, and at last only the refrain of the chant came floating from a distance; all at once, the choir in the chapel burst out very loud, and faint and far it was answered by the retreating voices. This went on for some time, till the procession re-appeared, and the two choirs united. They might have sung anything or anyhow they liked for me, the general effect was so perfect. After the procession the Gospels were given in a strange key, and then the Mass, where I waited for my crowning moment of delight; namely, at the 'Credo.' The officiating priest, standing before the altar, intoned after a short pause, and in his hoarse, quavering, old voice, the great Credo of Sebastian Bach. No sooner had he said 'Credo in unum Deum,' than the ecclesiastics rose, the cardinals leaving their chairs stood in a circle in the centre of



the chapel, and took up, *fortissimo*, the next words, 'Patrem Omnipotentem.' When I heard these, the first notes of my well-known and well-beloved 'Credo,' and the monks beside me began to sing out fervently and with one voice, I trembled from head to foot; and it is still the moment to which I best like to look back. After the ceremony, Santini gave me his olive branch, with which I walked about all day. The 'Stabat Mater,' which follows the 'Credo,' gave me less emotion than anything; they took it flat and sang it unsteadily, curtailing it also; at the Academia it is immeasurably better sung. . . . 'The Psalms' were chanted in alternate verses, but always in single sets of voices (basses or tenors); and one listens for an hour and a half to the most monotonous of music, till the 'Psalms' are interrupted by the 'Lamentations,' where, for the first time, one gets a full harmony. The harmonized part is taken very softly and sung *pianissimo* to the end. The 'Psalms,' on the other hand, are to be bellowed as loudly as possible, and the words said with the utmost rapidity on the same note. 'Tis no wonder that at the first sweet note of the 'Lamentation' in G major, one's heart melts within one. Then the monotony begins again. At each verse of a psalm a candle is put out. When only the six tall tapers over the entrance remain burning, the whole choir, with alti, soprano, etc., intone loudly and in unison, and to another chant, the 'Song of Zacharias' in D flat, singing it through slowly and solemnly in the ever-gathering darkness. The last candle is extinguished, the pope, leaving his throne, falls on his knees before the altar, the whole multitude does likewise, for the repetition of the so-called 'Pater noster sub silentio;' that is to say, there is a pause, during which you know that every Catholic prays silently the Lord's Prayer. Immediately after the 'Miserere' begins, *pian, pianissimo*. What follows you may imagine, but this opening you never can conceive. I refer you, dear Fanny, to my letter to Zelter."

In his letter to Zelter, Mendelssohn says:—

"The 'Miserere' they sang on the first day was by Baini; a composition which, like all he has written, had not a trace of power or life in it; at the same time, however, it was *music*, and had chords which were effective enough. The second day they gave some pieces of Allegri's and some Bai's. On Good Friday the whole score was Bai's. It is, however, much the same which they sing, as there are 'embellimenti' made upon one and all, a set for each chord, and so the

composition itself has not any great prominence. How the 'embellimenti' got there no one depones to; it is said they are traditional, a fact which I do not, however, believe; for musical tradition is a doubtful affair at the best, and I do not understand how a complete passage for five voices should have been propagated by oral tradition alone. I should say that they had been openly added at some later date by a director possessing, as I fancy, a fine high voice, which he was glad to have the opportunity of producing in the Passion Week, and in order to show it off he wrote these ornamental additions to the simple chords. Old they certainly are not, but adapted with taste and cleverness, and they work very well in their place; one in particular, which often recurs, and which is very effective, always when it begins causes a slight sensation among the crowd; and when one hears people mention the peculiar rendering, and say how the voices, which seem not like human tones, but like those of angels in the height, make a sound of which one will never hear the like again, one may always be sure that this is the passage referred to. Of the 'peculiar rendering' I have nothing to say; and what I once read of there being an appropriate acoustic arrangement for sending on the sound, is a pure fable, quite as much so as the idea that the choir sing entirely from tradition one following the other, and without measured time. I was very well able to see the shadow of Baini's long arm going up and down, and to hear him strike his desk very audibly at times. There is no lack of vamping on the subject, and mystery making, too, on the part of both singers and audience. They will tell you, for example, that they never arrange beforehand which *Miserere* they are to give, but decide when the moment arrives. The pitch depends chiefly on the purity of the voices. . . . The principal soprano, Mariano, had arrived in Rome from the hill country expressly to take part on this occasion; and I have to thank his presence for having heard the 'embellimenti' with all the high notes. However much the singers exert themselves at this time, the neglect and the bad tricks acquired during the rest of the year have their revenge now, for they sometimes sing most frightfully out of tune. I must tell you that on Thursday, when the 'Miserere' began, I mounted a ladder which was leaning against the wall, and crept far up into the roof of the chapel, so that I had the music, the priests, and the vast crowd of listeners beneath me in the darkness. And now what next? You must have had 'Miserere' enough in this sheet and a half, and I can give you further particulars in



writing, and by word of mouth, when I return." . . .

The next letters relating to Italian music which we shall offer, are written from the Medina of musical pilgrims, counting Rome as their Mecca. The tribute to Sontag, one of the greatest singers of any time (who has not yet gathered all the renown due to her), is precious. So, too, is the respectful mention of England, a country which the writer had already learned, even in one visit, to appreciate.

*"Naples."*

"The only acquaintances I am likely to make here (Naples) are musical ones; in order not to omit anything they will be, for example, Fodor, Donizetti, Coccia, and others. Mademoiselle Fodor does not sing in public. . . . She has been very kind and friendly to me, and her singing gives me the greatest pleasure; she has an almost incredible facility, and her *fioriture* are made in such perfect good taste, that one traces how much Sontag learnt from her; particularly in the use of the *mezza voce*, which, as Fodor's organ is not in its first strength and freshness, she very judiciously employs, and produces it with very good effect. As she does not sing on the stage I am doubly lucky in having thus made her acquaintance. The theatre here is closed, and will be so for some weeks, as the blood of St. Januarius is to be liquefied some day soon; but judging from what I hear of it, it can hardly be worth a visit, and the orchestra, like the Roman one, is said to be poorer than any in Germany; they have not got a *prima donna* that is endurable, and only Tamburini's fresh bass voice to put any life into the concern. To hear an Italian opera properly given one must now go to Paris or London. I pray God that German music may never come to such a pass. I cannot agree to the proposition that the Italians alone possess the art of singing; for as far as I may judge by the exhibition of both male and female singers in this country, I should say that Sontag surpassed them in art; it is true, she says that she learnt what she knows from Fordor, but then could not a German learn in her turn from Sontag? Malibran too was a Spaniard! No, the glory of being 'the land of music' cannot now be maintained by Italy; indeed she has lost it, though whether in people's minds she may be said to have done so or not, cannot be determined. Quite lately, I was in the company of several musical people, and the subject under discussion was a new opera by Coccia, a Neapolitan. I asked if it was good or not, the reply was 'Oh, it probably

is, for Coccia has been a long time in England, he studied there, and some of his things have taken well in that country.' I thought the answer a remarkable one—just so in England, they would speak of having been in Italy.—F. M. B.

There are still two more letters from Italy, for which room must be found, each referring to musical celebrities. The lady mentioned in the first of them was one of the Austrians who flourished in the time of Beethoven's happiness at Vienna, before his rugged temper and his strange habits of life had estranged him from being beloved and from loving. The portrait is delightful in its characteristic humor.

*"Milan, July 14th, 1831."*

"My evenings are spent in society; and this, to tell the truth, in consequence of a prank of mine, which turned out very well for me. I think I might take out a patent for these absurdities, as I certainly have invented a plan for making the pleasantest acquaintance without the help of letters, introduction, or any such thing. I asked accidentally when I arrived here, the name of the commandant of the town, and, among several other generals, General Ertmann was named to me. I immediately recollected Beethoven's 'Sonata in A major,' and its dedication; and as I had always heard the most charming accounts of the lady, and the highest praise of her friendly gentleness, of her beautiful playing, and of how she used to spoil Beethoven, I dressed myself next day, about the hour for morning calls, in a black surtout; had the way to the palace pointed out to me, and started off in the best of spirits, composing, as I went, an elegant and appropriate speech, in which to address the general's gifted wife. I cannot deny that when I heard that the general lived on the first floor, and found that I had already reached a fine, large, vaulted anteroom, I began to feel some timidity, and to entertain thoughts of retreating; but it occurred to me, that it was really very provincial to be made nervous by a vaulted anteroom, so I went boldly up to a guard of soldiers stationed there, and asked an old gentleman in a short nankeen jacket, whether General Ertmann lived here, and whether I could be announced to his lady? As bad luck would have it, the man's reply was, 'I am General Ertmann, and at your service.' This was very unpleasant, and I was obliged to produce my speech on the spot. My listener, however, seemed little edified by it, and craved to know whom he had the honor of addressing. This was still more awkward.



But, fortunately, he recognized my name, was very polite, said his wife was not at home, but that if I had leisure to call at or after two o'clock, I should not fail to see her. I was only thankful that it had turned out as it did, bolted across to the Brera to stare at the 'Sposalizio' of Raffaele, and at two o'clock, in due form, made the acquaintance of 'Dorothea von Ertmann.' She received me in the most friendly way, was very pleasant, and before much longer played Beethoven's sonata in 'Cis-mol,' and then the one in D flat, for me. The old gentleman, in his smart, gray, commandant's uniform covered with orders, was perfectly enchanted, and nearly cried with pleasure at hearing his wife's beautiful music. There was no one in Milan, he said, who cared to listen to her. She mentioned the trio in B major, and said she could not recollect it. I sat down and played it for her, singing the voice part, which pleased the old couple very much, and thus our acquaintance was cemented. Since then they have treated me with so much kindness that I am really ashamed of it. The old general shows me the lions of Milan. In the afternoons they call for me in their carriage to drive me in the Corso; in the evenings we play till one o'clock. Yesterday they took me a walk in the environs. I dine there, meet company in the evenings, and have found them as pleasant and well-informed people as one can imagine anywhere. Moreover, they are as much in love with one another as if they were a newly married couple, whereas they have lived together for the last thirty-three years. He talked yesterday of his profession, of being a soldier, of personal courage, and so on, expressing himself with a precision and a liberality of views such as I never remember to have heard from any one except from my father. He has been an officer for forty-six years. But you should see him galloping alongside of his wife's carriage in the Park: his bearing is gayety and nobility itself. She plays Beethoven's music extremely well, though she has not practised for many years. She sometimes exaggerates the expression, as in *ritardando* too much, and then again hurrying too much; but a single passage she sometimes plays magnificently, and I think I have learnt something from her. Sometimes when she cannot get any more expression out of the notes, she begins to sing in a voice which is much moved, and at these times she often reminds me of you, dear Fanny; though yours is of course far superior to hers. All the time the general keeps producing the most wonderful anecdotes about Beethoven; as, for example, how, one night, when she was playing to him, he took up the snuffers

and picked his teeth with them. She told me that when their youngest child died, Beethoven would not come near the house for a long time afterwards: at last he invited her to his; when she arrived she found him at the piano. 'Now we are going to talk to each other by these notes,' was all he remarked; and so he played away for an hour. She said, 'but he told me everything, and gave me comfort at last.' She played the violin sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, yesterday, and when her accompanist, an officer in the Austrian dragoons, made a long flourish at the beginning of the *adagio*, à la Paganini, the old gentleman made such a horribly ridiculous grimace, that I could hardly keep from laughing." . . .

The next fragment is not less interesting.

"Isola Bella.

"I made another acquaintance in Milan; namely, Herr Mozart, and a thorough musician. He must be very like his father in his manner, for such things as touch one from their naïve simplicity in Mozart's letters one hears constantly from his son's lips, and one takes him to one's heart very speedily. I think it is pretty of him to be as jealous of his father's fame as if he were some young rising musician. One evening at Ertmann's, when a great deal of Beethoven was being played, the Baroness whispered to me to play something of Mozart's, otherwise, she said, her guest was sure to be neither as pleased or pleasing as usual. It was only after I had played the overture to Don Giovanni that he began to thaw, and asked me to play something out of his father's Zauberflöte; his pleasure in hearing it was most childlike, and he wins one's best regards. He gave me a letter of introduction to a friend on the Lake of Como, where I had a glimpse of Italian provincial life, and really amused myself very well for two days with the doctor, the apothecary, the judge, and other people of the place. There were several lively discussions about Sand, whom some of them greatly admired. They talked also of Shakspeare's plays, which are being translated into Italian: the doctor gave as his opinion that the tragedies were good: but that there were some pieces so full of witches and spirits that were really too stupid and childish. One, in particular, 'The Midsummer Night's Dream;' the old, stale plot of representing upon the stage the rehearsal of a play occurs in the piece, which was a mass of anachronisms and babyish fancies. They all agreed that it was very silly, and that I should not care to read it! I held my peace, and did not defend myself!—F. M. B."



The incomparable overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been written by Mendelssohn five years before. The "Wedding March" was a later production.

To these noble and attractive Italian letters, succeed many from Switzerland, in which the scenery of William Tell's country is touched with a master's hand. If Italy was the country of Mendelssohn's loving memories, and Germany of his intense home love stronger than death, Switzerland was the land of his yearning. He had almost a mountaineer's passion for Alpine scenery, and could paint it well.

*"Boltingen, August.*

"There is a terrific thunderstorm raging at this moment and rain pouring in torrents; it is certainly among the mountains that one learns what thunder really means. I travelled no farther than this to-day, for it would have been a pity to traverse the beautiful Simmenthal under the cover of one's umbrella, and not to see beyond it. . . . (*Wemis.*) Worse than ever to-day! My plan of going to Interlachen has to be abandoned, as reaching it is out of the question! For the last four hours it has rained as if the clouds were being wrung out. The roads are as soft as featherbeds; of the hills only a few peaks are visible, and even these are not always to be descried; I might fancy myself in the Mark Bradenburgh and that the Simmenthal was a dead flat. I had to button my sketch-book under my waistcoat to-day, for one's umbrella ceased at last to be any protection, and so I reached this place about one o'clock; having breakfasted in a place like this."

To this letter is affixed a little sketch, which, if it may be taken as a specimen of Felix's skill as a draughtsman, shows that he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his artistic efforts. It is a simple outline, but careful and delicate, and so "naturalistic" that one cannot doubt for a moment but that it is precisely what he saw; a Swiss village of wooden houses with shingles on the roof, backed by some trees, and by two Alpine peaks which look dark and near in the rainy atmosphere. In the foreground is a bridge, below the single arch of which a little stream runs and leaps. In the same letter Mendelssohn gives another small sketch; a village street, with a background of Alps whose rugged tops and declivities are capitably drawn.

"There! I drew this on the spot for you: so do not say anything against this genial weather! I had a bad night of it at Boltingen. It was the time of the fair, so there was no room in the inn, and I went to an adjoining house, where there was vermin enough to remind me of Italy, a clock with a hoarse cracked voice; and a child that cried all night. I listened to the child with the greatest attention: it yelled in all known and unknown keys: and produced a great variety of effects. First, it was angry, then frenzied, then plaintive, and finally when it could cry no longer, it emitted a series of low grunts. Let those who will wish themselves back in childhood, because, forsooth, children are happy. I, for one, am convinced that the little screaming mortal of last night was as miserable as any of us could be; and that childhood knows its passions, sleepless nights, etc.

"The glacier of the Rhone is the finest I know, and as we passed it in the early morning the sun shone brightly on it. Over it one could see here and there rocky peaks, vast fields of snow, a waterfall spanned by a bridge, or great masses of rugged fallen stones. One has no lack of thoughts about such a place; and, in short, however small in Switzerland be the space to which one's sight is confined, there is always more to be seen there than in other countries. I draw diligently, and think I am making progress in the art. I even attempted a sketch of the Jungfrau. It is always something to remind me of the spot, and one can think afterwards these strokes were made there."

*"Engelberg, Aug. 23d.*

"My heart is so full; I must tell you all about it. It is that in this loveliest of valleys I have set to work on Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell.' I have just risen from reading some of the first scenes. There is no art like German art. God knows how or why it is, but I do not think that any other nation would or could appreciate such an opening. I call this a poem, and a commencement. First those bright verses, through which the mirror-like lake seems to shine; then the homely, unimportant chat of the Swiss; then Baumgarten's appearance among them. It is perfectly beautiful. There is nothing in it but what is fresh, powerful, and that carries you along with it. As yet there has been nothing done in music that is so good; and yet some day there ought to be some such perfect work accomplished there too. It is four years since I read it last; and now I must rush off to the convent and give vent to my feelings on the organ for a little.—(In the afternoon.) Do not be astonished at me, but read over the first act and you



will understand it. Such parts as those where the hunters and the herds call to each other, 'Save him, save him!' Or that at the end of the Grutli scene, where the sun is supposed to rise, could only have been written by a German—indeed, only by Schiller; and the play is full of such passages. Over and above the beauty of the thoughts, they are so perfectly Swiss. Then there is that beginning of the scene on the Grutli. I composed this morning the symphony which ought to be played at the end of it; mostly, it is true, in my thoughts only, for I could not get it out well on that little organ. A number of plans and ideas have suggested themselves to me. I see that there is a monstrous deal of work to be done in the world, and I for one must be diligent. That expression of Goethe's about Schiller, that 'he might have given yearly two tragedies to the world,' always impressed me with the greatest veneration for him. I have had a very happy morning owing to his 'Wilhelm Tell,' and it has put me into that frame of mind when one wishes to have him back again, in order to thank him for what he has written. One wishes also to do like him, and that people may some day have the same feeling towards myself."

Fully was this wish granted to Felix!—not so the one which concludes the next paragraph, on his farewell to Switzerland.

"It will be difficult to leave this country, for it is beyond all conception beautiful, although the weather has again become atrocious. The greenness of everything is marvellous, and refreshes not only the eye, but rests the whole man. Dearest mother! I will not neglect your loving directions, but you really need not disturb yourself about me; I am not careless of my health, and have not felt so well for long as I have done during this walking tour in Switzerland. If eating, drinking, walking, sleeping, and thinking music ought to make a man sound, I ought to be so; and God be praised for it. If he will we shall all have a happy meeting ere long; the time till then will pass quickly, for everything here, except the Highest, passes away; let us only remain true to each other and closely loving. With me, just now, it is the old story: it is when I am most well and happy that I most deeply miss you, most long to be beside you; but who knows but that in after years we may not all be in this place together and think *then* of *now*, as we now look back to then; no one can say: so I will not reflect any more, but go and write out my song, look once again on the hills, wish you all health

and happiness as long as you live, and send off this journal."

It was in these beautiful valleys round Interlachen that Mendelssohn, in 1847, retired for his last enjoyment of Nature's healing and holy influences, when the joyous spirit was crushed, and the happy family circle broken by the death of the loved and gifted sister to whom so many of these letters were addressed.

To France, in the days of apprenticeship to which this book refers, Mendelssohn had small tie beyond that of curiosity. He was excited by Paris society; he delighted to bury himself among the treasures of the Louvre; he ventured to be impertinent to "grim Cherubini" (his own epithet), a censor in his own way as savage and autocratic as Johnson; he relished Baillot's quartett; he admired Habeneck's minute care over rehearsal. But it is evident that Mendelssohn was always on the defensive in Paris. The fancy of "discovery" in music prevalent there among connoisseurs, who find out a great man after the world has begun to weary of him; the humor which made them late in appreciating Mozart, later in adoring Beethoven; which makes them, at the time being, adopt only a few instrumental works by Mendelssohn (none of his serious vocal compositions,) did not suit a youth so prescient, so deep-heated, so unwilling to endure injustice, so fortunate, till then, in every other country.

That England was the land of his esteem and regard, the last extracts which can be given from this captivating book will sufficiently show. In Paris, the letter-writer could be ironical; in London, he was affectionate. In truth, his cordial and loving nature, however fed by German companionship, took deep root among our best and wisest and most gifted persons from the first. He made himself many homes here; not in musical circles alone, but in those where the man himself is prized, as distinct from "the lion" inanely run after. We have noble and burgher, and literary and artistic, and mercantile households, in which neither hearts nor hearths are yet cold, to whose members the name of Mendelssohn is the name of one who gladdened every hour that he gave to them, and every kindness of



which he partook from them. The following tells its own story.

*"London, April 27th, 1832.*

"I wish I could describe to you how happy I am here, how everything is dear to me, and how much the cordiality of old friends pleases me. I have a number of people to look up whom I have not yet managed to see; while with Klügemann, Rosen, and Moscheles, I feel as if we had never been separated from them, they are the *centres* of my present life in this place. We meet every day: for it is a pleasure too great for me to describe to feel myself again among sensible, earnest, good people, who are my true friends, and in conversation with whom I have not to be in terror of every word I may let drop. Moscheles and his wife show me a kindness which is quite touching, and which is always dearer to me the more I feel of it; that the feeling of returning health, as if I had come back fresh to the world, all unite to make me happy.\* . . . One morning of last week I must describe to you; it was the most flattering reception I have ever yet met with; it is the one which touched me most, and to which I shall perhaps most fondly look back. On Saturday morning I was at the rehearsal of the Philharmonic; at which, however, nothing of mine was to be given. I was in one of the boxes; and as I left it to go to speak to some old friends in the hall, I hardly sat down by them when some one of the orchestra cried, 'There is Mendelssohn!' and they all began immediately to cheer and clap their hands, so that I did not know where to look. When it had subsided, another called out, 'Success to him!' and then they began again with the same deafening uproar, so that I had to cross the hall, clamber up into the orchestra, and express my thanks. There! I shall not forget *that*. It was more pleasant to me than any other demonstration. That the musicians should love me, and be glad to see me come among them, is the greatest gratification I can have."

In the midst of these ovations he received the melancholy intelligence of the death of his old friend and master, Zelter. Although only twenty-two years old at this time, Mendelssohn might probably have succeeded him as Director of the Musical Academy at Berlin. The following letter to his father shows with what collected judgment and dignity he pursued his professional career.

\* Mendelssohn had had an attack of the cholera during the last weeks of his stay in Paris.

*"London, June 1.*

"On the day on which I received the news of Zelter's death, I thought I should have been taken very ill. I was a week before I could recover it. But my many occupations have driven me out of my own thoughts, and brought me to myself again. I am well, and doing a great deal. Above all, my dear father, I must thank you for your letter. It has already been in a great measure answered by mine; but I repeat again why it would not be suitable for me to apply for the office of Director of the Academy. In the first place, I am quite of your mind that at the opening of my career it would not be a desirable place for me; and I would only accept of it under certain conditions, and as holding by my former promise. In the second place, the reason which they gave to you, seems to me not a sufficiently straightforward or truthful one. They say they wish to be sure of my accepting it, and therefore allow me to place myself among the candidates. But three years ago when they offered it to me, Lichtenstein told me it was only done to find out if I would take it, and that I might make my mind clearly known. Then I said, yes. I wished to carry it on along with Rungenhagen. I do not know that I should think the same *now*, but as I have said so, I cannot change, and must remain by it. It is not needful for me to repeat this, . . . they do not require any confirmation of my promise. My letter can make no difference in this respect, and if they mean to bestow the place on another, will not prevent their doing so.

"I must further remind you of a letter I wrote to you from Paris, in which I said I must return to Berlin, as that was the only German town I did not know: this is my serious intention. I do not know if I can settle there, or if I could remain there; that is, if I should find the same opening there for work and occupation as I have found in other towns. I know only one house in Berlin: that is our own; and that I should be happy *there* I know and feel. But I must have occupation also, and be doing; and only on my return can I discover how this is to be. I hope it will turn out as I wish, for that place will be the dearest to me where *you* live; but before being sure of all these things, I do not wish to bind myself by any official situation. I must stop, for I am overwhelmed with business, and start on my journey as soon as the next Philharmonic is over. . . . I am just going to direct a concert of Moscheles, and to play that concerto of Mozart's for which I added (for your benefit and mine) those two long Cadences.—  
FELIX."



Having said thus much of this admirable and successful man as a contributor to literature, something remains to be said concerning the artist in his own more particular sphere. The place of Mendelssohn among musicians was in every respect singular. He asserted it from the outset among the great Germans, with a decision which set at variance every theory of development in art as implying revolution. The world had become weary of dilutions of Mozart,—had surrendered itself to the witcheries of Weber, or was yielding itself, more slowly but not less surely, to the overpowering grandeur and vivid originality of Beethoven; already far on its way to accept, with undistinguishing faith, his later exaggerations, audacities, crudities, as so many evidences of genius, to question which implied deficient understanding. Yet there was no set purpose in the boy who broke into enduring fame with his "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, which Mendelssohn composed at the age of sixteen. He had no mission (as the jargon runs), no party, nor partisanship; simply that necessity of pouring out his own conceptions in his own speech, which marks the distance betwixt talent and genius. But his speech was wonderfully mature for one so young. If he did not command a well-spring of melody as deep as that born to the Mozarts and Rossinis, and won in conquest by Beethoven,—from the first he showed a buoyancy of fancy, in conjunction with an extent of scientific acquirement, which has no parallel in our later times; times when so many combinations have been exhausted, so many effects forced into extravagance, so many counterfeits palmed off as real treasures. There was sedateness as well as fantasy in Mendelssohn's very first essays. Though nothing more Shaksperian can be conceived in music than his faery overture, with "Cobweb, Pease Blossom, Moth, and Mustard-seed," and the bray of the "translated" Bottom; though no wilder picture of beetling promontory, and restless, rocking waves, can be conveyed in sound, than in his overture "The Isles of Fingal," the strictness of musical structure in both these romantic pieces is as noteworthy as their color. The boy who had nurtured himself on the music of Bach (strong meat for a boy so vivacious had he not been also so vigorous), is no less clearly to be dis-

cerned in these musical poems, than the boy who had dreamed in the Athenian wood, and who, among the other pilgrimages of his artistic apprenticeship, had touched, as a shrine, "the wind-swept Orcades." There was thus something of retrogression, as well as of advance, in his music; contradicting the theories of the new school of destructives, whose strange proceedings have for awhile threatened to make such havoc in his world of art.

The excellent and modest spirit of self-correction which Mendelssohn brought to every task entered on, is attested by the increased freedom and courage of his works as he grew in years. A thematic catalogue, carefully prepared by himself, announces the existence of a mass of music unpublished because being thought by him inferior, or else laid aside for reconsideration. The "Walpurgis Night," begun in Italy, was kept by him for years, and underwent large alterations. The "Reformation Symphony," an orchestral work on a large scale was never given to the world for like reasons. He was resolute in trying and trying again when he failed to satisfy himself. One of the projects which he could not bring to pass was a concert-Sonata for violin and pianoforte—of such a composition he must have left at least a dozen beginnings. But "Elijah" is the most remarkable monument of his determination to do his utmost in whatever he set himself to do. Those who were present at the production of that oratorio in the Town Hall at Birmingham, will never forget the scene as one of the most brilliant triumphs recorded in music. Though the singers, with the exception of Herr Staudigl, were unequal to the duties allotted to them, and though the time had not admitted of such ripe and deliberate preparation as is essential to the complete execution of a new work of importance, the march of success was uninterrupted from the first note to the last. Ovation followed ovation;—*encore* succeeded *encore*. The story of that morning matches the tale of Mozart's "Figaro," performed twice by the same company on the same day. If ever success was unquestioned, that of "Elijah" was so. But whereas a meaner man would have been intoxicated with the praise and the plaudits, into a willingness to conceive that he had done a really great thing, and have complacently sat down to



enjoy his fame,—in the very hour of immediate triumph Mendelssohn was strong and modest enough to detect in the new work weak places which he could strengthen, to conceive effects which he had overlooked,—he altered several portions, took away some, and exchanged others. The unaccompanied trio for female voices was one of these afterthoughts. Thus, probably aware that the flow of melody in his vocal pieces was somewhat restrained and liable to the charge of monotony, it was excellent to observe how, year by year, he became at once more sedulous and simple in selecting the phrases on which he wrought, how without ceasing he was looking round him to increase and vary his resources. The same cause led him to postpone his design of writing a great work for the stage. In early life he had promised an opera to the Theatre at Munich; he contemplated an adaptation of the “*Tempest*” of Shakspeare, a theme apparently well suited to his genius: he consulted his friend Immermann, whom he thought capable of constructing the literary part of the piece. But he was still in a course of experiment and

scrutiny as to his power of gaining success in this, the only field of musical composition that he had never conquered, when his strength gave way under the strain of a life in which respite and repose had been made almost impossible by the universal popularity which had attached itself to him. With these latter years, or, to be more correct, with the few last months of pain, distress, and sudden exhaustion, we have happily not to deal. The letters here collected break off in the early noon of enjoyment and success. They have taken us back thirty years to that delightful hour of existence when the light of youthful genius and the glory of the world reflect each other; and we trust these letters may afford to some of our readers the same exquisite pleasure we have ourselves derived from them. More volumes are to come, we hope; being assured that none to come can tarnish the reputation which belongs to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, as a complete, successful, and thoroughly happy man and artist, who died in early manhood, but in the meridian of his fame.

THE storm which lately threatened us from the far West, has blown over. We are not going to have war with America about the question of the *Trent*. But the question of the *Trent* never would have arisen, had not the feelings of the American people and Government been very hostile to England, and there is nothing to show that the American Government and people are at all reconciled to us by the manner of its solution. The evidence, on the contrary, is all the other way. The Americans have been coerced into an act of justice, which they performed with the worst possible grace; and we are frankly assured that a time is coming, when they mean to take ample vengeance for present humiliations. It appears, then, that a war with the Federal States of America is only deferred. If not imminent, it is pretty sure to come sooner or later. The point, therefore, for us to determine, in the mean while, is—How shall we prepare for such a contingency, and conduct the war when it comes?

There are two modes of carrying on war with America—one aggressive, the other defensive. We shall probably adopt both. We shall assail their harbors, burn their fleets, destroy their commerce, and keep their whole seaboard in a state of constant alarm; and we shall give employment by these means to no inconsiderable

portion of the half million of men whom they boast to have under arms. But we shall have a defensive war likewise to provide for, on the side of Canada.—*Blackwood's Magazine, Feb.*

A “History of the Last Two Wars between England and America” is being prepared for the press by Mr. Cyrus Redding, which will also include an account of the interview of a friend with General Washington not long before his death.

BIBLES.—The *Clerical Reporter*, a paper appearing at Leipzig, has the following statistics on the sale of Bibles: “In the year 1524, the bookseller Herrgott was executed at Leipzig, at the command of Duke George of Saxony, because he had sold a Bible. Another vender had his eyes pierced for the same offence. At the present day 5,000 societies are busy to spread the Bible among Christians and Heathens. The number of Bibles now current is estimated at 32,000,000, in 200 different languages, while, only five years ago, the number did not exceed 4,000,000 in 50 different languages.”



From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: SALEM CHAPEL.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the west end of Grove Street, in Carlingford, on the shabby side of the street, stood a red brick building, presenting a pinched gable terminated by a curious little belfry, not intended for any bell, and looking not unlike a handle to lift up the edifice by to the public observation. This was Salem Chapel, the only Dissenting place of worship in Carlingford. It stood in a narrow strip of ground, just as the little houses which flanked it on either side stood in their gardens, except that the enclosure of the chapel was flowerless and sombre, and showed at the farther end a few sparsely scattered tombstones—unmeaning slabs, such as the English mourner loves to inscribe his sorrow on. On either side of this little tabernacle were the humble houses—little detached boxes, each two stories high, each fronted by a little flower-plot—clean, respectable, meagre, little habitations, which contributed most largely to the ranks of the congregation in the Chapel. The big houses opposite, which turned their backs and staircase windows to the street, took little notice of the humble Dissenting community. Twice in the winter, perhaps, the Misses Hemmings, mild evangelical women, on whom the late rector—the Low-Church rector, who reigned before the brief and exceptional incumbency of the Rev. Mr. Proctor—had bestowed much of his confidence, would cross the street, when other profitable occupations failed them, to hear a special sermon on a Sunday evening. But the Misses Hemmings were the only representatives of anything which could, by the utmost stretch, be called Society, who ever patronized the Dissenting interest in the town of Carlingford. Nobody from Grange Lane had ever been seen so much as in Grove Street on a Sunday, far less in the chapel. Greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, milkmen, with some dressmakers of inferior pretensions, and teachers of day schools of similar humble character, formed the *élite* of the congregation. It is not to be supposed, however, on this account, that a prevailing aspect of shabbiness was upon this little community; on the contrary, the grim pews of Salem Chapel blushed with bright colors, and con-

tained both dresses and faces on the summer Sundays which the Church itself could scarcely have surpassed. Nor did those unadorned walls form a centre of asceticism and gloomy religiousness in the cheerful little town. Tea-parties were not uncommon occurrences—tea-parties which made the little tabernacle festive, in which cakes and oranges were diffused among the pews, and funny speeches made from the little platform underneath the pulpit, which woke the unconsecrated echoes with hearty outbreaks of laughter. Then the young people had their singing-class, at which they practised hymns, and did not despise a little flirtation; and charitable societies and missionary auxiliaries diversified the congregational routine, and kept up a brisk succession of “Chapel business,” mightily like the Church business which occupied Mr. Wentworth and his Sisters of Mercy at St. Roque’s. To name the two communities, however, in the same breath, would have been accounted little short of sacrilege in Carlingford. The names which figured highest in the benevolent lists of Salem Chapel, were known to society only as appearing, in gold letters, upon the backs of those mystic tradesmen’s books which were deposited every Monday in little heaps at every house in Grange Lane. The Dissenters, on their part, aspired to no conquests in the unattainable territory of high life, as it existed in Carlingford. They were content to keep their privileges among themselves, and to enjoy their superior preaching and purity with a compassionate complacency. While Mr. Proctor was rector, indeed, Mr. Tozer, the butterman, who was senior deacon, found it difficult to refrain from an audible expression of pity for the “Church folks” who knew no better; but, as a general rule, the congregation of Salem kept by itself, gleaning new adherents by times at an “anniversary” or the coming of a new minister, but knowing and keeping “its own place” in a manner edifying to behold.

Such was the state of affairs when old Mr. Tufton declined in popularity, and impressed upon the minds of his hearers those now-established principles about the unfitness of old men for any important post, and the urgent necessity and duty incumbent upon old clergymen, old generals, old admirals, etc.,—every aged functionary, indeed, except



old statesmen—to resign in favor of younger men, which have been, within recent years, so much enforced upon the world. To communicate this opinion to the old minister was perhaps less difficult to Mr. Tozer and his brethren than it might have been to men more refined and less practical; but it was an undeniable relief to the managers of the chapel when grim Paralysis came mildly in and gave the intimation in the manner least calculated to wound the sufferer's feelings. Mild but distinct was that undeniable warning. The poor old minister retired, accordingly, with a purse and a presentation, and young Arthur Vincent, fresh from Homerton, in the bloom of hope and intellectualism, a young man of the newest school, was recognized as pastor in his stead.

A greater change could not possibly have happened. When the interesting figure of the young minister went up the homely pulpstairs, and appeared, white-browed, white-handed, in snowy linen and glossy clerical apparel, where old Mr. Tufton, spiritual but homely, had been wont to impend over the desk and exhort his beloved brethren, it was natural that a slight rustle of expectation should run audibly through the audience. Mr. Tozer looked round him proudly to note the sensation, and see if the Misses Hemmings, sole representatives of a cold and unfeeling aristocracy, were there. The fact was, that few of the auditors were more impressed than the Misses Hemmings, who *were* there, and who talked all the evening after about the young minister. What a sermon it was! not much in it about the beloved brethren; nothing very stimulating, indeed, to the sentiments and affections, except in the youth and good looks of the preacher, which naturally made a more distinct impression upon the female portion of his hearers than on the stronger sex. But then, what eloquence! what an amount of thought! what an honest entrance into all the difficulties of the subject! Mr. Tozer remarked afterwards that such preaching was food for *men*. It was too closely reasoned out, said the excellent buttermilk, to please women or weak-minded persons; but he did not doubt, for his part, that soon the young men of Carlingford, the hope of the country, would find their way to Salem. Under such prognostications, it was fortunate that the young minister possessed

something else besides close reasoning and Homerton eloquence to propitiate the women too.

Mr. Vincent arrived at Carlingford in the beginning of winter, when society in that town was re-assembling or at least re-appearing, after the temporary summer seclusion. The young man knew very little of the community which he had assumed the spiritual charge of. He was almost as particular as the Rev. Mr. Wentworth of St. Roque's about the cut of his coat and the precision of his costume, and decidedly preferred the word clergyman to the word minister, which latter was universally used by his flock; but notwithstanding these trifling predilections, Mr. Vincent who had been brought up upon the *Nonconformist* and the *Eclectic Review*, was strongly impressed with the idea that the Church Establishment, though outwardly prosperous, was in reality a profoundly rotten institution; that the Nonconforming portion of the English public was the party of progress; that the eyes of the world were turned upon the Dissenting interest; and that his own youthful eloquence and the Voluntary principle were quite enough to counterbalance all the ecclesiastical advantages on the other side, and make for himself a position of the highest influence in his new sphere. As he walked about Carlingford making acquaintance with the place, it occurred to the young man, with a thrill of not ungenerous ambition, that the time might shortly come when Salem Chapel would be all too insignificant for the Nonconformists of this hitherto torpid place. He pictured to himself how, by and by, those jealous doors in Grange Lane would fly open at his touch, and how the dormant minds within would awake under his influence. It was a blissful dream to the young pastor. Even the fact that Mr. Tozer was a buttermilk, and the other managers of the chapel equally humble in their pretensions, did not disconcert him in that flush of early confidence. All he wanted—all any man worthy of his post wanted—was a spot of standing-ground, and an opportunity of making the Truth—and himself—known. Such, at least, was the teaching of Homerton and the Dissenting organs. Young Vincent, well educated and enlightened according to his fashion, was yet so entirely unacquainted with any world but that contracted one in



which he had been brought up, that he believed all this as devoutly as Mr. Wentworth believed in Anglicanism, and would have smiled with calm scorn at any sceptic who ventured to doubt. Thus it will be seen he came to Carlingford with elevated expectations—by no means prepared to circulate among his flock, and say grace at Mrs. Tozer's "teas," and get up *soirees* to amuse the congregation, as Mr. Tufton had been accustomed to do. These secondary circumstances of his charge had little share in the new minister's thoughts. Somehow the tone of public writing has changed of late days. Scarcely a newspaper writer condescends now to address men who are not free of "society," and learned in all its ways. The *Times* and the magazines take it for granted that all their readers dine out at splendid tables, and are used to a solemn attendant behind their chair. Young Vincent was one of those who accept the flattering implication. It is true, he saw few enough of such celestial scenes in his college days. But now that life was opening upon him, he doubted nothing of the society that must follow; and with a swell of gratification listened when the advantages of Carlingford were discussed by some chance fellow-travellers on the railway; its pleasant parties—its nice people—Mr. Wodehouse's capital dinners, and the charming breakfasts—such a delightful novelty!—so easy and agreeable!—of the pretty Lady Western, the young dowager. In imagination Mr. Vincent saw himself admitted to all these social pleasures; not that he cared for capital dinners more than became a young man, or had any special tendencies towards tuft-hunting, but because fancy and hope, and ignorance of the real world, made him naturally project himself into the highest sphere within his reach, in the simple conviction that such was his natural place.

With these thoughts, to be asked to Mrs. Tozer's to tea at six o'clock, was the most wonderful cold plunge for the young man. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled to himself over the note of invitation, which, however, was very prettily written by Phoebe, Mrs. Tozer's blooming daughter, on paper as pink as Lady Western's, and consented, as he could not help himself. He went out from his nice little lodgings a little after six, still smiling, and persuading himself that this would be quite a pleasant study of manners,

and that of course he could not do less than patronize the good homely people in their own way, whatever that might be. Mr. Vincent's rooms were in George Street, at what the Grange people called *the other end*, in an imposing house with a large door, and iron extinguishers fixed in the railing, which had in their day quenched the links of the last century. To cross the street in his evening coat, and walk into the butter-shop, where the two white-aproned lads behind the counter stared, and a humble member of the congregation turned sharply round, and held out the hand, which had just clutched a piece of bacon, for her minister to shake, was a sufficiently trying introduction to the evening's pleasure; but when the young pastor had been ushered up-stairs, the first aspect of the company there rather took away his breath, as he emerged from the dark staircase. Tozer himself, who awaited the minister at the door, was fully habited in the overwhelming black suit and white tie, which produced so solemnizing an effect every Sunday at chapel; and the other men of the party were, with a few varieties, similarly attired. But the brilliancy of the female portion of the company overpowered Mr. Vincent. Mrs. Tozer herself sat at the end of her hospitable table, with all her best china tea-service set out before her, in a gown and cap which Grange Lane could not have furnished any rivals to. The brilliant hue of the one, and the flowers and feathers of the other, would require a more elaborate description than this chronicle has space for. Nor indeed in the particular of dress did Mrs. Tozer do more than hold her own among the guests who surrounded her. It was scarcely dark, and the twilight softened down the splendors of the company, and saved the dazzled eyes of the young pastor. He felt the grandeur vaguely as he came in with a sense of reproof, seeing that he had evidently been waited for. He said grace devoutly when the tea arrived and the gas was lighted, and with dumb amaze gazed round him. Could these be the veritable womankind of Salem Chapel? Mr. Vincent saw bare shoulders and flower-wreathed heads bending over the laden tea-table. He saw pretty faces and figures not inelegant, remarkable among which was Miss Phoebe's, who had written him that pink note, and who herself was pink all over—dress, shoulders, elbows,



cheeks, and all. Pink—not red—a softened youthful flush, which was by no means unbecoming to the plump full figure which had not an angle anywhere. As for the men, the lawful owners of all this feminine display, they huddled altogether, indisputable cheese-mongers as they were, quite transcended and extinguished by their wives and daughters. The pastor was young and totally inexperienced. In his heart he asserted his own claim to an entirely different sphere; but, suddenly cast into this little crowd, Mr. Vincent's inclination was to join the dark group of husbands and fathers whom he knew, and who made no false pretences. He was shy of venturing upon those fine women, who surely never could be Mrs. Brown of the Devonshire Dairy, and Mrs. Pigeon, the poulterer's wife; whereas Pigeon and Brown themselves were exactly like what they always were on Sundays, if not perhaps a trifle graver and more depressed in their minds.

"Here's a nice place for you, Mr. Vincent—quite the place for you, where you can hear all the music, and see all the young ladies. For I do suppose ministers, bein' young, are like other young men," said Mrs. Tozer, drawing aside her brilliant skirts to make room for him on the sofa. "I have a son myself as is at college, and feel mother-like to those as go in the same line. Sit you down comfortable, Mr. Vincent. There aint one here, sir, I'm proud to say, as grudges you the best seat."

"O mamma, how could you think of saying such a thing!" said Phœbe, under her breath; "to be sure, Mr. Vincent never could think there was anybody anywhere that would be so wicked—and he the minister."

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Pigeon, who was close by, "not to affront Mr. Vincent, as is deserving of our best respects, I've seen many and many's the minister I wouldn't have given up my seat to; and I don't misdoubt, sir, you've heard of such as well as we. There was Mr. Bailey, at Parson's Green, now. He went and married a poor bit of a governess, as common a looking creature as you could see, that set herself up above the people, Mr. Vincent, and was too grand, sir, if you'll believe me, to visit the deacons' wives. Nobody cares less than me about them vain shows. What's visiting, if you know the vally of your time?

Nothing but a laying-up of judgment. But I wouldn't be put upon neither by a chit that got her bread out of me and my husband's hard earnin's; and so I told my sister, Mrs. Tozer, as lives at Parson's Green."

"Poor thing!" said the gentler Mrs. Tozer, "it's hard lines on a minister's wife to please the congregation. Mr. Vincent here, he'll have to take a lesson. That Mrs. Bailey was pretty-looking, I must allow——"

"Sweetly pretty!" whispered Phœbe, clasping her plump, pink hands.

"Pretty-looking! I don't say anything against it," continued her mother; "but it's hard upon a minister when his wife wont take no pains to please his flock. To have people turn up their noses at you aint pleasant——"

"And them getting their livin' off you all the time," cried Mrs. Pigeon, clinching the milder speech.

"But it seems to me," said poor Vincent, "that a minister can no more be said to get his living off you than any other man. He works hard enough generally for what little he has. And really, Mrs. Tozer, I'd rather not hear all these unfortunate particulars about one of my brethren——"

"He aint one of the brethren now," broke in the poulterer's wife. "He's been gone out o' Parson's Green this twelve-months. Them stuck-up ways may do with the Church folks as can't help themselves, but they'll never do with us Dissenters. No tthat we aint as glad as can be to see you, Mr. Vincent, and I hope you'll favor my poor house another night like you're favouring Mrs. Tozer's. Mr. Tufton always said that was the beauty of Carlingford in our connection. Cheerful folks and no display. No display, you know—nothing but a hearty meetin', sorry to part, and happy to meet again. Them's our ways. And-the better you know us, the better you'll like us, I'll be bound to say. We don't put it all on the surface, Mr. Vincent," continued Mrs. Pigeon, shaking out her skirts and expanding herself on her chair, "but it's all real and solid; what we say we mean—and we don't say no more than we mean—and them's the kind of folks to trust to wherever you go."

Poor Vincent made answer by an inarticulate murmur, whether of assent or dissent it was impossible to say; and, inwardly appalled, turned his eyes towards his deacons,



who, more fortunate than himself, were standing all in a group together discussing chapel matters, and wisely leaving general conversation to the fairer portion of the company. The unlucky minister's secret looks of distress awoke the interest and sympathy of Phœbe, who sat in an interesting manner on a stool at her mother's side. "O mamma," said that young lady, too bashful to address himself directly, "I wonder if Mr. Vincent plays or sings? There are some such nice singers here. Perhaps we might have some music, if Mr. Vincent——"

"I don't perform at all," said that victim,—"not in any way; but I am an exemplary listener. Let me take you to the piano."

The plump Phœbe rose after many hesitations, and, with a simper and a blush and pretty air of fright, took the minister's arm. After all, even when the whole company is beneath a man's level, it is easier to play the victim under the *supplice* inflicted by a pretty girl than by two mature matrons. Phœbe understood pretty well about her h's, and did not use the double negative; and when she rose up rustling from her low seat, the round, pink creature, with dimples all about her, was not an unpleasant object of contemplation. Mr. Vincent listened to her song with decorous interest. Perhaps it was just as well sung as Lucy Wodehouse in Grange Lane, would have sung it. When Phœbe had concluded, the minister was called to the side of Mrs. Brown of the Devonshire Dairy, who had been fidgeting to secure him from the moment he approached the piano. She was fat and round-about, good woman, and had the aspect of sitting upon the very edge of her chair. She held out to the distressed pastor a hand covered with a rumpled white glove, which did not fit and had never been intended to fit, and beckoned to him anxiously. With the calmness of despair Mr. Vincent obeyed the call.

"I have been looking so anxious to catch your eye, Mr. Vincent," said Mrs. Brown; "do sit you down, now there's a chance, and let me talk to you a minnit. Bless the girl! there's Miss Polly Pigeon going to play, and everybody can use their freedom in talking. For my part," said Mrs. Brown, securing the vacant chair of the performer for her captive, "that's why I like instrumental music best. When a girl sings, why, to be sure, it's only

civil to listen—aint it now, Mr. Vincent? but nobody expects it of you, don't you see, when she only plays. Now do you sit down. What I wanted to speak to you was about that poor creetur in Back Grove Street—that's the lane right behind the chapel. She do maunder on so to see the minister. Mr. Tozer he's been to see her, and I sent Brown, but it wasn't a bit of use. It's you, Mr. Vincent, she's awanting of. If you'll call in to-morrow, I'll show you the place myself, as you're a stranger; for, if you'll excuse me saying it, I am as curious as can be to hear what she's got to say."

"If she has got anything to say, she might prefer that it was not heard," said Vincent, with an attempt at a smile. "Is she ill—and who is she? I have never heard of her before."

"Well, you see, sir, she doesn't belong rightly to Salem. She's a stranger here, and not a joined member; and she aint ill either, as I can see—only something on her mind. You ministers," said Mrs. Brown, with a look of awe, "must have a deal of secrets confided to you. Folks may stand out against religion as long as things go on straight with them, but they're sure to want the minister as soon as they've got something on their mind; and a deal better to have it out, and get a little comfort, than to bottle it all up till their latter end, like old Mrs. Thompson, and let it out in their will, to drive them as was expecting different distracted. It's a year or two since that happened. I don't suppose you've heerd tell of it yet. But that's what makes old Mrs. Christian—I dare to say you've seen her at chapel—so uncomfortable in her feelin's. She's never got over it, sir, and never will to her dying day."

"Some disappointment about money?" said Mr. Vincent.

"Poor old folks! their daughter did very well for herself—and very well for them too," said Mrs. Brown; "but it don't make no difference in Mrs. Christian's feelin's: they're living, like, on Mr. Brown the solicitor's charity, you see, sir, instead of their own fortin, which makes a deal o' difference. It would have been a fine thing for Salem too," added Mrs. Brown, reflectively, "if they had had the old lady's money; for Mrs. Christian was always one that liked to be first, and stanch to her chapel, and would never have



been wanting when the collecting-books went round. But it wasn't to be, Mr. Vincent—that's the short and the long of it; and we never have had nobody in our connection worth speaking of in Carlingford but's been in trade. And a very good thing too, as I tell Brown. For if there's one thing I can't abear in a chapel, it's one set setting up above the rest. But bein' all in the way of business, except just the poor folks, as is all very well in their place, and never interferes with nothing, and don't count, there's nothing but brotherly love here, which is a deal more than most ministers can say for their flocks. I've asked a few friends to tea, Mr. Vincent, on next Thursday, at six. As I haven't got no daughters just out of a boarding-school to write notes for me, will you take us in a friendly way, and just come without another invitation? All our own folks, sir, and a comfortable evening; and prayers, if you'll be so good, at the end. I don't like the new fashions," said Mrs. Brown, with a significant glance towards Mrs. Tozer, "of separatin' like heathens, when all's of one connection. We might never meet again, Mr. Vincent. In the midst of life, you know, sir. You'll not forget Thursday, at six."

"But, my dear Mrs. Brown, I am very sorry: Thursday is one of the days I have specially devoted to study," stammered forth the unhappy pastor. "What with the Wednesday meeting and the Friday committee——"

Mrs. Brown drew herself up as well as the peculiarities of her form permitted, and her roseate countenance assumed a deeper glow. "We've been in the chapel longer than Tozer," said the offended deaconess. "We've never been backward in takin' trouble, nor spendin' our substance, nor puttin' our hands to every good work; and as for makin' a difference between one member and another, it's what we aint been accustomed to, Mr. Vincent. I'm a plain woman, and speak my mind. Old Mr. Tufton was very particular to show no preference. He always said, it never answered in a flock to show more friendship to one nor another; and if it had been put to me, I wouldn't have said, I assure you, sir, that it was us as was to be made the first example of. If I haven't a daughter fresh out of a boarding-school, I've been a member at Salem five-and-twenty

year, and had ministers in my house many's the day, and as friendly as if I were a duchess; and for charities and such things, we've never been known to fail, though I say it; and as for the trouble——"

"But I spoke of my study," said the poor minister, as she paused, her indignation growing too eloquent for words: "you want me to preach on Sunday, don't you? and I must have some time, you know, to do my work."

"Sir," said Mrs. Brown, severely, "I know it for a fact that Mr. Wentworth of St. Roque's dines out five days in the week, and it don't do *his* sermons no injury; and when you go out to dinner, it stands to reason it's a different thing from a friendly tea."

"Ah, yes, most likely!" said Mr. Vincent, with a heavy sigh. "I'll come, since you wish it so much; but," added the unlucky young man, with a melancholy attempt at a smile, "you must not be too kind to me. Too much of this kind of thing, you know, might have an effect——" Here he paused, inclined to laugh at his own powers of sarcasm. As chance would have it, as he pointed generally to the scene before them, the little wave of his hand seemed to Mrs. Brown to indicate the group round the piano, foremost in which was Phœbe, plump and pink, and full of dimples. The good mistress of the Devonshire Dairy gave her head, a little toss.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh, "you don't know, you young men, the half of the tricks of them girls that look so innocent. But I don't deny it's a pleasant party," added the deaconess, looking round on the company in general with some complacency. "But just you come along our way on Thursday, at six, and judge for yourself if mine aint quite as good; though I have not got no daughters, Mr. Vincent," she concluded, with severe irony, elevating her double chin and nodding her flowery head.

The subdued minister made no reply; only deeper and deeper humiliation seemed in store for him. Was it he, the first prize-man of Homerton, who was supposed to be already smitten by the pink charms of Phœbe Tozer? The unfortunate young man groaned in spirit, and, seizing a sudden opportunity, plunged into the black group of deacons, and tried to immerse himself in chapel business.



But vain was the attempt. He was recaptured and led back in triumph to Mrs. Tozer's sofa. He had to listen to more singing, and accept another invitation to tea. When he got off at last, it was with a sensation of dreadful dwindlement that poor Vincent crossed the street again to his lonely abode. He knocked quite humbly at the big door, and, with a sensation of unclerical rage, wondered to himself whether the policeman who met him knew he had been out to tea. Ah, blessed Mr. Wentworth of St. Roque's! The young Nonconformist sighed as he put on his slippers, and kicked his boots into a corner of his sitting-room. Somehow he had come down into the world all at once, and without expecting it. Such was Salem Chapel and its requirements: and such was Mr. Vincent's first experience of social life in Carlingford.

## CHAPTER II.

It was with a somewhat clouded aspect that the young pastor rose from his solitary breakfast-table next morning to devote himself to the needful work of visiting his flock. The minister's breakfast, though lonely, had not been without alleviations. He had the *Carlingford Gazette* at his elbow, if that was any comfort, and he had two letters which were interesting; one was from his mother, a minister's widow, humbly enough off, but who had brought up her son in painful gentility, and done much to give him that taste for good society which was to come to so little fruition in Carlingford. Mr. Vincent smiled sardonically as he read his good mother's questions about his "dear people," and her anxious inquiry whether he had found a "pleasant circle" in Salem. Remembering the dainty little household which it took her so much pains and pinching to maintain, the contrast made present affairs still more and more distasteful to her son. He could fancy her tidy little figure in that traditionary black silk gown which never wore out, and the whitest of caps, gazing aghast at Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Tozer. But, nevertheless, Mrs. Vincent understood all about Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Tozer, and had been very civil to such, and found them very serviceable in her day, though her son, who knew her only in that widowed cottage where she had her own way, could not have realized it. The other letter was from a Homerton

chum, a young intellectual and ambitious Nonconformist like himself, whose epistle was full of confidence and hope, triumph in the cause, and its perpetual advance. "We are priests of the poor," said the Homerton enthusiast, encouraging his friend to the sacrifices and struggles which he presumed to be already surrounding him. Mr. Vincent bundled up this letter with a sigh. Alas! there were no grand struggles or sacrifices in Carlingford. "The poor" were mostly church-goers, as he had already discovered. It was a tolerably comfortable class of the community, that dreadful "connection" of Browns, Pigeons, and Tozers. Amid their rude luxuries and commonplace plenty, life could have no heroic circumstances. The young man sighed, and did not feel so sure as he once did of the grand generalities in which his friend was still confident. If Dissenters led the van of progress generally, there was certainly an exception to be made in respect to Carlingford. And the previous evening's entertainment had depressed the young minister's expectations even of what he himself could do—a sad blow to a young man. He was less convinced that opportunity of utterance was all that was necessary to give him influence in the general community. He was not half so sure of success in opening the closed doors and sealed hearts of Grange Lane. On the whole, matters looked somewhat discouraging that particular morning, which was a morning in October, not otherwise depressing or disagreeable. He took his hat and went down-stairs with a kind of despairing determination to do his duty. There an encounter occurred which did not raise his spirits. The door was open, and his landlady, who was a member of Salem Chapel, stood there in full relief against the daylight outside, taking from the hands of Miss Phoebe Tozer a little basket, the destination of which she was volubly indicating. Mr. Vincent appearing before Phoebe had half concluded her speech, that young lady grew blushing embarrassed, and made haste to relinquish her hold of the basket. Her conscious looks filled the unwitting minister with ignorant amaze.

"Oh, to think Mr. Vincent should catch me here! What ever will he think? and what ever will ma say?" cried Miss Phoebe. "O Mr. Vincent, ma thought, please, you



might perhaps like some jelly, and I said I would run over with it myself, as it's so near, and the servant might have made a mistake, and ma hopes you'll enjoy it, and that you liked the party last night!"

"Mrs. Tozer is very kind," said the minister, with cloudy looks. "Some what, did you say, Miss Phœbe?"

"La! only some jelly—nothing worth mentioning—only a shape that was over supper last night, and ma thought you wouldn't mind," cried the messenger, half alarmed by the unusual reception of her offering. Mr. Vincent turned very red, and looked at the basket as if he would like nothing better than to pitch it into the street; but prudence for once restrained the young man. He bit his lips, and bowed, and went upon his way, without waiting, as she intended he should, to escort Miss Phœbe back again to her paternal shop. Carrying his head higher than usual, and thrilling with offence and indignation, the young pastor made his way along George Street. It was a very trifling circumstance, certainly; but just when an enthusiastic companion writes to you about the advance of the glorious cause, and your own high vocation as a soldier of the Cross, and the undoubted fact that the hope of England is in you, to have a shape of jelly, left over from last night's tea-party, sent across the street with complacent kindness, for your refreshment——! It *was* trying. To old Mrs. Tufton, indeed, who had an invalid daughter, it might have seemed a Christian bounty; but to Arthur Vincent, five-and-twenty, a scholar and a gentleman—ah me! If he had been a Christchurch man, or even, Fellow of Trinity, the chances are he would have taken it much more graciously; for then he would have had the internal consciousness of his own dignity to support him; whereas the sting of it all was, that poor young Vincent had no special right to his own pretensions, but had come to them he could not tell how; and, in reality, had his mind been on a level with his fortunes, ought to have found the Tozers and Pigeons sufficiently congenial company. He went along George Street with troubled haste, pondering his sorrows—those sorrows which he could confide to, nobody. Was he actually to live among these people for years—to have no other society—to circulate among

their tea-parties, and grow accustomed to their finery, and perhaps "pay attention" to Phœbe Tozer; or, at least, suffer that young lady's attentions to him? And what would become of him at the end? To drop into a shuffling old gossip, like good old Mr. Tufton, seemed the best thing he could hope for; and who could wonder at the mild stupor of paralysis—disease not tragical, only drivelling—which was the last chapter of all?

The poor young man accordingly marched along George Street deeply disconsolate. When he met the perpetual curate of St. Roque's at the door of Masters' bookshop—where, to be sure, at that hour in the morning, it was natural to encounter Mr. Wentworth—the young Nonconformist gazed at him with a certain wistfulness. They looked at each other, in fact, being much of an age, and not unsimilar in worldly means just at the present moment. There were various points of resemblance between them. Mr. Vincent, too, wore an Anglican coat, and assumed a high clerical aspect—sumptuary laws forbidding such presumption being clearly impracticable in England; and the Dissenter was as fully endowed with natural good looks as the young priest. How was it, then, that so vast a world of difference and separation lay between them? For one compensating moment Mr. Vincent decided that it was because of his more enlightened faith, and felt himself persecuted. But even that pretence did not serve the purpose. He began to divine faintly, and with a certain soreness, that, external circumstances do stand for something, if not in the great realities of a man's career, at least in the comforts of his life. A poor widow's son, educated at Homerton, and an English squire's son, public school and university bred, cannot begin on the same level. To compensate that disadvantage requires something more than a talent for preaching. Perhaps genius would scarcely do it without the aid of time and labor. The conviction fell sadly upon poor Arthur Vincent as he went down the principal street of Carlingford in the October sunshine. He was rapidly becoming disenchanted, and neither the *Nonconformist* nor the *Patriot*, nor Exeter Hall itself, could set him up again.

With these feelings the young pastor pursued his way to see the poor woman who,



according to Mrs. Brown's account, was so anxious to see the minister. He found this person, whose desire was at present shared by most of the female members of Salem without the intervention of the Devonshire Dairy, in a mean little house in the close lane dignified by the name of Back Grove Street. She was a thin, dark, vivacious-looking woman, with a face from which some forty years of energetic living had withdrawn all the color and fulness which might once have rendered it agreeable, but which was, nevertheless, a remarkable face, not to be lightly passed over. Extreme thinness of outline and sharpness of line made the contrast between this educated countenance and the faces which had lately surrounded the young minister still more remarkable. It was not a profound or elevated kind of education, perhaps, but it was very different from the thin superficial lacker with which Miss Phoebe was coated. Eager dark eyes, with dark lines under them—thin eloquent lips, the upper jaw projecting slightly, the mouth closing fast and firm—a well-shaped small head, with a light black lace handkerchief fastened under the chin—no complexion or softening of tint—a dark, sallow, colorless face, thrilling with expression, energy, and thought, was that on which the young man suddenly lighted as he went in somewhat indifferent, it must be confessed, and expecting to find nothing that could interest him. She was seated in a shabby room, only half carpeted, up two pair of stairs, which looked out upon no more lively view than the back of Salem Chapel itself, with its few dismal scattered graves—and was working busily at men's clothing of the coarsest kind, blue stuff which had transferred its color to her thin fingers. Meagre as were her surroundings, however, Mr. Vincent, stumbling listlessly up the narrow bare stair of the poor lodging-house, suddenly came to himself as he stood within this humble apartment. If this was to be his penitent, the story she had to tell might be not unworthy of serious listening. He stammered forth a half apology and explanation of his errand, as he gazed surprised at so unexpected a figure, wondering within himself what intense strain and wear of life could have worn to so thin a tissue the outer garment of this keen and sharp-edged soul.

"Come in," said the stranger, "I am glad

to see you. I know you, Mr. Vincent, though I can't suppose you've observed me. Take a seat. I have heard you preach ever since you came—so, knowing in a manner how your thoughts run, I've a kind of acquaintance with you: which, to be sure, isn't the same on your side. I dare say the woman at the Dairy sent you to me?"

"I understood—from Mrs. Brown certainly—that you wanted to see me," said the puzzled pastor.

"Yes, it was quite true. I have resources in myself, to be sure, as much as most people," said his new acquaintance, whom he had been directed to ask for as Mrs. Hilyard, "but still human relations are necessary; and as I don't know anybody here, I thought I'd join the chapel. Queer set of people, rather, don't you think?" she continued, glancing up from her rapid stitching to catch Vincent's conscious eye; "they thought I was in spiritual distress, I suppose, and sent me the buttermilk. Lord bless us! if I had been, what could he have done for me, does anybody imagine? and when he didn't succeed, there came the Dairy person, who, I dare say, would have understood what I wanted had I been a cow. Now I can make out what I'm doing when I have you, Mr. Vincent. I know your line a little from your sermons. That was wonderfully clever on Sunday morning about confirmation. I belong to the Church myself by rights, and was confirmed, of course, at the proper time, like other people, but I am a person of impartial mind. That was a famous downright blow. I liked you there."

"I am glad to have your approbation," said the young minister, rather stiffly; "but excuse me—I was quite in earnest in my argument."

"Yes, yes; that was the beauty of it," said his eager interlocutor, who went on without ever raising her eyes, intent upon the rough work which he could not help observing sometimes made her scarred fingers bleed as it passed rapidly through them. "No argument is ever worth listening to if it isn't used in earnest. I've led a wandering life, and heard an infinity of sermons of late years. When there are any brains in them at all, you know, they are about the only kind of mental stimulant a poor woman in my position can come by, for I've no time for reading lately. Down here, in



these regions, where the butterman comes to inquire after your spiritual interests, and is a superior being," added this singular new adherent of Salem, looking full for a single moment in her visitor's eyes, with a slight movement of the muscles of her thin face, and making a significant pause, "the air's a trifle heavy. It isn't pure oxygen we breathe in Back Grove Street, by any means."

"I assure you it surprises me more than I can explain to find," said Vincent, hesitating for a proper expression, "to find——"

"Such a person as I am in Back Grove Street," interrupted his companion, quickly—"yes—and thereby hangs a tale. But I did not send for you to tell it. I sent for you for no particular reason, but a kind of yearning to talk to somebody. I beg your pardon sincerely—but you know," she said, once more with a direct sudden glance and that half visible movement in her face which meant mischief, "you are a minister, and are bound to have no inclinations of your own, but to give yourself up to the comfort of the poor."

"Without any irony, that is the aim I propose to myself," said Vincent, "but I fear you are disposed to take rather a satirical view of such matters. It is fashionable to talk lightly on those subjects; but I find life and its affairs sufficiently serious, I assure you——"

Here she stopped her work suddenly, and looked up at him, her dark sharp eyes lighting up her thin sallow face with an expression which it was beyond his power to fathom. The black eyelashes widened, the dark eyebrows rose, with a full gaze of the profoundest tragic sadness, on the surface of which a certain gleam of amusement seemed to hover. The worn woman looked over the dark world of her own experience, of which she was conscious in every nerve, but of which he knew nothing, and smiled at his youth out of the abysses of her own life, where volcanoes had been, and earthquakes. He perceived it dimly, without understanding how, and faltered and blushed, yet grew angry with all the self-assertion of youth.

"I don't doubt you know that as well as I do—perhaps better; but notwithstanding, I find my life leaves little room for laughter," said the young pastor, not without a slight touch of heroics.

"Mr. Vincent," said Mrs. Hilyard, with a

gleam of mirth in her eye, "in inferring that I perhaps know better, you infer also that I am older than you, which is uncivil to a lady. But for my part, I don't object to laughter. Generally it's better than crying, which in a great many cases I find the only alternative. I doubt, however, much whether life, from the butterman's point of view, wears the same aspect. I should be inclined to say not; and I dare say your views will brighten with your company," added the aggravating woman, again resuming, with eyes fixed upon it, her laborious work.

"I perceive you see already what is likely to be my great trial in Carlingford," said young Vincent. "I confess that the society of my office-bearers, which I suppose I must always consider myself bound to——"

"That was a very sad sigh," said the rapid observer beside him; "but don't confide in me, lest I should be tempted to tell somebody. I can speak my mind without prejudice to anybody; and if you agree with me, it may be a partial relief to your feelings. I shall be glad to see you when you can spare me half an hour. I can't look at you while I talk, for that would lose me so much time, but at my age it doesn't matter. Come and see me. It's your business to do me good—and it's possible I might even do some good to you."

"Thank you. I shall certainly come," said the minister, rising with the feeling that he had received his dismissal for to-day. She rose too, quickly, and but for a moment, and held out her hand to him.

"Be sure you don't betray to the dairy-woman what I had on my mind, and wanted to tell you, though she is dying to know," said his singular new acquaintance, without a smile, but with again a momentary movement in her thin cheeks. When she had shaken hands with him, she seated herself again immediately, and without a moment's pause proceeded with her work, apparently concentrating all her faculties upon it, and neither hearing nor seeing more of her visitor, though he still stood within two steps of her, overshadowing the table. The young man turned and left the room with involuntary quietness, as if he had been dismissed from the presence of a princess. He went straight down-stairs without ever pausing, and hastened through the narrow back-street with still the impulse communicated by that



dismissal upon him. When he drew breath, it was with a curious mixture of feelings. Who she was or what she was—how she came there, working at those “slops” till the color came off upon her hands, and her poor thin fingers bled—she so strangely superior to her surroundings, yet not despising or quarrelling with them, or even complaining of them, so far as he could make out—ininitely perplexed the inexperienced minister. He came away excited and bewildered from the interview, which had turned out so different from his expectations. Whether she had done him good, was extremely doubtful; but she had changed the current of his thoughts, which was in its way an immediate benefit. Marvelling over such a mysterious apparition, and not so sure as in the morning that nothing out of the most vulgar routine ever could occur in Carlingford, Mr. Vincent turned with meditative steps towards the little house at the extreme end of Grove Street, where his predecessor still lingered. A visit to old Mr. Tufton was a periodical once-a-week duty, to be performed with the utmost regularity. Tozer and Pigeon had agreed that it would be the making of the young minister to draw thus from the experience of the old one. Whether Mr. Vincent agreed with them, may be apprehended from the scene which follows.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. TUFTON'S house was at the extremity of Grove Street—at the extremity, consequently, in that direction, of Carlingford, lying parallel with the end of Grange Lane, and within distant view of St. Roque's. It was a little old-fashioned house, with a small garden in front and a large garden behind it, in which the family cabbages, much less prosperous since the old minister became unable to tend them, flourished. The room into which Mr. Vincent, as an intimate of the house, was shown, was a low parlor with two small windows, overshadowed outside by ivy, and inside by two large geraniums, expanded upon a Jacob's ladder of props, which were the pride of Mrs. Tufton's heart, and made it almost impossible to see anything clearly within, even at the height of day. Some prints, of which one represented Mr. Tufton himself, and the rest other ministers of “the connection,” in mahogany frames, hung upon the green walls. The

furniture, though it was not unduly abundant, filled up the tiny apartment, so that quite a dislocation and re-arrangement of everything was necessary before a chair could be got for the visitor, and he got into it. Though it was rather warm for October out of doors, a fire, large for the size of the room, was burning in the fireplace, on either side of which was an easy-chair and an invalid. The one fronting the light, and consequently fronting the visitor, was Adelaide Tufton, the old minister's daughter, who had been confined to that chair longer than Phœbe Tozer could remember; and who, during that long seclusion, had knitted, as all Salem Chapel believed, without intermission, nobody having ever yet succeeded in discovering where the mysterious results of her labor went to. She was knitting now, reclining back in the cushioned chair which had been made for her, and was her shell and habitation. A very pale, emaciated, eager-looking woman, not much above thirty, but looking, after half a lifetime spent in that chair, any age that imagination might suggest; a creature altogether separated from the world—separated from life, it would be more proper to say—for nobody more interested in the world and other people's share of it than Adelaide Tufton existed in Carlingford. She had light-blue eyes, rather prominent, which lightened without giving much expression to her perfectly colorless face. Her very hair was pale, and lay in braids of a clayey yellow, too listless and dull to be called brown, upon the thin temples, over which the thin white skin seemed to be strained like an over-tight bandage. Somehow, however, people who were used to seeing her, were not so sorry as they might have been for Adelaide Tufton. No one could exactly say why; but she somehow appeared, in the opinion of Salem Chapel, to indemnify herself for her privations, and was treated, if without much sympathy, at least without that ostentatious pity which is so galling to the helpless. Few people could afford to be sorry for so quick-sighted and all-remembering an observer; and the consequence was, that Adelaide, almost without knowing it, had managed to neutralize her own disabilities, and to be acknowledged as an equal in the general conflict, which she could enter only with her sharp tongue and her quick eye.



It was Mr. Tufton himself who sat opposite—his large expanse of face, with the white hair which had been apostrophized as venerable at so many Salem tea-parties, and which Vincent himself had offered homage to, looming dimly through the green shade of the geraniums, as he sat with his back to the window. He had a green shade over his eyes besides, and his head moved with a slight palsied tremor, which was now the only remnant of that “visitation” which had saved his feelings, and dismissed more benignly than Tozer and his brother deacons the old pastor from his old pulpit. He sat very contentedly doing nothing, with his large feet in large loose slippers, and his elbows supported on the arms of his chair. By the evidence of Mrs. Tufton’s spectacles, and the newspaper lying on the table, it was apparent that she had been reading the *Carlingford Gazette* to her helpless companions; and that humble journal, which young Vincent had kicked to the other end of his room before coming out, had made the morning pass very pleasantly to the three secluded inmates of Siloam Cottage, which was the name of the old minister’s humble home. Mr. Tufton said “’umble ’ome,” and so did his wife. They came from storied Islington, both of them, and were of highly respectable connections, not to say that Mrs. Tufton had a little property as well; and, acting in laudable opposition to the general practice of poor ministers’ wives, had brought many dividends and few children to the limited but comfortable fireside. Mr. Vincent could not deny that it was comfortable in its way, and quite satisfied its owners, as he sat down in the shade of the geraniums in front of the fire, between Adelaide Tufton and her father; but, oh, heavens! to think of such a home as all that, after Homerton and high Nonconformist hopes, could come to himself! The idea, however, was one which did not occur to the young minister. He sat down compassionately, seeing no analogy whatever between his own position and theirs; scarcely even seeing the superficial contrast, which might have struck anybody, between his active youth and their helplessness and suffering. He was neither hard-hearted nor unsympathetic, but somehow the easy moral of that contrast never occurred to him. Adelaide Tufton’s bloodless countenance conveyed an idea of age to Arthur Vincent;

her father was really old. The young man saw no grounds on which to form any comparison. It was natural enough for the old man and ailing woman to be as they were, just as it was natural for him, in the height of his early manhood, to rejoice in his strength and youth.

“So there was a party at Mr. Tozer’s last night—and you were there, Mr. Vincent,” said old Mrs. Tufton, a cheerful active old lady with pink ribbons in her cap, which asserted their superiority over the doubtful light and the green shade of the geraniums. “Who did you have? The Browns and the Pigeons, and—everybody else, of course. Now tell me, did Mrs. Tozer make tea herself, or did she leave it to Phœbe?”

“As well as I can remember, she did it herself,” said the young pastor.

“Exactly what I told you, mamma,” said Adelaide, from her chair. “Mrs. Tozer doesn’t mean Phœbe to make tea this many a year. I dare say she wants her to marry somebody, the little flirting thing. I suppose she wore her pink, Mr. Vincent—and Mrs. Brown that dreadful red-and-green silk of hers; and didn’t they send you over a shape of jelly this morning? Ha, ha! I told you so, mamma; that was why it never came to me.”

“Pray let me send it to you,” cried Vincent, eagerly.

The offer was not rejected, though coquetted with for a few minutes. Then Mr. Tufton broke in, in solemn bass.

“Adelaide, we shouldn’t talk, my dear, of pinks and green silks. Providence has laid you aside, my love, from temptations; and you remember how often I used to say in early days, ‘No doubt it was a blessing, Jemima, coming when it did, to wean our girl from the world; she might have been as fond of dress as other girls, and brought us to ruin, but for her misfortune. Everything is for the best.’”

“Oh, bother!” said Adelaide, sharply—“I don’t complain, and never did; but everybody else finds my misfortune, as they call it, very easy to be borne, Mr. Vincent—even papa, you see. There is a reason for everything, to be sure, but how things that are hard and disagreeable are always to be called for the best, I can’t conceive. However, let us return to Phœbe Tozer’s pink dress. Weren’t you rather stunned with all their



grandeur? You did not think we could do as much in Salem, did you? Now tell me, who has Mrs. Brown taken in hand to do good to now? I am sure she sent you to somebody; and you've been to see somebody this morning," added the quick-witted invalid, "who has turned out different from your expectations. Tell me all about it, please."

"Dear Adelaide does love to hear what's going on. It is almost the only pleasure she has—and we oughtn't to grudge it, ought we?" said Adelaide's mother.

"Stuff!" muttered Adelaide, in a perfectly audible aside. "Now I think of it, I'll tell you who you've been to see. That woman in Back Grove Street—there? What do you think of that for a production of Salem, Mr. Vincent? But she does not really belong to Carlingford. She married somebody who turned out badly, and now she's in hiding that he mayn't find her; though most likely, if all be true, he does not want to find her. That's her history. I never pretend to tell more than I know. Who she was to begin with, or who he is, or whether Hilyard may be her real name, or why she lives there and comes to Salem Chapel, I can't tell; but that's the bones of her story, you know. If I were a clever romancer like some people, I could have made it all perfect for you, but I prefer the truth. Clever and queer, isn't she? So I have guessed by what people say."

"Indeed, you seem to know a great deal more about her than I do," said the astonished pastor.

"I dare say," assented Adelaide, calmly. "I have never seen her, however, though I can form an idea of what she must be like, all the same. I put things together, you see; and it is astonishing the number of scraps of news I get. I shake them well down, and then the broken pieces come together; and I never forget anything, Mr. Vincent," she continued, pausing for a moment to give him a distinct look out of the pale-blue eyes, which for the moment seemed to take a vindictive feline gleam. "She's rather above the Browns and the Tozers, you understand. Somehow or other, she's mixed up with Lady Western, whom they call the Young Dowager, you know. I have not made that out yet, though I partly guess. My lady goes to see her up two pairs of stairs in Back Grove

Street. I hope it does her ladyship good to see how the rest of the world manage to live and get on."

"I am afraid, Adelaide, my dear," said Mr. Tufton, in his bass tones, "that my young brother will not think this very improving conversation. Dear Tozer was speaking to me yesterday about the sermon to the children. I always preached them a sermon to themselves about this time of the year. My plan has been to take the congregation in classes; the young men—ah, and they're specially important, are the young men. Dear Tozer suggested that some popular lectures now would not come amiss. After a long pastorate like mine," said the good man, blandly, unconscious that dear Tozer had already begun to suggest a severance of that tie before gentle sickness did it for him, "a congregation may be supposed to be a little unsettled,—without any offence to you, my dear brother. If I could appear myself and show my respect to your ministry, it would have a good effect, no doubt; but I am laid aside, laid aside, Brother Vincent! I can only help you with my prayers."

"But dear, dear Mr. Tufton!" cried his wife, "bless you, the chapel is twice as full as it was six months ago—and natural too, with a nice young man."

"My dear!" said the old minister in reproof. "Yes quite natural—curiosity about a stranger; but my young brother must not be elated; nor discouraged when they drop off. A young pastor's start in life is attended by many trials. There is always a little excitement at first, and an appearance of seats letting, and the ladies very polite to you. Take it easily, my dear brother! Don't expect too much. In a year or two—by and by, when things settle down—then you can see how it's going to be."

"But don't you think it possible that things may never settle down, but continue rising up instead?" said Mr. Vincent, making a little venture in the inspiration of the moment.

Mr. Tufton shook his head and raised his large hands slowly, with a deprecating regretful motion, to hold them over the fire. "Alas! he's got the fever already," said the old minister. "My dear young brother, you shall have my experience to refer to always. You're always welcome to my advice. Dear Tozer said to me just yesterday, 'You point



out the pitfalls to him, Mr. Tufton, and give him your advice, and I'll take care that he sha'n't go wrong outside,' says dear Tozer. Ah, an invaluable man!"

"But a little disposed to interfere, I think," said Vincent, with an irrestrainable inclination to show his profound disrelish of all the advice which was about to be given him.

Mr. Tufton raised his heavy forefinger and shook it slowly. "No—no. Be careful, my dear brother. You must keep well with your deacons. You must not take up prejudices against them. Dear Tozer is a man of a thousand—a man of a thousand! Dear Tozer, if you listen to him, will keep you out of trouble. The trouble he takes and the money he spends for Salem Chapel is, mark my words, unknown—and," added the old pastor, awfully syllabbling the long word in his solemn bass, "in-con-ceivable."

"He is a bore and an ass for all that," said the daring invalid opposite, with perfect equanimity, as if uttering the most patent and apparent of truths. "Don't you give in to him, Mr. Vincent. A pretty business you will have with them all," she continued, dropping her knitting-needles and lifting her pale-blue eyes, with their sudden green gleam, to the face of the new comer with a rapid perception of his character, which, having no sympathy in it, but rather a certain mischievous and pleased satisfaction in his probable discomfiture, gave anything but comfort to the object of her observation. "You are something new for them to pet and badger. I wonder how long they'll be of killing Mr. Vincent. Papa's tough; but you remember, mamma, they finished off the other man before us in two years."

"Oh, hush, Adelaide, hush! you'll frighten Mr. Vincent," cried the kind little mother, with uneasy looks: "when he comes to see us and cheer us up—as I am sure is very kind of him—it is a shame to put all sorts of things in his head, as papa and you do. Never mind Adelaide, Mr. Vincent, dear. Do your duty, and never fear anybody; that's always been my maxim, and I've always found it answer. Not going away, are you? Dear, dear! and we've had no wise talk at all, and never once asked for your poor dear mother—quite well, I hope?—and Miss Susan? You should have them come

and see you, and cheer you up. Well, good-morning, if you must go; don't be long before you come again."

"And my dear young brother, don't take up any prejudices," interposed Mr. Tufton, in tremulous bass, as he pressed Vincent's half-reluctant fingers in that large, soft, flabby ministerial hand. Adelaide added nothing to these valedictions; but when she too had received his leave-taking, and he had emerged from the shadow of geraniums, the observer paused once more in her knitting. "This one will *not* hold out two years," said Adelaide, calmly to herself, no one else paying any attention; and she returned to her work with the zest of a spectator at the commencement of an exciting drama. She did double work all the afternoon under the influence of this refreshing stimulant. It was quite a new interest in her life.

Meanwhile young Vincent left the green gates of Siloam Cottage with no very comfortable feelings—with feelings, indeed, the reverse of comfortable, yet conscious of a certain swell and elevation in his mind at the same moment. It was for him to show the entire community of Carlingford the difference between his reign and the old *regime*. It was for him to change the face of affairs—to reduce Tozer into his due place of subordination, and to bring in an influx of new life, intelligence, and enlightenment over the prostrate butterman. The very sordidness and contraction of the little world into which he had just received so distinct a view, promoted the revulsion of feeling which now cheered him. The aspiring young man could as soon have consented to lose his individuality altogether as to acknowledge the most distant possibility of accepting Tozer as his guide, philosopher, and friend. He went back again through Grove Street, heated and hastened on his way by those impatient thoughts. When he came as far as Salem, he could not but pause to look at it with its pinched gable and mean little belfry, innocent of a bell. The day was overclouded, and no clearness of atmosphere relieved the aspect of the shabby chapel, with its black railing, and locked gates, and dank flowerless grass inside. To see anything venerable or sacred in the aspect of such a place, required an amount of illusion and glamour which the young minister could not summon into his eyes. It was not the



centre of light in a dark place, the simple tribune from which the people's preacher should proclaim, to the awe and conviction of the multitude, that Gospel once preached to the poor, of which he flattered himself he should be the truest messenger in Carlingford. Such had been the young man's dreams in Homerton—dreams mingled, it is true, with personal ambition, but full notwithstanding of generous enthusiasm. No—nothing of the kind. Only Salem Chapel, with so many pews let, and so many still to be disposed of, and Tozer a guardian angel at the door. Mr. Vincent was so far left to himself as to give vent to an impatient exclamation as he turned away. But still matters were not hopeless. He himself was a very different man from Mr. Tufton. Kindred spirits there must surely be in Carlingford to answer to the call of his. Another day might dawn for the Nonconformists, who were not aware of their own dignity. With this thought he retraced his steps a little, and, with an impulse which he did not explain to himself, threaded his way up a narrow lane and emerged into Back Grove Street, about the spot where he had lately paid his pastoral visit, and made so unexpected an acquaintance. This woman—or should he not say lady?—was a kind of first-fruits of his mission. The young man looked up with a certain wistful interest at the house in which she lived. She was neither young nor fair, it is true, but she interested the youthful Nonconformist, who was not too old for impulses of chivalry, and who could not forget her poor fingers scarred with her rough work. He had no other motive for passing the house but that of sympathy and compassion for the forlorn brave creature who was so unlike her surroundings; and no throbbing pulse or trembling nerve forewarned Arthur Vincent of the approach of fate.

At that moment, however, fate was approaching in the shape of a handsome carriage, which made quite an exaggeration of echo in this narrow back-street which rang back every jingle of the harness and dint of the hoofs from every court and opening. It drew up before Mrs. Hilyard's door—at the door of the house, at least, in which Mrs. Hilyard was an humble lodger; and while Vincent slowly approached, a brilliant vision suddenly appeared before him, rustling forth

upon the crowded pavement, where the dirty children stood still to gape at her. A woman—a lady—a beautiful dazzling creature, resplendent in the sweetest English roses, the most delicate bewildering bloom. Though it was but for a moment, the bewildered young minister had time to note the dainty foot, the daintier hand, the smiling sunshiny eyes, the air of conscious supremacy, which was half command and half entreaty—an ineffable combination. That vision descended out of the heavenly chariot upon the mean pavement just as Mr. Vincent came up; and at the same moment a ragged boy, struck speechless, like the young minister, by the apparition, planted himself full in her way with open mouth and staring eyes, too much overpowered by sudden admiration to perceive that he stopped the path. Scarcely aware what he was doing, as much beauty-struck as his victim, Vincent, with a certain unconscious fury, seized the boy by the collar, and swung him impatiently off the pavement, with a feeling of positive resentment against the imp, whose rags were actually touching those sacred splendid draperies. The lady made a momentary pause, turned half round, smiled with a gracious inclination of her head, and entered at the open door, leaving the young pastor in an incomprehensible ecstasy, with his hat off, and all his pulses beating loud in his ears, riveted, as the romancers say, to the pavement. When the door shut he came to himself, stared wildly into the face of the next passenger who came along the narrow street, and then, becoming aware that he still stood uncovered, grew violently red, put on his hat, and went off at a great pace. But what was the use of going off? The deed was done. The world on the other side of these prancing horses was a different world from that on this side. Those other matters, of which he had been thinking so hotly, had suddenly faded into a background and accessories to the one triumphant figure which occupied all the scene. He scarcely asked himself who was that beautiful vision? The fact of her existence was at the moment too overpowering for any secondary inquiries. He had seen her—and lo! the universe was changed. The air tingled softly with the sound of prancing horses and rolling wheels, the air breathed an irresistible soft perfume, which could nevermore die out of it, the air rus-



tled with the silken thrill of those womanly robes. There she had enthroned herself—not in his startled heart, but in the palpitating world, which formed in a moment's time into one great background and framework for that beatific form.

What the poor young man had done to be suddenly assailed and carried off his feet by this wonderful and unexpected apparition, we are unable to say. He seemed to have done nothing to provoke it: approaching quietly as any man might do, pondering grave thoughts of Salem Chapel, and how he was to make his post tenable, to be transfixed all at once and unawares by that fairy lance, was a spite of fortune which nobody could have predicted. But the thing was done. He went home to hide his stricken head, as was natural; tried to read, tried to

think of a popular series of lectures, tried to lay plans for his campaign and heroic desperate attempts to resuscitate the shopkeeping Dissenterism of Carlingford into a lofty Non-conformist ideal. But vain were the efforts. Wherever he lifted his eyes, was not She there, all-conquering and glorious? when he did not lift his eyes, was not she everywhere Lady Paramount of the conscious world? Womankind in general, which had never, so to speak, entered his thoughts before, had produced much trouble to poor Arthur Vincent since his arrival in Carlingford. But Phoebe Tozer, pink and blooming; Mrs. Hilyard, sharp and strange: Adelaide Tufton, pale spectator of a life with which she had nothing to do, died off like shadows, and left no sign of their presence. Who was She?

**WATER CONVERTED INTO FIRE.** — There have been speculations as to the possibility of such a transformation for a long time. But in the last number of the *Cosmos*—a scientific journal, published weekly in Paris, of a high character—the Abbé Moigno, the editor, informs his readers that he has seen this at the workshop of the discoverer, M. Festud de Beauregard, in the Rue Lafayette, and that the action and the effects are truly admirable. It has long been known that when oxygen and hydrogen gases unite and form steam, as they do by their union, a most intense heat is produced. In this case, in fact, we have the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, which, though very small, is yet a furnace of the most intense heat. It is now found that by exposing steam in its turn to a very high temperature, the atom of oxygen and the atom of hydrogen—of both of which, in union with each other, an atom of steam consists—tend to separate again, and in fact may be actually separated merely by presenting to the very hot steam some substance with which one of the elements of the steam, either the oxygen or the hydrogen, tends to unite rather than the other. But no sooner are the oxygen and the hydrogen separate than they tend to rush together again, producing in the act of union the heat of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe. In order to obtain this wonderful power of heat all that is necessary, as now appears, is to raise steam to a very high temperature, and then to let it loose when very hot upon some body which tends to unite with one of its elements, its oxygen for instance, as is the case with common fuel. The hot steam immediately sets the fuel on fire. The heat that is produced is most intense, and there is reason to hope that the combustion may be so

regulated that all the oxygen of the steam may reunite again with all the hydrogen of the steam so that the whole result of the combustion shall be merely that the fuel is transformed by the intense heat into æriform matter. And thus a furnace may be so arranged that while its heat is employed as usual in generating steam in a boiler for a steam-engine, all the smoke shall be gas, fit for illuminating purposes and ready for being transferred into the gasometer. M. Moigno mentions that in the apparatus which he saw, a jet of hot steam from a tube, which was only one millimetre (about 1-25th of an inch) in diameter, when made to play upon a mass of charcoal in a furnace, lighted it up into a most vivid fire. And when to the charcoal there were added a few handfuls of the Boghead mineral, which yielded bicarbonet of hydrogen instead of simple hydrogen, the light was dazzling, and the flame rose so as sometimes to reach the roof of the workshop. The only point that is staggering is the immense heat which requires to be imparted to the superheated steam. Thus, for the full effect 1000 deg. cent. is named,—that is, 1832 deg. Fahr.—that is, a heat at which silver and almost copper melts. And this is said to be produced by having the steam-heater immersed in a bath of melted tin. As there is no need of great pressure, however, and no risk of explosion (for no water at all is admitted to the steam-heater), it may be found possible both to command and to control steam at this temperature with economy upon the whole. And if so, there can be no doubt that not only in the laboratory of the chemist, but in the reducing of metals and in the arts generally, on a great scale, the application of superheated steam will form an epoch.—*Press.*



From The Spectator, 25 Jan.

# THE SOUTHERN BID.

It is understood, in that indirect but accurate way in which great facts first get abroad, that the Confederacy have offered England and France a price for active support. It is nothing less than a treaty securing free trade in its broadest sense for fifty years, the complete suppression of the import of slaves, and the emancipation of every negro born after the date of the signature of the treaty. In return they ask, first, the recognition of their independence; and, secondly, such an investigation into the facts of the blockade as must, in their judgment, lead to its disavowal. The bid is one which demands careful examination, if only from the hesitation it seems to produce among the most earnest friends of freedom.

The first two items may be very speedily disposed of. Free trade is always an excellent thing, and free trade with the South—a really free trade, that is, unembarrassed by custom-houses—would be undoubtedly of the very highest importance both to England and France. With uninterrupted supplies of cotton, and the command of a great tropical market for our manufactures, and for French silks, wines, and *articles de luxe*, both countries would, in a twelvemonth, receive ample compensation for the Morrill tariff and the losses of the past year. It is quite possible, too, that the South makes the offer in all sincerity, with the will and the power to carry it into effect. The planters as producers, were free-traders before Peel, and they have lately imbibed ideas about the advantage of direct taxation which ought to conciliate Mr. Bright, and which are singularly opposed to all American practice. They must, it is true, have revenue, but they can tax the profits of cotton just as readily as cotton itself, and though the amount required will be heavier than they are aware of, they may contrive to exist without custom-houses or duties levied on transit. But earnest as they may be, their offer on this point is neither more nor less than a bribe—an offer of so many pounds sterling for permission to build a State whose corner-stone is the “divine institution of human slavery,” and needs only to be stated to ensure its instant rejection. When England or France have sunk to the point at which such bribes have any perceptible weight, it will be time to prepare for the calamities which follow so fast on an avowal of national cynicism. So, too, with the suppression of the slave trade. The South may be quite honest in that offer also, for though the planting States undoubtedly desire importation, the slave-breeding States are as bitter against it as the most ardent of abolitionists. Every man smug-

gled in from Congo reduces the price of the children annually exported from Virginia. Mr. Davis must attend to all interests, and the external slave trade is therefore sacrificed to the much more important internal traffic in flesh. Still this bribe also is worthless. Nobody wants the assistance of the South to suppress the importation. The Virginians are quite certain to look after their own monopoly, without treaties with England, and it is the power which possesses a fleet, not the power which has none, which it is advisable to conciliate. England, France, and the Federal States have only to agree heartily on the suppression, and that great crime ceases at once from off the face of the earth. It would have ended twenty years since, but that the Americans incessantly threatened war in defence of the principle which, under plea of belligerent rights, they violated in the case of the *Trent*.

It is the offer of a future emancipation, and that alone, which demands and will receive a careful consideration. In making it, the South give up, it is true, the only principle they have ever professed, destroy their only *raison d'être*, and declare their revolt from a government which they themselves controlled, a purposeless act of caprice. On the same offer, even now, they might govern the Union for a century longer, till the irrepressible dislike which springs up between men of a Northern and men of a tropical civilization once again urged them to try the power of a Southern, and therefore capricious, race to stand alone. They quitted the Union, affirming that non-extension meant abolition, that the “beautiful tree must not be girdled,” that slavery was a principle as well as an institution, a faith to be propagated instead of a profitable crime. And now, in order to fight the harder, they are going to give up the ground of battle, to render the extension of slavery impossible, and cut the “beautiful tree” down to a stump in order that it may not be girdled! Well, we must not reject concessions to humanity, even when they are made by its foes. If corsairs propose that private property shall be respected at sea, that destruction of their own right to exist is only a double gain, to the merchantman which travels in safety, to the world which can punish corsairs without even a complaint from themselves. Emancipation from the year 1862, the redemption of Christendom within one generation from the blackest stain with which the passions of men have yet besmirched it, this is an end for which we may pardon inconsistency, and condone a sanguinary war commenced in order to prevent the result which is accepted in order to carry it on. But not even for that great end is



England justified in committing a crime, in commencing a war for a cause which has no plea of self-defence, or urgent necessity, or claim on avenging justice. For it is war these men want, and not recognition, a breach of the blockade, not merely the right to have Mr. Mason openly received at the Foreign Office. We are to declare war on the free in order that slaveholders may promise one day to commence emancipation. A more cynical proposal was never made to a great State, or one which, if accepted, would tend more directly to demoralize the few principles by which nations contrive to save themselves from utter selfishness and contempt of right.

And we are to do all this, to punish free-men for trying peacefully to limit the area of slavery—for that was the cause of secession—to make war for an idea, and fatten on the profits by which the idea is sweetened, to give up every principle nations have ever professed, and the non-intervention which has just saved Italy, on the faith of a promise made by a Mississippian and redeemable just thirty years hence. Where is the guarantee that the South, even if in its despair it is sincere, either will or can hereafter perform its pledge? Its Government will doubtless be strong, for oligarchy is rarely weak, but whatever its form it cannot be absolute over the disposal of property. Even the Council of Ten—and it is, we suspect, the Venetian Constitution which Mr. Davis has studied most carefully—would not have dared to strip its whole population of their most valued property. The people must consent to such a treaty, and keep on consenting for thirty years, in the face of an annually increasing total of pecuniary loss, and in the teeth of their inability to reconstruct society, produced by the retention of one generation of slaves. Enfranchisement *en masse* would, we acknowledge, guarantee itself, for four millions of men once free cannot be again enslaved, except at a cost which makes them pecuniarily worthless. But who is to guarantee that the treaty made to-day will not be torn up next year, or at the first moment when a European war leaves the South free to act. Is England to administer the South? Or is France to give a Prince President to the new Confederacy? Even on those monstrous suppositions, involving plans which, if successful, would overturn the whole balance of power, and if unsuccessful would make Western Europe the laughing-stock of two worlds, where is the justification for a purposeless and unnecessary war—purposeless, because the very offer of the South shows that they know the end of their slave system is close at hand; unnecessary, because the North is

ready to promise, not a future concession, but instant and unconditional freedom as the price of our abstinence from intervention? The South, if it chose, could undoubtedly execute its promises far more readily than the North; but the uncertainty of the Southern promises may well be weighed against the uncertainty of the Northern result, when the one involves a great war on free men in the interest of slaveholders, and the other only observant inaction. The proposal is, in fact, that we should gain by a great war half the advantage for the slaves which will be acquired simply by remaining at peace.

There is, indeed, one mode in which the South may, if it pleases, secure recognition with the hearty assent of every European with a heart to feel, or a brain to comprehend, the first principles of freedom and political right. Let the men of the South who declare that their honor is dearer to them than their wealth, who affirm that they will all perish sooner than rejoin New England, rise to the height of their magnificent opportunity, emancipate, without a bargain, for themselves, in any mode they please, so the act be but irreversible, and commence if they will the reconstruction of society on the aristocratic basis which they prefer; they will be recognized in a week. Europe cares nothing about the preservation of the Union *as such*, would rather, if truth were told, see its territorial magnitude reduced within limits less threatening to that variety of organization which, in America as in the Old World, is essential to rapid and high political development. There is not the slightest antipathy to the South except on the ground of slavery, and of the low type of society which slavery and democracy have together engendered. All men would know on the instant that for men who can rise to *that* height, who can sacrifice their dearest prejudices and most valued property to independence, and who dare to reconstruct society rather than submit to a dominion they detest, subjugation is no possibility. And we are greatly mistaken if, with that knowledge, there did not come a cry of admiration, an instantaneous recognition of the *worthiness* of the Southerners to bear rule, which would at once place the Confederacy in a position as regards Europe higher than the United States have ever attained. The governing class of a great and speedily wealthy State, mistress of the Gulf, and recognized as the first and most martial power of a great continent, *that* is the position in which enfranchisement effected without a bargain, and unstained by a wretched bribe, would leave the planting aristocracy of the South.



[Conclusion of an article entitled "The Sentimental Side of Man-Stealing."]

WHAT Mr. Hope and the Tory press wish, is to sophisticate away the moral abhorrence of slavery, which induced England to ruin her colonies, and add twenty millions to her debt, not quite a generation ago. Every species of misrepresentation is resorted to. The organ of Southern rowdyism is quoted as the index of Northern opinion; a noted anti-slavery soldier is transformed into a "leader of border ruffians;" and while Southern steamers are quietly slipping out of Charleston harbor, the Federal Government is charged with having destroyed it. Last of all, the high moral tone is assumed; the horrors of a fratricidal war are denounced by men, who lately thought it no fratricide for England to attack America; and we are invited to sympathize with the South in mercy to the slave. In God's name, if we are to commit a great crime, let us do it without hypocrisy. If the flag of England is really to float side by side with that of the slave-owning South, let us say at once that cotton is a greater necessity to us than righteous dealing and honor; that we are justified in cutting the throats of Northerners, because they are not up to our standard as gentlemen, or because Mr. Bright admires their constitution, or because we think we could annex Maine, and split up East and West. A successful crime is sure to carry with it its own apology to the world, but of what possible use is cant? We are certain to have the God who marches with great battalions on our side, and what other Deity can the Confederates of man-stealers expect or desire to have in their ranks? Does Mr. Hope really suppose that any amount of pious grimace will cheat Heaven out of its own purpose, or induce men and women to believe in their hearts that Christ died to set all men free—except niggers? — *Spectator* 25 Jan.

Part of an article in the *Examiner* 25 Jan.

#### WHY INTERFERE?

CLIPPER ships, and steamers of light draught may every now and then succeed in running the blockade from Savannah, Mobile, and even Charleston, the stone fleet *non obstante*: but its general effectiveness is plainly proved by the excessive prices of sugar, salt, leather, woollen cloth, and other articles of prime necessity. At Richmond, during the prevalence of *ague-fever* among the troops, it was impossible in November last to obtain at any price *quinine*, the only drug which medical science in that region considers efficacious in the abatement of the disease. Mr. Memmin-

ger, the finance minister of the South, offers to purchase gold at forty per cent premium in order that he may keep his word to the holders of Treasury notes by paying them their first half-year's dividend in specie. But what must be the feeling of every man of business in the seceded States at the opening of such a bottomless pit of indebtedness, as this monetary act of madness seems to indicate? Nevertheless, the Confederates will never yield; and as far as can be learned they cling tenaciously as ever to the hope of European help to make good their cause. Whether there be any sufficient grounds for such expectation, and whether it be possible that French and Spanish troops once landed on the shores of Mexico, with a powerful combined fleet to support them, may possibly find their way to the respective re-occupation of Louisiana and Florida, as the price of recognition by the courts of Paris and Madrid of the remaining Secessionist States as an independent Confederacy,—we are not about to argue here. We disliked from the first the proposal to intervene by an armed force in Mexico. We deeply regretted at the time that England should have made herself a party to such intervention. We doubted the identity of objects which the three powers had in view, and we distrusted the cobwebties of any tripartite convention to hold in unison on so questionable an errand, slave-trading Spain, Bonapartist France, and constitutional England.

Already the diplomatic harness has been broken, and two out of the three coursers are rushing in an eager race for precedence in the exercise of aggressive force in a country towards which they profess still to maintain relations of friendship and peace. Shall we be compelled now to interpose between our *soi-disant* colleagues and unhappy Mexico? or are we to be dragged along at the tail of a Franco-Spanish invasion of the country until some miserable puppet of European diplomacy is set up as a make-believe king in the halls of Montezuma? We only wish we were well out of the scrape, for a scrape it assuredly is, though child's-play in comparison to what intervention would be between the combatants on the Potomac.

Open alliance with one or other of the conflicting powers we can understand; but intervention without a foregone conclusion to side with one or other seems to us a mere incredible and incoherent dream. In good faith and in common sense we have nothing to offer the belligerents as terms of accommodation which either of them are disposed to accept. A twelvemonth's truce and a raising of the blockade would be tantamount to a recognition of Southern independence, or, in other words, to an act of hostility to



the Northern States. No revolted province has ever been recognized by England after so brief an interval. With every motive, religious and political, to confirm the Low Countries in their secession from Spain, Elizabeth could not be induced to acknowledge their severalty, though often and humbly implored to do so month after month and year after year. Five years the Spanish colonies fought for emancipation from the yoke of Ferdinand, before Mr. Canning ventured to put the question to the Cabinet whether the time had not come for their recognition; and for seven dreadful years was Greece allowed to struggle against the ruthless Moslem, before the treaty of London was negotiated, or the combined fleets ordered to impose a cessation of arms. The case of Belgium is in no respect in point. The union with Holland but fifteen years before, had been the work of foreign diplomacy; the work had signally failed, and foreign diplomacy might well be excused for endeavoring tardily to repair its still recent blunder. Still less to the purpose will it be to cite our acknowledgment of the events that have taken place during the last three years in Italy. Lombardy and Naples were annexed to Piedmont by the sword, not against the will, and with the will of the inhabitants; yet England never recognized the fact politically until the Emperor of Austria had signed his renunciation of the one and Francis II had been absolutely driven from the furthest confines of the other. As for the Duchies and Legations they chose spontaneously *una voce*, to annex themselves to their brethren; and they did so without conflict or tumult of any kind: and here also be it remembered, England took no national cognizance of the fact, until every vestige of their former governments had vanished from the scene. We repeat it, therefore, there is no shadow, or semblance, or precedent of any kind that would justify the Government of Great Britain in recognizing the Southern States as an independent power, merely because they have been for the greater part of a year in arms against the Union.

That France and Spain would have us intervene we too well know. To them it is a matter of absolute indifference on what pretence or with what impracticable terms in hand. The refusal of whatever proposition might be offered would cost them nothing, but it would cost us dear. An excuse for siding with the South is perhaps all they want; and in the present condition of the Confederacy they would doubtless be able to make what bargain they pleased. The anti-slavery policy of the last fifty years will be blown to the winds; and we should have either to submit to the greatest moral

discomfiture we have ever yet endured, or to begin to build up with all the difficulty of past failure new schemes for the freedom of the colored race. Before very long we should be driven into collision with those we now call allies, both in the Old World and the New. And what is the possible gain which is to counterbalance the risks of a policy so rash?

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From The Economist, 25 Jan.

#### SHALL THE BLOCKADE BE RESPECTED?

AN impression is rapidly gaining ground among jurists and thoughtful politicians, that the whole code of International Law, so far especially as relates to the conflicting rights of belligerents and neutrals, needs thorough investigation and revision. There are many reasons for this. That curious mixture of theory and practice which is loosely called the "Law of Nations," is no written or enacted code of indisputable authority, and needing only careful and competent interpretation; it has grown up by degrees in the course of two centuries; partly out of the dogmas of speculative jurists like Grotius and Vattel as to what in their judgment was desirable and right; partly out of the claims of powerful and overbearing belligerents as to what they chose to do and were able to enforce; partly out of the protests of injured and recalcitrant neutrals as to what they were compelled to submit to or were determined to resist; partly out of distinct treaties between particular nations, and having therefore only a local and perhaps only a temporary operation; and, especially of late years, partly out of a series of decisions enunciated by Admiralty Judges of experience and renown. It was in fact, and is still, a sort of conflicting and fluctuating compromise between Judge-made Law, and the Law of the Strongest. Some principles have been universally admitted by the whole civilized world; others by nearly all nations; others again, have remained to this day almost as disputable as ever, the doctrines of one nation having been steadily controverted and resisted by the rest; but still discussion, practice, and a host of consistent adjudications have introduced something like an approach to order and agreement out of the seething chaos.

The tendency of time and progress has been, as was inevitable, to modify the claims of belligerents both as against each other and against neutrals, and thus to mitigate the sufferings which war inflicts on combatants as on spectators. Originally, war meant and involved doing every conceivable injury to the enemy or the enemy's subjects and



possessions without the slightest regard to the incidental mischief done to bystanders. *Ultimately*, war may be reduced to a mere conflict between the armies and navies of the combatants, by which neutrals will directly, be wholly unaffected. We are now in a transition state. The great wars which desolated the early part of this century introduced considerable solidity and much amelioration into international law, but still left several points open to dispute, and several more open to improvement. Considerable modifications, in the interests of commerce and humanity, have been introduced and partially *established* since. Other modifications are still needed, and we trust the present crisis may hasten their discussion and adoption. In the Napoleonic wars, powerful and high-handed belligerents (like ourselves, for example) claimed the right of confiscating enemy's goods in neutral ships and neutral goods in enemy's ships, the right of taking British sailors out of foreign vessels and virtually (we believe) the right of nominal or paper blockades; and privateering was a recognized and sanctioned practice. By the Treaty of Paris in 1856, nearly all these imperious claims were abandoned formally or practically, both by ourselves and all other nations except the Americans. The neutral flag now covers enemy's goods; neutral goods in enemy's bottoms are exempt from seizure; privateering is renounced and condemned; paper blockades are declared invalid and non-existent; and we should never dream again of taking British subjects out of neutral vessels on the ground of their liability to impressment. In truth, we may say that the only two rights of belligerents *as affecting neutrals* which virtually remain, are blockade, and the search for and confiscation of "contraband of war" on its way to the enemy's ports. Probably ere long all maritime nations will agree to abandon the second—as not worth the risk of quarrel and collision which it involves, and to modify the first, by some limit to the term for which, even if efficient, it shall be suffered to continue. It is clear that it is a belligerent right of the most sacred, because often the most necessary character, like that of siege and circumvallation. It is almost equally clear that no belligerent could be allowed to blockade the ports of an enemy *forever*, where access to those ports was of supreme importance to the rest of the world,—as where they constituted the only quarters whence some indispensable article such as tea, cotton, or medicine, for example, could be procured. These, however, are not the questions practically before us now.

We need not, therefore, discuss the point *whether* we should be bound to respect an

efficient blockade of the cotton ports of the Confederate States, whatever be the suffering and mischief to ourselves,—nor for *how long*, if not forever, we ought to endure and respect such blockade. We have always, as our readers know, answered the first question strongly in the affirmative; and, as to the second, we may put it aside as for the present a purely speculative and irrelevant inquiry. The matter now ripe for consideration,—which is much discussed in political and manufacturing circles, which is known to be pressing strongly on the mind of the French Emperor, and which some believe to be also occupying the attention of our own Cabinet,—is, whether, *the blockade being notoriously ineffective and therefore illegal*, we ought not at once to notify to the Federal Government our determination to disregard it, and to our own merchants that they are at liberty to trade with the Southern ports, just as if no blockade had been proclaimed; and that they will be protected in so doing? On every account it is obvious we ought to come to some decision on this matter as promptly as possible. What we do we should do at once: if we determine on doing nothing, that determination should be publicly announced at once.

As to the facts of the case, we understand there can be no doubt. The Americans virtually admit their inability to blockade all the ports by the Vandalism (of which more anon) of proceeding to destroy those they cannot adequately watch. But we know that vessels run in and out frequently from most of them; there are almost *regular* ventures from certain West Indian ports to Savannah; and small cargoes get in from time to time all along the coast, and report not having even seen any blockading force. The blockade is quite *inefficient*:—is it in consequence illegal, and *ipso facto* invalid?—We believe there can be no doubt that it is. It was formally declared so at the Congress of Paris; the Americans, though not parties to that Congress or its dicta, had always, in common with other habitual neutrals, protested against paper blockades as unpermissible; and we ourselves, heretofore the great blockaders of the world, had virtually abandoned the pretension even before the Paris declaration. The blockade, therefore, is illegal and invalid, and we are quite entitled to disregard it *if we please*. Shall we do so? Would it be right, wise, and politic to do so? France, we know, would do so willingly. The decision practically rests with England; and the responsibility of that decision is a weighty one. We think our decision ought to be in the negative, and we hope to carry our readers along with us in our reasons.



Our immediate motives for disregarding and annulling the blockade are unquestionably very cogent and very pressing. As long as it exists, we shall obtain no American cotton,—and we have shown in another article how necessary this cotton is to us, and how important to all our interests it is that we should get it soon. It is the daily bread of three counties. The want of it means fearful losses to our manufacturers, actual ruin to many; and, what is far worse, distress, privation, the choice between starvation and the poor rates, to three millions of our most industrious and well-fed operatives. Yet while the ports are invested, even nominally, no cotton will come down to them, partly from fear of its falling into the hands of Federal expeditionists, and partly because the Southerners are resolved to keep it on their plantations till England and France have broken the blockade. With the cessation of the blockade, moreover, there would spring up a very large export as well as import trade between this country and the Confederate States—a trade brisk in proportion to its recent interruption. Those States are denuded of most foreign articles, and the cotton they would send us would be liberally paid for in clothing, sugar, tea, wine, coffee, and cutlery. It is not too much to say that the annulling of the blockade—which *we have a strict legal right to annul*—would make 1862 a year of considerable prosperity to England, instead of a year of almost unexampled adversity—which it now promises to be. It would, to use a colloquial phrase, set our commerce, our cotton manufacture, our railways, and our revenue, *on their legs* again. If it is to be done, it should be done at once, for, as we have once before shown, it will take nearly four months from the date of our decision before the cotton can actually arrive; and if it is *not* to be done, that should be known at once, in order that there may be no intermission in our efforts to obtain the needed raw material from other quarters.

The other motive urged for declaring the blockade null and void is that it would probably terminate, almost immediately a civil war which is every day becoming more savage and deplorable; which may, if continued, cause the silting up and destruction of all the best harbors of the South; which may end in servile and bloody insurrections; which is devastating the country in which it rages; which is disturbing the commerce of the whole world; and which threatens to involve other nations in its vortex. With the cessation of the blockade would end all prospect of the subjugation of the South, even in the fancy of the Federalists, and the design would be avowedly abandoned. Peace and

plenty would in a few months spread their healing influence over both sections of that magnificent, but now distracted land. Certainly these are weighty reasons. Nevertheless they are, to our judgment, outweighed by others. Commercial and material considerations, should, we think, give place before political and moral ones.

In the *first* place, our interference will probably be quite unnecessary. Already the leaders of American opinion, and still more the Federal Government, are becoming, not less zealous, but less sanguine in the cause. They are beginning to *realize* in their secret mind that the task they have undertaken is beyond their strength. As long as they believed in the existence of a powerful Union party in the Confederate States; as long as they fancied that the Southerners only wished to make good terms for themselves; as long as they could flatter themselves that their antagonists were not prepared to submit to severe privation and discomfort,—they might not unreasonably indulge in hopes of ultimate success. But all these delusions must be vanishing fast; and the conviction that they have pledged themselves to the *impossible*, is daily gaining ground. Difficulties are thickening around them. Their army is not well disciplined and does not advance; their military chiefs are insubordinate and inharmonious; the expedition down the Mississippi is suspected to be an absurdity; the barbarous plans by which they are endeavoring to supplement their want of real warlike skill and vigor are drawing on them the disgust of the civilized world; and, to crown the whole, the insoluble and *dividing* question, “What to do with the Slaves?” is perplexing and paralyzing their action. Then, again, the scale of their warfare demands enormous sums of money—which *they have not got*, and *which they cannot get*. They are already in arrears with current payments. With a revenue of twelve millions they are spending one hundred and twenty millions; indirect taxes bring in next to nothing; direct taxes are not even yet voted, much less collected; the loans required are not taken up; and already they have resorted to the desperate, ruinous, and speedily exhausted contrivance of inconvertible paper money. An aggressive war—which theirs is—demands vast expenditure, and they have not the means of spending. Mere want of funds must almost infallibly bring them to a stand in twelve months—probably in six. Is it worth while to encounter the evils of (even lawful) intervention to effect that which circumstances are bringing about so speedily?

In the *second* place, it is most important that peace between the combatants, when it



comes, should be permanent and enduring. This it can never be, if it be in any manner or degree the result of foreign interposition. Quarrels that are not *fought out*, are always begun again. Drawn battles—battles stopped by the police—leave the question of the respective strength of the parties undecided and therefore merely postponed. If the United States, after putting forth their full power, are baffled and obliged to acknowledge the independence of the Secessionists, they will know that the re-annexation they desire is simply impossible and forever hopeless. If, on the contrary, they are able, even plausibly, to attribute their failure to reduce the Southerners to submission, to any interference of European nations, they will never admit that the dissolution of the Union is an irrevocable and natural termination of the controversy; and under favorable circumstances will be prone to try the enterprise once more.

*Thirdly*, it is, if possible, still more important that the United States should come out of this conflict with as little unfriendly feeling towards England as possible. There is unfortunately a good deal of standing ill-will towards us among some classes in the Northern States, and under the natural irritation of a desperate civil strife at home, this ill-will has suffered considerable exasperation. But as yet we have done nothing to deserve it. Our conduct has been forbearing and considerate in the extreme; and if our press has spoken out its sentiments with freedom, theirs has been even more sharp and far more hostile; and after all "hard words break no bones," and should be forgotten when the sun goes down. In the only two cases in which we have had to *act*,—the recognition of the South as a belligerent, and the demand for the surrender of the captured commissioners,—all sensible Americans already admit that we could have done no less, and that we could not have done that little with more consideration or courtesy. Thus far we have done nothing of which they *could* complain; and when peace is restored they will feel sensible of this, and perhaps grateful for it. But if we were now to disregard and annul the blockade (even if such a step did not bring about a war, which in their excited state of feeling it very probably would), nothing would ever persuade them that the Confederates did not owe their independence to us alone. They would say, and would believe to the end of time, that they were just on the point of conquering the rebels and restoring the Union when England, out of pure avarice and jealousy, stepped in to wrest the victory from their grasp; that we had been treacherous enemies, instead of fair generous neutrals; that

it was *we* who had broken up their cherished Union; and that we had dared thus to interpose only because they were embarrassed with another enemy, and had already consented to one humiliation. They would attribute everything to us, and would hate us with insane and unrelenting animosity. Of course this sentiment would be thoroughly irrational and its groundwork utterly unsound; but it would be impossible ever to eradicate it from the national mind. Now, it would be a pity, *if it can be avoided*, to give them even this plausible basis for bad feeling; both because we are naturally anxious to be on truly cordial terms with a nation with whom we shall always have such complicated and extensive business relations, because we sincerely wish them well, and because we have objects, especially those connected with slavery and the slave trade, in which their hearty co-operation will be desirable. It is worth while, therefore, to endure considerable inconvenience and even severe privation for a time, rather than to abandon the hope of an ultimate restoration of kindly feeling between the two people.

*Lastly*. It would be very undesirable in a case of this kind for our Government to take any steps or to enter on any course of action in which they would not carry the whole country cordially and spontaneously with them—as they did in the late controversy. Now we doubt whether the great body of the British people are yet prepared for any interposition which would *even have the semblance* of siding with, or aiding the establishment of a Slave Republic. The social system of the Confederate States, is based on slavery; the Federalists have done what they could (untruly and ineffectually enough no doubt) to persuade us that slavery lay at the root of the Secession movement, and that they, the Federalists, were hostile to slavery; and slavery is our especial horror and detestation. It is true that our anti-slavery sentiments, as applied to render distasteful a recognition of the South or any indirect assistance towards its independence, would be both inconsistent and mistaken. We were in amity with the United States, though the whole Union was as much pledged to and as deeply inoculated with slavery as the South can ever be; and we have always continued, almost in a peculiar manner, allied with Spain, though Spain is not only slaveholding but slavetrading. But the real error of the popular sentiment is here:—that every fresh information we acquire and every fresh consideration we give to the subject, makes it increasingly evident that it is the *Restoration* and not the *Dissolution* of the Union that would be the consolidation and perpetuation of negro servitude, and that it is in



the independence of the South, and not in her defeat, that we can alone look with confidence for the early amelioration and the ultimate extinction of the slavery we abhor. That this is so we entertain no question; and as earnest emancipationists we hope soon to make this clear to our readers. But it is not clear yet. The majority of Englishmen still think otherwise; and as long as they do so, any intervention on the part of our Government which should place us in a condition of actual opposition to the North, and inferential alliance with the South, would scarcely be supported by the hearty co-operation of the British nation. It should therefore, we conclude, for all these reasons, be avoided if we can avoid it.

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From The Economist, 25 Jan.

#### INDIAN VERSUS AMERICAN COTTON.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE.

SUCH an entire misapprehension appears to prevail on this subject, and such strange and transparent delusions are daily propagated through the various organs of the press as to the true merits of the controversy, that we must endeavor, even at the risk of repeating ourselves and wearying our more attentive readers, to explain once for all the real facts—or rather the one fact—which lies at the root of the competition between cotton the growth of the Slave States of America, and cotton the growth of our own East India possessions. One newspaper—which ought to know better, seeing that it claims to possess some commercial connections—speaks of the “prejudice” which exists or did exist in the mind of spinners against Indian cotton;—as if such a thing as “prejudice” could exist in the mind of a purchaser against the article he habitually deals in, unless it be a “prejudice” against the price as too high or against the quality as too bad. A consumer may *prefer* a wheaten loaf to a barley bannock; a rider may *prefer* an English horse to a Spanish mule; a cotton manufacturer may *prefer* a bag of Orleans to a bag of Surat;—but in each and all of the three cases it is equally and obviously an abuse of words to call the preference a “prejudice.” Other journals of high reputation and of unquestioned ability on subjects within their range, are assuring us (and quoting Mr. Laing in corroboration of their blunder) that if the American blockade lasts till English capital and intelligence have been brought to bear upon the cotton-fields of India so as to increase their produce and improve their communications with the coast, the material from the East will altogether supersede the material from the West, and the great staple of the Slave States be beaten out of the market. We

were told on Tuesday that “the American plantations are practically abolished. The doubt till now has been whether the cotton trade with America might not be resumed any day, after some turn in the fortune of the war. *The possibility of such resumption has now almost disappeared.*” Really, conscientious journalists should inform themselves before they give publicity to such groundless and misleading exaggerations as these. Others, again, more rationally, but still irrelevantly, argue that, during the present dearth of American cotton, we shall be so driven to improve and modify our machinery that Indian cotton will be found to be available for many purposes to which hitherto it has been deemed quite unfit. This is possible enough; but it in no way affects the *relative* value of the two staples, which is the sole question at issue, since all improvements in machinery will be equally applicable to the one as to the other, and *no* improvement can make the inferior article equal to the superior one. It is the more essential that the public should clearly understand the matter in hand, because we find among many sagacious persons the impression that if the Indian cotton can only *have a year or two's start* so as to *establish itself* in the British market, it will be able to hold its ground and even to supersede the American; that this year or two will be secured to it by a continuance of the civil war and the blockade; and that, therefore, we ought rather to rejoice than to deprecate that continuance. The notion is so wholly fallacious, and so very mischievous, that no time ought to be lost in eradicating it. We have, in another portion of our paper, discussed the question as to the wisdom of breaking the blockade, and given our opinion in the negative. But do not let us base our decision upon wholly erroneous data.

The case is briefly this. Indian cotton has for the last half-century been as well known and as habitually used in this country as American cotton:—(we shall call the two qualities henceforward by their trade names, *Surat* and *Orleans*.) It has been just as regular an article of import and consumption as its rival. It has arrived in various quantities, as an ordinary Indian commodity, and an ordinary mode of remittance. It has always reached us in the quantities requisite to *supplement* the American crop. When the latter was abundant, comparatively little Surat was used; when it was scanty, the demand for Surat increased. Spinners used the two qualities just in proportion to their relative price at the time—that price being an exact measure of their relative values, i.e., their relative availability for the purposes of the manufacturer. The Orleans cotton was



always worth *just half as much again* as the Surat, for nearly all purposes for which the latter could be used at all,—i.e., for the coarser yarns and fabrics. Thus when Orleans could be bought for 6d. per lb. and Surat for 4d.—(the usual figures)—a certain quantity of Surat was worked up. When Orleans rose to 7d. or Surat fell to 3d. a lb.—its rival remaining at the old figure—the proportion of Surat cotton used increased. When the opposite operation took place, the proportion of Surat used diminished. When Orleans could be purchased at 3d. or 4d. a lb., the consumption of Surat almost ceased.

The explanation of this is very simple. The fibre of the Orleans cotton is much longer, more even, and more silky than that of Surat. It is usually also much cleaner. So much of the Surat cotton falls down as dirt, or flies off as dust and flock, in the process of working it into yarn, that a pound of it *makes much less yarn or cloth* than a pound of Orleans. Being shorter in fibre, also, it requires more twisting to give it the required strength, and therefore cannot be made into yarn *so fast*. From these two causes, its value to the manipulator is never more than *two-thirds* that of an equal weight of its American rival,—and *never can be more*, whatever improvements and adaptations of machinery may be introduced, so long as its quality and character remain unaltered,—for not only is its quality inferior, but its character is peculiar. It can now be used for yarns as fine as No. 20's (to speak technically) with advantage, at the relative price compared with Orleans which we have mentioned. It is conceivable enough, it is even very possible, that by mechanical modifications, it might be made available for yarns as fine even as 30's or 40's. But all this would leave its *relative* value untouched; since for every purpose for which Surat is or can be made available, Orleans would be *just half as available again*. The plain, simple, conclusive truth is that the American cotton *has more in it* than the Indian,—and will always have till the character of the latter is quite changed. You may, by scientific improvements, extract as much nutriment out of one bushel of wheat as you now do out of two—or out of a bushel of oats as you now do out of a bushel of wheat; but by no science and no skill and no discoveries, can you ever extract as much out of oats as out of wheat, or out of one bushel as out of two—simply because it does not contain as much. In like manner Surat can never replace Orleans, or beat it out of the market, or compete with it on equal terms. *The moment the American cotton reappears in Liverpool, it will resume its old position of relative superiority*. In order to effect the object

dreamed of by the writers and speculators on whom we have been animadverting, either the quality of the Indian cotton must be greatly altered and raised, or its price in comparison with American cotton must be greatly reduced. What prospect is there of either of these results?

The American and Indian cotton plants are *specifically* different. The Surat is indigenous in the East Indies; has been largely cultivated there for centuries; the natives understand its tillage and manipulation well. The American plant, the Orleans cotton, is an exotic in India. It will grow there well enough no doubt; it has often been introduced there under American and English supervision; crops of it have been gathered and forwarded to this country, though only in small quantities; we ourselves have repeatedly seen samples which were of excellent quality, though not of *precisely* the same character as the Orleans, from the seed of which they were produced. But always either the plant degenerated, and approximated year by year to the indigenous article; or the care and attention requisite to maintain the original character of the imported seed were found too troublesome; or the natives could not be induced to take kindly to the new culture; or, as is most probable, the *indigenous* plant proved more hardy, more easy of management, altogether better adapted to the soil and climate than the *exotic*, and therefore resisted all attempts to modify or supersede it. At all events the cultivation of the imported article *has never been able to spread*:—the plain truth being that the one is a natural and the other an artificial cultivation, and the former has therefore over the latter an inherent advantage which appears likely to be permanent. We have no doubt that the Surat cotton will gradually, under English pressure and advice, be *improved*, but not *superseded*; it will become perhaps rather longer, and probably be sent forward in a much cleaner condition; but we have no idea that the native article will ever be abandoned and the American substituted for it.

But will the price be so greatly reduced as to enable it fairly to compete with its rival upon equal terms? We hold that to be impossible. *Fourpence* a lb. in Liverpool now, in ordinary years, pays the Bombay merchant sufficiently well to induce him to send forward a limited quantity—say 500,000 bags, which is grown in districts lying at no great distance from the coast. But this price is not high enough to induce or enable him to procure it from more remote and inland quarters, where it is grown in great abundance. In order to obtain it from these fields, a price of 6 1-2d. per lb.



in Liverpool is necessary. As water and railway communication are improved in India, the cost of transmission will of course decline, and decline materially we hope. But we believe even the most sanguine among competent judges have no expectation that cotton from the *interior* of India can ever be *profitably* laid down in Liverpool under 5d. per lb.; and few venture to anticipate even this. But let us be hopeful, and suppose that, in time and by great effort, it may be delivered in large quantities as low as 4 1-2d. per lb.;—will it even then be able to meet the Orleans cotton in our markets? The peculiarity of the American cultivation is this:—that a price in Liverpool of 4d. per pound is sufficient to induce the planter to grow as much cotton as he can, not only because that price really yields him a fair profit, but still more because at that price cotton pays him considerably better than any other article to which he could transfer his land and his labor; and, also, because the price of labor depends upon the price of cotton. If cotton rises in value, the price of slaves rises, because every planter is anxious to increase his cotton cultivation. If cotton falls, the price of slaves declines, because there is less eager competition for them, as their labor then pays less splendidly. To state the case *broadly*. It is always worth the planter's while to employ his slaves and to keep slaves so long as the produce of their labor pays their maintenance and the interest of their purchase money; and so long as he has slaves it is better worth his while to employ them in growing cotton than in doing anything else: a price 3d. per lb. makes it more profitable to grow cotton than to let the slaves be idle or to grow anything else; a price of 4d. per lb. yields him a fair profit; and the vast extra profit which he derives when the price (as last year) reached 6d.,—is divided between him and the slavedealer. Therefore, he can deliver in Liverpool at 4d. an article which sells for 6d., while the Calcutta merchant can only deliver at 4d. (or 4 1-2d.) an article which sells for 4d. What chance, therefore, is there that the Indian producer *will* be able to hold his ground against the American producer—or to *sell the increased quantity of his article which our present demand has stimulated him to grow*—when the return of peace shall have restored matters in the Seceded States to their normal condition?

One chance only remains—in the opinion of some writers a good one. Let us examine what it is worth. One speculator to whom we have referred, and whose notions are tacitly and partially adopted by others, believes that the cotton cultivation of America cannot be resumed after the war is over, or that

if resumed, it will be resumed under such altered and deteriorated conditions as will raise the cost of production to a level with that of India. (Even if it did, by the way, the object would not be gained, unless it also *degraded the quality* to the same level:—but let that pass.) We apprehend this belief to be wholly without foundation. If, indeed, the war lasted very long, and reached the cotton districts, and ended in a universal and forced emancipation of the negroes, or in a general servile war,—such a result might, and perhaps would ensue. But we entirely refuse to speculate—and all practical men will entirely refuse to act—on assumptions so improbable. The Federalists may, if they grow desperate, *proclaim* emancipation, but they cannot *effect* emancipation unless they subjugate the South, which we hold to be an absolute impossibility. Even if they did, does any one who knows the Americans believe that four millions of negroes, slave or free, would be suffered to remain in the midst of that pushing, imperious, violent, lawless, go-ahead people, without working for their livelihood?—without, in fact, the coercion needed to induce them to grow cotton being applied in one form or another? Observe this, too; cotton can be grown on old soil, if well-farmed, as well if not quite as abundantly as on virgin lands; and, in most districts, it can be grown better and as cheaply, because more intelligently, by white labor as by negroes. Olmsted places this beyond a doubt. Now the Southern States have a vast poor-white population, who would work if negroes did not. As soon as the destruction of slavery rendered labor no longer a disgrace, laborers enough would ere long be found.

There is fair reason, we think, to believe that when peace returns, and the independence of the Southern Confederacy is established, there will be immediately *some* augmentation in the cost of raising cotton there, and that the future tendency of this cost will continue *upwards*. The means of transport have been disorganized by the war, and will take time to recover. The industrial habits of a portion of the population have been disturbed, and it will be some time before they will toil as regularly as before. The expenses of the war have been great, the cost of the Government will be considerable, and taxation will be much heavier than formerly. The limits of the Republic will have been reached, and boundless leagues of virgin soil can no longer be acquired as fast as wanted. All these things will make American cotton *somewhat*, and by degrees, dearer than it used to be. But of this we are confident:—that till Africa is settled and civilized, the Southern States of the Union will *always be the cheapest and best cotton-field in the world*.



For they have abundant labor, virgin soil of extraordinary richness, capital (or the means of obtaining it), great intelligence, energy, and access to all scientific appliances, on the part of the governing race,—and (perhaps as important as any other element) *the finest and readiest water carriage in the world*:—in nearly every plantation, the bags of cotton are slid direct from the packing shed into the barge which conveys them to the port of shipment. Now, no other country can be named which is not comparatively very deficient in one or more or all of these necessary elements of cheap production. Let us, therefore, look to India for all the cotton it can spare us; let us urge the natives to

improve the quality and condition of their produce,—for that is always worth their while; let us press forward as much as possible the improvement of their rivers and their roads,—for these things will tell upon all articles as well as on cotton; let us purchase, at whatever price we can afford to pay, this indispensable material from Egypt, from Brazil, from Australia, from Jamaica, and from the Gold Coast;—but do not let us waste means in fostering or forcing artificial industries, and do not let us delude ourselves into the belief that as long as America sends us cotton at all it will not supply us cheaper and better than any other country,—*for it would not be true.*

#### SNOW WARM CLOTHING FOR THE EARTH.

—It seems at first sight absurd to speak of snow as contributing to warmth; but nothing is more certain. During a keen black frost and a clear sky the surface of the earth gives off its heat to the celestial spaces, from which it gets nothing in return till it becomes most destructively cold and its vegetable covering may be chilled if not killed. But when the ground is covered with snow this radiation into the celestial spaces takes place only from the surface layer of the snow, which alone becomes very cold; for snow, containing much air as it does, conducts heat and cold very badly; and let the fall of snow be but a few inches deep, the surface of the soil beneath may be many degrees warmer than that of the surface of the snow. M. Boussinghault informs us as the result of some experiments which he made on this subject that he has seen the thermometer when laid on the surface of the snow descend to 10.4 degs. Fahr. during a night when the air was calm and the stars bright, while another thermometer beneath the snow on the surface of the soil kept up at 25.7 degs. Fahr., though the two instruments were only separated from each other by a layer of snow of (1 centimeter) about four inches thick. —*Press.*

A MUSICIAN employed at one of the London theatres, possessed an ebony flute with silver keys. He seldom used it, however, in consequence of one of the upper notes being defective. The musician had for a lodger a young man, a theatrical tailor, and between the two there existed a considerable friendship. Well, one night, while the musician was away at his business, some one stole the flute with the silver keys, and suspicion fell on an old charwoman who used to come to do the housework. However, nothing tended to show that the old lady really was guilty, and the affair was shortly forgotten. In a few months the tailor left the house of the musician,

and went to live in a town a few miles off; but as the friendship between the two men still existed, they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterward the musician paid the tailor a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, who could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect, with this exception—whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it and went on to the next. A very little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the very one that was deficient on the flute. So convinced was he, that he at once sharply questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, who at once tremblingly confessed the guilt, and that all the bird knew had been taught him on the stolen flute.—*Beeton's Home Pets.*

#### AMMONIA IN RAIN AND RIVER WATER.—

The scientific agriculturist is willing to pay a high price for any manure which contains a good percentage of ammonia; for it may be said to be established now that ammonia cannot be obtained from the nitrogen of the dry atmosphere, while yet it is so essential to the growth of crops that not a single vegetable soil can be found without a certain quantity of it as a constituent. M. Boussinghault, the distinguished French chemist and agriculturist, in the second volume of his "Agronomie," lately published, has shown that nature has provided this indispensable element as the food of plants to an extent that was little suspected. From his researches it follows that every shower, especially the first which falls after dry weather, contains notable quantities of ammonia, and that though the soil retains most of it, yet so much of it remains in river water that the Rhine, even when passing his estate in Alsace, carries at a very low estimate in the course of the year no less than thirteen million pounds to the sea.—*Press.*



From The London Review.

### PARAFFINE AND ITS DANGERS.

FOR some years the use of oils from coal and other sources, as illuminating agents, has been greatly on the increase. Under the name of paraffine, we are supplied with volatile fluid, obtained by distillation, at temperatures below that which gives rise to gas, from cannel coal—Kimmeridge and other carbonaceous shales—petroleum as obtained from the Pennsylvanian wells—Rangoon tar—the Trinidad pitch, and other sources. These are compounds of hydrogen and carbon in variable proportions, and by regulating the temperatures at which the distillation is effected, we may obtain either fluids possessing so high a degree of volatility that they will boil at a heat so low as 50° Fahr., or more dense liquids which require a temperature as high as 600° Fahr. to volatilize them.

With the increased demand for paraffine there appears to have arisen, unfortunately, a spirit of sophistication amongst many of the dealers in this article. The lighter oils, which can be obtained at a low price, have been mixed with the heavier oils; and from this many of the explosions of which we have heard have occurred. The heat which is produced by burning the paraffine vaporizes the more ethereal oil; this is ignited, and the explosion ensues. The question has naturally arisen, can the public be guarded against this accident? Can they protect themselves in the use of an illuminating agent, which is economical, cleanly, and brilliant? The following remarks from the *American Gas Light Journal* are so much to the point that we are induced to extract them for the benefit of our readers:—

“In the early stages of the manufacture, cannel-coal was almost exclusively used as oil-yielding material, but since the discovery of the oil-wells of Pennsylvania and other places petroleum has, in a great measure, supplanted the use of coal—some establishments using the natural oil alone. The object of this is readily appreciated. The petroleum being naturally in a liquid state, there is no necessity for a preliminary distil-

lation, as in the case when coal is used, in which event the crude oil must be first produced by exposing the coal to distillation at a low heat, and the resulting product be treated in the same manner as the oil ready formed in the well. By the use of petroleum, the retorts for the first distillation are dispensed with, and thus a saving is effected in apparatus as well as in time and labor. When petroleum alone is used the product contains a much larger proportion of volatile hydro-carbons than when coal is wholly or partially employed, and therefore more precautions are necessary and greater labor is requisite to effectually get rid of the dangerous substances. Some manufacturers not only neglect to remove the volatile compounds from the oils, but actually purchase the light oils from more conscientious refiners, in order to mix them with heavy oils to make them burn. This is an exceedingly reprehensible practice, and deserving severe punishment, for the heat generated by the heavy oils in burning vaporizes the volatile portion of it and renders it liable at any time to explode.

“The oils distilled wholly from coal, or those with which but a small proportion of petroleum has been mingled, are much more easily freed from dangerous portions. By a careful refining, and after distillation, steaming, and a large surface of atmospheric exposure, every dangerous compound can be removed, and no fear need be apprehended from oils which are known to be subjected to a rigid and conscientious refining. In purchasing oils, however, nothing should be taken for granted. They should be carefully tested, and their liability to explode fully investigated. The simplest and most satisfactory test of safety is to place the oil in an open dish in a water-bath and heat it up to 130° or 140° F. If, when elevated to this temperature, on applying a match it does not ignite, it may be pronounced very safe. If it ignites but slowly or sluggishly it is safe. But any oil which lights quickly in an open dish at temperature below 130° F. may be considered as dangerous. We have seen some oil the vapor of which ignited with a smart puff or explosion at 60° F. on holding a lighted match more than an inch above its surface. This was dangerous in the highest degree, and the vendor of such a compound should be held to strict accountability for any accident accruing from its being burned in lamps.”



## A GREAT MAN.

## I.

THAT man is great, and he alone,  
Who serves a greatness not his own,  
For neither praise nor pelf!  
Content to know, and be unknown,  
Whole in himself.

## II.

Strong is that man, he only strong,  
To whose well-ordered will belong,  
For service and delight,  
All powers that, in despite of wrong,  
Establish right.

## III.

And free he is, and only he,  
Who, from his tyrant passions free,  
By Fortune undismayed,  
Hath power upon himself to be  
By himself obeyed.

## IV.

If such a man there be, where'er  
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,  
He cannot fare amiss.  
Great Nature hath him in her care,  
Her cause is his.

## V.

Time cannot take him by surprise;  
Fate cannot crush him: he shall rise  
Stronger from overthrow.  
Whose arms a heavenly Friend supplies  
Against Heaven's Foe.

## VI.

Who holds by everlasting Law,  
Which neither chance nor change can flaw,  
Whose steadfast cause is one  
With whatsoever forces draw  
The ages on:

## VII.

Who hath not bowed his honest head  
To base occasion, nor in dread  
Of Duty shunned her eye,  
Nor truckled to himself, nor wed  
His heart to a lie:

## VIII.

Nor feared to follow in th' offence  
Of false opinion, his own sense  
Of Justice, unsubdued;  
Nor shrunk from any consequence  
Of doing good:

## IX.

He looks his Angel in the face  
Without a blush; nor heeds disgrace  
Whom naught disgraceful done  
Disgraces. Who knows nothing base  
Dreads nothing known.

## X.

Not morselled out from day to day  
In petty aims, the helpless prey  
Of hours that have no plan,  
His life is his to give away  
To God and man.

## XI.

The merely great are, all in all,  
No more than what the merely small  
Esteem them. Man's opinion  
Neither conferred nor can recall  
This man's dominion.

## XII.

Lord of a lofty life is he,  
Lofely living, though he be  
Of lowly birth; though poor,  
He lacks not wealth; nor high degree  
In state obscure;

## XIII.

Though saddened soiled not, broken not  
Though burthened, by his mortal lot  
To strive with mortal sin,  
And scald away with tears the spot  
That sinks not in:

## XIV.

Yet not with downward eye morose,  
Bent on himself, nor ear so close  
Held to his own heart's call,  
But what he sees and hears and knows  
And doth love well.

## XV.

All creatures by the dear God made;  
All things that are; the little blade  
Of green in grassy field;  
The myriad stars that overhead  
Stud heaven's blue shield;

## XVI.

Nature's waste wealth of beauty, shed  
By desert shore, or wild sea bed,  
And the deep-moaning heart,  
The mighty human cry for bread,  
In crowded mart;

## XVII.

By these his heart is touched, and sings  
From all its solemn-sounding strings  
Which Love alone can thrill,  
Hosannah to the King of kings,  
To man good-will.

## XVIII.

For, though he live aloof from ken,  
The world's unwitnessed denizen,  
The love within him stirs  
Abroad, and with the hearts of men  
His own confers.



## XIX.

The Judge upon the Justice-seat,  
The brown-backed beggar in the street,  
The spinner in the sun,  
The reapers reaping in the wheat,  
The wan-cheeked nun

## XX.

In convent cold, the prisoner lean  
In lightless den, the robèd queen,  
Even the youth who waits,  
Hiding the knife, to glide unseen  
Between the gates :

## XXI.

He nothing human alien deems  
Unto himself, nor disesteems  
Man's meanest claim upon him.  
And where he moves the mere sunbeams  
Drop blessings on him ;

## XXII.

Because they know him Nature's friend,  
On whom she doth delight to tend  
With loving kindness ever,  
Helping and heartening to the end  
His high endeavor.

## XXIII.

Therefore, though mortal made, he can  
Work miracles. The uncommon man  
Leaves nothing commonplace :  
He is the marvellous. To span  
The abyss of space,

## XXIV.

To make the thing which is not be,  
To fill with Heaven's infinity  
Earth's finite, to make sound  
The sick, to bind the broken, free  
The prison-bound,

## XXV.

To call up spirits from the deep  
To be his ministers, to peep  
Into the birth of things,  
To move the mountains, and to sweep  
With inner wings

## XXVI.

The orb of time, is his by faith ;  
And his, whilst breathing human breath  
To taste before he dies  
The deep eventual calm of death,  
Life's latest prize.

## XXVII.

If such a man there be, howe'er  
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,  
That man my friend to know  
To me were sweeter than to wear  
What kings bestow.

—All the Year Round.

## IO TRIUMPHE!

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

Now let us raise a song of praise, like Miriam's  
song of old—  
A song of praise to God the Lord, for blessings  
manifold !  
He lifteth up, he casteth down ; he bindeth, mak-  
eth free ;  
He sendeth grace to bear defeat ; he giveth vic-  
tory !  
Fling out, fling out the holy flag broad in the  
swelling air !  
Its stars renew their morning song. All hail  
the symbol fair !  
For what the fathers did of yore, the sons have  
learned to do ;  
And the old legends, half-believed, are proven  
by the new.

The East and West have shaken hands, twin-  
brained and twin at heart ;  
In the red laurels either wins, each has a broth-  
er's part.  
Oh, hear ye how from Somerset the voice of tri-  
umph calls !  
Hear how the echoes take it up on Henry's con-  
quered walls !  
And wilder yet the thrilling cry : Fort Donelson  
is ours !  
Like chaff before the roaring North fly fast the  
rebel powers.  
New Orleans sees her doom afar, and lifts a  
palsied arm,  
And haughty Richmond's drunken streets are  
sobored with alarm.  
Up Carolina's frantic shore the tide rolls black  
and dire ;  
The thunder's voice is in its heart, its crest  
avenging fire !  
Proud Charleston trembles in her sin, Savannah  
bows her head,  
And Norfolk feels the firm earth shake beneath  
the Northmen's tread.  
On inland slopes and by the sea are wreck and  
flying foe ;  
And fresh in that unwonted air the flowers of  
freedom blow !

Then honor, under God, to those, the noble men  
who plan,  
And unto those of fiery mould who flame in bat-  
tle's van !  
For, oh, the land is safe, is safe ; it rallies from  
the shock !  
Ring round, ring round, ye merry bells, till every  
steeple rock !  
Loud let the cannon's voice be heard ! Hang all  
your banners out !  
Lift up in your exultant streets the nation's tri-  
umph-shout !  
Let trumpets bray and wild drums beat ; let  
maidens scatter flowers !  
The sun bursts through the battle smoke. Hur-  
rah, the day is ours !

—Boston Advertiser.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 929.—22 March, 1862.

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"Yet there surely is some record  
When a brave young hero dies."—*T. Haynes Bayley.*

## IN MEMORY OF CAPT. JONATHAN SMITH SLAYMAKER,

Who was killed in the moment of victory, at the capture of Fort Donelson, 14 February, 1862. Aged 27 years.

HE was one of three sons given to the army by Samuel F. Slaymaker, Esq., York, Pennsylvania, and was nephew of the late General Persifer Frazer Smith. For several years he had been in business at Davenport, Iowa, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, volunteered as Lieutenant of a company of the Second Iowa Regiment. He was soon promoted, and for some time had been acting on Gen. Curtis' staff.

### THE FINAL CHARGE.

A lull followed the storm. Our armies were preparing for the grand *coup de main*, by which the place was to be taken. Says the correspondent of *The World* :—

"The task of accomplishing this delicate and dangerous enterprise was accorded to Gen. Smith. His division was divided for the attack into two brigades, one under Col. Cook, including the Seventh Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fiftieth Illinois, and Fifty-Second Indiana; Col. Lauman with the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, Twenty-fifth Indiana, and Thirteenth Missouri.

"Col. Cook took the right of the attack, menacing the centre of the enemy's position. Opposed to them were six Tennessee regiments, with the Second Kentucky Regiment. Col. Cook took his men straight up the side of the hill at the highest portion of the fortifications and the furthest removed from the river. The regiments went gallantly up the sides of the hill, and then encountered the barricade of felled timber and brushwood. The enemy's infantry kept a rain of fire upon them. A 34-pound gun in battery poured down grape and shell upon them, not, however, with very fatal effect. The men stood it without flinching, the lines remaining unbroken. In accordance with the plan of attack, it was decided that the brigade of Col. Cook should engage the enemy on the right, while the brigade of Col. Lauman should make the entree into the works further on the left. He kept up an incessant fire of infantry, engaging the Tennesseans, who were safely ensconced behind the earthworks.

"The Second Iowa led the charge, followed by the rest in their order. The sight was sublime. Onward they sped, heedless of the bullets and balls of the enemy above. The hill was so steep, the timber cleared, that the rebels had left a gap in their line of rifle pits on this crest of hill. Through this gap they were bound to go. Right up they went, climbing up on all-fours, their line of dark-blue clothing advancing regularly forward, the white line of smoke from the top of the works opposed by a line from our troops.

"They reach the top! Numbers fall! The suspense is breathless! See, they climb over the works! They fall—they are lost! Another group, and still another and another, close up the gap! All is covered in smoke! The lodgment is made—the troops swarm up the hill-

side, their bright bayonets glittering in the sun. The firing slackens.

"What is more wonderful is, that Capt. Stone's battery of rifled 10-pounders, close behind the brigade, is tugging up the hill, the horses plunging and riders whipping. Upward they go, where never vehicle went before, up the precipitous and clogged sides of the hill. No sooner on the crest than the guns are unlimbered, the men at their posts. Percussion shells and canister are shot from the Parrot guns at the flying enemy. The day is gained—a position is taken—the troops surround the guns, and the enemy has deserted his post. The 34-pounder which had caused so much havoc is silenced by Col. Cook's brigade, and the rebels fly to the main fort in alarm. The day is gained! The foe is running! Cheers upon cheers rend the air, and in a few minutes all is hushed.

"In fifteen minutes the lines were disposed of for the night. The surrender followed, as the reader knows, on the next morning."

### THE SECOND IOWA COMPLIMENTED.

Despatch sent to the Adjutant-General of the State of Iowa :—

"ST. LOUIS, Feb. 19, 1862.

"Adj. N. B. BAKER: The 2d Iowa Infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave. They had the honor of leading the column which entered Fort Donelson.

"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

Extract of a letter from Col. Lauman, to his sister in York, Pa. :—

{ "HEAD-QUARTERS OF U. S. FORCES,  
Fort Donelson, Tenn., Feb. 18, 1862.

"We have had a great victory, of which you will be apprised long before this reaches you, and I only write a few lines to say that I passed through unscathed, whilst many a poor fellow shed his blood for the cause.

"Poor Jack Slaymaker lost his life in making one of the most brilliant charges on record.

"He had, with his regiment, reached the breastwork, and passed in, when a ball struck him in the thigh, and severed the main artery, and he bled to death in five minutes. I enclose you a lock of his hair, which I severed myself, which you will hand to his bereaved parents. He was as brave and gallant a soldier as ever carried a sword. After he was wounded, he raised himself on his side, waved his sword, and called on his men to go forward, then sank down and died.

"I could not help shedding tears as I bent over his inanimate remains.

"He was a good and steadfast friend of mine, and I mourn him very much. It is melancholy to think that the first time he was under my command should be the last. But he died gloriously; what more can a man do for his country!

"I mingle my tears and sympathies with his parents in this their great affliction. I gave an order for the free transportation of his remains to St. Louis yesterday."



From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir David Brewster, London, 1855.
2. *Addresses on popular Literature, and on the Monument to Sir Isaac Newton.* By Henry, Lord Brougham, F.R.S. London, 1858.

OF all the laborers in the field of science since the world began, it is remarkable that there is but one who has attained a popular as distinguished from a scientific fame. There are multitudes whose achievements are recognized in the republic of science, and not a few whose names are honored throughout the educated classes of every country within the range of civilization; but if we were to seek for a reputation which has not only illumined the study of the recluse and the salons of society, but has penetrated even to the nursery and the cottage, we should have to travel beyond the bounds of physical or mathematical science to find another name to set beside that of Newton. Columbus and Galileo might perhaps be cited as parallel instances; but it was the adventures of the one, and the torture supposed to have been inflicted upon the other, that made their names familiar to a wider circle than a scientific reputation commonly embraces. Those who love to dilate upon the unerring instincts of the mass of mankind may fancy that they find in this unexampled appreciation of the glory of the great English philosopher an additional proof of their untenable theory; while the more sceptical observers of the progress of human affairs may be tempted rather to question the title of Newton to the solitary eminence which has been awarded to him, than to acknowledge the sagacity with which people of all ranks, and the learned of all nations, have concurred in the selection of their chief scientific hero. There is a flavor of truth about both of these extreme views. That the popular verdict which has placed Newton on a pedestal apart from all rivals, whether contemporary or of an earlier or a later age, is right, is established by the common consent of all who have proved themselves qualified to pronounce upon so high a controversy, and is confirmed by every additional detail which the industry of our times has brought to light of the pursuits and the methods of the greatest inquiring mind which has ever grappled with the problems of nature. If it did

not appear a somewhat presumptuous limiting of the possible capacities of the human race, it might almost be said with confidence not only that Newton stands by himself, above all who went before him, and all who have followed in the century and a half of brilliant scientific discovery which has elapsed since his death, but that it is (so far as any such speculation can be trusted) impossible that any competitor can ever place himself on the same level with the great interpreter of the motions of the heavens and the earth. No one can say that the genius which guided Newton through his rapid career of discovery may not be equalled or surpassed in some future age of human progress; but the force of Lagrange's observation must ever remain, that there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish. On the other hand, it is not difficult to discover many reasons for the broad expanse and the deep root of Newton's fame, which have but a remote connection with the merit of which that fame is the enduring memorial.

The laws which govern the award of fame would furnish a curious subject of inquiry. The principles on which the critic or the historian acts, in meting out the due meed of praise to each workman on that great temple of science which has occupied all past generations, and must remain unfinished by the labors of all generations to come, are very different from those on which the judgment of universal opinion, with a justice of its own, is based. The dignity of the subject matter has at least as much voice in the decrees of fame as the powers displayed by the rival aspirants for the honor of an immortal reputation. The artist who decorates a chapel or a shrine, may show as much excellence as the architect who designs a cathedral; but the grandeur of his work reflects a lustre on the one which his fellow-workman may in vain aspire to share. So, in the conduct of the affairs of the world, the greatness of the sphere in which a man has lived has far more to do with his enduring reputation than the sagacity or the heroism which he may have displayed. The same powers which, in the ruler of an empire, would insure an immortality of fame, may be exhibited by the governor of a province with no other reward than the cold approbation of his superiors, followed by the oblivion which has settled on many of the greatest names.



This truth is quite as observable in the history of science as in that of politics or art.

Another extensive influence which warps the estimate formed by posterity of distinguished leaders of thought or action, is supplied by national prejudice. Let the career of a man be identified in any way with national aspirations, national pride, or national jealousy, and there is scarcely any limit to the glory which he may acquire within the bounds of his own country. In honoring him, his fellow-countrymen feel that they are in some sort honoring themselves; and the vanity of self-love exercises a sway all the more potent, because it is disguised under the semblance of a disinterested hero-worship.

Even more than either of these mighty forces, the all-pervading power of theological sentiment works with facts, or in spite of facts, in the laboratory where living deeds are transmuted into posthumous fame. No country, and no form of faith, is free from the imputation of having distorted history for the sake of glorifying those who were in any way identified with the national creed; and there is perhaps no influence which has so misplaced the statues in the temple of fame, as the religious sympathy which will ascribe nothing less than perfection to the memory of the great men with whom it delights to link itself by the association of a common faith.

There is, perhaps, some doubt how far a factitious admiration may gradually consolidate into a lasting worship. Something of the operation of this principle may be traced in the singular arrangement of the names of men of secondary eminence in poetry or art; and though the higher reputations, in every department of human life, seem to have been achieved by more natural influences, modern times have exhibited in such perfection the art of manufacturing opinion, that those (and there are many such) who are disposed to question the common verdict on any subject, merely because it is the common verdict, have some plausible grounds to go upon when they class the artificial development of opinion among the influences which must be weighed in analyzing the value of a popular reputation.

It must be conceded that all these varied forces, with the exception of the last, have co-operated in the formation of the estimate

of Newton, which has received the enduring impress of a national if not of a universal judgment; and it is not surprising that occasional attempts should have been made by paradoxical thinkers to explain away the great pre-eminence of Newton, and to elevate some of his contemporaries and predecessors to a position more nearly on a par with that of the discoverer of universal gravitation. To those who feel the sincerest veneration for the name of Newton, all such endeavors ought to afford the highest gratification; for, although it is undoubtedly true that Newton lived in an age of scientific giants, whom no genius short of his own could have dwarfed, it is not the less true that the most anxious scrutiny of all conflicting pretensions leaves the grand monopoly of glory to the philosopher who has ever since worn the crown by almost universal consent.

To those, however, who desire to mingle candor with their admiration, it is not permitted to ignore the subsidiary forces which have helped to lift the name of Newton to an unapproached and unapproachable elevation, and have made it fill a space so entirely without parallel in the records of discovery. It is a favorite and a just reflection of divines, that the perfection of the Creator's work is as manifest in the marvellous revelations of the microscope as in the stupendous mechanism which the telescope discloses to the instructed human eye; and no true philosopher will doubt that there is as much room for penetrating genius in the one direction as the other. In both we seem to approach to the confines of the infinite as the unfathomable idea presents itself to our imperfect apprehensions. If the contemplation of the starry heavens overwhelms us with a sense of the sublime order which rules the universe, and delights us with the discovery of those principles of eternal or almost eternal stability which have governed the motions of our own and distant systems since the creation day, the discoveries which have been brought to light in the minute field of the microscope have taught us the amazing depths to which the principle of life descends, and have laid bare to our vision the machinery by which the solid rocks of our earth have been consolidated from the ruins of earlier systems and the *débris* of an imal existence. The colors of a soap-bubble



involve a theory as recondite as the everlasting circling of the planets, or the erratic mystery of a comet's path ; but the attraction of the most happy speculations into the phenomena which present themselves on the surface of our own planet, has never enthralled the human mind with the same power as those discoveries which seem to make the boundless universe do homage to the penetrating instinct of man. It is not necessary to go beyond the life of Newton himself to find an illustration of this truth. Scarcely less ingenuity, and fully as much originality, went to his optical investigations as were required to solve the one great problem of the heavens. Perhaps even more of the subtle acuteness of the mathematician was displayed in the invention, or, if that word may not be used, in the generalization, of the fluxional method of investigation, than in the propositions of the "Principia," by which the laws of planetary motion were brought into obedience to the single principle of universal gravitation. But let the reader for a moment imagine himself removed from the circle of scientific knowledge, and from the indirect sway which it exercises over the whole area of cultivated society, and strive to think of Newton as he is thought of by thousands who help to give universality to his fame, and the image which will present itself will not be that of the mathematician who invented a new language by which to hold converse with the subtleties of natural science ; nor even of the philosopher who unravelled the twisted skein of light, and anatomized the rainbow, and penetrated with loving assiduity into the secrets of the color which adorns the world ; but he will merely see before him the man who seized the heavens in his intellectual grasp, and promulgated the divine law which planets and moons, comets and stars, obey as faithfully as the apple which falls from the bough. The grandeur of the one subject eclipses the light of the most brilliant discoveries in those branches of science which have less power to strike the imagination with awe ; and it is, beyond all doubt, the unparalleled immensity of the astronomical problem which he solved which has given to the memory of Newton a pre-eminence that all his genius, if confined to a smaller sphere, would have aspired to in vain.

of the discovery, as much as on the acuteness of the discoverer, is, perhaps, more wholesome than the estimate of the keenest critic who ever dissected the operations of an intellect immeasurably removed from his own ; and it is no disparagement to Newton to ascribe his glory to the splendor of the edifice which he unveiled as much as to the penetrating power which pierced through the mists that hid the grand simplicity of the universe from the eyes of all his predecessors. But in acknowledging another element which contributed indirectly to Newton's fame, we descend to a lower ground. If the seventeenth century was an age of unequalled scientific power, it was a time when intellectual greatness was associated with a moral littleness of spirit which Newton almost alone among his contemporaries escaped, even if he ought not to be considered as tainted with the prevailing feeling. Private emulation and national jealousy fought over the field where the choicest workmen whom nature ever produced were building with marvellous skill, the walls of the temple of science. A philosopher in those days worked, like the Jews of old, with the instruments of his craft in one hand, and a weapon of attack in the other. All the machinery of anonymous calumny was brought to bear to discredit the originality of discoveries made by an inquirer of a foreign nation or a different school. The perpetual personal contentions among *savans* gradually swelled into national controversies ; and long before Newton's death, his name had become the symbol of a warfare in which the strongest minds of England were pitted against the keenest of their foreign rivals. As usual in such cases, falsehood and detraction embittered the dispute, and the man who was endowed with a natural serenity, which has seldom been associated with the extraordinary vigor which he manifested, was made the centre of a scientific controversy which excited national feelings almost as keen as those which a material conflict could have brought forth. The envy and jealousy, the heartburnings and recriminations of rival philosophers have sunk into comparative oblivion, now that the world has learned to do justice to all, unswayed by the prejudices of nationality ; but the struggle for pre-eminence gave to the triumph of Newton something of the character of a national victory.

An admiration thus founded on the dignity



The love of national glory associated itself with the purer worship of truth, and gave additional strength to the feeling with which the memory of Newton was cherished by his countrymen.

Yet another influence of incalculable strength was derived from the obvious association of the discoveries of Newton with the teachings of religion, and with the theological speculations of the philosopher himself. While the pages of the "Principia" were fresh from the press, and before the truths which they contained had been recognized by the university which Newton adorned, or acknowledged by the submission of his illustrious rivals in the world of science, Bentley had, with characteristic energy, grappled with the difficulties of an untried study, for the sake of illustrating, by the new theories of his fellow-collegian, the doctrines of natural theology which he had come forward to vindicate against the carpings of a sceptical age. At a much later period—when those who were most distinguished among the foreign followers of Newton had banded together to assault the faith of Christendom, with a zeal as great as their earnestness in the pursuit of scientific truth—no contrast was more often on the lips of English preachers than that which was presented between the piety and the biblical researches of the great English interpreter of nature and the sceptical hardness of the Encyclopædist school. Through the teaching of the pulpit the humblest classes of English society were constantly reminded that their country could boast of a natural philosopher with whom none of the infidel teachers of Paris could compete, and who did not disdain to apply his powers to the reverend study of the mysteries which they affected to despise. Without discussing the wisdom of thus in some sort appealing to the scientific intellect to pronounce on the truths of religion, we may be sure that the theme which was descanted on from a thousand pulpits must have furnished food for ample meditation, and have contributed in large measure to preserve the memory of Newton's achievements in the minds even of those whose training would admit only of the vaguest appreciation of the work which he had so well performed.

One natural and almost inevitable error in the popular view has always indeed been

obvious to those who have given the most cursory attention to the history of the great series of discoveries which culminated in the work of Newton. It is not given to any man, not even to the greatest of all discoverers, to build except on the foundation which earlier generations have reared, and with the materials which the thought of his own age supplies. The popular idea takes a very imperfect note of qualifications and conditions such as these. The impression which prevails with the least instructed and the most numerous class of the admirers of Newton is, that the heavens presented an unfathomable chaos to the minds of all inquirers until the divine instinct of the English philosopher, prompted by the happy accident of a falling apple, seized in a moment the simple law by which the universe is swayed. The semi-mythical apple-tree is to thousands the symbol of the scientific sagacity of the philosopher, while the apocryphal story of "poor Diamond" serves as the illustration of the moral serenity which had perhaps more to do with his career of discovery than would be allowed by those in whom scientific acuteness is combined with a more excitable temperament. The vague notion, which thus ignores the whole history of astronomical science before the epoch of Newton, falls, of course, before the first rays of scientific light; but with all its exaggeration, the rough picture which is thus presented of Newton's career errs more in degree than in kind.

In estimating the glory of a leader of scientific thought, the popular judgment must, of necessity, submit to an appeal to the tribunal of the scientific world; but it is remarkable how fully the common verdict is sustained in substance as well by the authority of philosophers of all nations as by the careful examination of the evidence which has been collected by patient inquirers. If questions of this kind could be determined by the recorded declarations of the most illustrious followers of Newton, not of our country alone but throughout the world, the last suspicion even of exaggeration would almost be removed from the high conception which the general mind of England has formed of Sir Isaac Newton. Laplace and Lagrange, Delambre and Biot, have vied with each other in their eulogies of the English astronomer; Leibnitz, in a moment



of candor, is reported to have said that, taking mathematics from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half. But neither the faith of the many nor the judgment of the few can dispense with the examination of the facts on which the glory of Newton rests. Such works as Sir David Brewster's careful though rather partial biography are of the utmost value in presenting a faithful summary of all that materially illustrates the character of the mind of our great philosopher; and few even of those who may have cherished a more extravagant though a less definite idea, will gain a more precise knowledge of the career of Newton without increasing their admiration of his fertile genius.

There is comparatively little, in the authentic domestic history of Newton's life, to gratify the love of the marvellous which so often distorts the private incidents of a great man's life. Almost the only thing worthy of note in the boyhood of Newton, while at the Grantham School, is the taste for mechanical construction which has so often been the first manifestation of mathematical genius. The sober, silent, thinking lad, always knocking and hammering in his lodging room, working out in some sort the theory of the best form of kites, manufacturing lanterns to light him to school, building model windmills and water-wheels, and tracing on the wall the sundials which were the wonder of Grantham and Woolthorpe, was the natural precursor of the discoverer whose eccentric fancies happily incapacitated him for the life of a farmer to which his friends had destined him. There is little enough to gratify curiosity in the slight traditions of his undergraduate life at Cambridge, but just sufficient to show that in his studies at that period he found the germ of the discoveries which rapidly followed. He mastered Kepler's Optics, and plunged into Descartes' Geometry. In the casual mention of these occupations, and in the record of the borrowing of Wallis' works, and of the purchase of some unknown book on judicial astrology, may be summed up almost the only significant facts which have been preserved of this stage of Newton's training. But the seed that was sown had fallen into good ground. At the age of twenty-two he had followed out the suggestions derived

from Wallis, by the invention of his method of infinite series, and this was shortly afterwards applied to the computation of the area of the hyperbola, and followed a year later by papers containing in its first form his discovery of fluxions with their application to the drawing of tangents and the finding the radius of curvature of any given curve. It was well that the records of these his earliest discoveries were preserved, for they did good service, after a lapse of more than thirty years, in refuting the pretensions of Leibnitz to the first discovery of the grand weapon of modern investigation. To the same early period must be ascribed the first idea of universal gravitation. Whether a falling apple did or did not suggest the thought, the hypothesis, that the force of gravity was identical with the attraction which retained the moon in her orbit, presented itself to Newton's mind, was tested by comparison with the imperfect data then existing, and was for the time rejected in consequence of the discrepancy between the results of theory and the erroneous estimate which had then been formed of the earth's diameter. Astronomy was not yet ripe for the establishment of the theory, and it was only when more accurate observations had supplied the requisite data that Newton resumed his calculations and demonstrated the law of gravitation. Meanwhile he devoted himself to the construction of telescopes, and toiled at his glassworks with the same perseverance which had produced the dials and the windmills of his school days. When his leading optical discovery, the composite character of white light, first dawned upon him is not very clear, but the germ of this as of his other discoveries must have sprung up within a short time after the close of his undergraduate career. We know that he abandoned refracting for reflecting telescopes, in consequence of the discovery that light was composed of differently refrangible rays; from which he drew the natural though erroneous inference, that no arrangement of glasses could be made to give convergence to a pencil of light without bringing the different sorts of rays to different foci. The prosecution of his plans for the improvement of reflecting telescopes is said to have been delayed by the interruption occasioned by the plague, which fixes the date of the first dawn of his optical discoveries within the



same two years of 1665 and 1666 which had laid the foundations for the method of fluxions and had seen the birth of the idea of universal gravitation. With the exception of his investigations into ancient chronology and the interpretation of prophecy, which belong for the most part to a later period, the subsequent labors of Newton were mainly devoted to the successful development of the three grand discoveries which had begun to take form and substance in his earliest manhood. But the step from the first more or less vague conception of a new truth to its conclusive demonstration, is a matter of far more importance and difficulty than the happy, and sometimes to all appearance intuitive, guesses which have invariably precluded every great discovery. Newton formed a right estimate of his own claims, when he ascribed his success to the patient and laborious pertinacity with which he kept fast hold of an idea, until, by long thinking and varied experiment, he had proved either its truth or its falsehood. There were some among his contemporaries who threw out suggestions almost as pregnant as the first ideas which formed the germ of Newton's discoveries; and the main distinction which placed the discoverer of universal gravitation so far above all rivals will be found in the persistency and acuteness with which he followed out to the end every clue which the earlier investigations of others or his own marvellous intuition offered to guide him through the labyrinth of discovery. All invention seems to consist of alternate guessing and testing, and the rare faculty is not that which makes happy guesses, but that which tries them rigorously to see whether they be true or no.

To judge fairly the work which Newton did, it is essential to bear in mind the critical position to which science—and astronomical science especially—had attained when he entered upon the field. Half a century earlier a Newton would have been impossible; and so pregnant was the age with the coming discoveries, that a confident expectation of some large generalization was almost universally felt, and would in all probability have been satisfied even if Newton had never lived, though more than one philosopher might have devoted his life to the task, and more than one generation might have passed before the results which he achieved could have been reached.

Before the motions of the heavenly bodies could be accounted for on mechanical principles, two preliminary investigations had to be completed. It was essential that the true paths and velocities and distances of the moon and planets should be at least approximately ascertained, and that the fundamental principles of motion should be discovered and demonstrated. These were the data of the great problem of physical astronomy, and they had only been added to the common stock of science a few years before Newton's time. The solution of these preliminary problems had engaged the thought of the world from the times of Hipparchus and Ptolemy and Aristotle to those of Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler; and any temptation to undervalue the importance of these investigations, compared with the more brilliant discoveries which so quickly followed, will be repressed by the thought that it had tasked the efforts of so many centuries to prepare the foundations on which the edifice of modern science has been built. The formal astronomy which alone existed before the discovery of universal gravitation was not, perhaps, so entirely dissociated from mechanical ideas as to make its progress side by side with the doctrines of dynamics a matter of surprise; still it must be reckoned among the fortunate elements of Newton's career, that both the astronomy and the mechanics which he was destined to unite had almost simultaneously been completed at the very epoch when he entered upon his course of investigation.

We are so familiar with the general conception of the solar system—planets revolving in elliptic orbits round the sun, and satellites in their turn circling round their own planets—that it is difficult justly to appreciate the efforts which the world had spent upon the problem before the motions of the heavenly bodies were sufficiently ascertained to serve as the basis for any physical theory. Yet, even the first step in this inquiry, the explanation of the diurnal rotation of the visible heavens by the hypothesis of a contrary rotation in the earth, was by no means so obvious or so easily verified as we, standing upon the shoulders of the past, are apt to assume. Mr. Grote's recent essay,\* on

\* "Plato's Doctrine respecting the Rotation of the Earth, and Aristotle's Comment upon that Doctrine." By George Grote, Esq. London, 1860.



the moot question, whether Plato asserted the rotation of the earth, furnishes a singular illustration of the obscurity with which geometrical ideas (especially those connected with rotation) may be clouded, until they have become familiarized by the teaching of an established science. According to the interpretation common to both parties to the controversy, Plato distinctly taught the rotation of the heavenly sphere about a cosmical axis piercing through the earth, and carrying round with it suns and planets, moons and stars, in its daily revolution. But he also described the earth as the creator of day and night, and was understood by Aristotle to ascribe to her this character by reason of her diurnal rotation about her axis. We are not concerned at present with the dispute as to Plato's views; but the remarkable result of the discussion is, that whether Mr. Grote's opinion or that of his antagonist is correct, it is impossible not to impute to the Greek philosophers a confusion of ideas which it is difficult for us at this day to realize. Mr. Grote does not hesitate to ascribe to Plato the opinions that the apparent rotation of the stars was due to the revolution of the cosmical axis, and that the identical phenomenon of the alternation of day and night was caused by the rotation of the earth, although the two assumed rotations would necessarily neutralize one another. A counter theory, started by a critic in the *Saturday Review*, which would reconcile these inconsistencies, by supposing Plato's rotation of the sphere, and that which he assigned to the earth, to be in opposite directions, is tantamount to assuming that Plato, having a clear conception of two different ways of explaining the motions of the heavens, nevertheless rejected both in favor of a gratuitous combination of the two, which added to the complexity of the hypothesis, without aiding the explanation in the smallest degree. What may fairly be inferred from the existence of such a controversy is the serious difficulty which was presented in realizing the conception of the heavenly motions when the problem first presented itself. To those who would dismiss the idea of any difficulty having existed in mere geometrical conceptions, which have become simple enough to us by the illustrations afforded by successive generations, we would suggest as a parallel example the at-

tempts which were made a few years since to render Foucault's experiment popularly intelligible. The true conception of the relative motions of the pendulum and the earth was not only clouded, but, in the majority of the illustrations offered, actually falsified, in order to present it in an apparently easier form. The difficulty, of course, did not exist for those who were familiar with the composition of rotary motions; but it may help us to comprehend the apparent dulness of ancient philosophers in apprehending an easier problem of the same kind, and to appreciate more justly the series of investigations by which formal astronomy was gradually cleared of the early misconceptions, which seem now so monstrous, and brought to perfection on the eve of the Newtonian age. The striking circumstance is, that although the heliocentric theory had been vaguely suggested by some of the Greek philosophers, no other effect was produced than to stimulate the opponents of the doctrine to invent fanciful arguments to demolish a hypothesis, which, by some ill fate both in the ancient and in the modern world, was steadily refused a hearing as an unorthodox doctrine. Not till the century which preceded the age of Newton was this geometrical puzzle unravelled by Copernicus, and there still remained the more elaborate task of supplanting the cycles and epicycles of the old astronomers by the true theory of elliptical motion, before the dawn of physical astronomy could be looked for. Nor was it mere closet-study that would suffice. The telescope had to be invented and diligently used to accumulate the observations by which alone the paths of the planets could be traced. Without Galileo's tube there could have been no Tycho; and but for the industrious observations of Tycho and others, Kepler would have wanted the materials for verifying the hypotheses which his prolific imagination suggested. When, after trying and rejecting innumerable theories, Kepler at length promulgated his three famous laws,—that the planets move in ellipses, of which the sun occupies one focus; that the areas described by the radius vector are proportional to the times of describing them; and that the squares of the periods of different planets are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun,—he may well be excused the exultation



with which he announced the completion of his discoveries, professing himself ready to wait a century for a reader, as God had waited six thousand years for an interpreter of his works. From that moment a physical explanation of the universe became for the first time possible. This was in 1619, and in 1642 Newton was born in the Woolsthorpe manor-house.

The same happy destiny which brought Newton into the world at the epoch when the geometrical laws of planetary motion had been detected, provided to his hand the mechanical principles which were wanted to solve the mystery of the harmonies which Kepler had discovered. This result also, like the deciphering of the visible heavens, was the fruit of the labors of many ages, though pre-eminently of that which preceded the Newtonian era. The old dreams of motions according to nature, and motions contrary to nature—based on a grand though vague conviction of the simplicity of nature—played their part in suggesting, though very remotely, the line of thought which led Da Vinci, Galileo, and others, to the first sound conceptions of motion, velocity, and force, just as equally mystical notions gave Kepler the clue to the true system of formal astronomy. If the three laws of the planetary system supplied an exact and sufficient statement of the mystery to be explained, the three laws of motion furnished the instruments by which alone it could be penetrated. The maxims which seem now so axiomatic—that motion will continue uniformly until disturbed or stopped by external force—that forces acting simultaneously produce each its own effect—and that action and reaction are dynamically equal—had but just assumed a definite shape when Newton applied them to the great mechanical problem of the universe. Astronomical discovery and dynamical science converged upon the age into which Newton was born; and it was to this happy coincidence that the possibility of his astronomical discoveries was exclusively due.

While we are thus compelled to attribute the discoveries of Newton not less to the stores of science which his age inherited than to his own natural sagacity, it must also be allowed that he was not solitary in recognizing the opportunity that presented itself. The whole world of science was excited with glo-

rious anticipations. The minds of philosophers in all countries were steadily set in one direction. It seems to have been felt that the time had come when the greatest prize which could be proposed was held out for the competition of the world. The competitors were worthy of the contest; for in no age had keener intellects been devoted to science than in that to which Newton has given his name. The consciousness that they were striving for a stake such as science had never before offered, is at once the most charitable and the truest explanation of the jealous eagerness with which rival philosophers scrutinized each other's pretensions and magnified their own achievements. Strangely enough, the first formal attempt at a theory of the universe was more astray from the truth than could have been expected at a time when the laws of motion were getting firmly settled in men's minds as they were when Descartes wrote. Yet the fascination of the subject gave to the theory of vortices a hold upon the opinions of men of science, which even the publication of the "Principia" did not for a time displace. Nothing, indeed, could be more natural than to explain the rotation of a number of bodies (all, be it observed, in one direction) by the notion of a gigantic whirlpool carrying them round with velocities gradually diminishing as the outer margin of the vortex was approached. The idea was one almost of the same order as the cosmical axis which had been invented by the Greeks to account for the simpler phenomenon of the diurnal rotation. Kepler himself had mingled some such conception with the sounder view of a magnetic force, by which he believed the motions of the planets to be caused. But the necessity for such an idea had, in fact, ceased when the everlasting continuity of motion had once been suggested. It was an anachronism after the first law of motion had been propounded; and not to mention the anticipations of Kepler, the doctrine that no tangential stimulus was needed to keep the planets from flagging in their course, was rapidly making its way as a natural corollary of the first law of motion. Sounder views than the Cartesian philosophy supplied were prevalent before the publication, if not before the conception, of Newton's "Principia." If the analogy of a whirlpool naturally suggested the theory of vortices, another equally famil-



iar fact as readily led to the theory of a central force. A stone whirled round by a string was the true type of planetary motion; and this had occurred to Borelli about the same time that the more definite idea of the identity between terrestrial gravity and the force which deflects the moon in her orbit had presented itself to the mind of Newton. Another familiar fact, the action of a magnet upon distant bodies, removed the difficulty of imagining a force acting without any material connection. Everything was ripe for the announcement that an attractive power in the central body was all that was needed to account for the revolutions of planets and satellites. It is certain that the conception of a central attraction in place of a tangential vortex must have been distinctly formed by Newton before the thought of comparing the attraction at the earth's surface with the force which acts upon the moon could possibly have struck him; nor could the comparison have been worked out without assuming, at least hypothetically, the law of the inverse squares of the distances. But the same hypotheses were considered independently by others. Hooke suggested, in the year 1666, the possibility of explaining all the phenomena of the planets mechanically, on the principle of an attractive property of the central body continually endeavoring to draw the revolving body to itself. His experiments with the circular pendulum gave a palpable illustration of the doctrine of a central force; and the happy idea of measuring the force of gravity "by the motion of a swing-clock," appears to have grown out of speculations, whether gravity were not due to the combined action of all the particles of the earth. Some years later, but still before the publication of the "Principia," we find Hooke asserting, with the utmost confidence, that the mutual gravitation of celestial bodies with forces diminishing with the distance, according to some unknown law, was the principle by which all the motions of the world would be found to be influenced, and the true understanding of which would be the perfection of astronomy; and shortly afterwards he adds to this statement of the law of gravitation the assumption, that the earth's attraction varies as the inverse square of the distance from the centre. Sir Christopher Wren and Halley were also acknowledged by Newton himself as having inde-

pendently affirmed the same law, and Huyghens had made great strides in the same direction. In the face of facts such as these, the apple-tree story, even if true, loses most of its significance. There can be no doubt that if Newton's reputation rested mainly on the ingenuity of his early guess at the law of gravitation, others would be entitled to a much larger share in the glory of the discovery than has commonly been allotted them. The truth appears to be, that the general conception was one which belonged in great measure to the age, flowing as it did from the better comprehension of mechanical laws, which had resulted from the labors of Newton's immediate predecessors. With more or less clearness the true guess was made by several almost at once; and the sole distinction of Newton, except some slight priority over others, was, that he mastered the problem of which they also had anticipated the solution. It is now happily a settled axiom, that he alone discovers who proves; and the principle serves not only to adjust the troublesome claims of rival discoverers, but to establish a far sounder philosophy of invention than that which places a random, or even an intelligent, surmise on a par with a successful demonstration. To our mind, the superiority of Newton is better evidenced by the resolution with which he laid aside and almost rejected the true hypothesis when it was found incompatible with existing observations than in the acuteness with which he in common with others grasped the tempting idea of universal gravitation. An unsuspected error in the determination of the earth's diameter made the comparison between terrestrial gravity and the centripetal force exerted by the earth upon the moon palpably though slightly at variance with the theory of gravitation. The experimental and theoretical deflections of the moon differed only in the ratio of 13 to 16; but this was enough to satisfy Newton that his principle did not admit of proof, and to induce him to lay aside his speculations until the more accurate measurement of a degree effected by Picard, after an interval of many years, supplied the data which made the moon a true witness for the law of gravitation.

It is strange that the English worshippers of Newton should so long have struggled to sustain the sort of mythical conception of their hero which pictured him as the only



human being to whom the faintest glimpse of the sublime order of the heavens was vouchsafed. That this should be the popular idea is natural enough; but to men of science it ought to have been apparent, and after a time did become apparent, not only that stubborn facts were opposed to such a view but that in thus striving to make the philosopher a sort of demigod, they were really detracting from his glory as a man. To have been the only one who had strength to grasp the truth after which so many rivals were eagerly snatching, is a greater distinction than to have triumphed alone for lack of competitors. Had none but Newton stretched forward to the goal, it would have been impossible to say that others might not have run as swiftly; and to ascribe his success to the happy accident which led him to take the first step in the path of discovery is almost tantamount to such a representation. The instant that this inadequate estimate is discarded, as it has been throughout the world of science, we see the philosopher in the true light, and measure his powers by the only true test—the strength which he displayed in demonstration rather than in conjecture. And certainly it may be said that a more splendid monument of human intellect cannot be imagined than the great work on which Newton's fame must mainly rest.

To the student of the "Principia" who approaches with a clear idea of the imperfection of the methods which had been used before Newton's time, every page will present a fresh subject, not only for admiration but for wonder. It is a wholly inadequate representation to say that the "Principia" applies demonstrations of surpassing subtlety and beauty to the complete solution of a problem which was not only the grandest that could be proposed, but one which had defied all previous efforts to make the smallest impression upon it. We must add to this, that the hero who was to penetrate to this chamber of truth had to forge for himself the weapons by which access was to be gained. The old geometry was incapable of grappling with the complications which presented themselves, and a new method, which had been but dimly foreshadowed in the previous generation, was first to be perfected before the threshold of the physical inquiry could be crossed. All the accumulations of astro-

nomical and dynamical truth which had been stored up by the laborers of the past would have been unavailing without the powerful engine which came to be variously designated as the method of limits or of fluxions, the infinitesimal or differential calculus. In both stages of the enterprise Newton was equally triumphant. He found the method which was destined to prove the key of the heavens, and used it with a sagacity which unfolded once for all the system of the universe. It is no disparagement to admit that in his purely mathematical invention, no less than in its physical application, Newton owed something to those who had preceded him, and was not without a rival among his own contemporaries. The controversy which was maintained with so much bitterness and so little scruple between the partisans of Newton and Leibnitz is the strongest testimony to the value of the analytical invention which paved the way for Newton's astronomical discoveries. It is only within comparatively few years that the materials for a conclusive judgment on the fluxional controversy have been produced, but there remains now but little doubt as to the merits of the dispute. That both Newton and his rival were preceded in their inventions by isolated examples of the same method in the works of Napier and Kepler, Roberval and Cavalieri, and still more distinctly in the speculations of Fermat and Wallis, has never been seriously disputed; but it was by generalizing into a calculus the disconnected essays which preluded the discovery that Newton and Leibnitz justly claimed to have created a new weapon of scientific analysis. It is equally beyond question that Newton's method of fluxions was sufficiently systemized to become applicable to problems of the most varied description before Leibnitz had felt his way to the differential calculus. This priority was a conclusive answer to the insinuations of plagiarism which were disingenuously made against the English philosopher by the friends of Leibnitz, and indeed by Leibnitz himself; and the publication of additional papers in modern times has disposed almost as decisively of the counter charge which Newton retorted upon Leibnitz in the letters written by Keill under his superintendence, and which the famous committee of the Royal Society countenanced by something more than an insinuation in their judgment on the contro-



versy. Newton and Leibnitz were as clearly independent discoverers as Adams and Leverrier; and though their modes of attacking the subject were essentially distinct, the real identity of fluxions and differentials is undeniable, and was indeed strenuously asserted by both of the claimants to the honor of the first discovery.

The convertibility of the ideas of time and space, through the intervention of motion, is obvious enough as an artifice of analysis; and precisely the same device is used in the practical working of astronomical observers, who measure the distances of stars by their times of transit, and determine the time itself in its ultimate exactness by estimating the distance of the star from the centre of the field of their instruments. This transition from time to space was all that was wanting to connect the fluxions of Newton with the increments of Leibnitz. Whether a curve be regarded according to the one view as stretching over space by continuous extension, or as traced by the continuing motion of a point (which was the idea on which Newton preferred to work), the calculus of the infinitesimal increments of the one theory was in substance the same as that which substituted the velocity for the differential at any given point. Which of these modes of approaching the investigation deserved the preference, is a different question. The fluxional conception of velocity is undoubtedly easier of apprehension, and even now affords, perhaps, the safest road through which a student can be led into the arcana of the differential calculus; but experience has amply demonstrated that the form into which Leibnitz threw his speculations, was the best adapted to promote the development which the calculus received from the mathematicians of a succeeding age. But for the intense jealousy which banished all candor from the combatants, the controversy might have been nipped in the bud by the mutual acknowledgment that Newton and Leibnitz were independent inventors, and that Newton was first in the field. The question was essentially one for judicial decision, but the verdicts were given in different countries by eager and not very scrupulous partisans; and plain as the case really was, it is not surprising that a Bernoulli should arrive at one conclusion, and a committee of the Royal Society at a diametrically opposite one. In Sir David Brew-

ster's treatment of this unpleasant episode in the life of Newton, we have little to complain of except a somewhat unequal prominence given to the unfairness which was displayed, almost as much on the English as on the foreign side of the question, and an unwillingness to admit the independence of Leibnitz's invention, which the facts did not allow him openly to deny. Morally considered, almost the only tangible difference between the two parties was—and it is not a small one—that the first provocation was given by a suggestion of plagiarism, thrown out in the least excusable manner in an anonymous review, probably contributed by Leibnitz himself; but the whole dispute is one which may well be allowed to fall into oblivion, in consideration of the almost unanimous opinion which has been arrived at from the researches and the arguments which have exhausted the controversy. One singular fact deserves to be mentioned, in illustration of the very different way in which such questions are now handled. The discovery of Neptune afforded an occasion for national contention, from which, in the time of Newton, a dispute as bitter as the fluxional controversy would have been certain to spring; but the two eminent men whose names are associated with the greatest feat of modern astronomy, have been linked together in the scientific literature both of England and France, instead of becoming the symbols of a national controversy. To such an extent, indeed, was the cosmopolitan principle carried on the English side, that it was from this country that an idea was thrown out (though speedily demolished) which would have excluded our country from all claim either to the discovery of Neptune, or to the invention of fluxions. It was proposed to award the chief, if not the entire, credit of a new invention not to the first discoverer, but to him who first printed and published his ideas. A sort of scientific statute of frauds was to be acknowledged, by which the award of fame, like the technical validity of a contract, was to depend upon the adoption of a particular method of putting a discovery on record. The law acts, and often of necessity acts, most unjustly on this principle, in granting the privileges of a patent to the inventor who first registers his claim, in priority to one who is in truth earlier in point of time; but common sense protests against the pe-



dantic importing of such rules into the judgments by which the honors of science are awarded. If the excessive candor which led to this suggestion had prevailed in Newton's time, the committee of the Royal Society would have had to report that Leibnitz had been the first to announce his invention in print, and that all the claims of the first discoverer were thereby annihilated. Happily, the doctrine which did not even suggest itself in the one case was speedily exploded in the other; and whatever may be the difficulty of finding evidence to prove the fact of priority, he who first communicates in any way the result of his inquiries, is rightly held to be entitled to the honors which belong to a first discoverer. Without injustice to the memory of his great rival, we may regard Newton as the inventor of the method used in the "*Principia*," as fully as he was of the demonstration which he worked by means of it of the law of universal gravitation. It would be out of place to dwell here upon the surpassing ingenuity which the details of the process displayed; but it is worth remarking that the fluxional system which Newton used in his own work, was presented to the public in the shape of a doctrine of limits, which occupied an intermediate position between his own private methods and those which Leibnitz had devised. Nothing could more clearly show how completely the identity of the two conceptions was realized, and how thoroughly a matter of choice it was with the author of the "*Principia*" to base his propositions on the one or the other form of the calculus. Perhaps the most startling thing about the new philosophy of the universe, was the large development which it had attained on its first birth into the world. If Newton had published by itself the single proposition by which he proved that Kepler's law of the equality of areas described in equal times was a necessary consequence of motion under the influence of a central force, he would still have been recognized as the mathematician who took the first significant step in physical astronomy; but the "*Principia*," as it originally appeared, not only proved this fundamental theorem, but dealt with equal success with the special phenomena of circular, elliptic, and parabolic orbits, and showed that the form of the orbits and the law of the periodic times, which Kepler had established by observation, were both of them consequences

of the duplicate ratio of the diminution of the attractive force. If the demonstration had stopped there, the attraction of the sun, according to the inverse square of the distance, would have been conclusively established as the source of the regular motions of the planetary bodies; but the problem of three bodies had yet to be solved before the existence of mutual attractions among all the heavenly bodies could be asserted as an established truth. Newton gave nothing to the world until he was in a position to make his gift complete, and the same publication which assigned the physical cause of Kepler's laws, contained the solution of the far more complicated problem which was presented by the irregularities that were known to exist in the motion of the moon. The elegance and ingenuity of the treatment by which the principal lunar equations were traced to the influence of the sun's disturbing force, have been the wonder, not only of his own but of all succeeding times. No student ever fails in some sort to appreciate them, and the greatest of Newton's followers have been the warmest in the expression of their unbounded admiration. Even those who are not familiar with the methods employed, may form some idea of the difficulty of the work from the comprehensive character of the results arrived at. To this must be added the investigation of the law of the tides and the suggestion of the earth's ellipticity, which traced the operation of the same universal law in phenomena of a different class. It is by apprehending the power and completeness of the demonstration thus applied to the hypothesis of universal gravitation that the pre-eminence of Newton is appreciated, rather than by the most exaggerated notion of the ingenuity and originality of the hypothesis itself. Those who estimate Newton the most highly, are those who think least of the popular story of the falling apple.

Very much the same reflections which are suggested by the course of astronomical discovery arise from the consideration of Newton's contributions to optical science. Here also he was anticipated, to a greater extent than he appears to have been aware of himself, by the observations of earlier experimenters, while in some of his theories as to the mechanical cause of the phenomena of light he was scarcely as happy as his constant rival Hooke. His first remarkable optical



discovery was, however, exclusively his own, in a sense which cannot be affirmed of the hypothesis of universal gravitation. The prevailing notion as to the nature of color had been, that it was in some way connected with different degrees of intensity or condensation of the luminous beam. Vossius indeed preceded Newton in the distinct assertion that white light was a compound of many colors, which became visible by the action of a prism and again disappeared when all the scattered rays were made to converge upon a single focus. This conjecture is identical with Newton's independent theory, that color is innate in light itself; but Vossius failed to follow out the idea to its legitimate result, and left it for Newton to originate and prove the theory that ordinary white light was not only compounded of a variety of colors, but that each color had its own distinct index of refraction, and was in consequence severed from its union with the rest by refraction through a prism or a lens. It was strange that "the extravagant disproportion between the length and breadth of the prismatic spectrum" which led to this discovery should never before have been observed; and so great is the disproportion that one is almost forced to believe that no one before Newton had ever tried the effect of a prism upon a minute pencil of light, such as he had obtained by the simple device of admitting the sun's rays through a hole in a window-shutter. The clue which he gained by the first glance at his spectrum was quickly followed out by a series of experiments which exhausted every possible explanation from any accidental peculiarity in the prism used, or any other cause, with the exception of the true theory, that the colored rays of which white light is compounded have different constant degrees of refrangibility. The series of experiments by which the spectrum was examined and cross-examined, so as to force it to tell the same tale in a variety of different ways, is a model of experimental investigation. With a reserve which he invariably displayed, and which has been variously accounted for by partial and hostile critics, Newton postponed the publication of this discovery until the thanks of the Royal Society for the communication of his reflecting telescope drew from him an account of the philosophical discovery which had induced him to substitute a

reflecting speculum for the refracting object glass used in most of the other telescopes. In 1672, accordingly, he sent to the Society a paper on the different refrangibilities of the rays of light, which he quaintly characterized as "the oddest if not the most considerable detection which hath hitherto been made in the operations of nature." It is remarkable that this, the most distinctly original of all Newton's discoveries, was the one which led him into the most serious scientific blunder which he ever committed. One can almost trace, in the fascination which this odd detection exercised over him, the reason why, in some of his deeper investigations into the quality and origin of light and color, he was less pre-eminent than in other inquiries where he had not been dazzled by the light of an entirely unexpected discovery. Having found in his new principle an explanation of the defects of refracting telescopes quite different from any that had before been suggested, the idea seems to have taken so strong a hold on his mind that he failed to examine, with his usual candor and acuteness, whether the defect really was, as he supposed, incapable of remedy. In the prisms which he employed, though not always identical in composition, he found the dispersive power of prisms having an equal refracting power, to be a constant angle. Five times the angular diameter of the sun was the length of the spectrum which he obtained in all his experiments, and nothing would induce him to admit the possibility that the dispersion could differ from this quantity with any prism which gave the same mean deviation to an incident pencil. Several experimenters declared that they had been unable to confirm Newton's experiments, and gave measures of the spectrum which were greatly at variance with his. Unfortunately these contradictions of the original experiment were mixed up, in many instances, with such clear evidence of imperfect observation that Newton was led to reject them altogether, instead of attempting by further inquiry to eliminate the element of truth which they contained. It never seems to have struck him that the discrepancies recorded might have arisen from the use of prisms made of different materials, and that the numerical proportion which was true in one case might be false in another. Nettled by the incredulity with which his experi-



mentum crucis was received, he preferred to reject altogether the observations of others, and thus missed the discovery of the law of the irrationality of dispersion, which at a later period led to the invention of Dollond's achromatic telescope, notwithstanding Newton's dictum that the improvement of telescopes by refraction was desperate.

The prolonged controversy between the supporters of the undulatory and emission theories of light had commenced in the time of Newton, and both sides have claimed the great philosopher as an advocate of their respective views. Hooke was in those days the leading champion of the doctrine of undulations; and though Newton himself framed a hypothesis on a similar basis, he carefully avoided pledging himself to a belief in its truth, and seemed more inclined to account for the phenomena of light by the emission of luminous particles. The great difficulty which staggered Newton in Hooke's undulatory hypothesis, was one that was not removed until a very much later period. If light was caused by a vibrating medium, as Hooke maintained, "something after the manner that vibrations in the air cause a sensation of sound by beating against the organs of hearing," how came it that sound, after passing through an aperture, spread itself in all directions, while light was known to be propagated in straight lines? "If light consisted in pressure, or motion propagated either in an instant or in time," urged Newton, "it would bend into the shadow. For pressure or motion cannot be propagated in a fluid in right lines beyond an obstacle which stops part of the motion, but will bend and spread every way into the quiescent medium which lies beyond the obstacle." This was always an insurmountable stumbling-block to the theory, until the final establishment by Young of the principle of interference led to a satisfactory explanation founded on the extreme minuteness of the waves of light. But while Newton rejected the doctrine of undulations as opposed to experiment and demonstration, he was almost as cautious in his qualified acceptance of the emission theory. What he did most clearly appreciate was; that either hypothesis, whether physically true or false, might be used as a vehicle for generalizing known facts, and so as a step to the settlement of the true theory. It is in this qualified sense

that Newton at one time seems to incline to the one theory, and at another to accept the contrary one, though as a matter of physical fact he never absolutely asserted anything as to the constitution of light beyond the experimental fact that it was something which proceeded in straight lines. In the explanation of the colors of thin plates, such as are seen in soap-bubbles, Hooke and Newton were equally successful in propounding theories which accorded with observation; but while Hooke's view was based on the principle of interference, which had been first intimated by Grimaldi and has since revolutionized the theory of light, Newton had recourse to a far less elegant hypothesis, which served the same purpose of embodying the phenomena. But his original discovery of the different refrangibility of different kinds of light enabled him to demonstrate, with a precision which had not been approached, the true principle of the colors of thin plates, so far as it was independent of any special theory as to the cause of light. The cardinal fact which he established, not merely generally but with arithmetical exactness, was that the bands or rings formed by thin plates of air or water, or any other transparent medium, depended for their magnitude upon the refrangibility of the light. Each color of the prismatic spectrum was made to fall by turns on the film under examination, and a new confirmation of his first discovery was afforded by the varying diameters of the successive rings. "It was very pleasant," he says, in describing this experiment, "to see the circles swell or contract according as the color of the light was changed." The peculiar succession of colors observed, when common light was experimented on, was accounted for at once by the super-position of the unequal bands of the different rays; and in the accurate observation of this class of phenomena, Newton supplied the materials for one of the most striking evidences of the undulatory hypothesis to which, on independent grounds, he had been unable to give his assent. Thus, even in a branch of the subject where he had been clearly anticipated by others, Newton's clearness of perception and aptitude in experiment enabled him to contribute nearly as much to the elucidation of the nature of light as if he had himself invented or adopted the hypothesis which is now almost universally



accepted, and which, whether true or false, is at any rate the most comprehensive expression of the multitude of diverse facts which make up the data for a theory of light. Newton's hypothesis was more at fault when he came to discuss the phenomena, then termed the inflection and deflection of light, and now better known under the general designation of the phenomena of diffraction. He himself regarded his experiments as incomplete, and it is possible that, if he had prosecuted them further, he might have anticipated the explanation which was afterwards afforded by the theory of interference. He was not even familiar with the full extent of the observations which had been made by Grimaldi; and when he published his *Optics*, in 1704, he expressly described this part of the work as an unfinished essay, and concluded it with a series of suggestive queries for future consideration in place of the propositions which he affirmed and proved in those parts of the subject which he had fully matured. Ingenious but immature speculations on the cause of the local color of terrestrial objects, and on some other isolated optical questions, complete the contributions of Newton to this department of natural philosophy; and although the same power which built up the theory of the heavens may be traced in many of these optical investigations, it will generally be conceded, that the subject in which Newton displayed the most striking originality of discovery is precisely that in which, apart from his leading discovery, he was least in advance of his contemporaries.

Besides the three great subjects of Newton's labors—the fluxional calculus, physical astronomy, and optics—a very large portion of his time, while resident in his college, was devoted to researches of which scarcely a trace remains. Alchemy, which had fascinated so many eager and ambitious minds, and had indirectly contributed to the creation of chemical science, seems to have tempted Newton with an overwhelming force. What theories he formed, what experiments he tried in that laboratory where it is said the fire was scarcely extinguished for weeks together, will never be known. It is certain that no success attended his labors; and Newton was not a man—like Kepler—to detail to the world all the hopes and disappointments, all the crude and mystical fan-

cies which mixed themselves up with his career of philosophy. An occasional reference to the transmutation of metals is found in his correspondence; but even his assistant and amanuensis was without the slightest knowledge of the nature and purpose of his experiments. "He would sit up till two or three in the morning, sometimes till five or six," writes Humphrey Newton, evidently a little shocked at his master's proceedings, "especially at spring and fall of the leaf; at which times he used to employ about six weeks in his laboratory, the fire scarcely going out either night or day; he sitting up one night and I another, till he had finished his chemical experiments, in the performances of which he was the most accurate, strict, and exact. What his aim might be, I was not able to penetrate into; but his pains, his diligence, at these set times, made me think he aimed at something beyond the reach of human art and industry." If there were any doubt of the real nature of Newton's work in his laboratory, the remarkable letter which he wrote to a young friend about to travel on the Continent would remove it. With unwonted earnestness he urges him to note any transmutations out of one species into another; as, for example, out of iron into copper, out of one salt into another, and the like, such transmutations being "the most luciferous, and many times luciferous experiments in philosophy." He comes still closer to the subject in a recommendation to inquire about a certain alchemist—a refugee in Holland, who usually went clothed in green—who had been imprisoned by the Pope to extort secrets of great value, and is anxious to ascertain "whether his ingenuity be any profit to the Dutch." Many years later we find Newton in correspondence with Locke, with reference to a mysterious red earth by which Boyle, who was then recently dead, had asserted that he could effect the grand desideratum of multiplying gold. By this time, however, Newton's faith had become somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory communications which he had himself received from Boyle on the subject of the golden recipe; though he did not abandon the idea of giving the experiment a further trial as soon as the weather should become suitable for furnace experiments. It is possible that Vigani, the first Cambridge professor of chemistry, with whom Newton was very



intimate, may have shared some of his golden dreams; but beyond the scattered intimations which prove Newton's eager pursuit of the science of alchemy, scarcely any trace of his laboratory experiments is now to be found. Some boastful moderns may be inclined to indulge in a smile at Newton's expense, and regard his belief in the possibility of the philosopher's stone as an illustration of the occasional weakness and credulity of great minds. Certainly, in the present state of chemical science, no one would recommend the pursuit of alchemy as a promising enterprise; but although strong negative evidence exists to discountenance the idea of the essential identity of different metals, the hypothesis is not, and perhaps never will be, absolutely disproved. Quite independently of any auriferous results, Newton was right in regarding transmutations (as all chemical decompositions were then termed) as many times the most luciferous experiments in chemistry, if not in all philosophy; and modern discoveries of the allotropic forms of various substances have established the leading idea of the alchemists, that substances absolutely identical in chemical composition may present themselves under aspects quite as different as those of copper and gold. Perhaps the most that can be said against the students of alchemy, is that they were led by a thirst for wealth to prosecute inquiries to which no known facts gave any semblance of encouragement. Philosophy arrives at truth by following out the hints which nature gives. Alchemists endeavored to prove a hypothesis which was suggested by nothing but their own love of gain. The wish was father to the thought of the transmutability of metals, and it is not surprising that experiments founded on such a basis should have proved barren of results. Some knowledge of chemistry was incidentally acquired in the prosecution of golden secrets; but Chemistry only began to flourish as a science when she looked for suggestions to the observed processes of nature rather than to the morbid greed of her own adepts.

That these fruitless researches did not altogether displace the nobler objects of Newton's ambition, is proved by the circumstance that they were carried on with the greatest vigor during the period of his residence at Cambridge, where he matured his chief discoveries. Still everything that is

known of Newton shows him to have been essentially a man of one pursuit at one time; and during the seasons of his furnace work it is not probable that he devoted much thought to investigations which were to bring him a reward richer than gold. The habit of continuous application to one subject was one of the great secrets of Newton's strength, and at every turn we come upon some evidence of his reluctance to be diverted from his immediate occupation to discuss scientific questions which for the time he had laid aside. It was when thus distracted by inopportune controversies from the thoughts with which he was absorbed, that Newton exhibited the occasional petulance which contrasted so strongly with his natural disposition; and it is not an unnatural supposition that the tantalizing search for the secret of transmutation may have sometimes been the occasion which led him to reject the intrusion of other subjects. However this may be, the complete obscurity in which the greater part of his chemical experiments were veiled, illustrates an element in Newton's character which had a very sinister influence upon his relations with contemporary philosophers.

The reserve which Newton maintained with reference to his investigations has often been ascribed exclusively to the modesty of his disposition, and Sir David Brewster strongly inclines to this explanation. That Newton—like most men of surpassing eminence—was endowed with the true modesty which excludes personal conceit, and rejects inflated notions of the attitude which becomes inquirers into the secrets of nature, is manifest from the whole history of his life. The celebrated saying of his old age, in which he likened himself to a child picking up now and then a prettier shell, or a brighter pebble than ordinary, on the shore of the ocean of truth, was the expression of a sentiment which may be traced in many passages of his life. But the kind of modesty which thus expresses itself is very different from the false modesty which leads a man to misprize the work of his own genius. Of this we find no trace in the career of Sir Isaac Newton; and we believe that, in ascribing to this cause his strange and unfortunate reluctance to give his discoveries to the world, partial biographers have charged Newton with a weakness which was no part of his



character. Probably no man of genius ever undervalued his own achievements by comparison with those of other men; though many discoverers, strong in the consciousness of their own powers, may have rated their past work low in comparison with that which still remained within the sphere of their unfulfilled aspirations. That Newton constantly kept back his investigations, because they were not as complete as he desired to make them, is certain from the history of the publications which were almost dragged from him by his friends, and from his own repeated declarations. But this feeling was not the modesty which would rank his own labors below the inferior work of other minds. It is one thing to withhold a scientific theory because it is thought unworthy of the world, and quite another to keep it in reserve until it should be made more worthy of the philosopher's own aspirations. If this feeling is what Sir David Brewster points at when he speaks of Newton's modesty, we accept the explanation, but we protest against the notion that it is any compliment to the memory of a great genius to hint that he knew not the value of his own work; and in the case of Newton the suggestion of any such feeble virtue (if virtue it is) seems to us peculiarly misplaced.

To take, for example, the great discoveries which were at length published in the "Principia," is it conceivable that, after having solved the greatest of all the problems at which the world had been working from the first birth of science, Newton should have imagined that he had produced nothing of such importance as to deserve the attention of men of science? Yet he had completed the demonstrations of the law of elliptic motion years before he had made them known; and it was only on the appeal of Halley, who had in vain sought the solution from Hooke and Wren, that Newton announced that he had long since ascertained that the orbit round a centre of force varying inversely as the square of the distance would be an ellipse. To Halley's urgency alone was due the communication to the Royal Society of the treatise which formed the germ of the "Principia." There is a passage, indeed, in a subsequent letter to Halley, which gives some apparent countenance to the notion that Newton had thought

slightingly of his demonstrations of the forces of orbits, and had thrown them by, "being upon other studies;" but it harmonizes much better with the general character of Newton's mind to suppose that he regarded his inquiries as incomplete so long as his first idea of universal gravitation seemed incapable of proof. It was strange that Picard's corrected measurement of a degree should not earlier have attracted Newton's attention, though probably this arose from his attention having been concentrated at that time on his optical investigations; but on resuming his old calculations on this improved basis in 1684, the results agreed, with an exactness which satisfied him, that the force which kept the moon in her orbit was identical with terrestrial gravity. From the moment when his theory was thus substantially completed there is no trace of any hesitation to make his discoveries public. The two following years were devoted to the composition of the "Principia," in which the principles of the preliminary treatise were developed into a complete system of physical astronomy, which was immediately sent to the Royal Society and published by their direction.

The long delay in the publication of his optics gives even less countenance to the theory of an unintelligible modesty. At last the work was, in Newton's judgment and in fact, incomplete in many respects, and the leading discoveries had long since been made public through the Royal Society, and had led to discussions which were not calculated to invite fresh conflict with the world. But it is mainly with reference to the method of fluxions that Newton's modesty has sometimes been called in aid to account for the silence which he had preserved as to the possession of this powerful engine of investigation, a silence by which he exposed his title as the first inventor to attacks which could not have been made if he had frankly communicated from time to time the additions which he was making to the armory of mathematical science.

The earliest manuscripts on this subject date as far back as 1665 and 1666, but it was not till 1669 that a paper on analysis by infinite series was communicated to Barrow and Collins. Two years later Newton doled out to Collins a little more information as to his methods, in the famous letter of the



10th of December, 1672, which afterwards became the backbone of the charge of plagiarism brought against Leibnitz, to whom an abridgment of the letter had been sent in 1676. But even up to this date a general statement of the process was studiously withheld; and not only were the details of the calculus kept in obscurity, except with reference to some special cases, but the bare statement of the problem to be solved was thought too precious to be communicated, except under the disguise of an unintelligible cipher. When afterwards deciphered by Newton himself, the mysterious sentence proved to be "*Data æquatione quocunque fluentes quantitates involvente fluxiones invenire et vice versa,*" which, if originally given at length, would have shown the grand problem which Newton had solved, but not the general method by which he treated it. A little more information was allowed to leak out in some observations communicated to Wallis and incorporated in his *Algebra* in 1692. It is probable that the method itself would never have been published in Newton's lifetime but for the necessity of vindicating himself against the accusation of having borrowed his ideas from Leibnitz, and establishing the priority of his own discovery. This was done in 1704; and it is impossible to suppose that during all those years, when the method had borne its glorious fruit in the demonstrations of the "*Principia*," Newton was unconscious of the immense value of the new analysis. The only real difficulty in assigning a motive for so determined a concealment of the processes he employed is in saying how far the delay was due to the hope of bringing the calculus to still greater perfection, and how far it resulted from the disposition, then almost universal among philosophers, to publish nothing but results, and to keep to themselves their processes as the means of gaining further triumphs over rivals who were not possessed of methods of equal power. This last was the motive which the practice of the time would most readily suggest. When a philosopher in those days had solved a new problem of especial difficulty, the first thing which he generally did was to propose it as a challenge to the world; and those who found the answer commonly contented themselves with stating the result, without the slightest intimation of the process by which

it had been reached. Even such solutions were frequently announced under some disguise, which could perhaps be penetrated by those who had already solved the problem, but would convey no information to assist less successful competitors. The whole tone of scientific society was infected with a love of triumph which was not then thought unworthy of being preferred to the simple interests of truth. It is not possible altogether to ignore the prevalence of this strong competitive principle in estimating the causes of Newton's reserve, but even the least partial critics have been compelled to admit that Newton was less chargeable with excessive emulation than any of his rivals, and that a much more probable and much more worthy explanation is found in his reluctance to publish any imperfect essays, coupled perhaps with a dread of resuming the unpleasant controversies which his first optical discoveries had occasioned.

It is not necessary to discuss the minor contributions of Newton to other branches of science to see to what extent and on what grounds the common faith in his supremacy is confirmed by the consent of the scientific world. It is enough to examine his leading discoveries to be satisfied that the position which the most critical examination of his claims assigns to him is not less exalted than that which his name has occupied in the minds of his countrymen of his own and every succeeding generation. It is not mere national complacency which has elevated Sir Isaac Newton above all the explorers of nature; and if the motives for this admiration take a slightly different shape within and without the widening circle of scientific knowledge, the sentiment of Newton's countrymen is in strict harmony with the judgment of the world of science, which no longer knows those distinctions of nationality which in Newton's days it had not learned to disregard.

The theological tenets of our philosopher we are not anxious now to examine. He has been claimed alike as an orthodox defender of the doctrines of the Church and as a convert to the Arian views which so strongly prevailed during the period of his life. The truth certainly is intermediate to these extreme views, but the precise dogmas of the philosopher's creed are not, perhaps, to be gathered from the records which re-



main. That which gives the character to his theological inquiries is the genuine tolerance and simple reverence which were instinctive to him, and the sincerity with which in the interests of truth he attacked every dishonest argument, whatever might be its bearing on the religious controversies of the day. This is what we might expect to find in the chief interpreter of nature, and, satisfied with this, we may leave the lovers of sectarian controversy, if they please, to claim the prestige of Newton's name for the special tenets of their own communion. His pertinent query on the word *δησούσιος* "whether Christ sent his apostles to preach metaphysics to the unlearned common people and to their wives and children," his criticism on the history of the Athanasian controversy, and his demolition of the spurious verse on the three witnesses, are far from proving that Newton had adopted Arian views in their full extent; and in the most formal statement of his religious opinions which he left behind him, we have a scheme of theology at least as far removed from Socinian as from orthodox doctrines.

It has often been said that in Newton's case the country for once remembered the duty which she owed to science. The philosopher was not left, as so many votaries of science have been, to die in poverty. He was placed in a position of dignity and wealth, in which, without cramping his abundant liberality, he was able to accumulate a considerable fortune. But there is not much room in this for national complacency. It was as the friend of Montague, not as the author of the "Principia," that Newton obtained his office at the Mint; and though the occupation, especially at that time, was not uncongenial to a scientific mind, it may be doubted whether the world did not lose more than Newton gained by the appointment. To make a great philosopher Master of the Mint was not quite so incongruous as giving a gaugership to a distinguished poet; but it was an error of the same kind, and was probably as injurious to the cause of science as if the reward of Newton had been, like the preferment of Burns, something ludicrously inappropriate. Certain it is that Newton stopped in his career of discovery at an age when some of the greatest ornaments of science commenced their labors. With the exception of one or two brilliant

feats—as when he solved Bernoulli's problems, and at a later period answered the challenge of Leibnitz in an evening's work, after returning from his official duties at the Mint—little that was new in science came from the translated philosopher, unless we are to attribute to that period some part of the improvement of his lunar theory, which involved him in his dispute with the impracticable Flamsteed, and was the only effort, as he himself declared, that ever cost him a headache. The anxiety which he expressed not to make himself too prominent in science, lest he should seem to be neglecting the king's business, was probably strengthened by his memorable custom of never touching a subject to which he was not able to devote his whole powers and his whole time.

One of many evidences of this habit of mind is found in a letter to Flamsteed, in which Newton says: "When I set myself wholly to calculations, I can endure them, and go through them well enough; but when I am about other things (as at present), I can neither fix to them with patience nor do them without errors, which makes me let the moon's theory alone at present, with a design to set to it again and go through it at once."

To a man of this temperament—and to no other could the career of discovery which Newton ran have been possible—an appointment involving continuous duties was the death-blow to his scientific activity. The strange and sudden cessation in Newton's course has sometimes been accounted for by a hypothesis, which was eagerly welcomed by those who wished to discredit his theological inquiries, and the only defect of which was, that it was wholly unsupported, or, more correctly speaking, absolutely contradicted by the facts of his life. For a few days, in the autumn of 1693, Newton, who had been suffering from an epidemic, aggravated by long-continued work, became decidedly light-headed. Two strange letters, one to Pepys, and the other to Locke, remain as evidence of this temporary affection. The rumor that Newton's brain was giving way spread over the Continent; and long after the philosopher had recovered his usual health, the story, in a grossly exaggerated form, found its way into the diary of Huyghens, who had picked it up from a Scotchman, of whom he



did not know enough to give his name correctly. On this slender basis a theory was built up by M. Biot, that Newton's abandonment of philosophy for religion was the result of a permanent affection of the brain, amounting to something like insanity. This notion is satisfactorily refuted by Sir D. Brewster; and, indeed, it had enough to contend with in the isolated triumphs by which Newton still showed the lion's claw in every problem with which he grappled, as well as in the ingenuity of his essays on prophecy, and his attempt at a systematic chronology. But it is not surprising that strange theories should be started to account for the premature close of so brilliant a scientific career. A little more attention to the indications afforded by his earlier history, of the steady, unintermittent thought by which he was accustomed to vanquish difficulties which no other mind could overcome, would have suggested the far more probable supposition, that Newton, the philosopher, died when Newton, the Master of the Mint, came into existence.

Perhaps even this was better than that the history of the life of the greatest of our philosophers should have closed with a tale of national neglect; but it is impossible to contrast the efforts made for the encouragement of science in other countries, with the total absence of any adequate provision in the country of Sir Isaac Newton, without some sense of shame. In exceptional instances, honor and wealth have been showered on the heads of distinguished discoverers; but what is needed in the interests of science, is a provision which shall enable the chief laborers in the field of discovery to pursue their studies without anxiety, and without the distraction of other duties; though it may be, and perhaps it would be better that it should be, without the temptations of overabundant means. In Newton's case, the choicest intellect that the world possessed, was harnessed to the state and lost to science. In a thousand others, powers which would have been worthily devoted to the discovery of truth, have been thrown away in less congenial but more lucrative pursuits. A partial compensation for the want of more direct encouragement to the highest studies, is certainly found in the endowments of our universities; and but for this resource Newton must probably have passed his life as the

obscure cultivator of a narrow estate. Ample in amount as these endowments are, but fettered as they have been in times past by conditions which have impaired their usefulness, the marvel is, rather that so much scientific genius should have found a shelter within the walls of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, than that the rewards offered for youthful energy should have been commonly used as mere stepping-stones to professional preferment and distinction. It was only by a fortunate, though irregular exercise of the dispensing power assumed by the crown, that Newton was enabled to retain the emoluments on which he depended for subsistence during the period of his scientific activity. So precarious has been the provision which our institutions have made for the cultivation of science, that even the life of our greatest philosopher cannot be read without reflecting how much it was due to fortune that the most brilliant of all the votaries of science was enabled to give one-half of his life to the pursuits for which nature destined the whole. In spite of such discouragements, and of the allurements of a more stirring life, men have seldom been wanting to maintain the honor of England in the race of discovery. But it is as true now as it always has been, that the country which exults in the triumphs of Sir Isaac Newton, does less than any other to foster the pursuits from which he won his imperishable fame.

In strange contrast to that fame is the almost total absence of any public manifestations in honor of the man who was venerated at once as the monarch of science, the glory of his country, and the vindicator of the national faith. His friends were permitted to erect a statue over his tomb in Westminster, and we owe to private munificence another statue placed in his own college; but we have to travel down to the immediate present to find a formal celebration of Newton's achievements. The erection of the Grant-ham memorial statue and the eloquent address which Lord Brougham delivered on the occasion—gracefully returning, after the struggles and the triumphs of so brilliant a political career, to contemplate the still grander arena of science, in which his own earliest honors had been won—made the absence of any earlier demonstration the more conspicuous. Whatever complacency England may have felt in the consciousness of having



given to science the greatest of her worshippers has been cherished with an insular reserve which has filled foreigners with wonder. The quiet irony of a recent proposal to erect a memorial to Newton, to which the natives of all countries except England are invited to subscribe, has certainly not been undeserved.

Upon this subject we will quote the impressive words of the Grantham Address:—

“The inscription upon the Cathedral, masterpiece of his celebrated friend’s architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect: ‘If you seek for a monument, look around.’ If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens which show forth his fame. Nor, when we recollect the Greek orator’s exclamation, ‘The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men,’ can we stop short of declaring that the whole universe is Newton’s. Yet in raising the statue which preserves his likeness near the place

of his birth, on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same state, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which designed to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and so piously resolved to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplations, both philosophic and sublime.”

But the partial tribute of a mere local memorial cannot discharge this long-neglected debt of the English people. England cannot do justice to herself except by rearing, in the metropolis itself, a great and glorious monument, such as shall adequately express in the face of the world that the veneration in which the memory of Newton is held is no factitious sentiment, but a deep-seated, national conviction.

**THE DANGER OF BAD MILK.**—At a meeting of the Institute of France on the 13th inst., M. Flourens, the distinguished physiologist, communicated the result of some very interesting and conclusive experiments made on pigs, rats, and rabbits, by which it is established beyond doubt that peculiarities of the mother’s or nurse’s milk pass into the suckling and produce in it their appropriate effect. The learned physiologist tinted the food of the parent with madder, which is well known to remain undecomposed in the animal system, and ultimately to impart a red color to the bones of the animal which eats it. He found that the same effect was produced upon the sucklings, though they had no other communication with their mothers subsequent to the giving of the madder but through the milk which they drew from them and on which they fed. Hence the necessity fully appears for healthy milk for a healthy infant, as also that medicines, the direct exhibition of which to the infant might be injurious, may be conveyed through the nurse’s milk. Hence, also, it fully appears that the use of diseased or improperly fed cow’s milk may be productive of very serious consequences, and that it belongs to the municipal authorities to see to the protection of the lieges in this matter.—*Press.*

**SUPPLY OF PURE WATER TO TOWNS.**—Dr. R. Dundas Thomson, the medical officer of health, has been drawing attention, in the pages of the *Medical Review*, very properly to the important influence of impure water on the

production of disease. In the time of perfect immunity from any ravaging plague or pestilence, the necessary means of preserving health, or of preventing disease, is one of the last things with which a community occupies itself. It is at such times, however, that the germs of mischief may be preparing for future development, for over-security brings with it a relaxation of discipline, and a neglect of necessary precaution. One of the chief points in Dr. Thomson’s remarks is the comparison he draws between the principles on which the ancient Romans acted in their water-supply, and the merely adaptive reasons which influence those of our own towns. The importance of a supply of pure water for domestic use appears, he asserts, to have been distinctly recognized by them, by their practice of getting their supplies from the spring-sources themselves, and bringing them many miles by means of aqueducts, even to cities through which rivers flowed. Although through Rome itself the river Tiber passed, its household water was brought from that river’s fountain-head, and from the sources of the Anio by twenty different aqueducts at various distances up to sixty miles, regardless of expense. The applicability of these remarks to the supply of the metropolis is obvious, and the cost of the procuring of water from pure sources is of such paramount importance to the health of its immense population, that the cost of carriage should be an item totally disregarded as a question of expense. Moreover, pipes will do, and equally well, the duty of aqueducts; there is no difficulty in laying them down, and their manufacture is not, in this land of coal and iron, a costly matter



From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE CONTEST IN AMERICA.

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

THE cloud which for the space of a month hung gloomily over the civilized world, black with far worse evils than those of simple war, has passed from over our heads without bursting. The fear has not been realized, that the only two first-rate powers who are also free nations would take to tearing each other in pieces, both the one and the other in a bad and odious cause. For while, on the American side, the war would have been one of reckless persistency in wrong, on ours it would have been a war in alliance with, and, to practical purposes, in defence and propagation of, slavery. We had, indeed, been wronged. We had suffered an indignity, and something more than an indignity, which not to have resented, would have been to invite a constant succession of insults and injuries from the same and from every other quarter. We could have acted no otherwise than we have done: yet it is impossible to think, without something like a shudder, from what we have escaped. We, the emancipators of the slave—who have wearied every court and government in Europe and America with our protests and remonstrances, until we goaded them into at least ostensibly co-operating with us to prevent the enslaving of the negro—we, who for the last half-century have spent annual sums, equal to the revenue of a small kingdom in blockading the African coast, for a cause in which we not only had no interest, but which was contrary to our pecuniary interest, and which many believed would ruin, as many among us still, though erroneously, believe that it has ruined, our colonies,—we should have lent a hand to setting up, in one of the most commanding positions of the world, a powerful republic, devoted not only to slavery, but to pro-slavery propagandism—should have helped to give a place in the community of nations to a conspiracy of slave-owners, who have broken their connection with the American Federation on the sole ground, ostentatiously proclaimed, that they thought an attempt would be made to restrain, not slavery itself, but their purpose of spreading slavery wherever migration or force could carry it.

A nation which has made the professions

that England has, does not with impunity, under however great provocation, betake itself to frustrating the objects for which it has been calling on the rest of the world to make sacrifices of what they think their interest. At present all the nations of Europe have sympathized with us; have acknowledged that we were injured, and declared, with rare unanimity, that we had no choice but to resist, if necessary by arms. But the consequences of such a war would soon have buried its causes in oblivion. When the new Confederate States, made an independent power by English help, had begun their crusade to carry negro slavery from the Potomac to Cape Horn; who would then have remembered that England raised up this scourge to humanity not for the evil's sake, but because somebody had offered an insult to her flag? Or even if unforgotten, who would then have felt that such a grievance was a sufficient palliation of the crime? Every reader of a newspaper to the furthest ends of the earth, would have believed and remembered one thing only—that at the critical juncture which was to decide whether slavery should blaze up afresh with increased vigor or be trodden out—at the moment of conflict between the good and the evil spirit—at the dawn of a hope that the demon might now at last be chained and flung into the pit, England stepped in, and, for the sake of cotton, made Satan victorious.

The world has been saved from this calamity, and England from this disgrace. The accusation would indeed have been a calumny. But to be able to defy calumny, a nation, like an individual, must stand very clear of just reproach in its previous conduct. Unfortunately, we ourselves have given too much plausibility to the charge. Not by anything said or done by us as a Government or as a nation, but by the tone of our press, and in some degree, it must be owned, the general opinion of English society. It is too true, that the feelings which have been manifested since the beginning of the American contest—the judgments which have been put forth, and the wishes which have been expressed concerning the incidents and probable eventualities of the struggle—the bitter and irritating criticism which has been kept up, not even against both parties equally, but almost solely against the party in the right, and



the ungenerous refusal of all those just allowances which no country needs more than our own, whenever its circumstances are as near to those of America as a cut finger is to an almost mortal wound,—these facts, with minds not favorably disposed to us, would have gone far to make the most odious interpretation of the war in which we have been so nearly engaged with the United States, appear by many degrees the most probable. There is no denying that our attitude towards the contending parties—I mean our moral attitude, for politically there was no other course open to us than neutrality—has not been that which becomes a people who are as sincere enemies of slavery as the English really are, and have made as great sacrifices to put an end to it where they could. And it has been an additional misfortune that some of our most powerful journals have been for many years past very unfavorable exponents of English feeling on all subjects connected with slavery: some, probably, from the influences, more or less direct, of West Indian opinions and interests: others from inbred Toryism, which, even when compelled by reason to hold opinions favorable to liberty, is always adverse to it in feeling; which likes the spectacle of irresponsible power exercised by one person over others; which has no moral repugnance to the thought of human beings born to the penal servitude for life, to which, for the term of a few years we sentence our most hardened criminals, but keeps its indignation to be expended on “rabid and fanatical abolitionists” across the Atlantic, and on those writers in England who attach a sufficiently serious meaning to their Christian professions, to consider a fight against slavery as a fight for God.

Now, when the mind of England, and it may almost be said, of the civilized part of mankind, has been relieved from the incubus which had weighed on it ever since the *Trent* outrage, and when we are no longer feeling towards the Northern Americans as men feel towards those with whom they may be on the point of struggling for life or death; now, if ever, is the time to review our position, and consider whether we have been feeling what ought to have been felt, and wishing what ought to have been wished,

regarding the contest in which the Northern States are engaged with the South.

In considering this matter, we ought to dismiss from our minds as far as possible, those feelings against the North, which have been engendered not merely by the *Trent* aggression, but by the previous anti-British effusions of newspaper writers and stump orators. It is hardly worth while to ask how far these explosions of ill-humor are anything more than might have been anticipated from ill-disciplined minds, disappointed of the sympathy which they justly thought they had a right to expect from the great anti-slavery people, in their really noble enterprise. It is almost superfluous to remark that a democratic government always shows worst where other governments generally show best, on its outside; that unreasonable people are much more noisy than the reasonable; that the froth and scum are the part of a violently fermenting liquid that meets the eyes, but are not its body and substance. Without insisting on these things, I contend, that all previous cause of offence should be considered as cancelled, by the reparation which the American Government has so amply made; not so much the reparation itself, which might have been so made as to leave still greater cause of permanent resentment behind it; but the manner and spirit in which they have made it. These have been such as most of us, I venture to say, did not by any means expect. If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope, we thought that it would have been made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle. We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. We expected that the atonement, if atonement there were, would have been made with reservations, perhaps under protest. We expected that the correspondence would have been spun out, and a trial made to induce England to be satisfied with less; or that there would have been a proposal of arbitration; or that England would have been asked to make concessions in return for justice; or that if submission was made, it would have been made, ostensibly, to the opinions and wishes of Continental Europe. We expected any-



thing, in short, which would have been weak and timid and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect, is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's Government have done none of these things. Like honest men, they have said in direct terms, that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment, they would have demanded the same reparation; and that if what seemed to be the American side of a question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice; happy as they were to find after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen, is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds? The act itself may have been imposed by the necessity of the circumstances; but the reasons given, the principles of action professed, were their own choice. Putting the worst hypothesis possible, which it would be the height of injustice to entertain seriously, that the concession was really made solely to convenience, and that the profession of regard for justice was hypocrisy, even so, the ground taken, even if insincerely, is the most hopeful sign of the moral state of the American mind which has appeared for many years. That a sense of justice should be the motive which the rulers of a country rely on, to reconcile the public to an unpopular, and what might seem a humiliating act; that the journalists, the orators, many lawyers, the Lower House of Congress, and Mr. Lincoln's own naval secretary, should be told in the face of the world, by their own Government, that they have been giving public thanks, presents of swords, freedom of cities, all manner of heroic honors to the author of an act which, though not so intended, was lawless and wrong, and for which the proper remedy is confession and atonement; that this should be the accepted policy (supposing it to be nothing higher) of a Democratic Republic, shows even unlimited democracy to be a better thing than many Englishmen have lately been in the habit of considering it, and goes some way towards proving that the aberrations even of a ruling multitude are only fatal when the better instructed have not the vir-

tue or the courage to front them boldly. Nor ought it to be forgotten, to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's Government, that in doing what was in itself right, they have done also what was best fitted to allay the animosity which was daily becoming more bitter between the two nations so long as the question remained open. They have put the brand of confessed injustice upon that rankling and vindictive resentment with which the profligate and passionate part of the American press has been threatening us in the event of concession, and which is to be manifested by some dire revenge, to be taken, as they pretend, after the nation is extricated from its present difficulties. Mr. Lincoln has done what depended on him to make this spirit expire with the occasion which raised it up; and we shall have ourselves chiefly to blame if we keep it alive by the further prolongation of that stream of vituperative eloquence, the source of which, even now, when the cause of quarrel has been amicably made up, does not seem to have run dry.\*

Let us, then, without reference to these jars, or to the declamations of newspaper writers on either side of the Atlantic, examine the American question as it stood from the beginning; its origin, the purpose of both the combatants, and its various possible or probable issues.

There is a theory in England, believed perhaps by some, half believed by many more, which is only consistent with original ignorance, or complete subsequent forgetfulness, of all the antecedents of the contest. There are people who tell us that, on the side of the North, the question is not one of slavery at all. The North, it seems, have no more objection to slavery than the South have. Their leaders never say one word im-

\* I do not forget one regrettable passage in Mr. Seward's letter, in which he said that, "if the safety of the Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them." I sincerely grieve to find this sentence in the despatch, for the exceptions to the general rules of morality are not a subject to be lightly or unnecessarily tampered with. The doctrine in itself is no other than that professed and acted on by all governments—that self-preservation, in a State, as in an individual, is a warrant for many things which at all other times ought to be rigidly abstained from. At all events, no nation which has ever passed "laws of exception," which ever suspended the Habeas Corpus Act or passed an Alien Bill in dread of a Chartist insurrection, has a right to throw the first stone at Mr. Lincoln's Government.



plying disapprobation of it. They are ready, on the contrary, to give it new guarantees; to renounce all that they have been contending for; to win back, if opportunity offers, the South to the Union by surrendering the whole point.

If this be the true state of the case, what are the Southern chiefs fighting about? Their apologists in England say that it is about tariffs, and similar trumpery. *They* say nothing of the kind. They tell the world, and they told their own citizens when they wanted their votes, that the object of the fight was slavery. Many years ago, when General Jackson was President, South Carolina did nearly rebel (she never was near separating) about a tariff; but no other State abetted her, and a strong adverse demonstration from Virginia brought the matter to a close. Yet the tariff of that day was rigidly protective. Compared with that, the one in force at the time of the secession was a free-trade tariff. This latter was the result of several successive modifications in the direction of freedom; and its principle was not protection for protection, but as much of it only as might incidentally result from duties imposed for revenue. Even the Morrill Tariff (which never could have been passed but for the Southern secession) is stated by the high authority of Mr. H. C. Carey to be considerably more liberal than the reformed French Tariff under Mr. Cobden's Treaty; insomuch that he, a Protectionist, would be glad to exchange his own protective tariff for Louis Napoleon's free-trade one. But why discuss, on probable evidence, notorious facts? The world knows what the question between the North and South has been for many years, and still is. Slavery alone was thought of, alone talked of. Slavery was battled for and against, on the floor of Congress and in the plains of Kansas; on the slavery question exclusively was the party constituted which now rules the United States: on slavery Fremont was rejected, on slavery Lincoln was elected; the South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the one cause of separation.

It is true enough that the North are not carrying on war to abolish slavery in the States where it legally exists. Could it have been expected, or even perhaps desired, that they should? A great party does not change suddenly, and at once, all its principles and

professions. The Republican party have taken their stand on law, and the existing Constitution of the Union. They have disclaimed all right to attempt anything which that Constitution forbids. It does forbid interference by the Federal Congress with slavery in the Slave States; but it does not forbid their abolishing it in the District of Columbia; and this they are now doing, having voted, I perceive, in their present pecuniary straits, a million of dollars to indemnify the slave-owners of the District. Neither did the Constitution, in their own opinion, require them to permit the introduction of slavery into the Territories, which were not yet States. To prevent this, the Republican party was formed, and to prevent it they are now fighting, as the slave-owners are fighting to enforce it.

The present Government of the United States is not an abolitionist government. Abolitionists, in America, mean those who do not keep within the Constitution; who demand the destruction (as far as slavery is concerned) of as much of it as protects the internal legislation of each State from the control of Congress; who aim at abolishing slavery wherever it exists, by force if need be, but certainly by some other power than the constituted authorities of the Slave States. The Republican party neither aim nor profess to aim at this object. And when we consider the flood of wrath which would have been poured out against them if they did, by the very writers who now taunt them with not doing it, we shall be apt to think the taunt a little misplaced. But though not an Abolitionist party, they are a Free-soil party. If they have not taken arms against slavery, they have against its extension. And they know, as we may know if we please, that this amounts to the same thing. The day when slavery can no longer extend itself, is the day of its doom. The slave-owners know this, and it is the cause of their fury. They know, as all know who have attended to the subject, that confinement within existing limits is its death-warrant. Slavery, under the conditions in which it exists in the States, exhausts even the beneficent powers of nature. So incompatible is it with any kind whatever of skilled labor, that it causes the whole productive resources of the country to be concentrated on one or two products, cotton being the chief, which require, to raise



and prepare them for the market, little besides brute animal force. The cotton cultivation, in the opinion of all competent judges alone saves North American slavery; but cotton cultivation, exclusively adhered to, exhausts in a moderate number of years all the soils which are fit for it, and can only be kept up by travelling farther and farther westward. Mr. Olmsted has given a vivid description of the desolate state of parts of Georgia and the Carolinas, once among the richest specimens of soil and cultivation in the world; and even the more recently colonized Alabama, as he shows, is rapidly following in the same downhill track. To slavery, therefore, it is a matter of life and death to find fresh fields for the employment of slave labor. Confine it to the present States, and the owners of slave property will either be speedily ruined, or will have to find means of reforming and renovating their agricultural system; which cannot be done without treating the slaves like human beings, nor without so large an employment of skilled, that is, of free labor, as will widely displace the unskilled, and so depreciate the pecuniary value of the slave, that the immediate mitigation and ultimate extinction of slavery would be a nearly inevitable and probably rapid consequence.

The Republican leaders do not talk to the public of these almost certain results of success in the present conflict. They talk but little, in the existing emergency, even of the original cause of quarrel. The most ordinary policy teaches them to inscribe on their banner that part only of their known principles in which their supporters are unanimous. The preservation of the Union is an object about which the North are agreed; and it has many adherents, as they believe, in the South generally. That nearly half the population of the Border Slave States are in favor of it is a patent fact, since they are now fighting in its defence. It is not probable that they would be willing to fight directly against slavery. The Republicans well know that if they can re-establish the Union, they gain everything for which they originally contended; and it would be a plain breach of faith with the Southern friends of the Government, if, after rallying them round its standard for a purpose of which they approve, it were suddenly to alter its terms of communion without their consent.

But the parties in a protracted civil war almost invariably end by taking more extreme, not to say higher grounds of principle, than they began with. Middle parties and friends of compromise are soon left behind; and if the writers who so severely criticise the present moderation of the Free-soilers are desirous to see the war become an abolition war, it is probable that if the war lasts long enough they will be gratified. Without the smallest pretension to see further into futurity than other people, I at least have foreseen and foretold from the first, that if the South were not promptly put down, the contest would become distinctly an anti-slavery one; nor do I believe that any person, accustomed to reflect on the course of human affairs in troubled times, can expect anything else. Those who have read, even cursorily, the most valuable testimony to which the English public have access, concerning the real state of affairs in America—the letters of the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Russell—must have observed how early and rapidly he arrived at the same conclusion, and with what increasing emphasis he now continually reiterates it. In one of his recent letters he names the end of next summer as the period by which, if the war has not sooner terminated, it will have assumed a complete anti-slavery character. So early a term exceeds, I confess, my most sanguine hopes; but if Mr. Russell be right, Heaven forbid that the war should cease sooner, for if it lasts till then it is quite possible that it will regenerate the American people.

If, however, the purposes of the North may be doubted or misunderstood, there is at least no question as to those of the South. They make no concealment of *their* principles. As long as they were allowed to direct all the policy of the Union; to break through compromise after compromise, encroach step after step, until they reached the pitch of claiming a right to carry slave property into the Free States, and in opposition to the laws of those States, hold it as property there; so long, they were willing to remain in the Union. The moment a President was elected of whom it was inferred from his opinions, not that he would take any measures against slavery where it exists, but that he would oppose its establishment where it exists not,—that moment they broke loose



from what was, at least a very solemn contract, and formed themselves into a confederation professing as its fundamental principle not merely the perpetuation, but the indefinite extension of slavery. And the doctrine is loudly preached through the new Republic, that slavery, whether black or white, is a good in itself, and the proper condition of the working classes everywhere.

Let me, in a few words remind the reader what sort of a thing this is, which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate, and establish, if they could universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression, in which it is possible for human beings to live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism, exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters, or slave-drivers. What, by a rhetorical license, the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character possible, are said to be, these men, in very truth, are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful personally, any more than all the inquisitors, or all the buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of which they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is enough. There are, Heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires, to keep it going, that human beings should be burnt alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year, for many years past, in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part or other of the South. And not upon negroes only; the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent number, gave the hide-

ous details of the burning alive of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch law, on mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be, if deeds like these are necessary under it?—and if they are not necessary and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion not for simple slavery; they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive.

But we are told, by a strange misapplication of a true principle, that the South had a *right* to separate; that their separation ought to have been consented to, the moment they showed themselves ready to fight for it; and that the North, in resisting it, are committing the same error and wrong which England committed in opposing the original separation of the thirteen colonies. This is carrying the doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection rather far. It is wonderful how easy and liberal and complying people can be in other people's concerns. Because they are willing to surrender their own past, and have no objection to join in reprobation of their great-grandfathers, they never put themselves the question what they themselves would do in circumstances far less trying, under far less pressure of real national calamity. Would those who profess these ardent revolutionary principles consent to their being applied to Ireland, or India, or the Ionian Islands? How have they treated those who did attempt so to apply them? But the case can dispense with any mere *argumentum ad hominem*. I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation on those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others, exercise as sacred a right as those who



do the same thing to resist oppression practised upon themselves. Neither rebellion, nor any other act which affects the interests of others, is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not suffer them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the mere will to separate were in this case, or in any case, a sufficient ground for separation, I beg to be informed *whose* will? The will of any knot of men who, by fair means or foul, by usurpation, terrorism, or fraud, have got the reins of government into their hands? If the inmates of Parkhurst Prison were to get possession of the Isle of Wight, occupy its military positions, enlist one part of its inhabitants in their own ranks, set the remainder of them to work in chain gangs, and declare themselves independent, ought their recognition by the British Government to be an immediate consequence? Before admitting the authority of any persons, as organs of the will of the people, to dispose of the whole political existence of a country, I ask to see whether their credentials are from the whole, or only from a part. And first, it is necessary to ask, Have the slaves been consulted? Has *their* will been counted as any part in the estimate of collective volition? They are a part of the population. However natural in the country itself, it is rather cool in English writers who talk so glibly of the ten millions (I believe there are only eight), to pass over the very existence of four millions who must abhor the idea of separation. Remember *we* consider them to be human beings, entitled to human rights. Nor can it be doubted that the

mere fact of belonging to a Union in some parts of which slavery is reprobated, is some alleviation of their condition, if only as regards future probabilities. But even of the white population, it is questionable if there was in the beginning a majority for secession anywhere but in South Carolina. Though the thing was pre-determined, and most of the States committed by their public authorities before the people were called on to vote; though in taking the votes terrorism in many places reigned triumphant; yet even so, in several of the States, secession was carried only by narrow majorities. In some the authorities have not dared to publish the numbers; in some it is asserted that no vote has ever been taken. Further (as was pointed out in an admirable letter by Mr. Carey), the Slave States are intersected in the middle, from their northern frontier almost to the Gulf of Mexico, by a country of free labor—the mountain region of the Alleghanies and their dependencies forming parts of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, in which from the nature of the climate and of the agricultural and mining industry, slavery to any material extent never did, and never will, exist. This mountain zone is peopled by ardent friends of the Union. Could the Union abandon them, without even an effort, to be dealt with at the pleasure of an exasperated slave-owning obligarchy? Could it abandon the Germans who, in Western Texas, have made so meritorious a commencement of growing cotton on the borders of the Mexican Gulf by free labor? Were the right of the slave-owners to secede ever so clear, they have no right to carry these with them; unless allegiance is a mere question of local proximity, and my next neighbor, if I am a stronger man, can be compelled to follow me in any lawless vagaries I choose to indulge.

But (it is said) the North will never succeed in conquering the South; and since the separation must in the end be recognized, it is better to do at first what must be done at last; moreover, if it did conquer them, it could not govern them when conquered, consistently with free institutions. With no one of these propositions can I agree.

Whether or not the Northern Americans *will* succeed in reconquering the South, I do not affect to foresee. That they *can* conquer



it, if their present determination holds, I have never entertained a doubt; for they are twice as numerous, and ten or twelve times as rich. Not by taking military possession of their country, or marching an army through it, but by wearing them out, exhausting their resources, depriving them of the comforts of life, encouraging their slaves to desert, and excluding them from communication with foreign countries. All this, of course, depends on the supposition that the North does not give in first. Whether they will persevere to this point, or whether their spirit, their patience, and the sacrifices they are willing to make, will be exhausted before reaching it, I cannot tell. They may, in the end, be wearied into recognizing the separation. But to those who say that because this may have to be done at last, it ought to have been done at first, I put the very serious question—On what terms? Have they ever considered what would have been the meaning of separation if it had been assented to by the Northern States when first demanded? People talk as if separation meant nothing more than the independence of the seceding States. To have accepted it under that limitation would have been, on the part of the South, to give up that which they have seceded expressly to preserve. Separation, with them means at least half the Territories; including the Mexican border, and the consequent power of invading and overrunning Spanish America for the purpose of planting there the “peculiar institution” which even Mexican civilization has found too bad to be endured. There is no knowing to what point of degradation a country may be driven in a desperate state of its affairs; but if the North *ever*, unless on the brink of actual ruin, makes peace with the South, giving up the original cause of quarrel, the freedom of the Territories; if it resigns to them when out of the Union that power of evil which it would not grant to retain them in the Union—it will incur the pity and disdain of posterity. And no one can suppose that the South would have consented, or in their present temper ever will consent, to an accommodation on any other terms. It will require a succession of humiliations to bring them to that. The necessity of reconciling themselves to the confinement of slavery within its existing boundaries, with the nat-

ural consequence, immediate mitigation of slavery, and ultimate emancipation, is a lesson which they are in no mood to learn from anything but disaster. Two or three defeats in the field, breaking their military strength, though not followed by an invasion of their territory, may possibly teach it to them. If so, there is no breach of charity in hoping that this severe schooling may promptly come. When men set themselves up, in defiance of the rest of the world, to do the devil’s work, no good can come of them until the world has made them feel that this work cannot be suffered to be done any longer. If this knowledge does not come to them for several years, the abolition question will by that time have settled itself. For assuredly Congress will very soon make up its mind to declare all slaves free who belong to persons in arms against the Union. When that is done slavery, confined to a minority, will soon cure itself; and the pecuniary value of the negroes belonging to loyal masters will probably not exceed the amount of compensation which the United States will be willing and able to give.

The assumed difficulty of governing the Southern States as free and equal commonwealths, in case of their return to the Union, is purely imaginary. If brought back by force, and not by voluntary compact, they will return without the territories, and without a Fugitive Slave Law. It may be assumed that in that event the victorious party would make the alterations in the Federal Constitution which are necessary to adapt it to the new circumstances, and which would not infringe, but strengthen, its democratic principles. An article would have to be inserted prohibiting the extension of slavery to the Territories, or the admission into the Union of any new Slave State. Without any other guarantee, the rapid formation of new Free States would ensure to freedom a decisive and constantly increasing majority in Congress. It would also be right to abrogate that bad provision of the Constitution (a necessary compromise at the time of its first establishment) whereby the slaves, though reckoned as citizens in no other respect, are counted, to the extent of three-fifths of their number, in the estimate of the population for fixing the number of representatives of each State in the Lower House of Congress. Why should the masters have



members in right of their human chattels, any more than of their oxen and pigs? The President, in his Message, has already proposed that this salutary reform should be effected in the case of Maryland, additional territory, detached from Virginia, being given to that State as an equivalent: thus clearly indicating the policy which he approves, and which he is probably willing to make universal.

As it is necessary to be prepared for all possibilities, let us now contemplate another. Let us suppose the worst possible issue of this war—the one apparently desired by those English writers whose moral feeling is so philosophically indifferent between the apostles of slavery and its enemies. Suppose that the North should stoop to recognize the new Confederation on its own terms, leaving it half the Territories, and that it is acknowledged by Europe, and takes its place as an admitted member of the community of nations. It will be desirable to take thought beforehand what are to be our own future relations with a new power, professing the principles of Attila and Genghis Khan as the foundation of its Constitution. Are we to see with indifference its victorious army let loose to propagate their national faith at the rifle's mouth through Mexico and Central America? Shall we submit to see fire and sword carried over Cuba and Porto Rico, and Hayti and Liberia conquered and brought back to slavery? We shall soon have causes enough of quarrel on our own account. When we are in the act of sending an expedition against Mexico to redress the wrongs of private British subjects, we should do well to reflect in time that the President of the new Republic, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was the original inventor of repudiation. Mississippi was the first State which repudiated, Mr. Jefferson Davis was Governor of Mississippi, and the Legislature of Mississippi had passed a Bill recognizing and providing for the debt, which Bill Mr. Jefferson Davis vetoed. Unless we abandon the principles we have for two generations consistently professed and acted on, we should be at war with the new Confederacy within five years about the African slave-trade. An English Government will hardly be base enough to recognize them unless they accept all the treaties by which America is at present bound; nor, it may be hoped,

even if *de facto* independent, would they be admitted to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse, unless they granted in the most explicit manner the right of search. To allow the slave ships of a Confederation formed for the extension of slavery to come and go free, and unexamined, between America and the African coast, would be to renounce even the pretence of attempting to protect Africa against the man-stealer, and abandon that Continent to the horrors, on a far larger scale, which were practised before Granville Sharp and Clarkson were in existence. But even if the right of intercepting their slavers were acknowledged by treaty, which it never would be, the arrogance of the Southern slaveholders would not long submit to its exercise. Their pride and self-conceit, swelled to an inordinate height by their successful struggle, would defy the power of England as they had already successfully defied that of their Northern countrymen. After our people by their cold disapprobation, and our press by its invective, had combined with their own difficulties to damp the spirit of the Free States, and drive them to submit and make peace, we should have to fight the Slave States ourselves at far greater disadvantages, when we should no longer have the wearied and exhausted North for an ally. The time might come when the barbarous and barbarizing power, which we by our moral support had helped into existence, would require a general crusade of civilized Europe, to extinguish the mischief which it had allowed, and we had aided, to rise up in the midst of our civilization.

For these reasons I cannot join with those who cry Peace, peace. I cannot wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the Territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners, to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as



mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution, receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this, the Free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity, which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts.

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From Macmillan's Magazine for Feb.

#### RETROSPECT OF THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

THE opening month finds us relieved from the apprehension of a great maritime war. The cloud which seemed so near breaking, has at last blown over. For fear, perhaps, of raising hopes which the event might not justify, the English Cabinet had kept to themselves a despatch of Mr. Seward, written on the day we received news in

England of the capture of the Confederate envoys. The publication of this document might have mitigated, though it could by no means have removed our anxiety. On November 30th the American Secretary of State sent a message to Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston to say that, in seizing the commissioners on board a British vessel, Captain Wilkes had acted without instructions. Mr. Seward trusted that the British Government would consider the subject in a friendly temper, and declared that it might expect the best dispositions on the part of the Government at Washington. A despatch so tranquillizing should at once have been given to the country; containing, as it did, on other subjects, earnest protestations on the part of the American Cabinet, that they desired to be at peace with England. The determination of Englishmen to submit to no unwarrantable indignity would not have been affected by the intelligence that America was half prepared to recede from the dangerous position in which the zeal of a pettifogging sailor had placed her. That nothing of our preparations for war should be relaxed in consequence of the news, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues had it in their own power to make sure. By the publication of Mr. Seward's letter, the peace party might, it is true, have found their hands strengthened. We are not prepared to say that this would have been a national calamity. War, when it is to be undertaken, should be undertaken soberly, and with all the protests of the peace party sounding in our ears. There are many State documents which are best forgotten in the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office. There are some State documents which, without grave cause, should never be consigned thither for a single day.

Mr. Seward's amicable professions appear of less value, when we reflect that, if the capture of the envoys, on his own admission, is so illegal, he might have made up his mind earlier to consent to their liberation. An illustrious visitor from Europe is said to have at once recommended the prompt emancipation of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on the arrival of the news of their seizure; and Mr. Lincoln himself was personally anxious—so it is thought—to comply with the advice. Mr. Seward, as the event shows, could not have done better



than follow the suggestion. He preferred to await the despatch which he must have guessed was on its way from England. He permitted himself to retain the Southern commissioners till the long weeks had past during which he might have surrendered them with dignity, and he has made a show of yielding to a foreign demand what he did not think fit to concede to bare justice. He probably believed for some weeks that the matter was one which—if the worst came to the worst—he might plausibly offer to refer to arbitration. Foreign arbitrament would have been a more popular solution of the difficulty than a bare acknowledgment that Captain Wilkes, the idol of the hour, had committed a dangerous mistake. This illusion was dispelled by the speedy manner in which all Europe pronounced judgment on the matter in debate. French public opinion, the leading French advocates, all the French journals, and the French Government itself, loudly declared their sympathy with England. General Scott returned from Paris, bearing not so much an offer of arbitration, as the intelligence that the case was prejudged, and that all prolonged negotiation was impossible. Austria and Prussia followed suit very slowly, as is the manner of German diplomatists; and the Russian minister at St. Petersburg is said to have given Mr. Lincoln the significant counsel that he had better comply with the unanswerable remonstrances of Great Britain. Mr. Seward accordingly learnt, as much from the juriconsults of Europe as from his own law officers, that his case was too hopeless for discussion. He does not appear to have been influenced by the opinion of any eminent juriconsult at home. Though his long apology is not without a certain legal acumen, it is full of misconceptions with regard to international law which his own Attorney-General, had he been consulted, must surely have been competent to discover and disclose. Where, throughout the whole business, have been the lawyers of the New World? Has the North no loyal judges or advocates, who are acquainted with the principles of international law, and who have the courage to explain them? Whoever or wherever they are, they seem never to have spoken.

Viewing the matter as impartially as we can, we must confess that Mr. Seward's

policy of delay was neither graceful nor intelligent, nor did his letter recover for him any lost ground. He might have saved himself all trouble by simply acknowledging, in a brief and courteous note, that, on examination of the question, he had arrived at the conclusion that Captain Wilkes was wrong. No more need have been said. The matter would have been dismissed as suddenly as it arose. Instead of this, he has fallen into the error of explaining at length wherein he thought the American officer had been mistaken. That the *Trent* was not taken into port to be condemned was beyond all question a fatal flaw in the American case, and the one on which the law-officers of England are said to have most insisted. But why Mr. Seward has gone out of his way to demonstrate that, except in this particular, the proceedings of the *San Jacinto* had been unimpeachable, is not clear. He might have urged that it was not as contraband of war, but as rebel enemies, that the Confederates had been taken. He might have argued that a subject of a belligerent is not protected by a neutral flag, when the belligerent in exercise of his right of search has boarded the neutral ship. But, had he adopted this line of argument, he would have been running counter to all the principles of the rights of neutrals, for which the United States are supposed to have habitually contended, and to an express dictum of Madison himself. Flying from Scylla, he has fallen into Charybdis. He took an alternative which rested on a legal blunder. Goods going *bonâ fide* to one neutral port from another cannot possibly be contraband, as they are performing a transit which is strictly lawful. Though it pleases Mr. Seward to assume that the law of goods may be applied indifferently to goods and persons, he cannot be sane in his proposition that a rebel enemy's envoy, wherever he is caught, is contraband of war; in which case, if Messrs. Mason and Slidell cross the English Channel in the Dover packet, the Dover packet will render itself liable to seizure, and its cargo to confiscation. Against such a monstrous theorem Her Majesty's Government have found it necessary to protest. In avowing it, and grounding the release of the envoys merely on the fact that, the *Trent* having been let pass the contraband



of war could no longer legally be condemned, Mr. Seward stops himself from all right to say that the right of neutrals will triumph by the precedent he establishes. If his law was sound, the rights of neutrals would have received a severer blow than was ever dealt them by the maritime aggressions of England, or by the decisions of English law-courts during the long war. M. Thouvenel's despatch was probably in time to suggest to Mr. Seward the idea of making political capital for neutral navies out of the surrender of the Southerners. In his anxiety to do so, he has gone out of his way to lay down a blundering doctrine, against which the entire Continent, in the name of neutral navies, would unanimously rebel. The cause of neutral rights would have been less prejudiced had the envoys never been set free, than they would be if the world were to accept the propositions with which America accompanies their dismissal.

No great outburst of indignation in the North at the Government concessions seems to have followed the decision of the Lincoln Cabinet. The New York journals, which for some days had anticipated the necessary step, approved it when taken; and even an American public may be driven to the conclusion that instinct is not the best guide in questions of international jurisprudence. We need not insist that the Confederate emissaries were merely given up because England showed herself determined to resent their capture. Prudence is perfectly compatible with courage, and, in spite of the braggadocio of a rowdy press, it is pleasanter to be able to hope that our claims were granted because they were based upon undeniable good sense. Up to the last moment the North had been gratuitously informed on all sides by those who pretended to be competent judges of law, that the act of Captain Wilkes was justifiable and praiseworthy. What was here regarded as an outrage on the British flag, was there viewed as the strict enforcement of a legal right. There was much absurdity, ignorance, and impatience about the manner in which American opinion at once decided that the Southern commissioners had been properly seized. But only a few of the most disrespectful newspapers dared to maintain at one and the same time the illegality and the propriety of the seizure. Captain Wilkes had proba-

bly no idea that he was committing an outrage at all. He had studied Wheaton for twenty-four hours on the subject, with the confident honesty of a sailor who imagines that anything—from a law-book upwards—can be stormed in twenty-four hours. His erudition was, at least, equal to the erudition of his immediate superiors. The American Admiralty did not hesitate to stamp with official approbation the act which was the result of this seaman-like investigation. The Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and the Secretary of the Navy endorsed the general opinion. Judge Bigelow, at Boston, assumed that the legal question presented no knot which instinct might not solve, and passed lightly on to the more grateful and profitable task of defying the British lion. Mr. Edwin James, who has judiciously conferred upon himself, since his arrival in the North, the proud title of a consummate lawyer, took the same side. Golden opinions were showered from all quarters on the captain of the *San Jacinto*, not for having braved, but for having applied the law. Too much importance was not likely to be attached even in Washington to the judicial impartiality of the House of Representatives; but the judgment of the House of Representatives, whatever it might be worth, was at least in favor of Captain Wilkes and his interpretations of Wheaton. The silence of the Cabinet, which it is not necessary to impute to a fear of the populace, since military events have recently rendered Mr. Lincoln's Government independent of popular clamor, tended to confirm the North in the erroneous impression that at least the question admitted of arbitration or debate. Misled by the crude assertions of the semi-informed, the uninformed public had no conception that they were applauding an act of international piracy. The fierce indignation kindled in this country by the intelligence of the boarding of the *Trent* opened their eyes to the fact that it was possible Captain Wilkes might not have exhausted Vattel and Wheaton in a study of twenty-four hours. M. Thouvenel's despatch arrived in Washington while the question was under discussion, and contributed to calm the enthusiasm of the entire Northern press. Suddenly, the strong feeling against surrendering the Confederate prisoners subsided. By the American Government—such are



Mr. Seward's words—they have been “cheerfully liberated.” Let us take it for granted that they have been cheerfully liberated also by all the honest portion of the American Commonwealth. Whether or no the United States, in an hour of emergency, and on the eve of the discontinuance of specie payments, could have afforded to engage in an unnecessary conflict with the first naval power in the world, need not be discussed. It is no matter of reproach to them that they could not afford to go to war in a wrong cause. In the midst of much exaggerated language and ill-feeling in this country and America, it is a pleasure to turn to Earl Russell's dignified, courteous, and Christian notes upon the subject of the *Trent*. This country may be proud of the correspondence of her Foreign Minister on a question demanding both good temper, generosity, and firmness. If the ministry are strengthened in the coming session by the recollection of their conduct in so delicate an affair, it will be a reward they have richly merited.

Though the imminent danger of war is over for the present, the relations subsisting between this country and the North are sufficient to warrant the gravest anxiety. For many years the American press, and American politicians of every grade, had made it their business to brave and irritate the public opinion of England. The English press in return spared neither American institutions, nor the American character itself. A positive and mutual dislike sprang up, and separated not merely the two governments, but the two rival nations. When the secession of the South took place, it was regarded with suppressed satisfaction by a large portion of the British public, who are weary of transatlantic arrogance, intolerant of transatlantic manners, and glad to witness the embarrassment of a great and noisy democracy. Lord Palmerston's ministry proclaimed—perhaps with unamiable haste—that it would watch the progress of America's internal difficulty with the eyes of severe neutrality. A cold justice was promised to the North in Her Majesty's proclamation; but an edict which placed Southern privateers on a footing with Northern men-of-war, was itself, as the Cabinet of Washington not unnaturally complained, a semi-recognition of the South. While ministers assumed this attitude of ostentatious impartiality, most

influential English journals declared their adhesion to the cause of Confederate independence. War for the preservation of the Union was pronounced iniquitous and unjustifiable. The theory which the traitorous Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan had found so convenient and so paralyzing, that, though the Slave States might have a right to secede, the Free States had no right to prevent them, was generally adopted by the English semi-Liberal press. That one-half of an enormous empire should endeavor to conquer the other, was authoratively pronounced ridiculous. Unfriendly continental observers, watching the anxiety with which many among us prophesied disaster to the North, cynically concluded that the wish in this instance had been father to the thought.

Few people in this country have taken a broad and statesman-like view of the origin and the justifications of the American war. By a large minority of philanthropists and doctrinaires in the United States, the outbreak had been half welcomed at its first approach as an opportunity for hoisting the flag of abolition. But the Boston friends of the negro, constituting as they did an educated and humane party, were but a small and sentimental section of the great Northern community. Emancipation of the slaves, with the great mass of Americans, could neither be a cause nor a pretext for fratricidal conflict, for the simple reason that it had never yet been a question in debate. For some time past the two divisions of the Imperial Republic had been diverging in more ways than one. Sprung from a different blood, and separated from the North by distinct domestic institutions, the Southern successor to the traditions of the early cavalier colonists had long begun to view his manufacturing fellow-citizens with contempt and dislike. The clamor of the abolitionists and philanthropists of New England increased the irritation of the slave-owners, who, free from all serious apprehensions for their property, were nevertheless exasperated at finding themselves the victims of a moral and evangelical crusade. To the divergence produced by dissimilarity of manners and of race was added a new cause of antipathy in the difference of material interests. The South is agricultural, the North manufacturing; and the growing political preponderance of the Conservative Protectionists of



the latter drove the former into an alliance, based upon identity of interest, with the democratical Free-traders of the North. The Northern Democrats and the Southern agriculturists for awhile were together able to contest the palm of political supremacy. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon them that the tide had turned; that their day was over; and that the collected strength of the North was about to drive them into the unenviable position of a hopeless political minority. The mercies of an American majority are cruel; and a vanquished party in that land of political libertinism reaps little enjoyment from its constitutional privileges. The election of Mr. Lincoln was a signal gun which showed that power had forever passed into the hands of the Protectionists and Abolitionists. The passing of the Morrill Tariff was a second signal gun that showed the North were not inclined to abandon the fruits of their great victory. The South seceded in a body; not because slavery was at stake, but because henceforward they had nothing to hope from the Constitution.

A small but liberal-minded party in this country, misled by the exalted enthusiasm of the New England philanthropists, and infected with the Utopian chivalry of transatlantic literary cliques, believed themselves, and endeavored to persuade their countrymen, that the freedom of the negro was the secret object of the aspirations of the North. The North, as a body, were inclined to be neither so philanthropic nor so unpractical. The leaders of the Republican party were actually pledged by the Chicago platform of 1860 to the maintenance of the *status quo*. Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural speech had recognized the obligation, and declared that he had neither the lawful right, nor, indeed, the inclination, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it already existed. A Republican Congress has since adopted the same view as the Republican President of the Union. Emancipation may, perhaps, be ultimately proposed as an extreme and desperate resource by those who have hitherto been its antagonists on principle; but it will be at most a military measure justified by the necessities of a campaign, not a concession demanded by the moral feeling of the nation at large. If there is something to be said for it, there is much to be said against it. It would be a

violent interference with the laws of property; it might, for aught that human knowledge can decide, result in the infernal bloodshed and massacre of a servile war, and it would raise a tumult of stormy dissatisfaction in many districts where the Union flag still waves. Too clearsighted to overlook the real nature of the American conflict, English semi-Liberal critics at once laid a cynical finger on the blot in the case which the English philanthropists were seeking to make out. Only poets, or at best prophets, could fairly call the Northern cause the cause of Abolition, when the vast majority of the Northern States were not Abolitionists in theory. The North might be allowed, at least, to know what they were fighting for.

That the negro's interests were not directly at stake, was acknowledged before long by public opinion. Semi-Liberals and Conservatives immediately jumped to the illogical conclusion that, because the war was not a war of abolition, it must therefore be unnecessary and unnatural. It is the pretentious practice of certain political writers, to call everything wicked which does not immediately tend to the advantage of their own country. Those who had characterized the Italian war as criminal, came forward once more and denounced the indignant patriotism of the North as nefarious. The *Times* newspaper led the van of denunciation, and was overcome with the sense of the wickedness of the Northern manufacturers. This famous, and often manly journal, which has long represented the virtues and the prejudices of the English people, during the last year has itself been passing through no slight ordeal. Its circulation and influence have been materially affected by the sudden success of the penny papers, the best of which are by no means wanting in ability and moral elevation. English daily journalism still remains for the most part a monarchical system; but the *Times* has been compelled to descend one step towards the level of its economical opponents, and a further reduction in its price may convert the monarchy of letters into a republic. Its conduct in some things has neither been so judicious nor so successful since its superiority has begun to be questioned. Its policy with respect to the American contest has been seriously improvident.



On the other side of the Atlantic, the *New York Herald*, and a crowd of contemptible journals, have sinned extravagantly against good feeling and generosity, in their animadversions upon ourselves. Sane and intelligent Americans acknowledge that England may fairly be indignant at the daily insults she receives from the viler portion of their press. But the *Times* has apparently determined to avenge us upon the *New York Herald*. From the first it eagerly announced that the efforts of the North must fail. It exulted over the panic at Bull's Run. It predicted that the military enthusiasm of the Union must issue in an iron despotism. Throughout the late complication its bitterness and pessimism contrasted badly with the more manly and English calmness of more than one of its contemporaries. Heaven knows that America has faults enough. The *Times* of 1861 devoted itself to the unpatriotic task of exaggerating them in the eyes of England. Whatever be the insults and mortifications we have received from the United States in times past, hereafter we shall possibly be of opinion that it was both clumsy and ungenerous to take the present opportunity for revenging them. Though the North is not contending for the forcible emancipation of the negro, it is contending for a noble and a sacred stake. If love of country means anything at all, if national honor is a cause for which war is lawful, if the existence of a great empire is worth preserving, if the patriotic traditions of its unity and strength have a right to touch the hearts of its citizens, the North may claim our sympathies. It is a miserable Tory quibble to assert that the United States, having risen into national existence by means of revolution, are bound to acquiesce patiently in their dissolution by the same agency. There is no divine virtue about the historical origin of the Old World kingdoms, which makes loyalty to a European throne a duty, but fidelity to a transatlantic Republic a chimera. By the grace of God kings reign. By the grace of God republics are formed. Loyalty to an hereditary crown is a debt we owe to the traditions which we have inherited with our country; and what sacred sentiment is there connected with legitimacy or a Salic Law, which may not attach itself in as high a degree to the cause of national union or the name of Washington? The

contract that binds together the different parts of the American Union is one of the most solemn social compacts which history knows. A baffled minority, in their impatience of an electoral defeat, may determine on their country's dissolution, and call on her to abdicate forever her grand and prominent place on the world's stage. To avert such a catastrophe, their fellow-countrymen appeal to arms. The appeal is naturally made in the name of loyalty itself.

The prevalent impression that Great Britain will be benefited by the dissolution of the Union has, beyond all question, contributed not a little to the interest with which the public watches the fortunes of the South. Grave doubt remains whether the separation of the South and North would render an English war with America more distant. The Northern States, whatever the result of the rebellion, must continue to be a first-rate naval power, and the South are not likely soon to eclipse them upon the sea. Both Federals and Confederates at the close of this war will find themselves financially disqualified for a contest with any great European navy. But the North has internal resources that will enable her to recover rapidly from her prostration, while the South cannot easily surmount the desperate and apparently permanent blow which the war has inflicted upon the cultivation of the cotton plant. Maryland, Delaware, Western Virginia, and part of Missouri, and Kentucky, in any case, must be lost to the slave-owner. The consequent weakness of the South, coupled with the material necessities which urge the planter continually to annex fresh territory, will probably in time impose a restless foreign policy on the Confederate Government; and, if the Slave States stretch southwards, the Federal Union may not improbably look for corresponding compensation in the direction of the Canadian lakes. Europe cannot count with too much assurance on the jealousy which a struggle for the privilege of secession may have bred between the two kindred and coterminous republics. Southern politicians have always rivalled and surpassed the North in hostility and insolence towards the English people; and the sister communities may find it their best interest to combine for purposes of foreign policy and intimidation.

Meanwhile the cold and unfriendly atti-



tude of this country is exasperating still further the old animosities and petulance of the North towards us. To add to the gloomy nature of the prospect, the Federals are determined to mark with suspicion and anger any steps we may take towards recognizing their rebel enemies as an independent nation. Innumerable problems of international law may evidently arise in the course of a conflict, which we, from the magnitude of the interests involved, call war, but to which the Union refuses to give its formal name. Obviously the North is penetrated with a belief that the life of the rebellion is sustained by hopes of recognition in England and in France. The Government at Washington have significantly warned the British Cabinet that they are not prepared to tolerate such a diplomatic injury. "It seems to me," says Mr. Seward, in his despatch of the 30th of November last, "that the British Government has been inattentive to the currents that seemed to be bringing the two countries into collision. . . . I have never for a moment believed that such a recognition could take place without producing immediately a war between the United States and all the recognizing powers." That the French Government should be bent upon such a measure is not unlikely. Trade in France finds itself terribly affected by the stoppage of all Confederate exports. It would seem, too, in the interests of the world that the nominal blockade, which is too ineffectual to do more than intimidate Southern commerce, should either be broken or, at least, confined within valid limits. Charleston Harbor has been wantonly and vindictively injured, even if, as Northern apologists assert, it has not been effectually destroyed; and an act of such blind atrocity is certainly an outrage upon the commonwealth of nations. Southern commissioners are actively engaged, both in this country and in Paris, in purchasing the moral support of England and of France, on such terms as they judge best suited to please the manufacturers and philanthropists whose mediation they require. While no consideration should prevent our loudly denouncing the objectless destruction of Southern ports, it is our duty to control rather than to obstruct the military and naval energy of the officers of the North. No tempting proffer of gradual negro emancipation—if any such be made by the Southern commissioners in ac-

cordance with the programme of M. Renouf—should tempt us to abandon a friendly and free Government in the hour of its distress. The eyes of the Continent are upon us this day to see if we act with manly generosity, or with insular selfishness. Whatever our past wrongs, let us repair one greater wrong done by us to America at her birth, nearly a century ago, and refuse, as far as we can, to assist at the dissolution of a great, a self-governed, and an Anglo-Saxon republic. When the Southern Confederacy has clearly shown that it is something more than the bubble of a year, it will have a right to those international courtesies which permanent governments alone can claim. It is yet possible that the flame of revolution may expire in the Southern sky as suddenly as it has risen, and leave behind it no sign but the smouldering embers of an extinct conflagration. The suspension of specie payments in the North is an ominous symptom of financial exhaustion, but the Confederates have already passed this landmark on the road to ruin. If the North deserves victory, it will have spirit enough to do what the mother country has done before now, and cheerfully to support taxation proportioned to a grand emergency. During the next few months we may expect a series of military movements, the effect of which in all human likelihood will be the serious discouragement of the Confederates. No irreparable affront should be offered to the North by an English cabinet, until the course of events and the tardy justice due to the South require us to acknowledge—what generous Englishmen will never acknowledge but with pain—that the Union is finally dissolved.

The fortune that attends on genius, out of the mortifying occurrences of the last two months, has brought honor and advantage to the French Emperor. The affair of the *Trent* furnished Napoleon III. with an opportunity of making a diplomatic stroke and winning a diplomatic triumph. A short-sighted politician, in his eager anxiety to break the Southern blockade, might have hailed with satisfaction the prospect of an impending collision between England and the Union. But the French Emperor plays a longer and a more brilliant game. Since the American revolution, it has been the traditional policy of France to defend the cause of neutral rights and the so-called lib-



erty of the seas ; for it is the interest of all continental powers that the belligerent rights of England—who will always be the greatest maritime belligerent in the world—should be strictly defined. Within twelve hours of the news of the proceedings of the *San Jacinto*, the official Parisian press seized on the golden occasion, and England was encouraged by France to commit herself to a declaration of the rights of neutral navies. The proceedings of the Paris Congress of 1856 prove sufficiently that Great Britain, in return for the suppression of privateering, and the rule which compels a blockade to be effective, is not unwilling that immunities should be granted to neutral goods on board an enemy, and to enemy's goods on board a neutral. But Continental Europe is so firmly impressed with the idea that England is the tyrant of the ocean, that it rejoices at our solemnly estopping ourselves from future violations of international law. The Emperor of the French has been in this instance—what he loves to be—the leader of the European Chorus, and the champion of the principles of progress. Nor is it merely that he has officiated as the spokesman of the Continent. It is in a difference between England and America that his authoritative and friendly sentence has made itself heard ; and both England and the New World have heard with profound attention his trenchant and vigorous words. Slowly but surely he is creeping into the first place at the council-board of Europe. It is something that he has proved his loyalty to England, and at a critical moment conciliated our respect and good-will by a mark of his good faith. It is something, too, that he has hindered the navy of the North from dashing itself to pieces in an encounter with an unequal foe. But not the least useful of the advantages he has gained by his prompt action is that he has once more taught the powers of Europe to accustom themselves to listen for his voice.

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[Part of an article in "Good Words" for January, by the editor, Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland.]

#### THE UNITED STATES.

WE do not ask our readers to subscribe to any political creed regarding this cruel war which divides the once United States. For ourselves we boldly confess our belief that the North has both right and might on her side ; and that a more uncalled-for or more unprincipled secession, or rather rebellion, against constitutional government, never has been recorded in the annals of history than that of the Southern States against the Federal Government. And believing this, we should accept it as a national calamity if Britain, the foremost nation of all on earth as a constitutional power, and now the firmest friend of the slave, should be found practically on the side of selfish rebellion, degrading slavery, and the government of a proud and unprincipled oligarchy. But if we are forced into this position, oh, let us feel before God, on other grounds stronger still, what a dreadful one it is to occupy ! There, on the other side of the Atlantic is a nation of men united to us by such ties as never bound any other two nations on earth—by blood, by language, by past history, by personal friendships, by commercial interests, and by all that is worth living and worth dying for. In her churches nearly twenty thousand Protestant clergy every Lord's-day preach the same gospel in which we believe, and millions of her people rejoice in it with ourselves. Her one thousand missionaries are laboring along with our own in every part of the globe. And thus the liberty and Christianization of the world, as far as we can see, depend more upon the union of America and Britain than on any other alliance which exists on earth. Shall we, without exhausting every possible expedient, consistent with truth and honor, engage in a war with such a nation ? Shall we send the fratricidal ball without a pang into our brother's home ? Shall we glory in the anticipation even of victories that must become the seeds of constant jealousies, and therefore of future war ? Heaven forbid !



Part of an Article in Once a Week.  
THE LATEST THING IN GHOSTS.

As I was finishing breakfast the other day, I received a visit from my friend Perkins, who entered my room hastily, with some papers in his hand.

"I've written a ghost tale," said Perkins, "and I want your opinion on it."

"I'll devote my morning pipe to you. I can't afford you any more time than that; so hand me the tobacco, and produce your spirit." And I filled a pipe and assumed the critic.

"The sun had set some two hours," began Perkins, "and dark night was—"

"One moment," I interrupted; "is it a tale of past or present times?"

"Present," answered Perkins.

"Rather an old-fashioned beginning," I observed. "However, fire away."

"The sun had set some two hours," resumed Perkins, firing away as directed, "and dark night was gradually extending her reign over field and fell, when a traveller might be perceived making his way, as well as the darkness would permit, through one of those immense German forests, the haunt of the wild boar and the wolf."

"What on earth was he doing there?" I asked.

"He had lost his way, of course," replied Perkins.

"So I suppose," I said. "Travellers always do in ghost stories. But is this a tale of the present time: pardon my inquiring where his luggage is?"

"He left it in the chaise," answered Perkins.

"Which had been overturned, and our traveller wished to get to the nearest town on foot. Is not that it?"

"Of course," said Perkins, with some irritation.

"And in order to reach the nearest town he turns into the nearest forest."

"He thought he would take a short cut across country," explained Perkins.

"And after walking some distance he comes to an old castle, eh?"

"Well!" said our author, sulkily.

"And, finding it uninhabited, he wraps his ample cloak around him, and goes to sleep in a corner, does not he?"

"Yes," said Perkins, something surprised.

"But he is aroused from his sleep by the

clanking of chains, and, on raising his head, perceives a figure standing in the doorway."

"Why, confound it!" said Perkins, starting up indignantly, "you must have seen my manuscript."

"Which figure," I continued, "raises its manacled arms above its head, and, clanking its chains together, utters a frightful cry. My dear fellow, this will not do, you know; it won't indeed. This kind of spectre doth not suit the time. Modern readers must have modern ghosts."

"Well! but give it a fair hearing; don't condemn it unheard," said the author.

"Oh! read it. By all means read it," and I resumed my pipe, and he his story, which was much as I had anticipated.

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Originality in ghost tales is very easy to get. All you have to do is to imagine some very unlikely position for a ghost to be in, and to put him into it. For instance, a ghost in a balloon, or a ghost under water, or a ghost shaving himself would, if I mistake not, be all of them new. Here, now, is a skeleton of a ghost-story, which I flatter myself is entirely original.

Mr. S.,—initials, of course. For some reason or other initials may do things that names may not. The public allow Mr. S. to have seen and done things, which, if assigned to Mr. Smith, they would reject with scorn,—Mr. S. and his wife are staying at the fashionable sea-side town of R., where one morning Mr. S. receives a letter from his friend B., requesting him to come without losing a moment, to L., where B. is lying ill. "Here's the ghost," think the public; "B. is the ghost." A false scent is rather a judicious thing in a ghost tale. The public are mistaken. B. will live for fifty years longer, very likely; at any rate his ghost will not walk in this story. In due course, S. appears at B.'s house, and witnesses the will, or whatever it may be, for which he was wanted. While he is at dinner, the servant I. brings him a telegraphic message. It is from Mrs. S.—"Return at once—I have fallen over the cliff." S. is in great agitation—returns by the night train. When he reaches his house, M., the housemaid, opens the door for him. "Oh! is that you, sir? Poor Missis has fallen over the cliff."

"Well, I know that," cries S.; "how is she?"



"Lor, sir," replies M., "she's been dead ever since."

"Dead!" gasps S., "why did you not say so when you telegraphed?"

"I never sent no telegraph," says M., weeping.

"Oh, no, I forgot. My wife sent the message, of course. She lived long enough to do that, did she?" asks the much agitated S.

"Missis never sent no telegraph, I'm sure," replies M.; "I saw her fall from the cliff, and she never stirred afterwards."

"This is most extraordinary," says S.; "but where is she? Let me see her."

He finds that there is a fearful cut on his wife's temple, and that the left arm is broken. When his agitation will allow him, he again thinks of the mysterious telegram, and as every one in the house denies that any telegram was sent by them, and as every one asserts that it was impossible that Mrs. S. could have sent it, the perplexed widower goes to the telegraph office.

"Do you remember who sent this telegram, and at what time?" he asks the clerk.

The reply is:—

"Yes, I remember it distinctly. It will be a long time before I forget it. The message was sent just at the very time that that unhappy accident happened at the cliff; and the person who sent the message was a deadly pale lady, with a fearful cut on the temple, and whose left arm hung by her side as if broken."

S., with a fearful shudder, rushes from the office. There can be no doubt about it. Mrs. S.'s ghost sent the telegram.

There! I consider that I have capped the ghost in the railway carriage now. My ghost tale is positively the last out. The only merits that I claim for it, however, are these. It is short, which, I take it, is one of the greatest merits that a ghost story can have. It shows progress—the latest improvement in ghosts being their travelling by rail; my ghost goes a step farther, and telegraphs. And it does not pretend to be true. I candidly confess that there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end.

*The Dialect of Leeds and its Neighborhood*, illustrated by *Conversations and Tales of Common Life*, etc. To which are added a copious glossary; notices of the various antiquities, manners, and customs, and general folk-lore of the district. London: John Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square.

It is to be regretted that the author of this work has not given his name to the public, for his book is a most valuable contribution to the general stock of knowledge. His account of the various dialects in Yorkshire, as well as his statements respecting the manners and customs of its curious classes and semi-barbarous tribes, are alike strange and instructive. He shows at the same time a desire to preserve what is of genuine antiquity, and points out the manner in which language becomes corrupted. His theory upon the latter point is worth listening to. He maintains that "barbarous English" is "the result of vicious habits:—"

"The idler a man," remarks the author, "the harsher and looser will be his speech. Every action will be characterized by moral infirmity. His indolent habits will change the sound and appearance of words as they affect his life generally. If an *h* has to be aspirated, either another letter is put before it, or it is chopped off

entirely, or another barbaric word is substituted—a clear invention in some cases—and thus the trouble is spared. Where words require any effort to pronounce, the man will, to use one of his own delicate phrases, 'sluther 'em over'—get done with them as soon as possible, at the smallest amount of inconvenience. He cramps and dislocates, confuses and destroys in the same way that he does his general work, whenever he is obliged to do any; and his wordy chasms, which he cannot but create,—there are few idle men who are not stupid, and so can neither argue nor sustain unbroken converse,—he bridges over with a grunt or a growl, which means anything or nothing, and therefore is a mean much resorted to, and which, in process of time, assumes shape and form under a combination of letters over which etymologists may ponder a lifetime."

The book abounds with specimens of language—to this day spoken by the working classes—which are, without the author's glossary, as unintelligible as Flemish, Dutch, or German to persons in England unacquainted with these languages. The author appends a glossary, which includes not merely an explanation of the words used, but also contains an account of customs and antiquities that render it very valuable.—*London Review*.



From All the Year Round.

# THE EARTHQUAKE OF LAST YEAR.

ON the evening of Wednesday, 20th of March, 1861, the town of Mendoza lay calmly, quietly, subsiding into the night, as she had done every evening for more than two centuries past. The sun had long since sunk behind the Andes, whose lofty snow-clad peaks no longer reflected his declining rays. It was nearly twenty minutes past eight, vespers were just over, and the churches poured forth their throng of worshippers into the streets. Mendoza never was a busy city in the European or Buenos Ayrean sense of the word, though she was the emporium of all the trade between Chili and the Argentine Provinces, and now that the work of the day was over, it was hardly possible to imagine a more perfect calm in any hive of men. A few of the shopkeepers only were still occupied, especially those in the Arcade of Soto Mayor, where the brilliant paraffin lamps attracted crowds of ladies to make purchases in preparation for the Holy Week, then close at hand. The saloons of the Progress Club were crowded with young men, the élite of the city. The cafés were full, their billiard-tables all occupied, and their patios (or central courtyards of the houses) crowded with citizens taking their evening cup of coffee, and smoking their evening cigar. The horses on the cab-stand in the plaza lazily dropped their heads, knowing their day's work to be nearly over. And over all the moon, then entering her second quarter, cast long shadows over the streets, and silvered all the towers and the domes.

Twenty minutes past eight. There seems to be a loud rumbling as of a heavy cart over a stony pavement. Few heed it, few even hear it; but some Chilians, men from the land of earthquakes, who are sensitive to the least warning, shout "An earthquake! an earthquake!" as they rush to the centres of the patios and the street corners. They scarcely get to a safe distance from the walls about them, when with a terrible roar the earth heaves—once, twice, three times—and Mendoza is not. Where Mendoza had been, lies a sepulchre of ruins: not a cry, not a wail breaks the continued stillness of the moonlit night; every voice is hushed in terror or in death. Fourteen thousand people lie under the mound of ruined brickwork,

dead, dying, or grievously hurt. The shocks continue at intervals throughout the night, and throughout the next day, and the next, and for a month and more; but they can do no more harm. That first awful space of ten seconds sufficed for perfect ruin; nothing was left standing, not a house, not a wall, nor even a stone fence, for twenty leagues about the city. Men standing in open spaces, at street junctions, in large patios, in the plaza, or on the alameda, are thrown down, and many even there are buried in the ruins of their houses. Those who escape, struck dumb and paralyzed with terror, remain where they stood as the town fell and quake with dread. Horses and oxen that were grazing in the fields being thrown down, dare not rise again for days, till custom gives them courage, and they are driven by hunger to their pasture. The earth in many places opens huge gulfs wherein walls, parts of houses, wretched men also, are swallowed up. The canals are drained, the courses of the rivers altered, and lakes and springs rise in the most unaccustomed places.

When after the first shocks the few survivors muster courage to look about them, they pick their way by moonlight over masses of fallen brickwork, guided by the moan of pain which now first begins to proclaim some living sufferer below. Here is an immense pile of rubbish where the principal street ran by the Church of Santo Domingo. That chief building has fallen outwards, and hundreds of worshippers who had but just risen from prayer, kneeling on the marble pavement under the dome, are there killed—crushed and buried beneath the great walls.

The dealer, thrown out into the street from his own doorstep, finds speedy death under the fall of his own house. His wife, perhaps crossing the patio, is thrown down, but escapes with a few slight bruises. Her children were all within; she is alone in the world, childless and a widow.

The governor escapes almost by a miracle; he steps into the patio to bow out an evening visitor, his house tumbles behind him and the visitor is buried in the doorway, but the host escapes, so stupefied, that for days he can do nothing. More active men also escape, and as soon as the first shock of terror is past, their active energies send them to the rescue of those who may yet be saved. Thus many, cowering down in angles and



corners formed by beams resting on ruined walls and bridging over a space beneath, are dragged up again to life. Some are unhurt, most are severely bruised, and many have bones broken. Quickly from deep down under the brickwork, the wounded and dying are dragged out by scores and by hundreds, and are laid under the shady trees in the plaza and in the alameda, till that broad promenade, the pride and the breathing place of the city, becomes one vast open-air hospital. And now as the moon sets, at midnight, come troops of country people from the suburbs. To help in the work of mercy? No. They pass on, heedless of the cry for succor from the wounded and dying at their feet; they come to tear up the ruins with spades and with crowbars, intent only on plunder. They dig down into what an hour or two before were shops and stores, they break open the tills and the iron chests in which the money was kept. They dig down into what were salons and luxuriously furnished boudoirs, and are away again to their low wooden huts in the suburbs, that had stood the earthquake shock, laden with plunder in money, gilded ornaments, jewelry, and rich clothing. These hidden, again they grope their way back through the thick darkness to renew their heartless task. A glare now breaks upon the darkness. Where the Arcade stood, the rich shops of the city, and the boasted Club-house, paraffin oil was burnt in abundance. The lamps were all smashed in the ruin, but the burning wicks took the fire down with them. French silks, Manchester cottons, Yorkshire woollens, and rich carpets, soaked in the spilt oil, become as tinder, and the fire creeps along, now smouldering for a space, now leaping up into flame as it finds a vent into the upper air, till at length it bursts forth in a general conflagration. Woe to those buried alive under these ruins, for on comes the remorseless fire, and there are none to stay its course. What the earthquake has left the fire will destroy, and nothing shall be left of the old city but cinders and heaps of broken brickwork. Will they not help now, these savages from the suburbs? Yes, they will help, if they are paid for it.

"Help me out," cried a man who had nothing but his head left visible.

"What will you give us?" said they.

"Two dollars, which is all I have with me."

"Give us six, and we get you out."

"I have not so much," said the poor fellow.

"Then you may stay where you are," and they pointed mockingly to the flames rapidly approaching. The fire rolled on and on and over him, and when it had passed it left only undistinguishable ashes.

Nine of one family were burned to death for want of aid to get them out; they were all in one room, and the roof so fell that they were protected, but without means of egress, until the ruins were removed. Their brother was embedded near them, where he could converse with them, and also speak to those passing near, to whom he appealed for assistance. At last somebody got him out. Then he began to relieve his family, but before he could do so effectually, the flames reached the place from a fire raging on both sides. He remained until he was seriously burnt, encouraging his family with hopes, and calling for assistance, but none came. He was at last obliged to leave the spot, and at that moment he could distinctly hear them praying. I saw the remains of this family when they were clearing away the rubbish. Nothing was left but a large mass of charred bones.

The dead and those who were maimed and could offer no resistance were robbed of their clothes and left naked. Many people were got out alive several days afterwards. One man was found alive after being sixteen days under the ruins; he died three days after his rescue.

Dr. Blancas, who was despatched by the government of Buenos Ayres immediately on receipt of intelligence of the catastrophe, with succors for the survivors, thus writes to General Mitre, the governor, under date the 25th of April: "It is impossible to paint to your excellency the picture of desolation presented by this unhappy capital. At a distance of forty-two leagues, on entering the province, the traveller first sees the ravages of the earthquake of the 20th of March—fractured walls and fallen ranchos. As he approaches the fallen city, these ravages become more notable, until for a radius of twenty leagues round not a house is to be found, not a fence remains standing, one



small hermitage, situated in the northern part of the district, known as Guamayen, alone excepted. The beautiful city of Mendoza, surrounded by pleasant alamedas and water-courses, presents a most moving spectacle, that of an immense heap of ruins under which lie buried more than ten thousand victims, crushed, suffocated, or burnt on that dreadful night. To the shock followed the fire, and to this the plunder by the mob; who, by reason of the nature of their dwellings, escaped without injury. More than two thousand wounded were dug out from under the ruins, of whom a great part are since dead; there are, perhaps, not two hundred persons in Mendoza who did not spend some hours or days beneath the ruins. The tales that are told are horrible. The inhabitants are at present living under the trees, in tents, or in huts. The shocks yet continue daily. The great earthquake of the 20th of March came from the north-west, and took a straight course of twenty leagues, terminating at the city of Mendoza, which stretched almost due north and south. It was of an undulating character, and from the explorations made by the English geologist, Mr. Forbes, it seems that there has been no volcanic eruption, but an ejection of a great quantity of gases along the Sierra, and near to the place called Uspallata, where there are great gulfs in the earth, and large masses of rock have been torn from their base. In some of these wide, deep gulfs, which may be seen in several parts, a dark-looking water flows, and in one of them a sort of lake has been formed, more than three hundred metres long by fifty wide."

A survivor thus describes his escape: "We felt the shock of an earthquake and fled to the street, I being the last. As I reached the door of the office, the earth gave so violent a shake, that the shop and office fell together, shutting me in between the walls for a quarter of an hour, suffering from the continual shocks and having no outlet. As soon as the shocks ceased, gaining strength from my fears, I made every exertion to move away the bricks which covered the door; I succeeded in turning over two bricks, and making an opening, by which I got out with much difficulty. What horror! So soon as I stood upon the ruins I looked over the city by moonlight: everything was in the dust,

even the churches; not one house remained standing. Crossing the ruins towards my house, to see if I could save my family, I heard, on passing by the shop of Don Juan A. Josa, voices from below calling for help. I could not pass them. I set to work to clear off the rubbish which was above with my hands and nails, and after an hour's work, succeeded in rescuing two of Josa's shopmen. We afterwards saved another who was further on, and then I went on to my house to see if I could not do the same for my family. After much trouble I found my house, and climbed on to the ruins calling for my wife and children; but none answered. I then went to the house of my son who lives in the plaza, but could not find it, such was the sameness of ruin. Don José de la Cruz Centeno, who was seated in the plaza, much bruised, and who lived next door to Mercedes, showed me which was her house. I climbed over the ruins calling to her, till I reached the gable of the room where she slept, which remained standing, but leaning over most dangerously to the north. I called, and she answered me from below the ruins. I went round, and never heeding the risk, set to work to get her out, by taking off the bricks above her. Alone, bruised in spirit, and sorrowful, without tools, I raised the bricks with my hands, and discovered the head of my daughter. As soon as I had given her air, and she told me that the child she had in her arms was not dead, I called to Centeno to hire some peons, or send some who could assist me; many came, but did not dare to help me when they saw the leaning gable, which, if it fell, would bury us all together. One peon only took pity, seeing me at work alone, and after two or three hours' work removing bricks, we got out the child before it died, but it was necessary to cut off all the clothes of my daughter at the waist, and thus only we rescued her bruised and hurt. . . . I have lost Demitita (his wife), my daughter Adela, my son-in-law Emeterio, and my two servants. Also the uncle and aunt of my wife."

For two days such of the city authorities as survived remained paralyzed, hardly thinking their lives their own, and not attempting anything; thus the fire raged on unchecked, and the plunderers followed their villanous work unpunished. Already the air was laden with the stench of putrifying bodies; the



wounded and dying lay stretched on the ground in the open air, almost destitute of food and water, for the ordinary water-courses were swallowed up, and the market people dared not approach the town to sell, so that it seemed as though famine and pestilence would carry off those few that the earthquake and the fire had spared. The only sound which broke the silence of the desolation was the mournful tolling of a bell raised by some nuns on two posts in a meadow, where they had erected an altar and held daily services for the souls of those who had perished. Nine nuns escaped from the ruins of their convent; one after being five days buried made her way out with no other assistance than her scissors. On the twenty-third the governor killed three bullocks, and distributed the beef, and on the twenty-fifth kindly help arrived from the city of San Juan; next day six plunderers were shot by some soldiers sent from San Juan to preserve order, so the evil was checked, and by this time also the fire had pretty well burnt itself out; but stronger and stronger rose the odor of corruption from the ruin-covered streets, till the search for any who might yet survive was perforce suspended, and the sick under the trees in the plaza had to be removed to the alameda. For the city was become a putrid city of the dead, and living men could not dwell in its atmosphere.

So passed the weary days. Fortunately rain is a rarity in Mendoza, yet hundreds of the wounded died for want of proper attention and food; but soon from all parts came the ready offerings of sympathy and sorrow, from San Juan first, then across the Andes from Chili, then from San Guis and Cordova, and at last munificent assistance from the Central Government at Parana, and from far distant Buenos Ayres. Sheds were erected and fitted up as hospitals, surgeons and physicians vied with each other in eagerness to succor and to save, so that at length many of the dying were brought back again to health and strength, and money was given to them for their sustenance during convalescence. But most of them rose from their couches only to find themselves bereft of all; everything in the city was lost, hardly the ground was left on which the houses once had stood. Even to the end of April shocks continued; generally there were two or three every day, as an English visitor writes on

the twenty-second: "I am writing this in a shed, but it is all cracked, and one gable-end is down; twice I have run out. As slight shocks still continue two or three a day, I feel afraid of the place falling." The same gentleman also writes: "It is useless attempting to describe the suffering that existed when I first arrived; I am not wanting in courage or in strength of mind to witness such scenes, but what I have seen here has completely overpowered me, and made me as inactive as a child and as powerless. The heap of ruins, the corpses strowed in all directions, stripped, and in some cases half eaten by dogs and rats, the stench, and, above all, the sufferings and stupefaction of the survivors, are altogether so appalling that only stern duty and necessity induced me to stay an hour in the place." Many wounded ladies refused to be placed under shelter, shrieking in their terror that the roofs would fall on them.

By the great earthquake on the 20th March, several villages in the neighborhood of Mendoza were also completely destroyed. Its effects were also slightly felt at Valparaiso and other cities on the western slope of the Andes, and more distinctly at Cordova and throughout the Argentine Confederation, even so far eastward as Buenos Ayres, where, on the night of the 20th, a French watchmaker noticed that all the pendulums of his clocks, which were swinging from north to south, had become endowed with a most singularly irregular motion, concerning which phenomena he wrote a letter on the day following to the leading journal of the city; but no explanation was given till the next week, when the mail from Mendoza, brought the truth.

On the eastern slopes of the Andes, the earthquake seems to have exerted its extreme violence, as may be seen in a letter, dated San Juan, 25th March, 1861: "Paula has just arrived from Chili. The earthquake which destroyed Mendoza caught her, with Corina and Emilia, at the foot of the central Cordillera of the Andes. The mercy of God has alone preserved them. It is horrible to hear their account of the fearful scene they witnessed. Deep caverns were opened into the bowels of the mountains; the mountain summits were parted asunder; the road was blocked up with rocks rolled down from above, and with the rubbish brought



with them in their fall. The earth in places burst open like a bomb-shell, ejecting water, all the way from Uspallata. Enormous stones were thrown from one mountain to another with the report of cannon. Some passengers on the road were crushed by the falling rocks. It was a scene of indescribable horror which surrounded them; they fearing every moment that they would be buried under the rocks which came rolling down the sides of the mountain."

Professor Forbes who had been making geological researches in Peru and Bolivia, was in Rosario at the time of the earthquake, and immediately proceeded to Mendoza, to examine the phenomena of the catastrophe, concerning which he reports somewhat as follows to the Government of the Argentine Republic, by whom he was appointed their commissioner: "Data have enabled me to arrive at the decisive conclusion that the earthquake was caused by a revival of volcanic action on the eastern side of the principal chain of the Cordilleras, and the endeavor to find outlet for the escape of gases by the fracture of supervening rocks. To examine the effects of the earthquake in the Cordilleras, I proceeded direct to the hills in front of the city, and found the stripe—the course of the earth-wave as marked on a map annexed—here marked in all directions by ruins, which track I followed up to Uspallata for six days. Within its limits rocks had been broken in pieces, and borne or thrown to other places; there were fissures in the earth, and the springs had increased their flow." Mr. Forbes also gives some practical advice concerning the rebuilding of the city. The north-east portion of the old city was built on low marshy ground, which "sunk from one to eight feet, and was torn up as though it had been plowed for a width of about three hundred varas—about two hundred and eighty yards;—and in some places springs had come to the surface." Thus he recommends an extension of the city to the westward, on the rocky slopes of the Sierra. The old city was almost entirely built of adobes, a large thick brick, about two feet long, baked in the sun, and put together without lime, mud only being used to fill the interstices; concerning which he says: "The old system of brick houses will, of course, be rejected, nor ought the streets to be so narrow as before, this having occa-

sioned the chief loss, the hollowed walls falling into them from both sides upon the people. With broad streets, and with houses of wooden framing, filled in with lath and plaster, no danger need be feared from any subsequent earthquake."

M. Bravard, a French naturalist, resident at Mendoza, had predicted the destruction of the city by an earthquake, basing his prediction upon the volcanic formation of the whole of the north-western portion of the province. This peculiarity is also noticed by Sir Woodbine Parish, in his valuable work on Buenos Ayres and the Argentine provinces. Bravard perished while sitting on the corner of his bed pulling off his stockings, on the night of the 20th of March.

Mendoza was one of the most important cities of the Argentine Republic; situated at the foot of the Andes, and commanding the principal pass to Chili at Uspallata, it was the centre of all the traffic with the west coast. The population was variously estimated at from fourteen to seventeen thousand, of whom not more than two thousand escaped. The loss may be estimated at thirteen thousand, which is below the number usually named by men well acquainted with the city; of these the greater part found death and burial at the same moment, but many, it is believed, languished for days under the ruins, there being none to dig them out. A large proportion also of those who were rescued died from gangrene, before surgeons could arrive from Chili to perform the necessary amputations. All the surgeons of the city itself were killed. Numbers of children escaped, and, strange to say, nearly all the blind people! The former were taken charge of by the Chilian government, and removed to an asylum at Santiago do Chili.

To the traveller accustomed to the interminable plains of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and Cordova, or wearied with the sandy deserts of San Juan, the province of Mendoza has always been a most welcome oasis on the tedious journey across the continent of South America; here he finds himself once again in an enclosed country, riding along well-kept roads, between water-courses, shaded by double rows of magnificent poplars, almost equalling in size those time-honored trees which line the banks of the sluggish canals of Belgium and the Low Countries. The rocky and volcanic nature



of the soil of Mendoza has forced the inhabitants to adopt a mode of agriculture widely differing from that pursued in the other provinces of the republic; they have been forced to dig canals for the artificial irrigation of the whole of their pasturages; and, the natural grasses being very poor, lucerne is very extensively planted throughout the province, the different fields being divided by stone fences to prevent the encroachments

of cattle. All these fences were thrown down by the earthquake, and the autumn crops entirely destroyed by straying cattle.

The city is now in process of rebuilding; inhabitants already pour into it from other parts, and though earthquakes become of common occurrence, they will in future be no more destructive than they are in the wood-built cities of Chili and Peru.

**VESUVIUS.**—The last freak of Vesuvius has been the destruction of seventeen wild boars in the Bosco of the Palace at Portici. They fell victims last week to the gases which issue from the soil in several directions about Resina. Already vegetation has suffered from the same causes, and fine old Carruba trees, it is observed, have withered; whether the vines have suffered in this district it is premature to say, but in a month or two we shall know. In Torre del Greco itself the gaseous exhalations are as strong as they ever were in the lower part of the city, notwithstanding fifteen thousand people have already returned. The registers which I marked outside the Municipal House a few days since record six hundred and eighty-nine houses as having suffered, and give the names of the proprietors as demanding assistance. The mode of rendering it about to be adopted is most judicious. Loans will be made for a certain given time, to be repaid without interest, for the express object of repairing and rebuilding, and the poor inhabitants are to be employed in the works. A commission went over a few days ago to direct the destruction of some houses in a falling state, and to remove several of the inhabitants who had taken possession of infected houses. In 1792 the gases continued to issue for seven months, a pleasant prospect for the modern Torrese; the ground is said to be subsiding, and consequently the sea to be retiring to the extent of two inches, but I doubt it.—*Athenæum*.

**MR. MARK LEMON**, well known as a dramatist, and better as the editor of *Punch*, has commenced a series of lectures which he entitles "About London." They are of a literary and archaeological character, but enlivened by anecdotes and by touches of *Punch*-humor, of which Mr. Lemon possesses a rich fund. Strictly speaking, these lectures are "instructive," the lecturer having apparently concluded (as the Americans say) that there are "entertainers" enough, and that in the three millions of Londoners there must be a large number of persons who really desire to hear something about their old city, and can listen to its history and look at its points without demanding a grin or a somersault from the narrator at every corner of a street. But the humorous element, strong in Mr. Mark Lemon,

makes its way, despite his laudable intention to be improving, and his discourses are saturated, as it were, with the pleasant atmosphere that may be supposed to envelop *Punch*-land. At the end of each lecture, we have learned a great deal, and we have laughed a great deal, and we seem to have made a personal friend of the genial teacher. Mr. Lemon has been heartily welcomed, his audiences have been very large, and we may congratulate a fellow-laborer in journalism upon having achieved an honorable success. We must not forget to mention that the lectures are illustrated by a series of beautifully painted views, some with mechanical effects, and figures. The series consists of three, but each address is self-complete, and they are delivered in the "Gallery of Illustration" on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, and on Saturday evenings. As all the world is coming to London presently, all London should know something about itself, and be able to explain itself to the visitors, and there cannot be a better "coach" than Mr. Mark Lemon.—*Press*, 18 Jan.

THERE is a striking feature in the useful little almanac published by the "Art Union of London," which is, perhaps, not generally known, while it gives all the information generally to be found in most almanacs. It devotes a considerable space to information not to be found in others, we believe; namely, the list of all the Learned, Literary, and Artistic Societies, with the fullest information concerning them. Also a list of all public institutions, and a very useful approximate number of pictures in the principal European galleries.

THE paper read within the last few days by M. Mignet, at the annual meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, at Paris, on the "Life and Works of Henry Hallam," author of the "Constitutional History of England," and the "State of Europe during the Middle Ages," is likely to appear in a distinct form. It is said that M. Mignet's paper is one of the most masterly sketches ever read to the academy within a short space for such a subject.



From Once a Week.

CARTES DE VISITE.

WE wonder how many people there are in London who have actually seen the National Portrait Gallery! It seems a principle of government to seek publicity as little as possible, even in cases where they cater for the public only. We question, indeed, if one man in a thousand knows where the effigies of England's departed great are deposited; and even those who seek the whereabouts of the gallery are as likely as not to be disappointed in obtaining admission, for, acting on the old governmental exclusive principle, and the determination to keep people out of their own exhibitions as much as possible, the gallery is permitted to be open only three days in the week. For the thousands annually spent in purchasing portraits, and for the noble gifts made by individuals for the public advantage, the result is that scarcely a dozen persons in the day wend their way to the private house in Great George Street, Westminster, where the portrait gallery is established; indeed, we have often been in the room for a couple of hours without hearing the echo of any footsteps but our own. We have not dwelt upon the general deserted condition of this gallery gratuitously, but for the purpose of contrasting it with the hundred portrait galleries of great and noted Englishmen to be found in—our shop windows. Wherever in our fashionable streets we see a crowd congregated before a shop window, there for certain a like number of notabilities are staring back at the crowd in the shape of *cartes de visite*. Certainly our street portrait galleries are a great success; no solemn flights of stairs lead to pompous rooms in which pompous attendants preside with a severe air over pompous portraits, no committee of selection decide on the propriety of hanging certain portraits. Here, on the contrary, social equality is carried to its utmost limit, and Tom Sayers is to be found cheek-by-jowl with Lord Derby, or Mrs. Fry is hung as a pendant to Agnes Willoughby. The only principle governing the selection of the *carte de visite* portraits is their commercial value, and that depends upon the notability of the person represented.

The commercial value of the human face was never tested to such an extent as it is at the present moment in these handy photo-

graphs. No man, or woman either, knows but that some accident may elevate them to the position of the hero of the hour, and send up the value of their countenances to a degree they never dreamed of. For instance, after the great fight with Heenan, Tom Sayers was beset by photographers, anxious for the honor of paying for a sitting; but his reply was, "It's no good, gentlemen, I've been and sold my mug to Mr. Newbold," that sporting publisher having seen betimes the advantage of securing the copyright of his phis. Thus a new source of income has been opened to first-rate photographers, besides the profit arising from taking portraits. A wholesale trade has sprung up with amazing rapidity, and to obtain a good sitter, and his permission to sell his *carte de visite*, is in itself an annuity to a man. For instance, all our public men are what is termed in the trade "sure cards,"—there is a constant demand for them, a much greater one, indeed, than can be supplied. It must be remembered, that every picture has to be printed from the original negative, and the success of the printing process depends upon the weather; in foggy, dark days no impressions can be taken from the negative. It is true that negatives can be taken from positives, or from *cartes de visite* already in existence; but the result is a deterioration of the portrait, a plan never resorted to by first-class photographers such as Silvi, or Lock, or Mayall, although dishonest persons are to be found who will commit piracy in this manner for money. The public are little aware of the enormous sale of the *cartes de visite* of celebrated persons. An order will be given by a wholesale house for ten thousand of one individual—thus £400 will be put into the lucky photographer's pocket who happens to possess the negative. As might have been expected, the chief demand is for the members of the royal family. Her Majesty's portraits, which Mr. Mayall alone has taken, sell by the hundred thousand. No greater tribute to the memory of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort could have been paid than the fact that within one week from his decease no less than seventy thousand of his *cartes de visite* were ordered from the house of Marion and Co., of Regent Street. This house is by far the largest dealer in *cartes de visite* in the coun-



try; indeed, they do as much as all the other houses put together. The wholesale department of this establishment devoted to these portraits, is in itself a sight. To this centre flow all the photographs in the country that "will run." Packed in the drawers and on the shelves are the representatives of thousands of Englishwomen and Englishmen awaiting to be shuffled out to all the leading shops in the country. What a collection of British faces! If a box or two of them were to be sealed up and buried deep in the ground, to be dug up two or three centuries hence, what a prize they would be to the fortunate finder! Hitherto we have only known our ancestors through the pencils of certain great artists, and the sitters themselves have all belonged to the highest class. Hence we are apt to attribute certain leading expressions of countenance to our progenitors which are rather owing to the mannerism of the painters than to the sitters. Thus all Reynolds' beauties possess a certain look in common; if we believed his brush without any reserve, we should fancy that the English race of the latter part of the last century were the noblest-looking beings that ever trod the earth. No portrait of man or woman ever came from his easel with a mean look. The same may be said of those of Gainsborough and Hoppner, and the result is that all our knowledge of the faces of the last century is purely conventional. But it is far different with the *carte de visite*. Here we have the very lines that nature has engraven on our faces, and it can be said of them that no two are alike. The price, again, enables all the better middle class to have their portraits; and by the system of exchange, forty of their friends (happy delusion) for two guineas!

Let us imagine, then, a box of such pictures discovered of the time of the Commonwealth, for instance, or a few years later. What would we give to have such pictures of old Pepys, his wife, and Mistress Nip? Yet treasures such as these we shall be able to hand down to our posterity, for there is little doubt that photographs of the present day will remain perfect, if carefully preserved, for generations. Silvi alone has the negatives of sitters in number equal to the inhabitants of a large country town, and our great thoroughfares are filled with photographers; there are not less than thirty-five

in Regent Street alone, and every suburban road swarms with them; can we doubt therefore that photographic portraits have been taken by the million? Out of these the great wholesale houses such as Marion and Co., have the pick. Every day brings up scores of offers of portraits, which are accepted or not, according to circumstances. In many cases the sale is wholly local, in others nearly wholly metropolitan. Some have a perpetual sale; others, again, run like wildfire for a day, and then fall a dead letter. Some special circumstance or action scatters these portraits wholesale; for instance, the pluck displayed by the Queen of Naples resulted in a sale of twenty thousand of her portraits; and Miss Jolly was only a month ago the rage in Ireland. The sudden death of a great man, as we have before said, is immediately made known to the wholesale *carte de visite* houses by an influx of orders by telegraph. There was a report the other day that Lord Palmerston was dead, and his *carte de visite* was immediately in enormous request; and Lord Herbert to this day sells as well as any living celebrity.

Literary men have a constant sale: Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, are bought for every album. Scientific men, again, sell well; but theatrical or operatic celebrities have a run for a short time, owing to some successful performance, and then are not sought for more. The series of Mademoiselle Patti has, however, already circulated to the extent of twenty thousand copies. It is a curious fact that the *cartes de visite* have for the present entirely superseded all other sized photographic portraits. This is rather singular, inasmuch as we did not adopt it until it had been popular in Paris for three years. Possibly, however, the rage has its foundation in two causes. In the first place, a *carte de visite* portrait is really a more agreeable-looking likeness than larger ones; it is taken with the middle of the lens, where it is truest, hence it is never out in drawing; and then, again, it rather hides than exaggerates any little roughness of the face, which is so apparent in large-sized portraits. Secondly, when a man can get forty portraits for a couple of guineas, his vanity is flattered by being able to distribute his surplus copies among his friends. It enables every one to possess a picture gallery of those he cares about, as well as those he



does not, for we are convinced some people collect them for the mere vanity of showing, or pretending, they have a large acquaintance. There is still another advantage; *cartes de visite* are taken two at a time, stereoscopically, that is, a little out of the same line, hence solid portraits can be produced by the aid of the stereoscope. When we remember the old style of portrait we were obliged to be contented with, the horrible limning a lover got of his mistress for five guineas; the old monthly nurses they made of our mothers; and the resplendent maiden aunts, with their gold chains, watches, and frightful turbans; and the race of fathers we keep by us in old drawers, gentlemen built up stiffly, and all alike in blue coats, and brass buttons, with huge towels round their necks by way of cravats; when we remember the art at the command of the middle classes not forty years since, we are deeply thankful for the kindness of Sol in taking up the pencil and giving us a glimpse of nature once more. But even the great Apollo himself has his mannerism, and it is easy enough to detect a Silvi, a Lock, a Mayall, a Herbert Watkins, a Maull and Pollyblank, or a Claudet *carte de visite* by the manner in which it is posed, or the arrangement of the light upon it. It is a great mistake to suppose that the art of portrait-taking has degenerated into a mere mechanical trade; the difference between a good photographic portrait and a bad one is nearly as great as between a good miniature and a bad one. How difficult it is to pose a sitter well, and how this difficulty is increased where the artist has to work with the sun? Of old, in the course of three or four sittings, the natural attitude and best expression of the sitter was pretty sure to come out, but now the difficulty is greatly increased; when a picture has to be taken, we say, in half a minute, what natural aptitude the photographic artist ought to possess, to seize the best attitude and position at once. To produce a good photograph it requires a thoroughly artistic hand, and that hand must work, also, with the best tools; consequently, the lenses now in use for first-rate work are exceedingly valuable, and the stock of cameras required by the producers of our best *cartes de visite* costs a little fortune.

Then there is, in addition, all the accessories to make up backgrounds—properties,

in fact—some of them of the stale routine style; for instance, the pillar and the curtain does duty as of old, and many a good honest cockney is made to stand in marble halls, who was never in a nobler mansion than a suburban villa in his life. But there are not wanting details in better taste. The French have composed their *cartes de visite* in this respect with great skill and art. The most elaborate carved woodwork, the rarest statuettes, the most carefully painted distances, figure in these backgrounds, and are shifted and combined in endless variety, so as to give every portrait some distinctive character of its own. All these things cost money, and the tendency is to throw the best business into the hands of a few skilled capitalists; and in London half a dozen men entirely command the patronage of the fashionable part of the community.

Monsieur Silvi appears to have made the *carte de visite* his special study, and has brought to his task all the resources of an artistic mind. No one knows how much depends upon the photographer, until he compares a good with a bad sun portrait. That sense of beauty and instinctive art of catching the best momentary *pose* of the body, is a gift which cannot be picked up as a mechanical trade can be. This gift M. Silvi possesses in an eminent degree. And he not only pursues photography as an art, but also as a manufacture; hence the scale and method of his proceedings. A visit of inspection to his studio in Porchester Terrace is full of interest. In walking through the different rooms, you are puzzled to know whether you are in a studio or a house of business. His photographic rooms are full of choice works of art in endless number; for it is his aim to give as much variety as possible to the accessories in each picture, in order to accomplish which he is continually changing even his large assortment. Sometimes when a royal portrait has to be taken, the background is carefully composed beforehand, so as to give a local habitation, as it were, to the figure. The well-informed person, without a knowledge even of the originals, may make a shrewd guess at many of the personages in his book of royal portraits by the nature of the accessories about them. Thus, all the surroundings of the Duc de Montpensier's daughter are Spanish, whilst his son's African sojourn is indicated



by the tropical scenery. The portraits of members of our own royal family are surrounded with fitting accessories which stamp their rank. As M. Silvi takes every negative with his own hand, the humblest as well as the most exalted sitter is sure of the best artistic effect that his establishment can produce. This we feel certain is the great secret of M. Silvi's success, as the skill required in taking a good photograph cannot be deputed to a subordinate. But, as we have said, his house is at the same time a counting-house, a laboratory, and a printing establishment. One room is found to be full of clerks keeping the books, for at the West End credit must be given; in another a score of employés are printing from the negatives. A large building has been erected for this purpose in the back garden. In a third room are all the chemicals for preparing the plates; and again in another we see a heap of crucibles glittering with silver. All the clippings of the photographs are here reduced by fire, and the silver upon them is thus recovered. One large apartment is appropriated to the baths in which the *cartes de visite* are immersed, and a feminine clatter of tongues directs us to the room in which the portraits are finally corded and packed up. Every portrait taken is posted in a book, and numbered consecutively. This portrait index contains upwards of seven thousand *cartes de visite*, and a reference to any one of them gives the clue to the whereabouts of the negative. Packed as these negatives are closely in boxes of fifties, they fill a pretty large room. It is M. Silvi's custom to print fifty of each portrait, forty going to the possessor, and ten remaining in stock, as a supply for friends. Sometimes individuals will have a couple of hundred impressions, the number varying, of course, according to the extent of the circle. The tact and aptitude of M. Silvi for portrait-taking may be estimated when we inform our readers that he has taken from forty to fifty a day with his own hand. The printing is, of course, purely mechanical, and is performed by subordinates, who have set afloat in the world seven hundred thousand portraits from this studio alone.

In comparing the Parisian and London

*cartes de visite*, it is important to observe the wide difference which exists between the class of portraits that sell. In Paris, actors and singers and dancers are in demand, to the exclusion of all other kinds of portraits. A majority of these portraits, indeed, are aimed at sensual appetites. Statesmen, members of the legislature, and scientific men, do not sell at all. In England, we know how different it is: we want to know our public men,—our great lawyers, painters, literary men, travellers, and priests: in France, there seems to be no respect or reverence for such people—at least, people do not care to invest a couple of francs on their *cartes de visite*, and consequently they are not produced. The universality of the *carte de visite* portrait has had the effect of making the public thoroughly acquainted with all its remarkable men. We know their personality long before we see them. Even the *cartes de visite* of comparatively unknown persons so completely picture their appearance, that when we meet the originals we seem to have some acquaintance with them. "I know that face, somehow," is the instinctive cogitation, and then we recall the portrait we have a day or two past seen in the windows. As we all know, the value of the photographic portrait has long been understood by the police, and known thieves have the honor of a picture gallery of their own in Scotland Yard, to which we shall refer in some future paper; but the photograph is also useful for rogues as yet uncaptured and uncondemned. Thus, when Redpath absconded, it was immediately suspected that a negative of him must be lodged at some of our photographers. The inquiry was made, and one of them was found in Mr. Mayall's possession. An order was given for a supply to the detective force, and through its instrumentality the delinquent, though much disguised, was arrested on board a steamer sailing from some port in the north of Europe. Possibly Mr. Peter Morrison's photograph will be brought into requisition, in order to further the purposes of justice. The amusing and interesting facts in relation to general photography and stereoscopic groups we shall reserve for another paper.

A. WYNTER.



From Chambers's Journal.

### MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

THE ancient Romans had three forms of marriage—the *confarreatio*, the *coemptio*, and *usus*. The first was a civil as well as religious contract, effected in the presence of a priest and of ten witnesses, and the offspring of such union were *patrimi et matrimi*. Less dignified and important in the eyes of the law was the *coemptio*. It was a merely civil engagement, completely binding, yet conferring not the honor of the *patrimi* and *matrimi* on the children. Still less honorable was the third form of matrimonial union, the *usus*. To constitute it binding in law, no forms or ceremonies whatever were required, but merely twelve months' uninterrupted cohabitation.

With the overturn of the mighty empire of the Cæsars, Roman laws and customs were diffused all over Europe, and while the *confarreatio* was adopted by nearly all the rest of Christendom, the *coemptio* got into fashion with German princes and nobles. The Roman secondary form of marriage was found to be extremely convenient to counteract the effects of the *lex salica*, and the absence of a law of primogeniture; and thus there arose, not long after the fall of Rome, first among the Lombards, and afterwards in the Teutonic empire north of the Alps, the *matrimonium ad morgengabam*, or, as subsequently called, *ad morganaticam*. The barbaric word was of Lombard origin; an allusion to the ancient German custom of making a present to the newly married wife the morning after the celebration of the nuptials—literally a “morning-gift.” According to this new form of matrimonial union, a revival of the *coemptio*, a German prince or great noble, when allying himself to a person of inferior rank, conferred only his hand, but not his title and fortune; or at least not more than was conveyed of the latter in the *Morgengabe*, the free gift on or after the wedding-day.

In Germany, about the fifteenth century, the *matrimonia ad legem morganaticam contracta* came to be greatly in fashion with younger sons of royal and princely houses. At the death of Duke William of Brunswick-Lüneburg, in 1490, his seven sons, among whom, according to custom, the land was to be divided, made a common agreement, to the effect that only one should take

unto himself a princely consort, and the rest be content with morganatic spouses. The lot for a royal bride fell on the sixth son, Prince George, who accordingly married a high-born princess; while his eldest brother remained a bachelor, and the others took refuge in vulgar alliances *ad morgengabam*. The fourth son, Prince Frederick, was fortunate in his choice, for, marrying the beautiful daughter of his private secretary, he had a numerous family, the descendants of which prosper to this day, as Barons von Lüneburg. As customs gradually become law, so did the system of morganatic marriages in course of time produce a royal code of matrimony, in which the marriage of princes with persons of lower rank, in other than morganatic form, was subjected to high penalties, particularly as respected the fair sex thus aspiring. The barbaric law was not unfrequently carried into execution. Duke Ernest of Bavaria, in the year 1416, had a beautiful girl, Agnes Bernauer of Straubingen, condemned to death, for daring to marry his son, Prince Albert; and all the tears and entreaties of his family did not save the fair young creature from the scaffold. The princely tyranny so created soon showed its fatal effects on the morals of the high-born class itself. Flatterers argued that if crowned heads were allowed to adopt a particular form of marriage, not legal with subjects, they also were not bound to conform to the monogamic principles of the lower classes, but might marry in morganatic fashion over and above the ordinary way. The insidious advice was listened to with pleasure by several princes, who forthwith carried out the new doctrine by taking second wives *ad legem morganaticam*. Landgrave Philip of Hesse, one of the champions of the Reformation, was among the first to inaugurate the new fashion. This was before he had been made acquainted with the teachings of Luther; for he had no sooner become a Protestant than he began to feel scruples as to the righteousness of the second marriage. He accordingly consulted the most eminent of the new reformers, soliciting them to state their opinion on the subject; and Dr. Martin Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Corvinus, Adam, and Melander, replied to the appeal in the following curious declaration; dated July, 1539, and signed by all of them:—



"We cannot advise that the license of marrying more wives than one be publicly introduced, and, as it were, ratified by law. If anything were allowed to be known on the subject, your Highness easily comprehends that it would be understood and received as a precept, whence much scandal and many difficulties would arise. Your Highness should be pleased to consider the excessive scandal, that the enemies of the Gospel would exclaim that we are like the Ana-baptists, who have adopted the practice of polygamy, and that the Evangelicals, as the Turks, allow themselves the license of a plurality of wives. . . . But in certain cases, there is room for dispensation. For example, if any one detained captive in a foreign country, should there take to himself a second wife, for the good of his body and health. In this and like cases, we do not know by what reason a man could be condemned who marries an additional wife, with the advice of his pastor; not with the purpose of introducing a new law, but of satisfying his own necessity. Nevertheless, even in this case, the marriage ought to take place secretly, so that no scandal may arise." The upshot was, that Landgrave Philip of Hesse kept his second morganatic spouse, and induced others to do the like.

The above strange document, the genuineness of which has been often doubted, but with no show of reason, was published for the first time in 1679, by the Elector Palatine, Charles Ludwig, son of the unhappy "winter-king" of Bohemia, and brother of famous Prince Rupert. Even at this period, the custom of marrying a morganatic spouse, over and above the first wife, had not fallen entirely into abeyance; but being in bad repute, the elector thought of propitiating public opinion by an appeal to the Fathers of the Protestant Church. His Highness had been married for several years to the Princess Charlotte of Hesse, when he fell in love with her lady of honor, Maria von Degenfeld, and resolved to unite himself to her in morganatic fashion. He did so with considerable solemnity, notwithstanding the protest of his wife and her friends; but maintaining to the last that his second union was perfectly legal, according to the ancient laws of Germany in respect to princes. Maria von Degenfeld brought her morganatic husband fourteen children, nearly all boys, who

bore the title of Counts of the Palatinate. But the son of the elector by Charlotte of Hesse succeeded to the throne without protest. Public opinion, meanwhile, had declared itself strongly against the open bigamy of Prince Charles Ludwig; and though morganatic marriages continued to flourish in Germany, his was the last involving a plurality of wives. Out of the empire, the custom was not more successful. Several Polish kings tried the practice of morganatic bigamy, but became very unpopular in consequence: and King Emmanuel of Portugal, who died in 1580, and left a son by a morganatic union, utterly failed in getting him adopted by the states of the realm.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the *matrimonium ad legem morganaticam* came to attract the attention of the highest legal authorities in Europe, owing to an attempt, on the part of a German prince, to destroy the civil consequences of such marriage-contract, and to give it the same value as that of the ordinary matrimonial union. Duke Anton Ulrich of Saxe-Meiningen, in the year 1711, united himself *ad morganaticam* to Elizabeth Schurman, the beautiful daughter of a captain in the army, a lady of superior education, and exquisite tenderness of mind. Becoming more and more enamored of his young wife, the duke after awhile determined to make her his full and real consort, so as to lift her up to the rank of duchess, and enable her and his children to succeed him on the throne. As a first step to this effect, he petitioned the emperor, Charles VI., to grant the title of Princess of the Empire to her; and while the appeal was pending, he made such arrangements as he thought would secure the succession to his children. Thereupon a violent storm arose in the princely world of Germany, every family protesting against the contemplated desecration of high-born privileges. Loudest in their protests were the Princes of Saxe-Gotha, Saxe-Anhalt, and Saxe-Eisenach, the nearest heirs to Duke Anton Ulrich, in the absence of legitimate offspring; and seeing their advice to his Highness disregarded, they concluded a family pact among themselves, declaring all morganatic marriages ineffectual, even if changed into ordinary alliances, and pledging each other to oppose, if necessary, by arms, the advent of any of the children of Elizabeth Schur-



man. Against this decidedly illegal pact, the duke appealed to the emperor, reiterating at the same time his demand for the grant of a title to his wife. The emperor wavered long in giving his reply. The most eminent lawyers of Europe were unanimous in asserting for Duke Anton Ulrich the full power to marry either princess or commoner, and to install his consort in all the rights and privileges of a real wife, as well as to give the same rights to the children of such union. The sovereign princes of the empire, on the other side, energetically opposed this declaration of principle, stating it as the basis of princely law in matrimony that there should be *Ebenbürtigkeit*—equality of birth,—and protesting against any infringement of this law as utterly pernicious to the welfare of the realm. The emperor, though leaning personally towards the cause of Duke Anton Ulrich, was forced at length to give way to the pressure exercised upon him by the body of electors and sovereign princes, and declared against the rights of succession of the duke's children.

The German kaiser having vanished from the world, and the empire being dead, this decision, though confirmed by the diet of 1747, is probably at present but a piece of waste paper. The important question of the validity of morganatic marriages, as regards the claim of children to the rank and property of the father, has in reality never yet been definitely settled. George I. himself, it is certain, was married in morganatic fashion to Fräulein Schulenberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal; and though the offspring of this union, represented in Lord Chesterfield's descendants, has no claim to legitimacy, the same cannot be said of other royal marriages of the same kind. Without speaking of the morganatic marriage of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, with the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, September 6, 1766, which is of no particular importance, or of that of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, with Lady Ann Luttrell, on October 2, 1771, which is scarcely more consequential, although in virtue of it a certain lady continues to claim some ten millions sterling from the British crown, there remains the notable match between the sixth son of George III., the Duke of Sussex, and Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The marriage ceremony took

place at Rome, in the presence of an English clergyman, April 4, 1793, and, to leave no doubt of its legality, was repeated at St. George's, Hanover Square, December 5, 1794. The union, which only became known some time afterwards, was declared illegal and invalid by the English ecclesiastical court, as being contrary to the Royal Marriage Act of 1772; but the question having been revived in later times, great doubts were expressed by the most eminent jurists whether the annulment of the union was not the most illegal part of the whole proceeding. The offspring of the duke's marriage were two children, Augustus Frederick, born June 13, 1794, and Augusta Emma, born August 11, 1801. The former entered the army at an early age, under the name of Augustus d'Este, and gradually rose to the rank of colonel. He lived at first a very retired life; but the successive deaths of the elder sons of George III. opening the perspective of the throne of Great Britain to the Duke of Sussex, he put his claim to legitimacy prominently forward. He did so particularly in the year 1830, during the season of general political agitation. The claim excited great interest among continental jurists, on account of the involved succession to the kingdom of Hanover; and a whole legion of books and pamphlets were ushered into the world at the time, discussing the pretensions of Colonel d'Este. Two of the most eminent German lawyers, Klüber and Zachariä, declared themselves strongly in favor of the colonel's claim, and even assisted in bringing the question before the Frankfort diet, where, however, it was silently dropped, in consequence of a hint from Prussia. When the Duke of Cumberland ascended the throne of Hanover, with no successor but a blind son, the discussion was again revived, Colonel d'Este going so far as to present himself before the Hanoverian chamber of nobles, in 1834, with the demand to be admitted as member of the royal family, and prospective heir to the crown. Threats of assassination, it is said, forced him to leave Hanover; whereupon he went to Berlin, in 1836, to lay his case before the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., himself morganatically married. The king received him on the footing of a prince, but did nothing for him; and so the affair gradually dropped, and was forgotten. Nevertheless, the Hanoverian lib-



eral party—never reconciled to the arbitrary rule of the house of Cumberland—are understood to have secret hopes that some change will take place one day in favor of the descendant of the Duke of Sussex.

The most notable morganatic marriages of recent years have been those of the late King of Prussia (just alluded to), of the King of Denmark, of Archduke John of Austria, and of several princes of the royal Bavarian family. The marriage of the King of Prussia with the Countess Augusta von Harrach, celebrated November 9, 1824, made considerable noise at the time, on account of the bride being a zealous Roman Catholic, and believed to be a pupil of the Jesuits. The young wife, born August 30, 1800, soon acquired an extraordinary influence over her aged husband, whom she seemed to govern entirely; and there were not wanting sinister rumors that she intended to lead him over to the faith of Rome. The excitement created by this rumor threatened to be dangerous, and to allay it, the countess, in 1826, embraced Protestantism. She was created thereupon Princess of Liegnitz, and took part in all official fêtes and assemblies as the declared consort of the king. Even after His Majesty's death, in 1840, she was treated with the greatest respect by his successor and all the members of the royal family; and even had the honor of being inserted in the *Almanach de Gotha*, though only in the rear of legitimate princehood, as *veuve morganatique*. Less honor has fallen to the share of another morganatic consort, the spouse of His Majesty of Denmark. King Frederick VII., now reigning, contracted, on the 7th of August, 1850, a morganatic union with Lola Rasmussen, whilom a milliner's apprentice of Hanover, then a lady out of occupation at Hamburg, and finally—as the *Gentleman's Magazine* of October 1850 quaintly reports it—"well known to the Copenhagen corps of officers." Lola Rasmussen is said to have become acquainted with the king, her husband, on the occasion of a violent conflagration in one of the main streets of Copenhagen, when she took active part in working the pumps. She is not beautiful, but of great energy of mind, and is known to exercise considerable influence in the government of Denmark. Soon after the celebration of the marriage, she was elevated to the rank of Countess of

Danner, and the income of several large domains assigned to her. King Frederick was married twice before his union with the countess, and in both cases his consorts—the first, a Princess of Denmark, the second, a Duchess of Mecklenburg—obtained a separation on account of cruelty. The matrimonial action is said to be now reversed.

One of the most curious morganatic marriages of modern times has been that of the late Archduke John of Austria, the famous Lord Protector of Germany during the stormy days of 1848. Archduke John, born January 20, 1782, the sixth son of the Emperor Leopold II. of Austria, distinguished himself early in the anti-Napoleonic wars, during which he organized the insurrectionary movement of the Tyrol and the alpine countries of the Vorarlberg. Becoming thus acquainted with popular life and manners, he never lost his fondness for it; but at the end of the war retired to a small country-house near Grätz, there to enjoy the pleasures of rural life. He made frequent hunting excursions, and in one of these had occasion to require the services of the postmaster of Aussee, a little village in the mountains. It was late on a cold January evening that he arrived at the postmaster's humble dwelling, to ask for a carriage to take him a stage onward to his destination. The master, Herr Plochel, was not at home, and all the carriages and horses were in use; nevertheless, the smart daughter of the house volunteered to drive the humble traveller, whom, by his dress, she held to be a pilgrim, in a two-wheeled cart across the hills, that he might not come to harm in walking along the lonely road. So they set out, the son of the emperor and the daughter of the postmaster; he silent and pre-occupied, she merry as a bird, chatting and singing alpine songs all the way long. Anna Plochel was not beautiful, but merely what people call interesting; the archduke thought she was the most interesting creature he had ever set eyes on. He shook hands warmly when set down from the humble cart; and the next day, to Anna Plochel's great astonishment, was again at Aussee. He stayed three days at the little village inn, had long chats with little Clara, and at the end of the time asked the postmaster the hand of his daughter. Of course, the suitor was required to give his name and profession. "Johann,



Archduke of Austria, late field-marshal; now out of employment." Herr Plochel, a serious man, did not like the reply, and angrily bade the visitor to leave his house, and never show himself again. In vain did the stranger plead that what he had spoken was the truth, and nothing but the truth; all his arguments had but the effect of making the postmaster more and more angry. So nothing was left for Prince Johann but to go to Grätz to fetch some friends who would vouch for his "respectability." This he did, then got the postmaster's consent, was duly proclaimed in church, and married to Anna Plochel on the 18th February, 1827, exactly three weeks after he had made her acquaintance in the two-wheeled cart. Prince John did not in the least make a mystery of the union, but forthwith sent word to Vienna that he had been morganatically married, and would give himself the pleasure soon of introducing his wife at the Hofburg. The kaiser laughed, the empress got into a fury. The upshot came to be, that Johann's humble spouse was made a Baroness of Brandhof and Countess of Meran, with a large annual pension. When Archduke John was Lord Protector of Germany in 1848, his morganatic wife acted as mistress of the house, in the hall of the Old Emperors at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Several sons were the offspring of the marriage, the eldest, now called Count of Meran, born March 11, 1839. The countess is still living, being at present in her fifty-sixth year.

Two princes of the royal house of Bavaria—Prince Charles, uncle, and Duke Louis, cousin of the present king—are married in morganatic fashion. Prince Charles, the only brother of ex-king Ludwig—famous as poet, artist, and friend of Lola Montez—has united himself to a Fräulein Bolley, the daughter of a schoolmaster. The marriage took place in the reign of King Ludwig, who, with his accustomed liberality, placed no obstacles whatever in the way of the prince and the Fräulein, but was present at the ceremony, and at the end of it presented the fair bride as a *Morgengabe* with the title of Baroness of Beyersdorf, and a charming park and mansion on the banks of the Lake of Tegern, in the Bavarian Alps. The other prince of Bavaria, living in morganatic union, Duke Louis, of the branch of Deux-Ponts, is residing with his wife, a tradesman's daughter, in great retirement near the city of Landau, in the Palatinate.

Besides the above named, there are some fifteen other German dukes and princes married in morganatic fashion; among them is

a member of the illustrious family of Saxe-Coburg, otherwise so high-soaring in matrimonial alliances. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, born January 31, 1824, brother of the king-regent of Portugal, nephew of the king of the Belgians, and first cousin of the late Prince-Consort, united himself, in March, 1861, to Fräulein Constance Geiger, a young teacher of music in the town of Vienna. The marriage ceremony took place in public, and with considerable pomp, although with a total absence of court carriages. The witnesses were, Herr Haslinger, music publisher and composer; and Herr Streicher, pianoforte manufacturer, both uncles of the bride. The musical element was as strong on this occasion as the morganatic. The Vienna papers, which gave all the details of the ceremony, state that the bride wore a dress of brown silk, "quite new." Even later than this morganatic marriage, is that of the sovereign Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, which happened on the third of November last. The bride, daughter of a Prussian physician named Schulz, is said to be only nineteen, and very beautiful and accomplished; His Highness is sixty-eight.

Morganatic marriages are certainly on the increase in Germany at the present time; the fact is generally admitted even among high conservative writers, and held to be, on the whole, favorable to the existence of royalty. It has been remarked for many years past, that those illustrious families among whom intermarriage had become most common, were obviously declining in physical and mental strength; and this evil, it is thought, will be remedied after awhile by those alliances now called morganatic. Few doubt that they are the stepping-stone from the present unnatural order of things, by which a small number of persons stand aloof from the whole world in which they live, pretending that they are of different flesh and blood. That kings and princes should address each other in epistolary communication as *Mon frère* seems pardonable enough; but that they should be all real brothers, uncles, nephews, and cousins, appears to be undesirable. Nature, to some extent, has put a *veto* upon it, as demonstrated in the case of the Hapsburg and various other royal houses. Perhaps the family of German sovereigns—a strict circle of brothers, sisters, and cousins—begin to be aware of this fact; and hence the greater number of morganatic marriages in modern times, even among the leading princees. Already the growing intelligence of the age has had its effect in this matter, and must make its impress ere long on the barbarous *matrimonium ad morganaticam*.



From The Dublin University Magazine.

# A CHINESE CASE OF BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

THE case is entitled a "Refusal of Marriage on the plea of Poverty." It is quoted in the "Chêng-yin-chu-hwa," one of the books written for the purpose of teaching colloquial Mandarin to the Southern Chinese. It is stated to be an authentic account of a case which actually occurred; but however that may be, we may safely aver that *si non vero*, it is at least *ben trovato*. Such cases are rare in Ningpo in actual life, but are a frequent subject of theatrical representation. The translation is perfectly faithful.

It may be as well to give here a short account of the Chinese court of law.

When a Mandarin tries a cause, he sits in the Ta-tang—court-room, reception-room, etc.,—at a table covered with red cloth, on which are placed the documents connected with the case, pencils, ink, black and red, and the chien-tung, now merely one of the insignia of office. The chien-tung is a cylindrical case containing ten chien or slips of bamboo with the Mandarin's title engraved or written thereon. These slips were formerly used as warrants of arrest, but now the warrants are usually written on paper, and in a prescribed form.

The clerks and other officials stand round the Mandarin—they are not allowed to sit in his presence. The witnesses when under examination kneel below the step at the entrance of the court-room, which is raised a little above the level of the open space in front. In criminal cases the defendant kneels during the whole trial: in civil cases, at least when they are unimportant, he is generally treated like the witnesses—kneeling when being examined, and retiring when the examination is concluded. When making a request, the petitioner, already of course on his knees, knocks his head on the floor.

A list of the witnesses similar to that which follows is handed to the Mandarin before the commencement of the trial, to enable him to call them the more readily, and to recollect their names. In the present instance the plaintiff rejoices in the name of Lang-chin-hsio. For the sake of euphony we have changed this to Spooney, and for a similar reason have taken a similar liberty

with other names. Thus the list in question runs:—

Mr. <i>Spooney</i> ,	the plaintiff,
Mr. <i>Luke Sharp</i> ,	the defendant.
Mr. <i>More Sharp</i> ,	the person who caused the misunderstanding between plaintiff and defendant.
Mr. <i>Adam Sharp</i> ,	the acknowledged head of the Sharp clan.
Miss <i>Juliet Sharp</i> , and	the fair object in dispute.
Mr. <i>Matchem</i> ,	the go-between.

As a general rule the original has been closely followed, without attempting a strictly verbal rendering, which would only lead to obscurity. No attempt has been made at "improving on" the original. In some instances, on the contrary, as in the speeches of the Mandarin, towards the end, in which he indulges in a great deal of "chaff" and badinage, sufficient justice has not been done; and as for the good man's puns, no attempt has been made to translate them. But as the Mandarin is not more happy in his witticisms than some of his brethren, on the bench in England, his fame will lose nothing by the omission.

## FIRST DAY.

### *Plaintiff examined.*

*Mandarin*.—You are Spooney?

*Plaintiff*.—I am.

*Mand.*—What age are you, and what is your occupation? How many years is it since your marriage contract with the Sharp family? Why did you vacate that contract; and, having done so, why do you go to law? Tell the truth!

*Plaint.*—I am thirty years of age, and a student by profession.\* During my father's lifetime he requested Matchem to act as go-between. Written engagements and horoscopes† were exchanged between the families. After my father's death the property was much diminished. When twelve years old I borrowed thirty taels (about £10) from

\* Reading, namely, for the Civil Service Examinations, or in other words, for a degree—the legitimate passport to office.

† Previous to the ratification of the marriage treaty, notes of the year, month, and day on which the male and female were born, are sent to their respective families, and generally submitted to a fortune-teller. The usage is not now so universal as in former times.



More Sharp, to enable me to pay the expenses of my mother's funeral, giving him the title-deeds of twenty *mow*\* of land as security, and agreeing to pay him interest at the rate of three per cent per mensem. How could I have known that More Sharp would have acted so basely? He claimed compound interest, so that in twelve years he wanted me to pay him the sum of 480 taels. He seized my twenty *mow* of land, and reduced me to the greatest distress. I was excessively indignant at his conduct, and entered a prosecution against him, but nothing has yet been settled. Hence he bore a grudge against me, and by all sorts of plotting and scheming prevailed on his uncle, Luke Sharp, to come to me for the purpose of breaking off the engagement. This I refused to do, and I invited the go-between to pay a visit with me to the head of the Sharp clan,† and beg him to go with me to my intended father-in-law's house, and talk the matter over. On my arrival there I met More Sharp, who, before Luke Sharp had opened his mouth, set to work bullying me—chattering also to him in an undertone. Luke Sharp then took pen and paper, and insisted on my cancelling the engagement. On my declining to do so, he, on the one hand, assailed me with abuse, and on the other, called to his servants for a rope and rattan, so that I had nothing for it but to scribble off the document required. He then let me go. I beg your worship to grant me redress for the great injustice that has been done me. The horoscope notes and marriage contract are here, and I put them in evidence.

*Mand.*—Let me ask you, pray, how have you brought yourself to so wretched a condition? No wonder that your intended father-in-law dislikes you; I also look upon you with contempt. How can you expect people to marry a dear child to a person of your miserable appearance? Go down!

*Plaint.*—My case is a very hard one. I beg your worship to give judgment.

*Mand.*—Nonsense! Go down and wait. (To the clerks.)—In what department is the case of Spooney *versus* More Sharp? Be

\* A *mow* is about one-sixth of an acre.

† A Chinese clan consists of those persons in any particular locality who claim descent from a common ancestor, and who, therefore, have a common ancestral temple. The chief is the head of the oldest branch.

quick and find it. Call Luke Sharp and Matchem. Luke Sharp, how is it that you have withdrawn from the engagement which you made with Spooney? Speak up.

*Luke Sharp.*—Having been on friendly terms with the late Spooney, senior, we decided, through the agency of Matchem, on a family alliance. This is true. But after the father's death young Spooney squandered away the whole property in gambling and dissipation, and though I often urged him to fulfil his engagement, he paid no attention whatever to my advice, and in consequence of this delay some years now are lost.\* He wished to annul the contract, and receive double the amount of his wedding presents. The best I could do therefore, was to give him fifty taels. The deed annulling the contract was signed. It is now produced.

*Mand.*—Have you any witness to prove that you gave those fifty taels?

*L. Sharp.*—Yes, More Sharp.

*Mr. Matchem examined.*

*Mand.*—You were the go-between in this affair?

*Matchem.*—Yes, your servant was the go-between.

*Mand.*—How was it that Spooney squandered the property? Did you see Luke Sharp give him fifty taels when he cancelled the contract?

*Matchem.*—I was not present. I did not see anything about the money, nor about the withdrawal of the engagement. All that I know about the matter is, that some years ago, Sharp asked me to urge Spooney to have the marriage performed,—but Spooney said he had not sufficient money to defray the expense, and it is true that the ceremony was deferred from year to year. With regard to the state of Spooney's affairs,—the fact is, that his father met with losses in trade, and, on his decease, left a great many debts unpaid; so that Spooney, though most industrious from youth upwards, could not help being in very embarrassed circumstances, and was twenty years of age before he could clear off the whole of the debts. His property, too, was all gone. The Sharps are wealthy, and seeing his poverty, they often tried to induce him to withdraw from

\* Years, i.e., which ought to have been passed in the matrimonial state. All that are not so spent are, it will be perceived, in the Chinese view, "stale, flat, and unprofitable."



his engagement. Miss Juliet would not consent to this proposal. Hence the affair has been delayed to the present moment. When Spooney requested the head of the clan to go with him to Luke Sharp's, I accompanied him there. They began to quarrel. I tried in vain to make peace—but, not succeeding, left them. I heard nothing said about money. As to what occurred subsequently between them I know nothing.

*Mand.*—You have seen Miss Sharp?

*Matchem.*—Yes.

*Mand.*—You would know her?

*Matchem.*—I would.

*Mand.*—What relation is More Sharp to Luke Sharp?

*Matchem.*—His nephew. He was formerly manager of Adam Sharp's establishment.

*Mand.*—You may go down. Luke Sharp, come up. The fact of your having given Spooney fifty taels is denied both by him and the go-between. Now, I ask you do you want to give your daughter to him or to another? If the arrangement be made without his consent, he will of course be continually going to law with you, and this will delay your daughter's settlement in life. Just think of this, pray!

*L. Sharp.*—Your worship sees the real state of the case. My daughter is now aged twenty-nine years. Spooney is extremely poor. If my daughter goes to him where is she to look for support? I beg your worship to take these points into consideration.

*Mand.*—Just so! Who would wed his daughter to a poor man—least of all to such a mean-looking fellow as Spooney. Let me think of a plan for you. I will determine the question for you. The fifty taels which you promised to him were, I suspect, not paid.\* Add fifty more, in all 100, and pay them into court, so as to enable me to order him to go home and marry another, while your daughter can have another husband chosen for her. This will suit the convenience of both parties. You lose a little at present, 'tis true,—but what is that in comparison with injuring your daughter's prospects for life? Think for a moment. Does this please you or not?

\* It will be observed that the Mandarin does not think it necessary to notice Luke Sharp's falsehood, except in this very gentle style. The offence is, perhaps, too common for remark.

*Sharp.*—It pleases me exceedingly. Should your worship be good enough to arrange it thus, I would be contented to give not only 100 taels, but even something more.

*Mand.*—Ah! Well! Add thirty taels and then there will be no fear of his refusal. Will you do so?

*L. Sharp.*—I leave it to your worship to settle the matter fairly—(i.e., I am quite in your worship's hands).

*Mand. (to a constable).*—Let two steady policemen be sent with Luke Sharp to his house, and see that 130 taels are paid into court by noon on the 6th instant, and let there be no mistake. Has Miss Sharp come?

*Constable.*—Yes.

*Mand.*—Who is with her and where is she?

*Constable.*—Her aunt is with her, and there is also a female servant. She is staying during the trial at her relative, Leo's.

*Mand.*—What female servant?

*Constable.*—Her maid.

*Mand.*—Tell Miss Sharp to be in attendance, I wish to question her on the 6th instant. Call More Sharp. More Sharp, you rascal, who did you expect would support you in the act you have committed. You forced an exchange for the compound interest; you charged and seized other people's property. Your conduct is most abominable. Drag the fellow away, and when he shall have felt the bastinado some light may be thrown on the subject.

*More Sharp.*—Be merciful, your worship! If your worship will allow me, I have a statement to make.

*Mand.*—If you have anything to say, say it.

*M. Sharp.*—As for the rate of interest, it was agreed to by Spooney, who thereupon wrote the bond. For twelve years I received neither principal nor interest, so that I lost by the transaction. I had no other resource under the circumstances than to take the rent of the land which he had given me. It is altogether false that I took his property by force. I beg your worship to look at the true state of the case.

*Mand.*—Oh! you say you have not cheated. How is it, then, that, for a loan of thirty taels, you receive the rent of twenty *mow* of land by way of interest? Are the twenty *mow* only equivalent to the interest of thirty taels! Pray, don't tell me so. How comes it, too, that you never appeared in court to



answer the charge brought against you some years ago? I know it was because the amount of the interest was so out of proportion to the principal, you wished, year after year, to put off the settlement to receive a year's interest the more. So you spent a little money in currying favor with the clerks and police to induce them to suppress\* the case for you. This is how it was.

*M. Sharp.*—It was not so! Your servant has not done so!—dare not do so!

*Mand.*—You are still obstinate. If it were not so how could a charge be pending against you some years—and you not surrender for trial? How is it, too, that you have not even put forward a single plea in your own defence? It is evident that the case has been delayed or suppressed, so that you quietly kept on receiving the interest. Your conduct has been most unprincipled; but never mind. Drag him away!

*M. Sharp.*—Be merciful, your worship. My back is sore and cannot bear a flogging. I am willing to be fined! Your servant is willing to be fined!

*Mand.*—Oh! you rather suffer in pocket than in person. Well (*to the lictors*), stay a little. Put down the bamboos. Now let me ask you how much rice do the twenty *mow* produce yearly?

*M. Sharp.*—Forty peculs a year (about forty-seven and a half cwt.).

*Mand.*—Forty peculs a year, received for seven years; seven times forty equal to 280. At a moderate calculation the price is eight candareens a pecul; eight times 280 equal to 2240 candareens or 224 taels. The sum lent was thirty taels. The settlement shall be in accordance with the law† that “the interest must not exceed the principal.” You must be paid sixty taels—so that deducting this sum, you have received in excess 164 taels, which you must pay back to Spooney. What do you say to this?

*M. Sharp.*—Your worship's decision shall be obeyed.

\* The suppression or postponement of a case by the underlings is very common, and one of their many illegal sources of gain.

† “*I pên. i h.*” literally “one principal, one interest.” The law here quoted is the first section of B. xiv. of the Ta Ching Lu Li, to the effect that interest must not exceed the rate of three per cent. (per mensem), and, however long may be the time, the interest must not exceed the principal. Hence, in the present case, though the money is due some nineteen years, the law only allows double the amount of the principal.

*Mand.*—Very well. Hand in bonds agreeing to abide by the decision of the court, and to return the money and land. Pray, bear the bastinado in mind, and let all be produced in court by noon on the 6th. Let a policeman on duty take charge of him while he goes to fetch the money. In this case, let Spooney, Adam Sharp, Matchem, and Miss Sharp, be all in waiting for examination on the 6th instant, at noon.

#### ADJOURNED INVESTIGATION.

*Mandarin.*—Has More Sharp paid the money?

*Policeman.*—The money is ready.

*Mand.*—Has Luke Sharp's been paid?

*Policeman.*—It has all been produced.

*Mand.*—Call the cashier. (*To the Cashier.*) Have you counted the money, and seen that it is all good and correct? Examine it carefully.

*Cashier.*—It is quite correct.

*Mand.*—Call More Sharp. More Sharp, you put out your money at compound interest, and, forcing a compromise on a man, you receive the rent of his land. Your conduct is tantamount to robbery, and I will punish you for it.

*M. Sharp.*—Your servant has already paid up the money and given back the land. I beg your worship not to press too hard upon me.

*Mand.*—You have paid the money and restored the property, and, therefore, forsooth, should be pardoned; as if a thief ought not to be punished when his booty is discovered. (*To the Police.*)—Take him up, and wait. What do you mean by persisting in kotowing there? (*To a clerk.*)—What does he say?

*Clerk.*—He says, your worship ordered him to be fined, and relieved from the bastinado. He is now willing to be again fined, and begs your worship to dispense with the corporal punishment.

*Mand.*—The 164 taels previously paid were merely rent and interest which you had to repay Spooney; they were not in the nature of a fine. You now agree to be fined. Pay a penalty of 400 taels for the public service, and you shall be let off.

*M. Sharp.*—I pray your worship to be as lenient as possible. Your servant does not possess so large a sum

*Mand.*—How much, then, are you prepared to pay?



*M. Sharp.*—Your servant can pay 200. For more than this my property should have to be sold. Be indulgent to me, your worship!

*Mand.*—To make a rascal, such as you are, a beggar, would be just what you deserve. Is it not right, then, that you should expiate your guilt by disposing of your property? Enough! Pay down 300 taels and you will be let off. What do you say?

*M. Sharp.*—Well, well, your servant will go and fetch 200, to be paid into court. I pray your worship's particular indulgence!

*Mand.*—Impossible. I *will* have the 300. If you pay them up promptly you will be let off with that amount. If there be any delay, I will require 400.

*To the Police.*—Take him out. If he consent to pay 300, let him pay at once; if not, make him give an engagement, and, to-morrow, pay 400.

*Policeman.*—It shall be done.

*Mand.*—Call Matchem and Miss Sharp. You are Miss Sharp? Matchem, see is this the person?

*Matchem.*—It is; there is no mistake.

*Mand.*—Miss Sharp, your father engaged you to Spooney, but has now changed his purpose, and wishes you to marry another. Do you consent? This is the one important affair of your life. If you have any thing to say, don't be afraid to speak. (*To a clerk.*)—Tell her maid to explain this to her.

*Clerk.*—Miss Sharp does not say any thing; but her aunt states that Spooney is poor, and without sufficient means for his support.

*Mand.*—Oh! "A woman should be obedient to one to the end of her days." "A chaste woman should not twice marry." These are principles handed down to us from antiquity. Moreover (it is well said) "a rich man may not be always rich, nor a poor man always poor." If you do not speak, then I shall assume that the match cannot be broken off; that, in short, "silence gives consent." (*To a clerk.*)—Explain this to her carefully.

*Clerk.*—Still Miss Sharp has nothing to say.

*Mand.*—Tell her aunt to come up. You are Miss Juliet's aunt? What's your name?

*Aunt.*—Yes; my name is Chu.

*Mand.*—Mrs. Chu, let me ask you a ques-

tion. You say that, as Spooney is poor, you will not give him your niece. Is there any other cause?

*Aunt.*—There is none other. Her father and mother say that Spooney is poor, and without means for his support. Would your worship have my niece to go with him and be starved alive? How could your worship be so hard-hearted?

*Mand.*—Then the objection is only to his poverty, and not to any other fault?

*Aunt.*—He is, to be sure, a fine young man.\* He is no cripple (*lit* "leper,") nor does he belong to a family of ill repute. In fact, it is solely on account of his poverty and want of means to pay the wedding expenses that all this trouble has been brought about.

*Mand.*—Ah! you talk of Spooney's poverty. Spooney is, I can assure you, no longer poor. I have assisted in making him a man of substance. He has now the twenty mow of land, and upwards of 500 taels in ready cash. What do you say? Is there enough for them both?

*Aunt.*—Oh, dear! These riches must have fallen from heaven! How fortunate for the pair of them that your worship should be so kind.

*Mand.*—Go down and tell your niece that, as before settled, she is to marry Spooney. Let plaintiff and defendant be called. Sharp, your daughter perfectly understands what is right.† Spooney is not now poor. Do you know that? You are a sort of fellow who would not, as the proverb says, "boil the cold pot."‡ Is it because you happen to have a few paltry dollars that you insult people? You are not worthy of the name of parent. It is I who have settled the marriage. As previously agreed, your daughter shall be married to Spooney. You will stand on one side and look on. Are you not ashamed of yourself?

*L. Sharp.*—Your worship has been kind [to them].

*Mand.*—Call More Sharp. Have you paid up that little sum of money?

*M. Sharp.*—It is paid.

\* Literally, "He is a very good Chinese," or "he is emphatically a Chinese;" in other words, all that a man ought to be: "every inch a man."

† "What is right," or "reason." The Taoli of Mr. Wingrove Cooke and Commissioner Yeh.

‡ I.e. You confine your attentions to a pot on the fire as you do to a rich man—neglecting the pot *not* on the fire as you do a poor man.



*Mand. (To the officials.)*—When the cashier has counted the money, let him take charge of it. Of the 130 taels paid by Luke Sharp, let 30 be sealed up and brought here. Let the remaining 100, with the 164, amount of rent and interest previously paid, be all sealed up together till the 8th instant, when they shall be delivered to Spooney in court.

Spooney, I have recovered the twenty mow of land for you. I have compelled the Sharps to pay up 594 taels. This is a most auspicious day for you! There is a house, the property of government, outside the west gate, which you may occupy for three months as a temporary arrangement. Go there beforehand, with a policeman on duty, and have it cleaned. I will afterwards send persons to escort Miss Juliet thither, and to have your marriage ceremonies performed. In future, be industrious and prudent, and exert yourself to get on in the world. Take these thirty taels to provide a bed and bed furniture, and the wedding breakfast. But be rather frugal. Don't attempt to "do the swell;" don't be extravagant. After three days come to this office, and receive the rest of your money. I shall then have some further directions to give you.

*To the Officials.*—Let two of the policemen on duty take the keys, and accompany Mr. Spooney to Long Life and Happiness Street. Have the government building there cleaned. Then let them attend on Mr. Spooney during the wedding, and in three days return to the Yamun.

Spooney, go with them.

More Sharp, it is lucky for you that I have settled Miss Sharp's marriage to-day. On such a happy occasion I will pardon your offences; but I have something to say to you. Go down, and await my orders.

*To a body Servant.*—Go to my apartments, and tell your mistress to send two of her women to conduct Miss Sharp to her ladyship.

Miss Sharp, go in with the women. Let Mrs. Chu and the maid follow.

*To a body Servant.*—Tell her ladyship to look out a new dress, with hair ornaments and earrings that have not been in use, and to put them on Miss Sharp.

*To a Policeman.*—Go out and provide a bridal chair,\* twelve pairs of gauze lanterns,

\* A large, gaudily ornamented sedan chair is used to convey the bride to her husband.

two parti-colored flags, six drummers and eight fifers,\* and thirty-two bearers. Be quick, and have them all ready here for the bridal procession. As to the expense, let the bill be sent to my private office for payment.

*To a body Servant.*—Go in, and take the robe of dark yellow silk and a cape of purple satin, which were made yesterday; also, a white (*lit.* moon-white) silk gown, and new cotton shirt, and small clothes.† Let a policeman put them in a trunk, and present them to Mr. Spooney. Say, that as I know he could not have his dress ready in time, I wish him to accept them as a present from me in honor of the joyful occasion.

Call the three Sharps. Call, also, Mat-chem.

Adam Sharp, you are the head of the Sharps; yet, when a wrong was done, you did not say a word to prevent it. You are not fit for your office. I ought to fine you now, but I will spare you for the sake of showing some consideration for your family. I have settled the union of Spooney and Miss Sharp. Is it not well? I have fined More Sharp. Was not that right? I have made Luke Sharp give pecuniary assistance to his son-in-law. Tell me, has the case been rightly decided?

*Adam Sharp.*—Your worship has decided fairly and justly—most equitably!

*Mand.*—Oh, I see you are ready to assent to everything.‡ Now, a young lady of your family is to be married to-day. You (*to Adam*) are the head of the family; and you (*to More Sharp*) her uncle. Let both of you wait, follow the bride's chair, and escort her to Spooney's. This is your duty. If you do it carelessly you shall both be punished. Be all attention to the bridegroom—the new millionaire. Drink the joyful cup; and even though a little out of countenance,§ never mind!

Luke Sharp, you are the young lady's father. It is not the custom for parents to

\* Or better, perhaps, "pipers." Bagpipes approximate most in sound to the ear-splitting instruments used on Chinese festive occasions.

† All male habiliments, intended for Mr. Spooney to wear at the wedding.

‡ A ponderous pun is here discharged from the bench; but as it is manufactured from the names of the witnesses as given in the original, it is, alas! lost in the translation.

§ Because of the parts they had previously acted.



go with the bridal procession, so you must put up with the loss of your wine. How do you like that? After having gone to such expense (to pay for the day's feasting), not even to receive a glass! Spooney has the advantage of his poor dear father-in-law! Do you, pray, look on at all the fun; and when it is over, go home, and set about preparing for the wedding-party.\* Possibly you may be able to ingratiate yourself into the favor of your rich son-in-law.

Matchem, you have done your office. I will further trouble you to conduct Miss Sharp to Spooney's to the wedding. Be quick, and put on your dress suit.

*Matchem.*—Certainly! certainly! Your worship's decision has not disappointed me.

*Messenger.*—The musicians and bearers

\* A party of friends meet at the parents' home, a day or two after the marriage, when the bride visits her family.

for the procession are all waiting at the west side-entrance, your worship.

*Mandarin (to a body Servant).*—Tell them within to send Miss Sharp to the west side-entrance, where she will enter her sedan. Let the bearers go round there and wait. Send two policemen to see that everything is right, and to accompany the bride to Spooney's, returning when she is safely left there. Let one of the policemen on duty see that More Sharp and Adam Sharp are with the procession. If not, let me know it immediately.

A note in the original says: "This case was obtained from a friend, who himself reported it from the Yamun. It is here inserted as an aid in learning the (Mandarin) language, on account of its bearing on the influence of authority in improving the morals of society, and of its being, moreover, very amusing."

**A GIGANTIC CEPHALOPODE.**—At the meeting of the Institute of France on Monday week, M. Flourens read a communication from the commander of the corvette *Alecton*, transmitted by Marshal Vaillant, giving a detailed account of a monster of the deep which the ship encountered about forty leagues north of Teneriffe. It appeared like an immense horn, consisting of soft, red glutinous flesh, terminated by a great number of very strong arms or tentacula. It measured from ten to fifteen mètres in length and more than two in diameter. M. Bauer, the commander of the corvette, endeavored to get possession of it, and gave it battle; but his shot went through its soft body without seeming to do it any harm, and his harpoons would not hold. At last, however, he got a line round it, and was proceeding to haul it up, when the cord cut into its body, and the anterior part, bearing the tentacula, escaped: the tail only—weighing about half-hundred weight—being got on board. The crew begged that a boat might be let down that they might come to close quarters with the monster; but the commander, apprehending that by its strong arms and suckers it might stave or sink the boat, refused, and left it in the abyss. The communication was followed by some remarks from M. Moquin-Tandon, to the effect that he had received still more circumstantial narratives of the same kind from M. Berthelot, Consul at the Canaries. And the discussion was closed by M. Milne-Edwards, who gave his sanction, stating that he regarded these observations as verifications of similar narratives which are as old as the time of Pliny, the monster being, no doubt, a cephalopode of the cuttle-fish kind.

**SOUNDS BY GALVANIC CURRENTS.**—Mr. Gore, F.R.S., has produced visible vibrations, and sounds of different intensity, by the passage of voltaic currents through a solution of cyanide of mercury and potash in dilute hydrocyanic acid. When a small number of cells of a large size are employed, the vibrations are small, and the sounds emitted high; but when the cells are numerous and small, the vibrations of the mercurial connections are large and the sounds produced bass. The number and pitch of the vibrations produced by the same current can be varied by transmitting it through primary or secondary coils of wire. The inference drawn by Mr. Gore from these extremely interesting and valuable experiments is, that they prove electricity, like light and heat, to consist essentially of vibrations, which, under ordinary circumstances, are so minute as to be unappreciable; but that, under certain conditions, as in these experiments, may be so modified as to become visible.

**AMMONIA FROM THE WASTE GASES OF COAL.**—A method of collecting ammonia from the waste gases produced in the combustion of coal has been patented by Mr. J. A. Manning. A jet of steam is injected into the escaping gas, when it combines with the ammonia, and the vapor thus impregnated is condensed in suitable refrigerators, and an ammoniacal liquid obtained, from which sulphate of ammonia may be made by the ordinary processes.



# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE CHRISTMAS CHILD.

## I.

THE rain is cold, the sky is pitch,  
Above the city's lengthening piles,  
Gleaming across an inky ditch,  
The glimmering lamp-lights stretch for miles.

'Tis Christmas Eve, nor late though dark;  
Still out upon the busy street  
The windows shine, and one can mark  
The passers hurrying through the sleet.

One hastens on with heavy tread;  
Had any tried his face to scan,  
"A common man," they would have said;  
Thank God! he was "a common man."

More lonely grew the way he took,  
And once he stopped, amid the rain,  
To cast a bright ungrudging look  
On what he saw through lighted pane.

A Christmas feast! a table spread!  
A cheerful glow of lamp and fire!  
A heap of children, head o'er head,  
And one in arms uplifted higher!—

Uplifted to the father's lips!  
But just as he had kissed the boy,  
They closed the curtains, and eclipse  
Fell on the sharer of his joy,

Who sighs, and on his way doth wend,—  
A shadow on his face hath come.  
What waits him at his journey's end?  
A cheerless hearth? a joyless home?

Nay, both as any warm and bright,  
And wont to light his weariest way,  
Through longest road and blackest night,  
But now the brightness fades away.

No small feet cross that stainless hearth,  
Or patter on that dainty floor!  
One pair, long laid in wintry earth,  
Will greet his coming never more.

## II.

Yet rest and hearty cheer await  
Our dripping wayfarer; for him  
The board is spread in simple state,  
The curtained bed stands white and trim.

The housewife sits, with musing eye,  
Contemplating her labors done;  
Her Christmas cheer, her own mince-pie,  
Her ample store of cake and bun.

She sighed in fulness of content,  
And then she gave another sigh,—  
"What's all the good of this," it meant,  
"With none to eat but John and I?"

Frugal she was, nor much would take  
Or give; what moved the worthy soul?  
She rose and took her largest cake,  
And forth on gentle errand stole.

Across the way a neighbor dwelt,  
With many little mouths to feed;  
Heart-sickening care who daily felt,  
For failing strength and growing need.

To them her Christmas gift she took,  
Leaving ajar the cottage door,  
Painting each sharer's joyful look,  
The weltering road she hastened o'er.

And through the storm swift-falling—Hark!  
Was that a sob? One moment nigh,  
A wild face peered from out the dark—  
Some woful heart was passing by.

## III.

The dame had lingered for a space,  
And now upon the threshold met  
Her spouse, and, with a radiant face,  
Shut out the darkness and the wet.

A little stir their entrance makes,  
But soon a genial quiet falls;  
When, lo! an infant's wail awakes  
Within the unaccustomed walls.

And both are in mid-speech struck mute,  
And quick, with startled looks, arise,  
And listening stand—nor stir a foot—  
Till, hark! again those plaining cries!

Then moving to the couch, that stands  
So white and trim, they—half in awe,  
And curious half—with eager hands,  
Aside the snowy curtains draw.

And there it lay, a tiny thing  
All meanly clad and weeping sore;  
Such tears no elvish trick could wring,  
No less than mortal grief could pour.

Soon as the baby-form was prest  
In woman's arms, it hushed its cries;  
And turned toward the mother's breast  
With quivering lips and drowning eyes

They bring it to the light, nor mark  
Without—the wreck of woe and sin—  
A form that crouches in the dark,  
A wild white face that peers within,

Praying the woman-soul to save  
Her babe: and to that peaceful hearth  
She saw the kiss that welcome gave,  
And fled an outcast of the earth.

The cautious dame had questioned still  
The bounds of charity and right,  
Although her inmost soul would thrill  
Above the babe that blessed night.

But for a whisper in her ear,  
That boundless love that hour had claim  
"A Christmas gift, we'll keep it, dear,  
It was to-night the Saviour came."

—Good Words.

ISA CRAIG.



From The British Quarterly Review.

*Le Vieux-Neuf*: Histoire ancienne des Inventions et Decouvertes modernes. Par Edouard Fournier. Paris.

ABOUT eight-and-twenty centuries ago a preacher of some eminence proclaimed the dearth of invention, the world's exhaustion, and the lack of novelty, in forcible phrase, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." And since then, almost every age has had its complainant, or its "laudator temporis acti," who has reiterated the reproach upon the existing time. Especially was this the case after the invention of printing. Very soon it became the fashion with a certain class to find all alleged novelties in the works of previous writers, actually or by inference; as Chaucer writes,—

"For out of th' olde fieldes, as men saith,  
Cometh all this new corn from year to year;  
And out of olde bookes, in good faith,  
Cometh all this new science, that weve lere."

The nineteenth century has usually had the credit of having invented many new things; but we are told to correct our belief. It has improved upon, and utilized, many old ideas; but as for invention, it is eminently barren and unprolific. Do we hesitate to assent to this proposition? Perhaps so. Perhaps we think that the *Argo* was not a "steam screw-propeller"—that Cæsar's notorious tri-verbal despatch was not conveyed by "International Magnetic Telegraph," in anticipation of the European Mail (limited)—that Armstrong guns were not used at the siege of Troy,—and that the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with many "improvements and additions," is something more than an expansion of the inscriptions upon the ancient obelisks. Perhaps we do; but before we commit ourselves to any positive opinion upon these or allied matters, it apparently behooves us to know and examine carefully what may be said for our ancestors' prior claims.

M. Fournier has recently undertaken to show \* that the epigrams and melodramatic

\* See *L'Esprit des Auteurs, recueilli et raconté*; Paris, 1857; and *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire: Recherches et Curiosités sur les Mots historiques*; Paris, 1860.

points of history and literature are in most instances untrue; and when true, that they are rarely so, in the first place, if at all, concerning those to whom they are popularly attributed. He has, in the volume before us, undertaken a similar task with regard to inventions, scientific and otherwise. His theory, if reduced to a few words, would sound very like the old saying, that there is nothing true that is new, and nothing new that is true.\* But odd and occasionally grotesque as it is in some of its details, it is worthy of a more full exposition than this. There is much ingenuity in the theory, and much learning in the detailed support that it receives; combined with a most intensely French (and, need we add, a most savage anti-English?) spirit in the commentary.

The nineteenth century (*auct. loquent.*) has no original ideas—no invention; in fact, it came too late† for that; all had been *thought* before. It is, therefore, only an era of maturation and utilization. Research and application are the chief glories of our age,—

"Il a du moins l'honneur d'avoir tout entrepris."‡

But further than this, there is *no individual inventor*.

\* M. Fournier's opinion itself is no exception; in other words, is not a novelty. Witness the following passage, which contains a summary of many modern investigations into the history of inventions:—

"Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are slow to admit the same fact as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique heavens, or its astronomy could not have existed. The Emperor Shan, 2225 B.C., employing the movable tube which is used to observe the stars, put in order what regards the seven planets."—(Ancient Chinese Chronicle, quoted in Thornton's *History of China*.) Alexander's copy of the *Iliad* enclosed in a nutshell could not have been written without the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators, was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam-railways—mesmerism—hydropathy—all were familiar to the long bygone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt! And we have much to do still in the way of rediscovery. The malleability of glass, for instance, the indellibility of colors, and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time, we have to fish up anew."—See *Chambers's Journal*, for Sept. 2, 1854.

† *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 400.

‡ La Fontaine.



"The first thought of all that man was to do and create, during the existence of this earth, was created at the same time with himself; but under the formal condition that the maturity of the one should not precede the maturity of the other. What could the man of earlier ages, with his unskilled hand, his cramped and limited capacities, have done with those things which were to be the glory of his emancipated thought and educated faculties? What could he have done with steam? What with printing or gunpowder? Nothing. If he knew of these things, it is not as we know of them; they were but playthings; he had them in a rudimentary state."\*

The human race is the only true inventor; and that not by chance, but at the proper hour, and according to its needs. Man is little, but humanity is great. "When the modern era draws nigh, when thought requires stronger wings, then printing is invented, and gives it them. When feudalism has had its day, and the people, crushed by iron armor, are prepared for freedom, artillery gives them that equality in fight that is necessary for their liberation."† And so for all other discoveries; each one arose only for and on its occasion; or if a germ of the idea had been known before, it perished for lack of appreciation, and its promulgator was laughed to scorn or persecuted. As has been often observed, woe to him who is before his generation!‡ Thus, "as if to unite all generations, and to show that we can only act efficiently by association with others, it has been ordained that each inventor shall only interpret the first word of the problem which he solves, and that each great idea shall be the *resumé* of the past, and the germ of the future."

But although on this theory no one individual should lay claim to absolute original-

ity, yet, in order to an idea becoming practically important, it must be some time enunciated, and the first enunciator has the proper title to the merit of its discovery. Now, the third part of M. Fournier's theory contains the doctrine that this inventor has generally been a Frenchman, in those particulars which are the most prominent features of our age; and that the ideas have almost invariably been subsequently stolen by an inhabitant of perfidious Albion. Plagiarism, forgery, robbery—all are laid to the charge of our countrymen with a lavish pen. We stole our ideas of macadamized roads, of iron bridges, of gas and steam, of iron ships and nautical almanacs, of a thousand inventions from the French.\* They were ever inventing, and neglecting their own inventions; we were always (says the Abbé Prevost) reading the reports of the proceedings of their Academy, and seizing upon all available ideas to claim them changed or unchanged, as our own.

These allegations may or may not be true, in whole or in part; but it can scarcely be contested, that he who first points out the practical application of an idea, may fairly claim it as his own. It is none the less honor to the discoverer of the art of printing, that some germ of the principle had been known and in use from almost immemorial time. Nor is the merit of the discovery of gunpowder as a means of warfare lessened by the fact that some inflammable or explosive composition had been used by perhaps both Romans and Chinese, to make fireworks of, for many centuries.

Leaving out of M. Fournier's comprehensive volumes the Anglo-Gallican contest, which certainly occupies a considerable space, and overlooking some other minor points of speculation, we find a very considerable mass of information connected with the early development of ideas which have afterwards assumed important positions in the world's history. It is interesting to see how frequently it has occurred that when the fulness of scientific time had come, a discovery would be announced from various

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 5.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 38.

‡ According to M. Fournier, printing only became what it is, because it came exactly at the time when thought required the expansion that this could furnish. Had it been discovered earlier, it would have doubtless perished. Disraeli believes that the Romans were acquainted with the secret of movable types, but would not let it be known, for fear of the spread of knowledge and the consequent loss of aristocratic monopoly of enlightened thought. De Quincey holds that printing was long known to the ancients, but that it made no progress for want of paper! Gunpowder had very long been a pyrotechnic plaything, before it was elevated to its present sad pre-eminence, in obedience to the increasing wants of the world.

\* "Tant il est vrai que la liste de ces contre-façons de l'Angleterre pourrait être interminable."—(*Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 278.) We may add that we have stolen our so-called national dish of plum-pudding—not in this case from the French, but from the ancient Greeks. The same is alleged of our "*bifteack*."



quarters without previous communication, as when Newton and Leibnitz both discovered the fluxional calculus about the same time; and as Adams and Leverrier independently came to the conclusion of the existence, and pointed out the position, of Oceanus. Had M. Fournier's theory of the human race being the only true inventor been appreciated on these and similar occasions, it might have happened that the heart-burnings and strifes as to priority would have been avoided; to the exceeding credit of science. But this could scarcely be expected, since the author himself can never see its application when the question is between a Frenchman and an Englishman. No, the verdict on any given question as to priority is, that the former invented, and the latter stole the idea, adding to his larceny general abuse of the original proprietor.

Another noteworthy phenomenon connected with the development of ideas, is the great similarity that is thereby suggested between mind in all ages. As the same mechanical and dynamic ideas have pervaded all research in these departments towards a true solution of problems, such as those connected with the power of elastic vapors and the substitution of inorganic forces generally for human or animal power; so in the forms of error that have vitiated the study of mental problems, men's minds have ever run, as it might be said, in the same tramroads. As one illustration of our meaning, we may mention the fact, that one of the great delusions of the present day was a delusion or an imposture in classic times. Tables were turned for the benefit (or otherwise) of the Roman emperors, as related by Marcellinus; and spirits rapped in China and Thibet long ages probably before this, with perhaps as important communications as now. To this we may return. Meanwhile, the forms of error and truth have ever presented such striking returns and cycles, as to suggest to the psychologist the important inquiry whether, as from physical aberrations the true nature and direction of force may be calculated, so in like manner, from the vagaries of mind, its essential nature and tendency may not some time be inferred; but from this day we are still far removed.

Returning to the consideration of how much modern times are indebted to the ancients, we may pass over the well-known

*Battle of the Books*, and quote a passage from Nodier on the contrast between the appreciation of modern books and that of old ones, or *bouquins*. He says:

"In all advancing civilizations, and particularly in France, where civilization gallops, there is a determined predilection for the new and an invincible repugnance for the old; because we do not consider that it is from the old that the new is made, and that modern society is *incapable of anything else*. Thence arises the universal proscription of the *bouquin*, which no one reads, and in which are hid, and have been for two or three centuries, all the elements of our modern perfections. Is it a question of mnemonics, the secret of which a German charlatan sells for six louis? It is in Grattarol, in Paëpp, in Giordano Bruno, in a hundred other copyists of the first book of Herennius, which sells for ten sous. Is it the power of steam, so ably applied by Watt of Greenock? It is in a *Bouquin* by Denis Papin of Blois. Is it the frivolous toy (*jeu frivole*) of the aeronauts? It is in *Cyrano of Bergerac*. *Bouquin! archibouquin!* prototype of *bouquins!*"

One of the discoveries which the nineteenth century has most unhesitatingly claimed for itself is that of light-drawing, daguerreotype, or photography, with its innumerable varieties. It is somewhat strange, however, to look back an entire century, to 1760, and find the process there described with even greater perfection of detail than any that we are able to attain at present,—photography producing color as well as form! Even if this be but a dream of science—an open question—it is but little less remarkable than if the design had really been carried out. Tiphaigne de la Roche in 1760 published his *Giphantie* (an anagrammatic title), in which some curious passages are found. In one place he represents himself as transported to the palace of the elementary genii, the chief of whom addresses him thus:—

"Thou knowest that the rays of light reflected from different bodies make pictures, and paint these bodies on all polished surfaces, as the retina of the eye, on glass, and on water. The elementary spirits have sought to fix these transient images; they have compounded a matter, subtle, viscous, and quick to dry and harden, by means of which a picture is formed in a moment. With this matter they cover a canvas, and present it to the objects they wish to paint.



The first effect of the canvas is that of a mirror; all the bodies, both near and distant, of which light can bring the image, are seen in it.

"But this web, by means of its viscous covering, does that which a mirror cannot do, and retains the images. . . . This impression of the images is an affair of the first moment when the web receives them. We take it at once and place it in a dark room, an hour afterwards the covering is dry; and you have a picture so much the more precious that no art can imitate its truth, and no time can injure it. We take in their purest source, in light itself, the colors which painters obtain from different materials, which time must alter. The precision of the design, the variety of the expression, the gradation of light and shade, the rules of perspective, all these we abandon to nature, which traces upon our canvas images which impose upon the eyes, and make reason to doubt and hesitate."

The elementary spirit then entered into some physical details as to the nature of the viscous covering that intercepts and retains the rays of light, as to the difficulty of preparing and employing it, and as to the mode of reaction of the light and this body; three problems which Tiphaigne abandons to the sagacity of the inquirers of that day. It appears more than probable that he himself had made some progress towards their solution, but nothing is known with certainty. the passage is exceedingly curious, whether as a detail of actual experiment or a prevision of science. Tiphaigne, however, was not the first who had attempted to fix the images formed by the sun's rays. According to M. Jobard,\* there has been recently found in Russia a *bonquin*, translated from the German three hundred years ago, which contains very clearly "photography explained." The ancient alchemists were acquainted, under another name, with chloride of silver, and its property of receiving the impressions, in various shades, of images cast upon it by a glass. This, therefore, has apparently been in the old time before us.

Steam, which has assumed such gigantic proportions in all the operations of our age, was known to the ancients, but in great measure only as a toy. And yet it is remarkable to observe throughout its entire history, how very nearly the greater discov-

eries were apparently at hand. But the time was not ripe, nor the necessity for so powerful an agent imminent; and so its power was recognized and used as a plaything, and occasionally for less justifiable purposes. Hero of Alexandria, writing twenty centuries ago, described sundry little machines moved by the power of steam; one of them was an engine of direct rotation, which only needed the capacity for increased power to supply that which Watt considered the great desideratum in steam motion. This invention was actually patented by certain parties in 1837. On the strength of this, M. Fournier claims for Hero the credit of having well-nigh exhausted the theory of steam power—*avoir dit le premier et le dernier mot des machines à vapeur*.

This force, like certain other natural agents, was not unknown to the priests, and was by them used to impose upon the minds of the people by the performance of apparent miracles. They had their altar so contrived, that the force of confined steam filled the cup from which their libation was to be poured to overflowing, and the people forthwith cried "a prodigy." In order of history, the next mention made of the uses of steam is by Agathias, who describes a complicated apparatus of boilers, tubes, and planks of wood used by an architect in the reign of Justinian to alarm a neighbor of his, Zeno by name, who was thereby deluded into the belief in an earthquake. The device was foolish enough, but the effects produced appear to have been sufficient to suggest the almost boundless power of the agent employed, had it been intelligently handled.

With the exception of being employed in some undefined manner about an organ, by Gerbert, steam was, previous to the sixteenth century, little more than an amusement, or at best a scientific curiosity. It had, however, been used to turn a spit! Of this we may find proof in Cardan, Leonardo da Vinci, and others.

Why were the uses of steam so long overlooked? Partly, we suppose, because man needed them not; partly, because electricity was yet elementary; and—says our author—"electricity and steam are two forces which must arise together and act together. They are body and soul. This one is impatient of distance, but cannot annihilate though it may abridge it; thought requires

\* For references on this subject, see *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 22, note.



still more rapid wings, and electricity gives them. The one devours space, the other suppresses it.”\*

The application of steam to navigation appears to have been its earliest important use. Paddle-wheels had been known from a very remote period, “having been employed by the ancient Egyptians, the Romans, and other nations of antiquity, for propelling their war galleys; but it is doubtful whether any advantage was thus obtained in economy of labor, as compared with the use of oars.”† In 1543, Blasco de Garey appears to have conceived the idea of applying the force of steam to the paddles, in some manner not described, and thereby

“Succeeded in propelling a ship of 200 tons burden in the harbor of Barcelona, at the rate of three miles an hour. . . . We can only speculate as to the nature of this mysterious engine, but it seems probable that it owed its efficacy to the reaction of a jet of high-pressure steam, on the same principle as that famous classical toy, the *Æolipile* of Hero, invented B.C. 120. Notwithstanding that the scheme was commended by the Emperor (Charles V.) and his ministry, and its author promoted, we do not read of any second attempt being made, or of any further notice being taken of the invention. We may assume, therefore, that in this case the propelling power was found to be insufficient and unsatisfactory, and the experiment was worthless in its result.”‡

But may we not rather assume that this most important discovery was merely undergoing the fate of all such; viz., that they must be discovered again and again, until the time be ripe and men’s minds prepared, and a favorable conjunction of circumstances occur? What may be the law presiding over such events it is not possible to say, but it is certain that no invention has ever been made and applied at once on its first enunciation; at least we do not now recall one such.

M. Fournier throws great doubt and discredit upon this experience of Blasco, that he may claim the merit of the origination of steam navigation for one whose name is sufficiently illustrious without this contest,—we refer to Papin, whose contributions to sci-

ence are inestimable. The writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* appears to think that Papin’s suggestions for the application of steam to navigation must be considered as theory only, never carried out. But his correspondence with Leibnitz, which has only been brought to light recently, fully proves that he actually constructed a steamboat, which he navigated upon the river Fulda; which said boat may serve as a warning to men not to be too clever for their age. M. Fournier relates that Papin labored at his construction for some years at Hanau; and that at Cassel, in the presence of the landgrave, the boat was launched. The experiment succeeded; but from it he derived nothing but scorn, ridicule, or abuse. He was treated as a charlatan and a fool. M. Fournier

“Is not astonished. In every age we have the conceit to believe ourselves possessed of supreme science; and consequently every pretension to further advances is considered as an effort of folly or vanity. Men must not be in advance any more than clocks. Far from seeing in such a fact any *gain* upon time, it is only considered as an index of derangement and disorder. Regulate your thoughts by your age, as your watch by the sun: otherwise, poor impatient genius, the world will mock at your ideas, and whilst you advance, those whom you leave behind will vent their wrath in reproaches.”

Meanwhile Papin, disgusted with the conduct of the Hessians, who saw in him nothing but a visionary or madman, attempted to go to London in his own vessel. He descended the Fulda as far as Münden, and was entering the Weser, formed by the union of the Fulda and the Werra, when the boatmen of Münden, envious or suspicious of what might arise from the invention, laid violent hands upon him and his boat,—he escaping with difficulty, but his boat being destroyed. He tried in vain to get redress; and then came to reside in London, where he died three years afterwards, without having built a new boat.

It is strange that after these experiments doubts should have so long prevailed on the question whether there could be found any substitute for the action of the wind in moving large vessels. So late as 1753, the Academy decided in the negative, and concluded: “que l’on devait perdre toute espérance de pouvoir substituer sur les grandes vaisseaux avec quelque succès considerable,

\* *Le Vieux Neuf*, vol. i. p. 202.

† Vide *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xx. Steam Navigation.

‡ *Ibid*.



les forces motrices renfermées dans les choses naturelles aux travaux des hommes." And again in 1804, when Fulton introduced his invention to Napoleon, and it was referred to the Academy, they again decided against it,—the Emperor for once distrusting his own judgment; perhaps fortunately, for the moment at least, for England. The Marquis Jouffroy afterwards followed in the same track, but only earned for himself the soubriquet of *Jouffroy-la-pompe*. But the time had now arrived when the world was prepared for steam-vessels, and their after-history is well known.

We do not find that our century can strictly claim the invention of railways, any more than that of steam navigation, although it has developed and perfected both to a remarkable extent. Railroads, or tramways, have been known for an indefinite period; and even the true steam locomotive engine is not an invention of this century. The combination of the two now inseparable elements is certainly our own. Dr. Forbes, speaking of the railway, says:—\*

"Of all the inventions which have powerfully affected the interests of mankind, none have been more slowly perfected, or can be less certainly traced to a single individual as the inventor, than those of the Locomotive Engine and the Railway. These two great and essentially connected portions of the greatest mechanical and commercial efforts of any age or country, had their origin in obscurity. Each appeared several times to be rising into the importance it deserved, but failing the concurrence of the fortunate circumstances which are necessary to give permanence to invention, was once more forgotten, and was left for rediscovery at a happier epoch."

Another illustration only, how necessary something else is besides an invention and an inventor, for any practical innovation. It is curiously uncertain, in a matter of such notoriety, to whom the original idea was due; apparently to no one man. Perhaps one suggested it, another "paid attention to it," and a third carried it out partially and imperfectly, to be improved upon by a fourth. M. Fournier claims the invention for M. Cugnot, about 1769, who, at the instigation of General Gribeauval, discovered this method of moving artillery rapidly on

steam carriages. How it was accomplished is not related; but of the result it is said that "his carriage marched onward with such violence that it was impossible to direct it. At one time it overthrew a wall that stood in the way. With such a carriage the cannon became useless—it usurped the place of the bullet itself. A little more rapidity, a little less violence (*sic*), and the steam locomotive would be found; but whatever Cugnot and Gribeauval could do, these results could not be obtained, and the machine was abandoned!"\* It is quite refreshing to find that even though it is still a Frenchman that invents, it is not *always* an Englishman that steals; in this case M. Gribeauval, as the superior officer, assumed the credit of the invention, and it was not for many years that the truth was known. But in all this, M. Fournier says nothing of a design for a steam-carriage published by Dr. John Robison in the *Universal Magazine* for 1757. This is at least twelve years too early for his purpose; but in the same year Dr. Robison directed Watt's attention to the steam-engine, with a view to this very application; and it is said that Watt constructed a model on the suggestion. It was not in allusion to this, however, but to a later plan in 1784, that Darwin wrote those well-known lines in the *Botanic Garden*:—

"Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

As it is only with the early foreshadowings of modern inventions that we are concerned, we pursue the history of the locomotive no further, but turn for a moment to that of the railroad itself. On this again, Dr. Forbes remarks, that "if the idea of a locomotive belongs to no one man, still less does that of a railway, which being one of the most elementary of mechanical contrivances, may be traced under some modifications, almost indefinitely backwards, as a means of conveying heavy loads with facility. Hence it was chiefly confined to quarries and collieries, especially in underground passages and drifts."† M. Fournier, however, unhesitatingly claims the merit of the first introduction of rails or tramways into England for France, in the person of one Beaumont, who, he asserts, came over from

\* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 6th Inaugural Dissertation.

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 305.

† *Op. cit.* p. 884.



France, and established about 1630, in the neighborhood of Newcastle, "the first of those railroads, the immense network of which will soon girdle the world." \* We find no such history as this in our own chronicles; and the only authority given by our author is that of an obscure duodecimo *Memorial of Chronology*, published by an unknown writer in Paris in 1829.

On still slighter authority are we charged, and in a much gossier form, with having stolen our iron bridges from France. The story, as told here, is worthy a moment's attention. About 1757, a Lyonesse painter, whose name M. Fournier does not know, occupied himself one idle day in sketching an iron bridge of one arch, of which the dimensions are given. It was intended to occupy the place of the St. Vincent bridge. Calculations were made, and plans drawn in detail, and approved by the authorities, but *not executed*. "The ordinary destiny of first ideas! This poor industry follows the fatal route spoken of by a Chinese proverb, upon which, if you have ten steps to make, you find that, having made nine, you are not advanced one-quarter of the way." † So it happened (following M. Fournier) to this poor painter, who got nothing but vexation for his pains; until an English engineer passing through, heard of this abortive project, got acquainted with the painter, gave him a few guineas for his plans, etc., and returned to London to make fame therefrom. The final result was the bridge of Wearmouth.

"Much was said everywhere of this structure; and France, be it observed, was not the last to utter cries of admiration. Everywhere eulogies upon this system hitherto unknown to Europe—upon the precision of the plans and calculations—upon the rare genius of the English engineer; but not a word of the Lyonesse painter. It was not until fourteen years afterwards that, I know not how, he was remembered even at Lyons." ‡

Then it appears that, in answer to some remarks of an English journal, a Lyons newspaper claimed the invention for one of its citizens, and told this tale, which the *Moniteur* repeated. Our countryman being thus convicted (!) of theft (for no other

proof is adduced), M. Fournier proceeds to moralize upon the French and English characters in relation to inventions:—

"Is not there here great occasion to repeat one of the thousand invectives launched ages ago against the carelessness of France towards her own works—against this weakness, this horror of perseverance, which leads her to abandon everything which a brilliant genius has suggested? England is a better manager; with her every invention prospers, even those that are found as well as those that are stolen. It is the genius of England to neglect nothing, but to make capital of all, even the ideas of others. It is the genius of France, on the contrary, to take nothing, but to let everything be taken. This was as notorious even in the sixth century as now." \*

Perhaps the tale may have some slight foundation—we cannot tell. Perhaps, and more probably, it is too flimsy to merit consideration. However this may be, we would suggest one idea. If the merit of an invention be due to the *first* promulgator of an idea, it is *not* in this case due to the painter in question; for so early as the sixteenth century, proposals for similar undertakings were made by certain Italian writers. † Plans also were drawn in 1719 for bridges of this sort, but not carried out. If, on the other hand, the merit should attach to him who first executes the work, it must be given to Mr. Thomas Farnolls Pritchard, an architect of Shrewsbury, who designed, and to the proprietors of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, Mr. Darby and Mr. Reynolds, who erected the bridge across the Severn, commenced in 1777, and completed in 1779. It appears more than probable that all these were cases of independent invention, of which we meet so many in science and art.

Thus far the claims of our century to originality appear not to be successful. We may be inclined to suppose that although steamers and railways are not novelties, except in detail, that our telegraphs at least would prove to be modern; but let us see what history says about it. Professor Forbes ‡ says, that "the idea of using the transmission of electricity to communicate signals is so obvious as scarcely to deserve

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 57.

† *Ibid.* p. 69.

‡ *Ibid.* 70.

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 71.

† See the essay on Iron Bridges, by Stephenson, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Eighth Edition.

‡ *Op. cit.* p. 985.



the name of an invention, the prodigious velocity of common electricity in wires having been established by Watson before the middle of the last century." The earliest *proposal* for its utilization mentioned by this writer is dated 1753; but M. Fournier adduces tolerably satisfactory proof that more than a century previous to this the electric or magnetic telegraph had been invented, and had been again forgotten, in obedience to the laws so often mentioned as presiding over inventions.

In 1636, Schwenter proposed the question how two individuals could communicate by means of the magnetic needle, and seems to have come near to its solution. To complete his discovery he only required to know the effect of the galvanic current upon the deflexions of the needle, as observed by Oersted two centuries afterwards—"two centuries between theory and practice, between the germ and the fruit."\* In 1746, Le Monnier made experiments in the Jardin du Roi upon the transmissibility of electricity by iron, and obtained very decisive results with threads nine hundred and sixty toises in length. In 1783, Lesage constructed a telegraph with as many wires as there are letters of the alphabet; they were each insulated, and communicated at the other end with small pith-balls, suspended by silken threads. When any of these wires received the charge of electricity the little ball was repelled, and went to strike upon an opposing surface, the letter to which it corresponded. Five years afterwards, and M. Lomond came still nearer to our modern mechanism, having constructed an alphabet of movement much upon the same principle as the swing of our present needles. Notwithstanding all these foreshadowings, it was not until our century was nineteen years old that Oersted invented or observed the variations of the needle under the galvanic current, and so provided a certain and practical foundation for all future operations.

The telegraph affords an excellent illustration of our preceding observation, that when the time and occasion have come, a discovery arises frequently from several quarters at the same time, each one being independent of the others, and by no means necessarily, or in many cases even probably,

implying plagiarism. It appears that MM. Gauss and Weber actually communicated signals having the significance of letters, at Gottingen, as early as 1833; but the year 1837 "is the date of the realized electric telegraph. We find three distinct claimants, of whose independent merits there is no reason whatever to doubt, though how much of the merit of all must be considered due to MM. Gauss and Weber, who first made the experiment, though they did not offer it for general adoption in a convenient form, is a matter which we need not here decide. The three independent inventors (I name them alphabetically) are Mr. Morse of the United States, M. Steinheil of Munich, and Mr. Wheatstone of London."\* Professor Forbes appears to give the preference to Mr. Wheatstone's invention, and thinks that no other inventor has shown such perseverance and skill in overcoming difficulties, although Mr. Morse's is naturally preferred in America.

Whilst men waited for the telegraph, there were many devices for direct communication proposed, more or less amusing. *Sympathetic snails*, of which we have heard somewhat of late years, appear to have been as old as Paracelsus; perhaps not altogether satisfactory in their results, or certain in their indications; for they soon were neglected for more complicated proceedings. Two friends who wished for direct correspondence when parted, were advised to cut from the arm of each a piece of skin of equal size; these were to be exchanged, and engrafted each on to the other's arm. When the wounds were healed the apparatus to save postage was complete. If one wished to speak to the other he had but to trace on the borrowed skin, with the point of a needle, the letters of the sentence in order; and these would at once be recognized by a corresponding sensation on his own skin now on the arm of his friend. On which M. Fournier remarks that the idea is ingenious, and the proceeding simple; there is but one difficulty—which is, to believe in it.

Then succeeded the idea that two magnets might be so similarly prepared that, when apart, whatever direction one was placed in, the other would spontaneously assume; and so the basis of direct communication might be formed. Strada, who relates this, regrets

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 190.

\* Professor Forbes' *Inaugural Dissertation*, p. 286.



only that he fears no magnet can be found possessed of such virtue; and exclaims—

“O! utinam hæc ratio scribendi prodeat usu, Cautior et citior properent epistolæ.”

Some writers of eminence, amongst whom is enumerated even Kepler, appear to have placed some faith in this plan. But although they knew in that age something of electricity and something of magnetism, the time had not yet come for their combination.

The electric nature of lightning, and the efficacy of lightning-conductors, appear also to have been known for long ages:—

“Long before the kites of Romas and of Franklin, the priests of Etruria knew how to see the thunderbolt in the clouds, and to bring it to the ground. Numa was one of the initiated in this marvellous science; and the prodigies that he performed thereby caused the people to believe in his commerce with the gods. Tullus Hostilius wished to repeat his miracles; but being inexpert, he was killed, in consequence of not knowing how to manage and direct the lightning that he had brought down . . . the electric current wandered from the iron point and the badly arranged conductors, and Tullus was slain.” \*

Whether the passage in Livy † will strictly bear this interpretation may fairly be questioned; but there can be no doubt that the knowledge of this matter is of very ancient date. The passage just cited continues thus:—

“Amongst the Celtæ, ancestors of the Etruscans, these practices, employed to bring down the lightning, were *always* known. If we may believe the old alchemists, not only did they know the method of thus preserving their dwellings, but by forcing these divine sparks to fall into their lakes and fountains, they formed blocks of gold!”

Holfengen says that the pieces of gold found in their lakes were nothing more than concrete lightning; the consideration of which statement may tend, perhaps, to throw some discredit upon the rest of their knowledge of the subject. Another quotation is more definite and curious:—

“During all the Middle Ages, the tradition of this knowledge, common to the Jews and the Etruscans, and perpetuated amongst the Romans, was preserved in a corner of Italy. From time immemorial, on the sum-

mit of the highest bastion of the castle of Durino, on the border of the Adriatic, a long rod of iron was fixed. It served, during the stormy days of summer, to announce the approach of a tempest. A soldier was always near when such an occurrence seemed to threaten. From time to time he pointed the iron head of his long javelin to this rod. Whenever a spark passed between these metals, he sounded the gong, which was near, to advertise the fishermen of the approach of the storm; and at this well-known signal they all hastened to the land.”

To turn to another department of science—there are two supposed discoveries of the present century which belong especially to medicine, but have become so popularized as to be completely public property: we refer to vaccination and the administration of anæsthetics, especially chloroform. An inquiry into their history leads us to some curious revelations. We have said they belong to this century, for although it was four years before the expiration of the last that Jenner commenced his investigations, we may consider vaccination as belonging essentially to the nineteenth. What says M. Fournier?

The traditions of the East often contain more wisdom than we have in our books. Of this vaccination is a proof; how many ages of contagion and mortality have we had to endure, before finding the counterpoison to this terrible virus—how many futile and useless attempts? The wished-for antidote, however, was in the hands of the Hindoos and Persians from time immemorial. Dhanwantari, the Hindoo Esculapius, spoke of it in his sacred book, the *Sateya Grantham*, and from that time it was not only a social, but a religious obligation to resort to the divine remedy. M. Fournier quotes the following passage as from the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, tom. xxx. p. 134:—

“The Hindoos dip a thread in the pustule of a cow, and keep this thread, which enables them to give the eruption easily to any child presented to them; passing it into a needle, they insert it between the skin and the flesh of the upper part of the arm of the infant. This is done to both arms, and never fails to produce a mild eruption; and no one thus treated ever dies of the disease.”

But it would be very hard that France should have no share in a discovery of such

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 182.

† *Lib. i. cap. 61.*



importance, and utterly hard would it be upon our author's theory, if an Englishman had not subsequently stolen the invention, this being the natural order of things. M. Fournier confesses that the English, "who already possessed Hindostan, might have learnt the secret there, and, according to their custom, passed it off as their own in Europe,"\* and did he "not know the whole truth, he would be ready to swear that vaccination came to us this way and no other." But not so; it was a Frenchman from whom the English borrowed or stole the idea, and a Frenchman, too, who had neither been in India nor read the *Sateya Grantham*. His name was Rabaut, and he was a Protestant minister, near Lanel, in 1784, where the small-pox was raging violently and fatally. He observed the analogy between the mild *picote* of cows and the small-pox, and considered within himself whether inoculation with the matter of the former would not be as efficacious as that with the real pustule, and also less dangerous. Following still the recital of our author, it appears that M. Rabaut formed an acquaintance with two English gentlemen who went to winter at Montpelier,—Mr. Ireland, a Bristol merchant, and Dr. Pugh, of London—and to them he communicated this idea of his. Dr. Pugh was so struck with the notion, that he promised to mention it to his friend Jenner. He did so, and the idea germinated and brought forth vaccination, of which "Jenner assumed all the glory, and the name of the real inventor was left to oblivion."

This differs much from our own histories of Jenner's discovery, and the authority for it all appears to be extremely slight. In fact, the story rests almost entirely upon a letter presumed to have been written in 1811, perhaps five-and-twenty years after these events, by Mr. Ireland to M. Rabaut, acknowledging the conversations between himself, Dr. Pugh, and M. Rabaut—a letter, too, which does not seem to have been printed or published until 1824, some time after the death of M. Rabaut. We conjecture that such evidence as this would fail to convince M. Fournier, were the suspected plagiarism to be reversed.

Treating of anæsthetics, M. Fournier in a very few lines settles the much-vexed question of priority of discovery in favor of his

countryman, M. Soubeiran, but candidly confesses that the secret and practice of administering drinks and vapors to produce insensibility during operation had been known for perhaps decades of centuries. That universal genius, Papin, in 1681, wrote a treatise upon "operations without pain," which was lost, and has only been rediscovered. In the Middle Ages, mandragora was given extensively for anæsthetic purposes. "The bark of mandragora, infused in wine, is given to patients whose limbs may have to be amputated, in order that they may not feel the pain."\* M. Raspail states that this was by no means a discovery of the Middle Ages, but dated from the ancients. He refers us back to Dioscorides, Matthiolus, and Pliny.

Dr. Simpson acknowledges that from a very early period "different medicinal agents seem to have been suggested, and employed, too, for the purpose of producing a state of anæsthesia during surgical operations. These agents were sometimes used in the form of odors or vapors, or by inhalation, and sometimes they were administered by the stomach."† Of these the principal were the mandragora and the Indian hemp, which latter is by repute known to us under various preparations and names, as bang, hachisch, etc. "M. Jullien lately pointed out to the French Academy an old Chinese work, proving that fifteen hundred years ago a preparation of hemp, or ma-yo, was employed medicinally in China to annul the pain attendant upon cauterization and surgical operations."‡ From this work M. Fournier gives a quotation, prefaced by the statement that the individual referred to was a physician named Hao-Tho, who lived in the third century of our era, and who always resorted to this expedient when performing any grave operation.

"He gave to the patient a preparation, called *ma-yo*, who after a few instants became as insensible as if drunk or dead. Then Hao-Tho practised his incisions, or amputations, put in the sutures and applied the dressings. After a certain number of days, the patient found himself cured, without having suffered the least pain during the operation."§

\* See *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 91, for references.  
† Art. "Chloroform," *Encyclopædia Britannica* vol. vi. p. 632.

‡ Ibid. loc. cit.

§ *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 95.

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 273.



But even at this remote period it might still have been said of this practice, Behold, it has been in the old time before us. Homer describes very closely the effect of hemp, under the name of *Nepenthes* (*without affliction*) upon Ulysses and his companions. The occasion was on the arrival of Telemachus at Sparta, when, to assuage his sorrow,—

“Bright Helen mixed a mirth-inspiring bowl;  
Tempered with drugs of sovereign use, t’ assuage

The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;  
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,  
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:  
Charmed with that virtuous draught, th’ exalted mind

All sense of woe delivers to the wind.  
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,  
Or a loved brother groaned his life away,  
Or darling son, oppressed by ruffian force,  
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;  
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,  
The man entranced would view the deathful scene.” \*

The secret of these drugs Helen is said to have learned from the wife of Thone, the king of Egypt, which Thon, or Thonis, or Thoon, is supposed to have been the inventor of physic in Egypt. Concerning their nature there has been much dispute, some inclining altogether to an allegorical interpretation of the word *nepenthe*; but it is very generally believed now that the drugs in question were chiefly the Indian hemp, or *Cannabis Indica*, the anæsthetic and inebriating effects of which have been long known in Egypt and the East. It appears from Herodotus that the effect of the inhalation of the vapor of hemp was well known to, and used by the Scythians and Massagetans for purposes of excitement and intoxication. But our actual modern method of inducing anæsthesia appears to have been used as early as the twelfth century by Hugo of Lucca, who used a kind of sponge dipped in opium, mandragora, etc., “the vapors raised from which, when inhaled, were capable of setting patients into an anæsthetic sleep during surgical operations.” † The idea appears never to have been lost for any long period. Again and again do we find references to the practice in the older writers, and it even was popularly known and recognized. Middleton, in his tragedy of *Women, beware Women*, published in

1657, pointedly and directly alludes, in the following lines, to the practice of anæsthesia in ancient surgery:—

“I’ll imitate the pities of old surgeons

To this lost limb,—who, ere they show their art,

Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part.”

“Indeed the whole past history of anæsthetics is interesting as a remarkable illustration of the acknowledged fact that science has sometimes for a long season altogether lost sight of great practical thoughts, from being unprovided with proper means and instruments for carrying out these thoughts into practical execution; and hence it ever and anon occurs that a supposed modern discovery is only the rediscovery of a principle already sufficiently known to other ages, or other remote nations of men.” \*

The use of gas for the purposes of illumination is another of the almost interminable catalogue of ideas that have been known to the world in a crude state for indefinite periods, and the systematic utilization of which has been reserved for the present century. As is frequently the case in matters of invention, we find mention of the Chinese amongst those who were the earliest acquainted with its properties;—not as a matter of industry in the present instance, but as a natural production. On the general relations of this people to discovery, M. Fournier remarks:—

“As regards science and industry, these paradoxical people are everything and nothing—everything as to the germ of the idea; nothing as to its practical elaboration. Their mummy-like civilization has often preserved what has been lost elsewhere,—but how? In a state of petrification. Everything is preserved, not by living experience, but by *routine*, that rust of progress, as Chaptal has so well said. Poor people, who for centuries have not made a single step in advance, of their own accord! And how should they advance, when they commence by suppressing the feet.” †

An argument more epigrammatic than cogent. But in the matter of gas, nature has supplemented their energies. For an unknown period they have had what are called fire-pits; into which they have but to bore and insert a tube,—though sometimes to the immense depth of 1,500 feet,—

\* *Odyssey*, Book IV. Pope’s translation.

† Dr. Simpson, *op. cit.*

\* Dr. Simpson, *op. cit.*

† *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 114.



and from them they obtain an impure inflammable gas, which burns sufficiently well for purposes of lighting, and certain industrial occupations requiring this substitute for fires. With it they evaporate salt brine, and also light their streets and houses; the lowest of the poor use it for warmth in the open air. From all this, however, the Chinese have derived no further advantages; they have neither sought to purify the gas they have, nor to make it artificially.

Burning springs were also known long ago in Europe, but their existence was not suffered to remain an isolated fact. Men reasoned upon it, investigated its source, and attempted, with ultimate success, to imitate its nature, and improve upon its results. The writers upon Gaslight in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*,\* claim for the Rev. John Clayton the discovery of coal gas. His experiments appear to have been performed certainly *before* 1691—since they are detected in a letter written to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in that year—although not published until 1739. He states that having introduced a quantity of coal into a retort, and placed it over an open fire, “at first there came over only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose, which I could no ways condense; but it forced my lute and broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit, in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit rose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame.” He then relates how he filled many bladders with this gas, which he calls the *spirit*, and how he could not condense it, but used to amuse his friends by pricking holes in the bladders, and lighting the jets of air which came from them.

Here then is the discovery of gas, complete and perfect as to all essentials. Yet it appears to have slumbered for a century,

\* Dr. Anderson and Professor Tomlinson.

when Mr. Murdoch revived the idea, and systematically investigated the subject; and it was not until an early part of the present century that any progress in a practical direction was made. Let us do M. Fournier the justice to state, that whilst he acknowledges Mr. Clayton's discovery, he does not *in this instance* charge him with having stolen it. Of course a Frenchman had been on the same track nearly a century before—M. Jardin having obtained an inflammable gas by the destructive distillation of “oil, alcohol, bitumen, and other matters,” in 1618—but Mr. Clayton *may have* made his discovery, “for the second time,” without knowing anything about his predecessor. Connected with lighting and plagiarism, we find that the renowned argand lamp was originally stolen by a M. Quinquet from M. Argand of Geneva, and was long called by his name. We mention it because it is again pleasant to find, that if we English do steal all upon which we can lay our hands, there are at least others who do likewise.\*

M. Fournier strongly approves of representative government, but equally strongly objects to its being considered a modern idea. He traces it back as far as the Pythagoreans, but we have not space for his certainly learned history. Trial by jury he considers a necessary corollary to this, and allows for once that England had the priority. He shows how, in the fourteenth century, Etienne Marcel would have introduced it into France, but was too hasty—the time was not ripe.

“To conclude by a truth, so true that it is *banale*—everything requires its own day and hour. Etienne Marcel went too fast; like all impatient reformers, like all improvers of revolutions, he must fall. The best proof that the greater part of those things which we wished to impose upon France were only five centuries too soon, is found in the fact, that at the present time some are not yet ripe, as for instance progressive taxation. Nevertheless imposts are amongst those things that ripen the quickest. Governments, especially despotic governments, have in this matter an unparalleled aptness of invention and promptitude of execution. Witness the Romans; they have left us little

\* It may be added that if priority of use constitutes invention, neither M. Argand nor M. Quinquet invented the lamp called by the name of the former. The principle of its construction appears in the lamp described by Cassiodorus, about A.D. 562; and the Romans had certainly used much the same kind of light before him.



to discover in this department. We have only to study their system to learn, with its thousand modes of pressure, the art *de faire suer le contribuable par tous les pores.*"

But the opposition of the people is strong and heartfelt, so that practice is not always able to keep pace with theory:—

"The principle of the *budget* was positively recognized during the middle ages, but it is only in our own day that it has become a reality. Colbert conceived in its entirety, with its thousand complications, the financial system that now governs us; but to whom do we owe its practical application?—to Napoleon."\*

If in some of our political institutions we have preceded France, it seems that we have again borrowed, or, as M. Fournier has it, *stolen* from them our ideas on *political economy*. Adam Smith (he says) demonstrated the effects of division of labor; so had Aristotle and Xenophon before him; and to modernize and translate ancient ideas is legitimate borrowing (*emprunt légitime*); but "is it so to take from the moderns without acknowledgment; to take advantage of a great reputation and a strong voice to drown that of the veritable author; and to cause these borrowed ideas to pass as his own? Is this loyal and lawful? I trow not; yet it is this that Adam Smith has done."† In short, Adam Smith is supposed to have seen and conversed with M. Turgot, who published a book in 1766, upon the "formation and distribution of riches;" but not content with this conversation, he waited until the book appeared, which he digested at leisure, and then published the ideas as his own in 1775. But as there are certain propositions and conclusions in this work of our countryman, not found in Turgot's book, these are all supposed to be taken from a work by another Frenchman, Boesnier de l'Orme, upon *Political Government—plagiat ou vol tacite*. For all this, there is a most portentous lack of proof, and we may safely trust the reputation of Adam Smith to bear up under the accusation.

The most interesting feature of M. Fournier's book is that which illustrates the constant tendency of the human mind to run in definite tracks, and to work round to given points by cycles of opinion and invention:

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 373.

† *Ibid.* p. 387.

to-day is but the plagiarism of former times, and "human invention, limited with regard to little things as well as great, seems to reproduce without cessation a movement similar to that of the cylinder of popular organs, or hurdygurdies, which the last revolution brings back always to its first refrain."\* In nothing is this more remarkable than in dress and fashion; a fact which gave occasion to the celebrated *mot* of the modiste of Marie Antoinette, "There is nothing new but that which is forgotten."† How correct the idea is, requires scarcely an illustration; we need only refer to the constant pro and con discussions on the crinoline of the present day, and compare them with the letters and essays on hoops in the days of Addison and Steele; both these being nothing more than repetitions or reproductions of the *vertugales* of the sixteenth century.

In connection with dress, it may be also noticed that there are one or two inventions which seem to be lost to us of the present century. In 1743, in the *Chronique du Règne de Louis XV.*, there is mention made of an individual who had presented to the queen a robe of cloth of gold, woven without seam, by a method invented for the occasion. The "garment without seam" we also know to have been in occasional use above seventeen centuries before this time; but, so far as we know, the secret has not come down to our times. Certain spear and shot-proof garments are said also to have been known of old, which are unknown now. The *piléma* of the Greeks is said to have been made of material so solidly felted together, that the point of the sharpest dart would not penetrate it—a manufacture which moderns have tried often (according to M. Fournier) to imitate, but without much success. In 1780, however, a M. Doffemont appears to have accomplished something of the same kind, consisting of silks so united as to resist pistol or musket balls. The balls only struck the outer layers, and then fell back. The cuirasses made of this material were said to be only one-half the weight of those of iron that were equally effective; the secret is not now known.

We will briefly notice, without any attempt at order, a few other modern inventions bor-

\* *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. ii. p. 195.

† Il n'y a de nouveau que ce qui est oublié.



rowed from the ancients. Of iron ships, concerning which we English are said by M. Fournier to pride ourselves so much, they are merely a plagiarism from the seventeenth century, and of course from a Frenchman. In 1644, M. Mersenne had mentioned to Descartes some such project. Curiously enough, no one had heard of it before. The purification of sea-water by distillation is not by any means a modern discovery. Aristotle \* hinted at it, not distinctly; and St. Basil said that in his day they rendered sea-water fit to drink by boiling it, and collecting the vapor in sponges.

M. Fournier attributes the invention of what we call Congreve rockets to the Spaniards; the account is to be found in the *Manuel of Artillery*, composed by Louis Collado in 1586. Sir William Congreve himself is said, by the same authority, to have learned the secret of their composition by examining the extinct tubes of the projectiles directed by the Mahrattas against our troops.

“Is it not singular that the Europeans should find in the hands of these people, one of the most terrible applications of gunpowder—this force which they (the Europeans) conceive themselves to have invented, and to have taught to the Easterns? It is a new proof that this Indian soil is not so effete as one might think. Intelligence has not lost all its vigor; it may still create, as it created aforetime; and from the genius of its sages may yet spring ideas like to those which are the germs of so many great discoveries, the glory of our philosophers: phrenology, for example, the first hint of which is found in a book of India; vaccination, which was only too long a secret of the Brahmins; and mutual instruction (*enseignement mutuel*), which has for so many ages popularized the reading of the sacred books, under the eyes of the Bells and the Lancasters of Hindostan.” †

Breech-loading guns, now so much in question, were known in the sixteenth century, and are mentioned by P. Daniel, who does not, however, give the name of the inventor. They were forgotten, and re-invented in 1777, by the Chevalier D'Arcy; but only to be again either forgotten or neglected. In that prolific sixteenth century also was invented what is now known as the “infernal machine.” It was contrived as a

method for private vengeance by one Chantpié; it missed fire in some unexplained way, and its inventor was broken on the wheel. About the same time, air-guns were first contrived also.

Not the least strange amongst the phenomena connected with new inventions is this, that they may be introduced, and their utility recognized, and yet they vanish after a time from causes not easily discoverable, to be rediscovered and made permanent in after-times. The omnibus and the metropolitan postage system in France both passed through these stages. So early as 1662, Paris had its system of omnibuses, invented, as it is said, by the great Pascal: yet twenty years afterwards there was not one, even after its popularity had been fully established. The “*petite poste*,” similar to our London “twopenny post,” was introduced into Paris in 1653, and the proposal for its working was more perfect in some respects than those of more modern date, inasmuch as it provided for the conveyance of small parcels at a very cheap rate, as may be seen by the following odd announcement from a sort of rhyming newspaper of August 16th, 1653:—

“On va bientôt mettre en pratique,  
Pour la commodité publique,  
Un certain établissement,  
(Mais c'est pour Paris seulement),  
Des boites nombreuses et drues,  
Aux grandes et petites rues,  
Ou par soi-même ou ses laquais,  
On pourra porter des *paquets*,  
Avis, billets, missives, lettres,  
Que des gens commis pour cela,  
Iront chercher et prendre là;  
Pour d'une diligence habile,  
Les porter par toute la ville.  
Et si l'on veut s'avoir combien,  
Coutera le port d'un lettre,  
Chose qu'il ne faut pas obmettre,  
Afin que nul n'y soit trompé  
Ce ne sera qu'un *sou tapé*.”

The plan was carried into execution, but there was no trick too ridiculous to be played upon it, no objectionable matter that was not put into the boxes under the semblance of parcels. Moreover, those who sent letters by them too frequently found that, instead of arriving at their destination, they were eaten up by mice, that boys, and perhaps children of larger growth, had put in by way of malice. And so ended the *petite poste*, for that period at least.

We shall conclude our illustrations of old

\* Problemat, xxii. cap. 18.

† *Le Vieux-Neuf*, vol. i. p. 267.



novelties, or new antiquities, by a reference to the antiquity of the modern system of table-turning and spirit-rapping, which arts of imposture or delusion seem to have been as successfully practised many centuries ago as now. We have before casually alluded to an account given by Marcellinus. It refers to a conspiracy against Valens; in which divination by table-turning played an important part. But the conjurors were caught, and made to confess that they had constructed their table to give any indications that might be desired. They also had their letters of the alphabet placed round some kind of metal basin or vessel, the letters of which were rapped out by a ring artfully suspended to a thread. We have not space for the details, which may be found in this author's *History of the Roman Emperors*, b. xxix. ch. iii. In Thibet, also, table-turning and moving, and the discovery of theft by such means, have been in use from time immemorial, as may be seen by reference to M. Fournier's second volume, p. 350, or to the *Thibetan Encyclopædia*, in one hundred and

eight volumes, of which the first volume contains one thousand and eighty-eight pages! Spirit-rapping is of as ancient date, and with phenomena and tricks very similar to those produced and practised in the present day. It would appear, therefore, that we are as much indebted to antiquity for our follies as for our more serious inventions, of which position numberless illustrations might be given.

M. Fournier's work contains a great mass of learning, and many valuable contributions to a history of science and art; it would be more reliable were he more cosmopolitan in idea, and more charitable in judgment. His proofs almost force us to acknowledge that our century is not remarkable for absolute novelty of invention; but to it alone belongs the credit of having made art keep pace with science, of having utilized all knowledge, and of having sought up the dry bones of abstract theory to make them practically subservient to the moral and intellectual as well as physical well-being of our race.

**COMPARISON OF COLOR.**—Mr. Birt, who has long been making observations on the moon, has invented an instrument for aiding in giving fixed values to the determinations of the extent of changes which portions of the moon's surface undergo in respect to color. The instrument consists of a rectangular chamber having a circular opening, across which traverses a slide, containing discs of colored glass. The slide is moved by rackwork, so that any of the discs may be rendered coincident with the opening. White paper, or some other suitable reflecting surface receives the light from the flame of a lanthorn through a condensing lens, and forms the means of illumination. The observer having his telescope adjusted, brings the spot—Plato for example—into the field: and then the illuminated discs of the homochroscope are successively brought up to the circular opening, when the identity of color-tone with the spot under observation is judged by the observer.

doubtedly belonged to the atmosphere or to gases. The rise of temperature, too, evoked different lines from the same substance. Chloride of lithium, in a Bunsen burner, gives a single crimson ray: in the hotter flame of hydrogen an additional orange ray appears; while the oxyhydrogen jet, or the voltaic arc, brings out a broad, brilliant blue band in addition. So with iron and other metals. Fascinating as this theory was, it should be remembered it was still upon its trial, and that it does not yet explain the facts known respecting the vapors of hydrogen, mercury, chlorine, bromine, sodium, and nitrogen.

**ICHTHYOSAUR FROM LYME REGIS.**—In the geological department of the British Museum, a perfect gem has been added to the collection of fossil reptiles, in an almost perfect young *Ichthyosaurus communis*, from Lyme Regis. The specimen is about two feet long, and the bones, with their most delicate processes finely preserved, lie beside each other in their natural positions with no more displacement than necessarily occurred, as the muscles and ligaments of the creature gradually decayed, and let the bones gently down on the surface of the liassic mud. Although it may possibly be the smallest specimen known, it is undoubtedly one of the most instructive examples ever found.

**SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.**—Dr. H. W. Miller, in his lecture last week, at the Pharmaceutical Society, urged the necessity of still considering the views of Kirchhoff and Bunsen as theoretical, there being many points which presented anomalous features. Some spectral lines were due to the incandescent metals, but others un-



From Good Words.

CONCERNING THE REASONABLENESS  
OF CERTAIN WORDS OF CHRIST.

I LOOK back this evening to a certain day, very long since past and gone, on which a little band of Jews approached our blessed Lord; and one of them, a lawyer, no doubt a man sharp of wit and ready of speech, acting as spokesman for the others, asked the Saviour a certain question. The lawyer asked the Saviour, "Which is the great commandment in the law?" He put that question; and quite right too. It was quite fair to try the new Teacher by the severest tests; and thus to discover whether his wisdom and goodness were really such as to make him a safe guide. And you could have pitched upon few questions which would be more important in themselves, or more significant tests of the new Teacher's wisdom than the question, What is the first and most important thing that God requires of man? Nor does it necessarily follow, from the words in which the Evangelist tells the story, that the lawyer put the question in a bad spirit. Words, you know, change their meaning as time goes on. When we are told that the lawyer put the question to Jesus, *tempting him*, we are ready to conclude that he put it in a malignant spirit, hoping to entangle the Saviour in his talk, and to get the Saviour to commit himself by saying something in a hurry, which, on longer reflection, he might find it hard to justify out and out. We cannot say whether or not the lawyer had some hope of catching the new Teacher tripping; but one thing we are sure of, that it is not from the word *tempt* that we are to conclude that he had; for, when our translation of the Bible was made, the word meant no more than to test, to put to the touch, and find out what a thing is made of. And it was quite right that the lawyer, before declaring himself Christ's disciple, should make fair trial of the Redeemer's wisdom, and see if it would stand the proof.

But in any case, my reader, you and I may well be thankful that the question was put; because it drew forth an answer rich in wisdom, and of personal interest to each of us. It is a great thing for any man to know, in any circumstances, what it is he ought to do. How much precious time is wasted, and how many a wrong step is

taken, for want of knowing *that*! And it is a grand thing to be told, on unimpeachable authority, of one great rule, by acting according to which we never shall go wrong; of one great spring of conduct which shall prompt to everything that is right. Now, the Saviour's answer tells us all *that*. It tells us the first and great thing we are to do. It tells us of a law, by conforming to which we shall never go wrong. It tells us of a spring of conduct which, if we once get into our hearts, will prompt to every form and degree of right conduct. The Jews, I dare say you know, had various opinions as to what was the most important precept in the law. Some thought that the great commandment of the law was that of sacrifice. Some said it was that of circumcision. And there were people who sunk so inconceivably low, as to maintain that the chief commandment was in regard to washings and formal purifyings. How immeasurably superior to these unworthy notions was the teaching of our blessed Lord! He did not evade the lawyer's question: he met it with a full and distinct answer; an answer miles and miles away from such details as washings, or circumcisions, or even sacrifices. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. **THIS** is the first and great commandment!"

Well, my reader, there is no difficulty in discerning that to love our heavenly Father in that way, *is* the first and great commandment. You know that we, human beings, living as we do in this world, may reckon up an almost unlimited list of separate duties. Yet all these may be arranged in the two classes, of our duty to God, and our duty to man. And first in natural order—first in importance—first in the sense that, rightly understood, it includes the other also—stands our duty to God. And although there are many separate duties which we owe to God, we can run them all up to one source; and that source is, love to God. This commandment, then, mentioned by our Saviour, is the first and great commandment, because it includes within itself all the duty that we owe to God. The essence of the first table of the law is contained in this comprehensive precept; and, indeed, in a certain sense, the essence of the second table of the law is here too. For all



duty consists in obeying, from right motives, the Divine commands; and whoever supremely loves God, will certainly seek to the utmost to obey God's will. That supreme love to God in the heart, will be a root whence all obedience, all duty, will assuredly spring. It is a happy thing that it is so. Is it not better a thousand times that, when you wish to instruct a little child in its duty to its parents, you should sum up all you have to say in the comprehensive advice, "You must love your parents and obey them,"—than that you should make out a list of a thousand separate details of duty, which, after all, would in practice be found to be very defective indeed? And so, when Jesus would instruct us, that the first and great thing we have to do is our duty to God, he does not say to us,—God forbids you to have any other gods before him; so don't do *that*: God forbids you to worship images, so don't do *that*: God forbids you to take his name in vain, so don't do *that*: God commands you to hallow his day, so do *that*: God bids you at passover time draw out a lamb according to your family, to kill it, to eat it with bitter herbs in a certain fashion, so mind and do *that*: God commands that on certain occasions you are to bring to his temple a burnt-offering, or an offering of first fruits, a turtle-dove, or a young pigeon; so do not on any account omit to attend to all these matters. No, my reader; not such was the commandment of our blessed Lord. *He* did not fritter down the sublime simplicity of Christian precept upon such petty details as these last. Under an inferior dispensation, in the dim twilight of the Jewish ritual, and for the guidance of an earthly and sensual race, it had been fit and well to write the countless little enactments of Leviticus; but *that* day had gone by. The time had come in which duty was to be taught from within outwards; not from without inwards. The heart was to be set right; and then all outward details would follow from *that*. Men now, instead of a host of little rules, were to have given them a great sweeping principle that should comprehend them all. Love God, says the gospel: love him supremely; and *that* will prompt you to do all your duty to him.

So far the subject is simple enough. Now we come to what is more difficult. Not

much argument is needed to prove that, if any man had his heart filled with a supreme love to God, he would do his duty towards God, and indeed towards man as well. But I can well imagine a thoughtful person saying to all this: I see it is right to love God; I see that to love God fitly would prompt to all right conduct; and I wish to love God. But how am I to do it? Love is a thing that will not come at command. I cannot love either God or man merely because I see I ought to do so, or merely because I wish to do so. How am I to get into my heart this supreme love towards God?

Well, I admit at once that this affection of love to God must be drawn forth, just as all other affections are, in accordance with the well-understood laws of human thought and feeling. And some religious writers, well-intentioned but injudicious, appear entirely to forget this. You cannot frighten men into loving God. You will never get any one to love God merely by telling him that he will be tormented in hell forever if he do not love God. *That* is not the way. You cannot force yourself to love any being merely because you think you ought to love him, or merely because you see that it will be very much for your advantage that you should love him. And if you could, by threats of future punishment, bring men to love God for fear of the consequences of not doing so,—oh! *that* would not be the right love; *that* would not be the love our Saviour wished to see! Is it love at all, the devotion of a crouching slave, trembling for fear of the lash? Let it be borne always in mind, that the worship and service God wants, must be prompted by love and not by terror. We hear, with wonder, of the sect of devil worshippers in India: do you know why they worship the devil? It is not that they love him at all; not that they think he deserves worship at all; but they erect temples to him, and they worship him, because they think he is a malignant and powerful being who can do them a world of mischief if they do not thus try to pacify him. Then let us remember that it is the very essence of devil worship, when you love and worship God just as a being who can do you harm; and when you serve him just with a view to avert his anger. Most unworthy, most unchristian, is that way of regarding God! True, it is generally by fear



that men are awakened; it is mainly by the terrors of the law that they are roused from worldliness, and heedlessness about religion; but it is by love that they are constrained to go on in the way to heaven;—rather drawn by Christ and heaven before them, than driven by hell and Satan behind. And must it then be said that, forasmuch as men cannot be frightened into loving God, though they may be frightened into pretending to love him; and forasmuch as love to God is a thing that will not come at will; therefore it is unreasonable to tell us to love God? Was it futile, was it preposterous, when Christ told us that the great commandment of the law is to love God, seeing that love to God will not be got up at command? Nay, my reader; not so. We know the way in which we may come to love God. It is our own fault if we do not love God. The commandment to love God is reasonable and just; and though we remember that we cannot do anything that is right but by the grace of God, we say, remembering *that*, that we are just as able to obey this commandment as any other, provided we set about obeying it in the right way.

And how, then, are we to set ourselves to obey the commandment, to love God with heart and soul and mind? Why, how is it that love to any human friend springs up in your breast? You love your best friend, because he is so amiable and good; because he has so many winning and engaging and lovable qualities about him. And you love him, too, because he is so kind and good to you; because he has done so much for you already, and is willing, when needful, to do so much more. Well, have you not the self-same reason for loving God? You are not commanded to love God without seeing or knowing why; you are to love God because he deserves so well to be loved; because he is so kind and good and amiable; and because he has been so kind and good to you,—has given you so much, and done so much for you. Every reason that you have for loving your dearest friend in this world, you have in a thousand-fold greater degree for loving God. Every good, pure, kind, amiable, excellent quality that you have ever noted in a human being, is but the faint reflection of that perfect excellence which dwells in him who is infinitely good and infinitely lovely.

You wish, do you, to obey the commandment to love God? Then look at God; think of God. Think how good he is; think how much he has done for you, how much he has loved and cared for you; and surely by God's grace you will be able to love him! If you have ever seen something that warmed and touched your heart in a mother's self-sacrificing love for her child, as she watched that little thing through days and nights of suffering that threatened to end its short life, think that in all that tender care you had given you the faintest and farthest shadow of that unwearying love which abides in our heavenly Father's heart. If you have been touched by the story of human philanthropy, that sought through prisons and leper-houses for misery and want to relieve, and wore out strength and life to relieve them, think that all that was amiable and kindly *there* was so, just in so far as it was made after the image and likeness of God. And then call to remembrance all the blessings and mercies which you have yourself received ever since you came into this world; and think that every one of these was a kindness bestowed by God on your own self, a separate reason for gratitude and love towards him! Of course we all know how sadly natural it is for us to feel very grateful for one kindness or favor; and then, if we receive not one favor but a thousand, to begin to take them all as a matter of course; and rather to get sulky if one be withheld, than to be grateful for the thousand that are granted. Let it not be so in our feeling towards God! Let us not cease to be thankful for his benefits, because they are so innumerable, and because they have been continued so constantly and so long. But if we love the kind friend who bestowed upon us one great benefit, or shielded us from one great danger, or guided us through one anxious day, let us supremely love the best Friend whose kindnesses are absolutely innumerable; who gave us absolutely everything!

Well, my reader, I know that all this is sound in argument. It is an argument for loving God that cannot be gainsaid, that we ought to love him because he is so good and because he has been so good to us. But I confess to you, that I feel that something more than this is needed before we shall really be put in the track which will lead us



to the obeying of the great commandment. We have not, hitherto, thought of God in a way that can really lead poor, sinful, blinded creatures like us to love him. God may be very good and very kind, the very kindest and best; but still, when we think of God as he is absolutely in himself, we cannot love him. We shrink away from him; we are afraid of him; his infinite perfections terrify us; and, to say the truth, we have a kindly sympathy, we have a feeling of being at home, with the imperfect goodness of a human being, that makes us really love *that* better than the pure, unapproachable, infinite goodness of God. No: do you not feel, that before we can truly love God, we must see him in the face of Jesus Christ; we must see him as Immanuel, God with us? It was said by a great philosopher, that we think of God unworthily; that if we look into our thought of him, we shall find we are really thinking of him as man; as our own best and noblest thrown upward on the concave of the sky. But this is not an unworthy thought of God. It is, in truth, from a sublimed humanity that we get our only realized idea of God; the only thought of God that we can really love. We see "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." He is "the image of the invisible God." Do you wish to think of God? Then think of Christ. He is God. Do you shrink in fear from that almighty, eternal, unapproachable God whom you are commanded to love? Then look to Christ, Surely, you do not shrink away from Jesus of Nazareth: surely, you could have loved *him* in his days in this world: surely, you can love him yet! Is it not easy to love God, when you remember that Jesus Christ, that kind, patient, considerate Redeemer, who went about doing good, and who died for you and me, is God? What hearts should we have if we did not love him! How infinitely did he surpass all human excellence; all that ever you loved in a human being: How much he did, how infinitely he suffered, for you! You would not have been afraid to see that gracious face looking upon you: you would not have been afraid to touch the hem of his garment: you would have gone to him confidently, as a little child to a kind mother: you would have feared no repulse, no impatience, as you told out to him the story of all your sins and wants

and cares! You can picture to yourself, even yet, the kindly, sorrowful features, which little children loved; and which drew those unsophisticated beings to cluster round him without a fear. You can imagine, even yet, the accents of that touching voice, which spake as never man spake, not merely for wisdom, but for kindness and sympathy. Tell me, my reader, is the law a hard one that bids us love such a Being!

And when you love Christ, you are loving God. Christ is God's visible image: a fair and faithful representation to our poor understanding of what the Almighty is. "He that hath seen me," said Jesus, "hath seen the Father." Just such as Christ was, God is. Now, we need to be reminded of this, for we are very ready to forget it. A great many people think of God as quite different from what Christ was. A great many people have in their minds a strong, though unexpressed impression, that God is a harsh, severe being, who wished and intended to condemn us all to eternal misery, and was with difficulty prevented from doing so by the entreaties and sufferings of Christ. Oh, what a miserable, gloomy delusion! God was not as some would seem to think, reluctantly driven to permit the salvation of Christ's people, because he could not well avoid doing so, when the kinder Saviour was willing to die for us. No, he went heartily into the work of man's salvation: yea, it originated in his love to man; for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." It is not true to say that God pities us and loves us and wishes our eternal happiness because Christ died for us: it was because he pitied us and loved us and wished our eternal happiness that he gave his Son to die for us; and in all the Saviour's burning desire that men should believe and live, you see the manifestation of the desire of the whole Godhead that men should believe and live. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all work together with equal heartiness to save us. There is no one person in the Trinity who loves us less than another, —who is less anxious for our happiness and holiness than another. God, the entire Godhead, loves us. And all that wins our love and gratitude as we look to Jesus, and as we



think of him, exists, with equal power to win our love and gratitude, in the nature and character of the entire Godhead.

When I had written as far as this, and finished what I wished to say, I did what I generally do when I have finished an essay which is to be printed: I gathered up the leaves, and went and sat by the fire and read them over. And I thought when I had read them: Now, is it not a curious thing, that it is so much easier to write what will interest people, on any subject rather than a religious one? Somehow, people have a vague sense of unreality about spiritual things. They think, that it is all very well: it is all true and right enough in a theological sense; but it is all quite away from the reality of daily life, and not at all so solid and so pressing. Now, my friend, it is the condition of our being in this world, that it should be so: it is God's manifest purpose that we should "walk by faith and not by sight;" and that faith should not always, or to all people, bring things home as sight and sense can do. And then, in the nature of things, work can never be so pleasant as play: instruction can never be so interesting as amusement. And thoughts about religious truths and duties must always belong rather to the class of instructive things than to that of amusing things. They go against the grain of our fallen nature. And just because of these facts, I dare say you know people who write and talk interestingly on secular subjects,

but whose sermons are very dull. Yet their sermons are just their talk or their writing on religious subjects. You have the same turn of thought, and the same kind of style, which interested you elsewhere; yet you yawn over the pages, or you think of something else while the words are spoken in your hearing. Let us face the fact, that because our nature is not what it ought to be, and what it once was, it is harder to make religious thoughts interesting and real-like than common thoughts. They can never be made like some light discussion of worldly matters, or like a pleasant tale. We need not try to make a sharp distinction between secular and sacred thoughts and writings, as some good people do: it is the sacred spirit that makes all work sacred, and writing like the rest. And I believe that the Spirit of God, to do good to man's heart, may avail himself of an essay in a magazine of which no part is intended to be read on Sunday, just as much as of any other. Yet, as we turn over the pages of this magazine you hold in your hand, let us remember that it aims at something beyond the mere pleasant occupation of a vacant hour; that it is the wish and the prayer of those who write in it, that it may serve, in some degree, to make its readers more earnest, more cheerful, more Christian; and that, for this end, they hopefully look for the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, to give their words an interest and a force far beyond their own.

A. K. H. B.

#### NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE great Jehovah speaks to us,  
In Genesis and Exodus;  
Leviticus and Numbers see,  
Followed by Deuteronomy.

Joshua and Judges sway the land,  
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand,  
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,  
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.

Ezra and Nehemiah now,  
Esther theauteous mourner show;  
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,  
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.

Ecclesiastes then comes on,  
And the sweet Songs of Solomon,  
Isaiah; Jeremiah then  
With Lamentations takes his pen;

Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,  
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's;  
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,  
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;

While Zephaniah Haggai calls,  
Wrapt Zechariah builds his walls;  
And Malachi, with garments rent,  
Concludes the ancient Testament.



From The Saturday Review.

### JOHN WESLEY'S LOVE PASSAGE.

A CURIOUS pamphlet has lately been reprinted from an edition published by a Mr. Hook, in 1848, of a transcript of a MS. in the British Museum, under the title, "Narrative of a remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley." We are indebted to Mr. Russell Smith for the new edition, which is enriched and illustrated by a review of the work by the late Rev. Joseph Hunter. This review perfectly vindicates the authenticity of the MS. which is in the British Museum—"Add. MSS. 7119"—and details its history. It consists of two parts—one a narrative in prose, which is a copy, and avowedly written by an amanuensis, and another a narrative in verse, in John Wesley's own handwriting. The two narratives relate to the same transaction. About the transaction itself there can be no dispute. There is not one of Wesley's biographers who does not speak, with more or less distinctness, of Wesley's intention to marry one Grace Murray, and of the fact that the marriage was prevented by Charles Wesley. No suspicions are entertained by Mr. Hunter of the genuineness of this document; nor, on its first publication, was any dispute raised on this point. The evidence on this head is complete and unassailable. Differing in this respect from Collet's forgery of certain love-letters purporting to be written by John Wesley in his youth, this "Narrative" is undoubtedly a genuine fragment of biography, of which the principal person concerned—the celebrated John Wesley himself—says, "Hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world." A lost chapter in any hagiology has its interest. When a dropped stitch is taken up in the personal biography of one who, for good or for evil, has influenced the religious life of millions, it is, as a mere contribution to the curiosities of literature, valuable; but in a psychological point of view the study of this strange and bewildering love-story, with all its labyrinth of romance and religion, the hero and heroine of which were John Wesley and his servant-maid, has another and superior value. No doubt the first aspect of the thing is its utter grotesqueness. *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori* might be a safe counsel to a libertine patrician, but

the leading cases of Briseis and Tecmessa one would hardly expect to find ruling the most influential preacher and the greatest ecclesiastical innovator of the eighteenth century.

Yet this is the substance of the present narrative. In the year 1748 John Wesley being of the mature age of forty-five, a conference of the Methodist Society was held in London, in which "after a free and friendly debate," the remarkable conclusion was arrived at—probably with a view as well to certain sweet smarts raging in Wesley's own bosom as to a charitable desire that the world should not absolutely come to an end—"that a believer might marry without suffering loss in his soul." Two or three months afterwards we find John Wesley—or rather John Wesley finds himself—sick in bed at Newcastle, "attended continually by Grace Murray," a widow of thirty-three, who in a very odd way seems to have been his companion in travel, a fellow-laborer in attending to the societies, and at the same time his private servant. Wesley, after "observing her temper, sense, and behavior," "sliding into it I know not how," told her, "If ever I marry, I think you will be the person." Grace Murray snaps at the offer, and from that time, as the prose narrative has it, "I conversed with her as my own." In the poetical form Wesley puts it—

\* \* \* \* \*

"My soul a kindred spirit found;  
By Heaven entrusted to my care  
The daughter of my faith and prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

"From heaven the grateful ardor came,  
Pure from the dross of low desire;  
Well pleased I marked the guiltless frame  
[flame?]

Nor dared to damp the sacred fire;  
Heaven's choicest gift on man bestowed,  
Strengthening our hearts and hands in God.

\* \* \* \* \*

"From that glad hour, with growing love,  
Heaven's latest, dearest gift I viewed;  
While pleased each moment to improve,  
We urged our way with strength renewed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oft, (though as yet the nuptial tie  
Was not) clasping her hand in mine,  
'What force,' she said, 'beneath the sky,  
Can now our well-knit souls disjoin?'"

But the course of such true and Arcadian love, even in the apostle of a revived gospel, did not run smooth. We must condense as we can this strange story.



Wesley's declaration of love occurs on August 4, 1748. The two turtles travel together through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and in September the lady is left in Cheshire with one John Bennet, an itinerant preacher. Already the fair and spiritual widow had gone through a courtship from one Brydon, also a Methodist preacher. As soon as Wesley was off the scene, Grace Murray and Bennet commence love-making, or perhaps renew an old and dormant flirtation; and the lady accepts Bennet at once, formally promises to become his wife, and writes a wonderful letter to Wesley, asking his consent and blessing, "believing it to be the will of God." A regular complication occurs. The gay and spiritual widow retains the two strings to her bow, and is alternately on and off with Wesley and Bennet; and, after much dissimulation on every side, upon Wesley urging the doctrine of precontract in his own favor, she is on with the old love though not quite off with the new. Bennet is dismissed, and in 1749, when Wesley goes on a missionary tour in Ireland, Grace Murray, now affianced to him at Dublin by a contract *de presenti*, accompanies him in the treble character of domestic servant, friend, and co-apostle. For several months, in a position which, in anybody but an apostle, might have had its dangers, Wesley leads about a sister who is not a wife. The episode with Bennet was believed to be over, and in September this unmarried couple of fellow-travellers return to Bristol. Here the fair Grace "hears some idle tales concerning me [J. W.] and Molly Francis," and in a sudden fury of jealousy recalls Bennet by a secret and loving letter. Bennet surprised and pleased, promises to meet her when she came to the North, where, still in company with Wesley, she soon arrives. Here the three met at Epworth, in Lancashire. "A curious scene now comes on." Wesley retaliates, accepts the widow's decision, and not only gives her up, but thinks it right that they, i.e., Grace and Bennet, should marry without delay. The lady, however, is a match for this move. She takes to her bed, and sending for poor perplexed J. W., assures him from this vantage ground "that she loves him a thousand times better than she ever loved Bennet; but she is afraid, if she does not marry Bennet, he will run mad," and therefore

resolves to marry Bennet, while professing her unalterable love for Wesley. After a day or two of this curious game, Wesley brings the matter to an issue, and leaves the lovely Abigail with this final declaration on her part, "I am determined to live and die with you." The two turtles, again reconciled, and Bennet once more dismissed, set out to Berwick, visiting the societies, on very amicable, and of course apostolic, terms; "yet," says Wesley, "I could not consent to her repeated request to marry me immediately." In this game of cross-purposes, it seems that, as soon as either party is inclined for instant matrimony, Barkis is not willing. Whether it was that Wesley was resolved to pay the lady in her own coin, or whether he began seriously to foresee the consequences to his own position and usefulness of marrying a domestic servant, he again hung back. He must satisfy Bennet. He must procure his brother Charles Wesley's consent. He must send an account of the proposed marriage to all the Societies. In other words, he wanted to prevent the match with Bennet, and yet not to commit himself irrevocably. He wished to keep the woman bound by her promise, and himself free not to fulfil his own engagement. Something of the same sort of irresolution—if we are not to call it treachery or duplicity—has been assigned by one of Wesley's biographers, Dr. Whitehead, as the cause of the failure of an earlier *affaire de cœur* of the author of Methodism—his Georgian love-suit with Miss Sophy Causton; but in this case the timid or vacillating lover found out to his cost, in the *furens quid fœmina possit*, what might come of trifling with the feelings of a high-spirited and vindictive woman. However, under these circumstances, Wesley and Grace Murray find themselves at Berwick, in September, 1746. From Berwick they travel together to Newcastle, where they "converse together till late at night," and "she gave me all assurances of the most intense affection." The natural consequences follow. The reunion of the lovers revives the old flame; mutual pledges are revived; the solemn promise to take each other is repeated with new formalities, and the old contract at Dublin is renewed in the presence of witnesses under date September 21; and on that day, when Wesley goes to Whitehaven,



"she stood looking after me till I was up the hill."

At this moment, Charles Wesley comes on the stage, in consequence of a letter from John, informing him of the whole affair, and enclosing the copy of a letter of strong remonstrance which he had written to Bennet on the 7th of September, and in which he asserts his intention to marry the fair Grace. Charles is of course stupefied at the news. He flies down from Bristol to Leeds, finds "all the town in an uproar, and the societies ready to fly in pieces." At length the brothers meet. Charles urges John against the degrading match, and insists on the precontract between Grace and Bennet. It does not exactly appear what the immediate result of the fraternal counsel was. Great was the casuistry displayed on the knotty point of the two contracts entered into by the lady. Charles Wesley sets out for Newcastle to see Grace Murray. John Wesley is alone and in a sea of perplexities. He fasts, he prays, he asks light and direction; his mind sways backwards and forwards; but he writes a letter to Grace, which letter does not appear. Whitefield next comes on the scene, but does not mend matters. Wesley felt that he was playing a double part. At length, on Monday, the 5th October, Charles Wesley, who had not been idle in the mean time, returns to the town of Whitehaven, and announces that Bennet and Grace had been married on the previous Tuesday. We left Ariadne in Naxos, that is at Newcastle, looking after Bacchus—we mean John Wesley—riding up Hineley Hill. She had quite dismissed all thoughts of Bennet. Her heart was with her affianced lover at Whitehaven anxiously waiting his return. But John Wesley has dreams, and sad presages, and instead of presenting himself, sends, as we have seen, only the mysterious letter. And as soon as this letter from Whitehaven arrives, so does Charles Wesley, who takes the matter and the lady in hand—and a high hand too. Sending for Bennet to Newcastle, the beginning of the end is not far distant. Charles Wesley lays the whole blame upon John, "as having used his whole art and authority to seduce another man's wife," i.e., John Bennet's affianced wife. The rest of it we prefer to tell in John Wesley's own words:—

"This was the scope of all his (Charles')

discourse with Grace Murray at Newcastle. The effect of what he and J. B. said (for they spoke just alike) was, that all in the house (unless one or two that were instant in prayer) were set on fire, filled with anger and confusion, and driven to their wits' end. S. Proctor would leave the house immediately; John Whitford would preach with Mr. W. no more; Mat. Errington dreamed the house itself was all in flames (and most certainly it was); another dreamer went a step further, and saw Mr. W. in hell-fire; Jane Keath was peremptory, 'John W. is a child of the devil,' coming pretty near J. B. himself, whose repeated words were, 'If John W. is not damned, there is no God.'

"When J. B. was so clearly convinced 'the fault lay all in me,' G. M. and he were brought together. She fell at his feet, acknowledged she had used him ill, and begged he would forgive her. To satisfy her entirely as to any scruple which might remain with regard to me, one was brought in to assure her, 'I had given her up, and would have nothing more to say to her; only I had ordered him to procure some place among the country societies, where she might live privately.' Upon this, one cried out, 'Good God! what will the world say?' He is tired of her, and so thrusts his Wh— into a corner. Sister M., will you consent to this?' She answered, 'No; I will die first.' So, seeing no other way, she frankly declared, 'I will have J. B., if he will have me.'

"On Tuesday morning, Oct. 3d, they were married. They all then rode on contentedly to Leeds, to give me the meeting there, as well that I might have the pleasure of seeing the bride, as that I might acknowledge my sin (those were my brother's expressions) before J. B. and them all.

"But this I was not altogether ready to do; neither did I apprehend she desired my company any more; till on Friday, Oct. 6th, I was informed, 'Both J. B. and his wife desired to see me.' I went; but oh! what an interview! it was not soon that words could find their way. We sat weeping at each other, till I asked her, 'What did you say to my brother, to make him accost me thus?' She fell at my feet and said, 'she never had spoken nor could speak against me,' uttering many other words to the same effect, in the midst of numberless sighs and tears. Before she rose, he fell on his knees too, and asked my pardon for what he had spoken of me. Between them both I knew not what to say or do. I can forgive, but who can redress the wrong?

"After dinner I talked with her alone. She averred with the utmost emotion, being also dissolved in tears, that she never laid the blame upon me, whom she knew to be



entirely innocent; that she would rather die than speak against one to whom she had so deep obligations; that at the time I first spoke to her at Newcastle she loved me above all persons living; that after her engagement with J. B. her heart was divided till she went to Ireland; and then it was wholly with me, and from that time till J. B. met us at Epworth; that after his speaking she was divided again, till I talked with her upon the road, from which hour she loved me more and more, till we parted at Hineley Hill; that, when my brother took her thence she thought he was carrying her to me: that, when she knew more of his design, she told him, 'I will do nothing till I have seen Mr. W.,' but that, when it was told her at Newcastle, among a thousand other things, 'Mr. W. will have nothing to say to you,' then she said, 'Well, I will have Mr. B. if he will have me.' If these things are so, hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world!"

Mr. Hunter is very indignant with Wesley. Perhaps there was as much of the traitor as of the betrayed in the matter; but the case is by no means similar to Swift's treatment of poor Vanessa. Grace and John were tolerably well matched, and each probably played a deep and double game. We can hardly, with Mr. Hunter, call "Wesley's treatment of her abominable;" nor are we prepared to endorse the terms "wretch" and "odious" which he applies to the modern apostle. There is more truth in the sober verdict which he elsewhere pronounces, that poor Bennet was a scapegoat, and that "Grace's conduct and Wesley's conduct are less easily justified or excused."

It would be difficult, in a love-chase of this sort, to say whether the event showed on which side the entire blame lay; and we may reasonably doubt whether in such matters the awards of Nemesis are always just. But Grace Bennet died in the eighty-ninth year of her age, in something like the odor of sanctity; and John Wesley, shortly after the jilting of, or by, Grace Murray, married a rich widow, Mrs. Vizelle, of whom Southey says, "that she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job, as one of three bad wives." After all that we have said, it is perhaps superfluous to say that the *Narrative* is well worth reading. The allusions in Methodist history to this wonderful piece of autobiography are few and scanty. Mr. Hunter accuses the editor

of Charles Wesley's *Journal*, published in 1849, of disingenuousness in suppressing that portion of it which covers the period when he was dissuading John Wesley from the untoward match with Grace Murray. The fact itself, however—that Wesley did "make an offer of marriage" to the "lady," who "was prevailed upon by Charles Wesley to marry John Bennet"—even this authority admits; and Southey, vol. ii. p. 297, seems to have been aware of the case though not of its circumstances. Mr. Watson, another biographer of John Wesley, passes over this curious incident with a very timid and anxious step, and only just hints at Charles Wesley's "hasty interposition to prevent his brother's marriage with Mrs. Grace Murray, a very pious and respectable woman, *who was not in an elevated rank of life.*" This writer, however, was ignorant, we may charitably suppose, of the facts of the case, when he adds that "probably neither Charles, nor she, was aware of the strength of his attachment." What John thought of his brother's interference is clear from an unpublished letter quoted by Mr. Watson, in which he bitterly says, "The sons of Zeruiah were too strong for me. The whole world fought against me; but, above all, *my own familiar friend.*" Miss Wesley was even more at sea if, as Mr. Watson asserts, "she laid the fault on the *lady's* want of explicitness."

The moral of the whole matter seems to be this very simple one—that great preachers and apostles would be wise were they not to commit themselves to any theory, or to make promises on the subject of matrimony, and especially not write books on the sinfulness of marriage, lest their own case should turn up against them. What hampered poor John Wesley throughout the "transaction" which we have reviewed, was the unfortunate treatise which he had in his cold youth published in favor of clerical celibacy. Next, the narrative suggests that when middle-aged clergymen choose to establish a flirtation with their housekeepers or housemaids, it is better not to keep a diary of the daily progress, or reverses, of the suit. Somehow or other, one's diary often turns up against one. Religious reformers have had bad luck this way. This fragment of Wesley's Confessions, which are not quite equal to St. Augustine's is nothing to Swedenborg's Diary, which was printed at Stock-



holm in 1859, and certain fragments of which have got into print in England. Diaries have a wonderful vivacity. They may lie buried, like Wesley's or Swedenborg's, for a hundred years or more, and yet revive for the amusement or scandal of another generation. Last of all, if love-sick apostles will chronicle their love passages, let them leave the elegiac form of their sad and sweet experiences to Cupid's professional bards—the Tibulluses and Ovids, the Walmers or the Moores. Religious erotics are something worse than an offence against taste. If the verses with which Wesley bewails his hard lot were not an evidence of

drivelling imbecility which must have been a brief insanity, we should have a worse charge to bring against the stanzas in which he bewails the tragic collapse of his love with Grace Murray:—

“Such was the friend, than life more dear,  
Whom in one luckless baleful hour,  
(Forever mentioned with a tear)  
The tempest's unresisted power  
(Oh! the unutterable smart!)  
Tore from my inly bleeding heart.

“Unsearchable thy judgments are,  
O Lord, etc., etc., etc., etc.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh! why didst Thou the blessing send?  
Or why thus snatch away my friend?”

THE Buonaparte family are assembling in Rome in great force. They are all collecting round Madame Mere, who is old and rich, and whose old shoes they are squabbling about, although the poor woman has no idea of dying.

Hortense Beauharnois, ex-Queen of Holland, is the only one of the Buonaparte family here that opens her house and makes it pleasant. That worthy family are very wroth against Lady Shrewsbury for refusing to receive Lady Dudley Stuart, etc.; and threatens to give balls and parties on every night on which Lady Shrewsbury gives them, in order to spoil them. In this rivalry the public dancing interests must benefit.

In the evening I went first to Madame Kilmansegg's and afterwards to La Duchesse de St. Leu (Hortense). The party was small, chiefly English. Not one of the family of Napoleon, except Louis, the son of Hortense, by Louis Napoleon. Her first son, supposed to have been by Napoleon, died. It is suspected that, had that son lived, Napoleon would have made him his heir, and would not have divorced Josephine. Hortense immediately came up to me, and was extremely civil; seated me next to her, etc., etc. She then took me into another room, where there was a beautiful picture, in gobeline tapestry, of Josephine as large as nature. She then took me into another room (a small gallery, hung with some very pretty modern pictures), talked much of the privacy in which she lived, her little apartments, how her endeavor was to make them comfortable, etc., etc. Indeed, they were most comfortably furnished, and with deep luxurious sofas, quite the reverse of all Italian houses. On the chimney stood a bust in

white marble of a child. I knew it to be of young Napoleon; but was not supposed to know it. In fact, it was that which had been sent out to St. Helena, and is mentioned in the different books of the time. I wished to see what Hortense would say about it, so, when I came opposite, I pointed to it, and said, “Quel bel enfant?” She merely answered, “Oui,” and turned my attention off to the picture over it. She did not speak one word referring to past times, or her former situation. She endeavored to be very civil, and was so to the extreme, speaking to everybody, and sitting first by one woman and then by another. But she was not at ease herself, and, in fact, no one else was so. We were all *dans une fausse* position. It was impossible not to see that the civility was all condescension, and the endeavor to please was royalty incognito.

In the evening I went to the Princess Gabrielli's party. She is the daughter of Madame Lucien Bonaparte. She married Prince Gabrielli. She is a very pleasing woman—not the least pretty—and, they say, a very well-behaved woman. The party was pleasant and unconstrained. I was introduced to Madame Buonaparte Wyse, the daughter of Lucien, a beautiful woman, who married an Englishman, and was unfortunate in her marriage—she is separated from him; Le Princesse d'Ercolani, of Bologna, another daughter of Madame Joubert, also a very fine woman. Madame Lucien has left Rome, and Lucien hardly ever comes there. It is quite ridiculous to see the court which the whole Buonaparte family pay to me—all except Jerome, who retains his barren royalty, and will see nobody who does not consent to treat him as sovereign—this I have refused to do.—*Duke of Buckingham's Diary.*



"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK:  
AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."

WAITING we stand,  
And watching till our Saviour shall appear,  
Joyful to cry, as Eastern skies grow clear,  
"The Lord's at hand!"

But now the night  
Presses around us, sullenly and chill;  
Pain, doubt, and sorrow seem to have their will;  
Lord, send the light!

One after one,  
Thou hast called up our loved ones from our sight;  
For them we know that there is no more night,  
But we are lone.

Weary we wait,  
Lifting our heavy eyes bedimmed with tears,  
To skies where yet no trace of dawn appears,  
—Lord, it is late!

But yet thy word,  
Saith with sweet prophecy that cannot fail,  
That light o'er darkness shall at length prevail;  
We trust thee, Lord!

O Morning Star  
Of heavenly promise! light our darkened way,  
Till the first beams of the expected day  
Shine from afar.

So will we take  
Fresh hope and courage to our fainting hearts,  
And patient wait though every joy departs,  
"Till the day break."

—*Evangelist.*

H. N. E.

#### FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North, unveil  
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!  
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,  
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky  
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave  
Its golden network in your belting woods,  
Smile down in rainbows from your falling  
floods,

And on your kingly brows at morn and eve  
Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive  
Haply the secret of your calm and strength,  
Your unforgotten beauty interfuse  
My common life, your glorious shapes and  
hues

And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding  
come,

Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in bil-  
lowy length  
From the sea-level of my lowland home.

They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust  
Roared not in vain: for, where its lightnings  
thrust

Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so  
near,

Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,  
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,  
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.

The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls  
And splintered on the rocks their spears of  
rain

Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,  
Making the dusk and silence of the woods  
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods  
And luminous with blown spray and silver  
gleams,

While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams  
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.  
So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats  
The land with hail and fire may pass away  
With its spent thunders at the break of day,  
Like last night's clouds, and leave, as it retreats,  
A greener earth and fairer sky behind,  
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern  
wind!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

#### TO THE SECESSION SYMPATHIZER.

NO THANKS TO YOU.

'Twill be no thanks to you, good sir!  
'Twill be no thanks to you.  
When our troops come marching home from  
war,  
The Red, the White, the Blue,  
Still floating o'er them like a cloud  
Of glory as they come:  
While a nation's blessings, long and loud,  
Shall shout their welcome home!

Oh, then, 'will be no thanks to you!  
You frowned upon their toil:  
At best, 'twas folly in your view—  
Until you saw the spoil.  
You sighed, and looked amazing wise  
At Justice's long delay;  
And talked about a "compromise"  
To keep the hounds at bay.

Oh, yes, 'twill be no thanks to you!  
You never spoke one word  
Where heart and hands and all were due,  
As I have ever heard—  
One cheering word of sympathy,  
One patriotic prayer—  
One word of faith and hope, to be  
A charm against despair.

'Twill be no thanks to you, good sir,  
'Twill be no thanks to you,  
When our troops come marching home from  
war,  
The Red, the White, the Blue,  
Still floating o'er them like a cloud  
Of glory as they come;  
While a nation's blessings, long and loud  
Shall shout their welcome home.

Yet you shall reap what they have sowed,  
A country shall be yours;  
For heroes' blood in streams has flowed,  
A richness that endures.  
Go, eat the fat, and drink the sweet  
Bought by the brave and true—  
And yet remember as you eat,  
It is no thanks to you!  
—*Boston Recorder.*

M. A. W. C.



From The Athenæum.  
TYNDALE'S TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK  
OF JONAH.

Ickworth, Feb. 3, 1862.

MR. WINTER JONES, at the last meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, called attention "to a copy, the only one known, of Tyndale's translation of the Book of Jonah," which, among other literary curiosities, contributed by different persons, had that evening been laid upon the table for inspection by the Marquis of Bristol, Vice-President. Correcting, *en passant*, the slight error in the statement which seems to attribute the volume in question to my brother instead of to myself, I proceed to give you an account of this curious volume, the manner in which it came into my possession, and my discovery of its value.

The volume is a thick small octavo, in an ancient calf-binding, now nearly black. It contains the following tracts, in different types:—

1. "*A Treatyse concernynge impropriations of benefyces.* No title-page, and no date; but making mention of 'our most virtuous quene Anne, and princesse Elizabeth,' and therefore printed between 1533 and 1536. At the end is this notice: 'Printed at London, by Thos. Godfray; *cum privilegio regali.*' Black letter.

2. "*The Foundacyon of Christendom.* Title-page torn out: fol. xcii; no date, no printer's name. In Roman type.

3. "*That pictures nor images ought to be worshipped.* Title-page torn out; subscribed, 'All the whole company of them which at Argentoratun do preche and teache Christ, unto the good and godly readers do wyssh grace.' Subscribed, 'Printed for W. Marshall, with the kynges moost gratiouse privilege.' Black letter.

4. "*The praier and complaynte of the ploweman unto Christ:* 'written not longe after the yere of oure Lorde a thousande and thre hundred;' with preface, dated 'the last daye of February, anno 1531;' and glossary of obsolete words. Black letter.

5. "*A proper dialogue betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman, etc.;* in verse, with 'an olde treatyse made aboute the time of Kyng Richard the seconde' inserted in the midst of it, and followed by 'a compendious old treatyse shewynge howe that we ought to have the Scripture in Englyshe; written about the yere of our lord a thousande foure hundryd. Emprinted at Marborow, in the lande of Hessen, by me, Hans Luft, in the yere of oure lorde mceccc. and xxx.' A

peculiar type, like engrossing or German hand.

6. "*The Testament of Master William Tracie, Esquier, expounded both by William Tindall and John Frith, etc.* Black letter; m.d. xxxv.

7. "*An comfortable exhortation of oure moste holy Christen faith, etc., unto the Christen bretherne in Scotland.* Type similar to 5; imperfect. 'At Parishe; m.d. xxxv.;' and on the last leaf, 'At Parishe, by me, Peter Congeth; A. M.D. xxxv., xx Januarii.'

8. "*THE PROPHETE JONAS, with an introduction before, etc.* The prologue is headed, 'W. T. unto the Christen reader.' The translation of *Jonah* is headed, 'The storie of the Prophete Jonas.' Black letter.

9. "*The Letters which Johan Ashwell, etc., sent secretly to the Bishope of Lyncolne in the yeare of our lord M.D. xxvii., etc., with the answer of the sayed George (Joye).* Black letter; imperfect."

It is in No. 8 in the above series which is so great a rarity, no other copy of Tyndale's translation of *Jonah* being known to exist. This volume came into my possession above thirty years ago. When my father moved with his family from this house to the new one, after the great bulk of the library had been moved, there remained some sixty or seventy volumes, chiefly old books of divinity or devotion, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by Hammond, Beveridge, Patrick, Preston, Barrow, Leslie, Clarke, etc., and a few yet older, as Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, *Two right profitable and fruitfull Concordances*, by Robert F. Hervey; 1578, etc. These he gave to me. Among them was the book above described. It has written on the first page the name Tho. Hervey; and again, Tho. and Isabella Hervey, and Will. Hervey. Whether William means Sir Thomas' father, or his brother, the subject of Cowley's ode, I cannot say. When I was preparing my lecture on the "Dissolution of Monasteries" for delivery at the Athenæum (at Bury St. Edmunds) in October last, it occurred to me to look among these old books for anything which might bear upon my subject; and I stumbled upon this volume, and quoted largely from several of the tracts contained in it. My attention was thus drawn to No. 8. On referring to *Tyndale's Doctrinal Treatises*, in the Parker Society's publications, I found in the introductory notice of the *Prologue to the Prophet*



*Jonas* (p. 447) the following statement in substance. Sir Thomas More, in his *Confutation of Tyndale's Answer*, printed in 1532, names, among Tyndale's English works, *Jonas made out by Tyndale*. Anderson found in a Lambeth MS., No. 306, fol. 65, in a list of English books denounced by Bishop Stokesley, Dec. 3d, 1531, *Jonas in English*; and he thought that the prologue itself (which had been printed by Day, and which is also found in a Bible in the Baptists' College at Bristol, 1549, and in Nicholas Hyll's Bible, 1551) contains abundant internal evidence that the prophetic book was appended; though he allows that "no copy is known to exist." But from the non-existence of any copy, coupled with the fact that the editors of Matthew's Bible, 1537, used Coverdale's translation of *Jonah*, though they used all Tyndale's published or unpublished translations which they could find, the editor for the Parker Society concluded that More and Stokesley only meant by *Jonah in English* Tyndale's *Prologue to Jonah*, and that, in point of fact, Tyndale never translated *Jonah* at all.

From this it was evident that No. 8 was a

great treasure. Happening shortly after to receive a visit from the Dean of Westminster, I showed it to him, and he kindly undertook to show it to Mr. Watts, of the British Museum. Mr. Watts fully confirmed my suspicions as to its unique character, and I therefore thought it worth exhibiting to the Society of Antiquaries, which I did, through Lord Bristol, and at his request. The learned Secretary, Mr. C. Knight Watson, has informed me that "it excited the greatest interest."

Apologizing for the length of this letter, and hoping that some of your readers may be interested in this discovery of one of the long-lost works of William Tyndale, "the man chosen of God to be one of his chief instruments in the blessed work of restoring the knowledge of the way of salvation amongst the inhabitants of our island," the scholar "who laid the foundation of our authorized version of the Scriptures," and the martyr who, when brought to the stake for his apostolic labors, at Vilvorden, in 1536, cried with his latest breath, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" ARTHUR HERVEY.

GLAZED TILES FOR BUILDING.—For some time past we have advocated the employment of glazed and colored tiles for the exteriors of London buildings. Now that the plan has to be determined for the decoration of the exterior of the International Exhibition Building, a good opportunity offers itself of testing the usefulness and practicability of the plan we have frequently proposed. Tiles are durable beyond all other materials: in our wet climate, where stone rots and crumbles, and becomes gloomy in a few years, so that the chief excuse for the employment of so costly a material—i.e., the beauty of its color—is overthrown, tiles would not only preserve the brick core of an edifice better than stone, but retain their color; and that color might be dictated by the unquestioned taste of a few distinguished artists, so that the empirical decoration might for once be avoided. While bare brick, however beautiful and variable in disposition it may be, becomes prison-like in its gloom in a dozen years, tiles would preserve their color for centuries. The colorless or dingy aspect of our public buildings need not be made common to those yet to be built. Stone and brick take long stains and tracks of soot upon their surfaces, which nothing but sheer scraping or scrubbing can remove. What little soot might cling to polished tiles in the shelter of ridges or

mouldings could be removed with the greatest ease. The Chinese have set us a good example in the employment of such a material for external decoration. In the not less variable and trying climate of North China, pagodas and temples have stood in perfect repair for many centuries. The architects of Italy in the Middle Ages showed us how the same material may be employed not only in color decoration, but in moulded ornamentation of extremely bold and elaborate character. A magnificent circular ornament, noticed by us some months since, may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, which shows what may be done with this branch of ceramic art—an art wherein we English peculiarly excel, our excellence in which we earnestly trust will not be overlooked in the future. For the cheerful look of such a material,—a quality of the highest importance in London,—any one can judge who has ever seen even the trifling attempts made with it by introducing tiles in the reveals of windows, generally so dull and ugly, and horizontal bands on the fronts of certain recent buildings. Disposing color by ceramic glazed decoration on a broad and noble system, under the direction of good artists, on the exterior of some effective edifice, will be, we are convinced, a most valuable move in the direction wherein we are so far behind the productions of other nations.—*Athenæum*.



From The Press, 1 Feb.

# THE FUTURE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

THE perils of war have passed away from our North American provinces ; and we have now a breathing-time, during which we may carry into execution any measures the desirableness of which may have been made obvious to us by the imminence of war. Whether the peace prove lasting, or whether it be only a truce, there are changes in the organization of our North American provinces which must be effected, if these provinces are to rise into their rightful importance in a manner conducive to the interests of the parent State. Excited to reflection and providence by the recent crisis, it is to be hoped that the British Government will at length take thought for the future of these great and growing colonies, and promote by every possible means their consolidation into a strongly united Federation.

No time has been so auspicious as the present for the promotion of such a project. During the twelvemonth previous to the commencement of the present split between the Northern and Southern States of the American Republic, THE PRESS published a series of articles urgently advocating a scheme for the consolidation of our American colonies, in order that those colonies might occupy a vantage-ground on the occurrence of changes the probability of which we pointed out. What the British public then would only accept as possible, will be granted to be probable now ; and what we then regarded as probable, now appears to us in the light of a certainty. We said that ere long there would be great changes in Northern America, and that either some of the American States would be attracted towards union with our provinces, or some of our provinces would be attracted towards the American Union. The rival States on either side of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes were about to engage in a game like that so well-known to schoolboys, of pulling each other, in friendly or unfriendly fashion, across the score. And whichever was the stronger and more firmly united, we said, would gain at the expense of the other. Recent events, by weakening the American Union on the one hand, and by exciting the spirit of loyalty in the Canadians on the other, have turned the tables very much in our favor. But it must not be too readily

inferred that the danger of disintegration is wholly removed from our provinces, amidst the further changes impending in North America. And assuredly the positive gain which may accrue to our provinces, in consequence of their consolidation, has become infinitely more obvious than it was when we formerly sought to direct attention to it.

A year has elapsed since we expressed the opinion that the secession of the Southern States from the Northern might be reasoned upon as if it were already an accomplished fact. We believe there are very few persons in this country who will reject the opinion now. Assuming, then, as a reasonable basis of thought, the separation of the old American Union into two independent Confederacies, what inferences may be drawn from this fact as to the future condition of Northern America ? Will no further changes take place ? Or, if further changes do take place, of what nature are they likely to be ? And how will they affect the British provinces ?

Deprived of the vast Southern States, the northern portion of the late American Union will be left, both territorially and as regards material interests, in a state of unstable equilibrium,—suggesting, if not actually necessitating, further changes. The Northern States will then form a long narrow strip of territory, extending in a curve two thousand miles in length, from the harbors of Maine to the prairies of Minnesota,—and with the Canadas occupying the interior of the curve. No more awkward configuration of territory than this could be conceived under any circumstances ; but in the case of the Northern States it becomes unusually awkward, not to say dangerous, from the fact that they are bounded both on north and south by rival confederacies, which at some points would not be separated from each other by more than two hundred miles. Next we have to notice the obvious and indisputable fact that the States which form the opposite extremities of this long strip of territory are as opposed to one another in condition as if they were the opposite ends of a magnet. The States which border on the Atlantic are commercial and manufacturing ; the States of the North-West are purely agricultural. The legislation, therefore, which suits one-half of the territory will not suit the other. And what is not unimportant to notice is, that weak as is the whole line of Northern



territory, the weakest point of all is exactly in the centre,—where the Atlantic and inland States may be said to meet, and where, of course, the point of rupture is likely to be. At that point the Canadas and the Southern States are within two hundred miles of one another. The longitude of Cincinnati will probably coincide pretty nearly with the future line of demarcation.

Provinces whose interests are opposed to one another may long remain in grumbling union if there be no means of either improving its position by a change. But, unhappily for the Northern States, the provinces which form their eastern and western extremities are precisely those which can most easily, and with most advantage to themselves, make a change in their allegiance. At the extreme end we find the State of Maine, jutting so far into British America that it is almost enclosed by it, and lying on the very highway by which British trade and influence pass to and fro. Portland is the sole port of the Canadas in winter time, and at all times the most direct and the most frequented. Such a position would tell in our favor in the event of further changes in eastern America. At the western end, again, we find the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota bordering on the great lakes—Michigan indeed may almost be termed a maritime State, it is so enveloped by these great inland seas,—from which there is a line of magnificent water-carriage for the bulky produce of those corn-growing territories down the St. Lawrence to the ocean. The line of the St. Lawrence, in fact, is the natural outlet for the States of the North-West. Their best customers are the Southern States—which raise little or no corn or pork, and which they reach by the Mississippi and its tributaries,—and Europe, which their produce can reach by the St. Lawrence. More than ten years ago we remember seeing it stated that a vessel laden with corn had sailed from Chicago down the St. Lawrence, without ever breaking bulk, to Liverpool. Since then the navigation of the St. Lawrence has been greatly improved, and a short canal of easy construction to obviate the Sault St. Marie, between Lakes Huron and Superior, would complete the line of water-carriage—the most magnificent in the world—and allow ships to pass from

the sea two thousand miles into the very heart of North America.

Large rivers, however convenient as geographical boundary-lines, are not barriers of severance between peoples, but points of union—common ground upon which common interests make both parties meet as friends and associates. This is especially true of the Line of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence. Lying as it does within a noble basin of territory, of which it is at once the centre and the highway, it is more fitted to be the heart of a Confederacy, whose States will fringe its shores, than a line of demarcation between opposite sentiments and allegiance. Nor, when speculating on the severance of the North-West from the Eastern States of the Union, and its erection into an independent Government, must we overlook another point where our interests are concerned. Two years have passed since we first drew attention to the discontent existing in our little Red River settlement, and the increase of American influence there, in consequence of there being no proper means of communication between that settlement and the Canadas,—all the roads from it leading into the North-Western States of the Union, with which States the whole trade of the settlement was carried on. Red River settlement is as yet but a small place; but it is growing and will continue to grow, and its geographical position renders the retention of its allegiance a matter of the utmost importance. It is the connecting link between the Canadas and British Columbia: it is the embryo of a State which will ere long spread over the wide and fertile plains watered by the Assinaboine and Saskatchewan; and if it were attracted towards the North-Western American States, British America would thereby be cut right in two. Instead of a noble empire extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, we should be stopped short at the western end of Lake Superior; and British Columbia would languish as an isolated post, which neither could nor would remain long in our possession.

This is the more to be thought of, because, if the American Union is to split up still further, each portion, as it asserts its independence, will seek to strengthen its power



by (probably pacific) annexations of adjoining territory. If the Union, when in its strength, coveted the Canadas, its dissevered portions, with less power to make forcible annexations, will have a greater motive for doing so. And if this principle apply to the North-Western States, it applies still more to California. Once the separation between North and South is complete, and even though no further secession take place in Eastern America, the Californians will not long be content to be ruled from Washington. The population of California is so mixed, and becoming more so every year, that the ties of kinship with the Eastern Americans will be little felt; while the circumstances and geographical position of the Californians render secession on their part a most probable event. In truth, amidst the troubles which beset the Union, the Mormon province of Utah is certain to endeavor to establish itself as an independent territory,—thus interrupting the overland communication (already little better than nominal) between the Atlantic States and California. But California is too weak to be willing to stand alone. To the south it will seek to annex the Mexican provinces of Sonora and Lower California—further induced thereto by the temptation of the silver-mines of that region, and perhaps finding a pretext in the consequences of the present intervention of the European powers in Mexico. On the north, joined by its sister territories of Oregon and Washington, it would willingly, if it could, by force or persuasion, gain from us British Columbia. And, with equal ambition and better success, the Californians will seek to extend their sway eastwards without scruple over the adjoining islands of the Pacific.

All this is, doubtless, very speculative; but it is only by timeous speculation—by reasonable inferences from events—that we can prepare for occurrences which for good or ill must exercise a vital influence upon the fortunes and destiny of our nascent empire in Northern America. The best and most assured of all remedies for possible dangers, and likewise the most promising of all means to reap the possible benefits, which may accrue to our American provinces during the troubles which afflict the region south of the St. Lawrence, is the scheme of Confederation which has been so often ad-

vocated and explained in detail in the *Press*. Sir E. B. Lytton lately stated that, while establishing British Columbia as an independent settlement, he projected the development of other settlements and means of communication by which Columbia might be linked to the Canadas and our other provinces on the Atlantic. These projects, owing to the want of provident statesmanship in the present ministry, have been left utterly in abeyance. But it is full time they were resumed. Link together our scattered provinces and settlements into a united federation, and they will not only keep together, but probably draw towards them in friendly union some of the wavering States of the disrupted and crumbling Union. And now is the time when such a project can most favorably be advanced. The recent danger from without has temporarily drawn all the Provinces into harmonious feeling and united action. And never before has their loyalty to the British crown been so enthusiastic and pervading. We say nothing at present of the likelihood and advantage (discussed in former articles) of their being willing to have a prince of our royal family at the head of their State. That must be left to the Provinces themselves. But at least let our Government, by those means which every government can employ, make it understood by the Provinces that a project of Confederation, which promises so many advantages, and which indeed will ere long become a necessity, will receive every countenance and encouragement from the mother country. And would not such a project gratify the feelings, as well as promote the material advantage of the colonists? Would it not open to them a career—honors and offices to which they may legitimately aspire, but which at present are beyond their reach? We cannot open to them the British Senate—but let us aid them in establishing a united government of their own, which shall link together all the Provinces into a grand and growing empire, which shall extend from ocean to ocean, affording a high career to every one who desires it, and rendering stable and self-reliant against every attack the future of British power in North America.



From The London Review, 8 Feb.

#### THE NEW THRONES IN THE NEW WORLD.

THE Emperor of the French has promised Europe peace,—at least by implication; but there is no prospect of a permanent peace in Europe until many problems have been settled for which at present no solution seems possible. The Roman question is difficult in reality, because the Venetian question is more difficult still; and they both belong to the class of difficult questions for which compromise is almost the wildest of all dreams. It is in despair that Napoleon has offered the crown of Mexico to the Archduke Maximilian. None but the master of the quiet of the world, or one of his imperial pamphleteers, could have ventured, under any circumstances, to dispose of a kingdom which has neither been conquered nor conciliated, and which may possibly resist, with temporary success, both foreign invasion and foreign diplomatic pressure. Nor would the French Emperor have made the offer now, had it not been that it seemed impossible to give Austria compensation for the Quadrilateral nearer home. To offer the house of Hapsburg a new outlying province to misgovern, and a fresh discontented race to pacify, would have been the bitterest of political jokes. In no case, perhaps, would it have been consistent with French policy to settle the Eastern question by extending the Austrian Empire in the direction of Constantinople. What Napoleon I. would not, Napoleon III. cannot do. The experiment has been tried, and has failed, of resting the right wing of European civilization upon an Oriental political "marsh," and the disciplined Cossack would find it at any time a shorter and easier journey to Vienna than to Constantinople. The deficit in the Turkish finances is caused by a maladministration of the revenue which may be corrected, by an official corruption which may be cured, and by the patriarchal tastes of an amorous Sultan, who is fortunately dead. The Austrian deficit is perpetuated by the maintenance of an army which is requisite to the very existence of the monarchy, and by the oppression of discontented nationalities which Austria can neither govern properly nor yet emancipate. While Turkey has seen, perhaps, the beginning of a new beginning, Austria is just arriving at the beginning of the end. If there is no other way, therefore, out of the Oriental difficulty

than the damming up the political channel that leads from Europe to India and Palestine with an effete empire, it may be questioned whether the Turkey of the successor of Mahomet is not less a sick man than the Christian Turkey of the West.

The traditions of Austrian policy are so miserably long-lived, that Austrian statesmen have not probably yet arrived at the conviction that a rebellious province is no distinct territorial gain, except so far as it furnishes a freehold, in which to erect barracks for a frontier garrison. Had Austria been offered a sufficient number of square yards in the direction of the Bosphorus, on the condition that she should relinquish Venetia, it is impossible to say what her susceptible dignity would have dictated to her; but one thing is certain, that whatever her susceptibility had dictated, she must blindly or pertinaciously have followed. The house of Hapsburg would probably still prefer to lose a kingdom in a pitched battle to surrendering it upon a prudent calculation of coming danger; and Austria will make peace or war, for many years to come, according to the mere impulses of a punctilious pride. It must continue to be the misfortune of Europe, that her tranquillity depends upon the humor of two great powers, France and Austria, the former of whom is always ready to sacrifice fifty thousand men on the altar of national vanity, and the latter to immolate herself and all her armies on the altar of diplomatic etiquette. The Baroness Grützen preferred losing her life and fortune to acknowledging that she had not been presented at court. It is hopeless to argue questions of importance with a dignified mistress, who acts by the dictates of a wounded pride, and not by conscience or by interest. France could not offer Austria land in a fresh part of Europe, without weakening French influence in the East. Austria is too proud, on the other hand, to accept money, even for a dependency which is virtually lost. The French Emperor laid aside his purse and the map of Europe, and called, with an ingenuity which does him credit for the map of the New World.

What makes French policy so successful is, that circumstances have enabled the imperial monarch who directs it to deal with ideas on a large scale. It is not everybody whose position allows him to think of the



plan of rectifying the map of Europe by modifications of the map of America. Canning took an honorable pride in having seized a political opportunity, and counter-veiled a sudden reaction in the Old World, by calling liberty into existence on the shores of a new hemisphere. It was a brief and brilliant idea, and it was as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream. The French Emperor has been used, from his early years, to deal with the question of races and national frontiers in a yet grander and lordlier way. The Napoleons are accustomed to see thrones won and lost and given away, and they contemplate the idea of territorial and international change with the placidity of the veteran gambler who watches bank notes pass from hand to hand at the Baden roulette-table. No doubt it is natural to the heir of the patron of Bernadotte, Joseph, and Murat, who himself has won an empire by a fortunate throw of the dice, to be liberal-minded in respect of the giving away of crowns. In all probability he has already provided, in his design, for the dispossessed rulers of the Southern Peninsula. New kingdoms might easily be created in South America for the purpose, especially upon diplomatic note-paper; and it is by no means improbable that semi-official pamphleteers may in a few weeks furnish us with half a dozen possible reconstructions of the New World upon the basis of nationalities and a universal suffrage. Rio de la Plato and Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, New Granada, and the Republic of the Equator, might with propriety be combined with duplicate and equally ungovernable monarchies; and even Peru may, with management, be brought to require European intervention. The kingdoms are ready upon paper, and the rulers are ready upon paper too.

Whether the dukes and the despots who have found Italians intractable are likely to look forward with pleasure to the possession of limited monarchy in the midst of the fiery half-castes of South America, is at least a problem: it requires an Alexander to ride a Bucephalus. Francis II. would in all probability be as much at his ease on the back of a wild horse of the Pampas, as mounted on an extemporized throne at Caracas; and his only chance of retaining his seat in public would be his private abdication of it in favor of his queen. But the fate of the

vagrant pretenders who, in different parts of the Continent, are lamenting the freedom of several millions of Italy's children, is of little importance, compared with the bearing of such a plan upon the future destiny of Venice. Charity and a sense of plighted honor would lead Napoleon III. to provide, if possible, for the Bourbons, who are clamorous for sovereignties they have providentially lost. But the peace of the world depends on Venice. The emperor naturally was bound in the first instance to think of the necessities of the future, before considering the sentimental claims of the past. The Archduke Maximilian to-day—the Bourbons of Naples and the Duchies might wait until to-morrow. The cabinet of the Tuileries could not afford to neglect a single chance of inducing Austria to relax the hold which her iron fingers keep on the throat and the lungs of Italy.

The semi-official Austrian press received the intelligence of the possible offer, at first with sincere incredulity, and afterwards with pretended indignation. The *Vienna Gazette* and the *Augsburg Gazette* insist upon the impossibility of Austria accepting any plausible outlet from ruin. All the treasures of California are to be declined if they are to be the price of the cession of a single inch of Austrian territory. The difference between the French semi-official press and the Austrian is that the former consists of the faithful *employés* of the Government, the latter of the paid admirers of the minister; but both stand on the same footing in this respect, that neither hears anything of the imperial plans which it is not desired that the public should believe. In spite of the protestation of the Vienna journals, there can be no question that their indignation at the thought of the barter is not shared by a large number of the Austrian people, if the sentiments of the Austrian people are worth consulting. Austria contains a large and increasing minority of loyal subjects who are by no means fascinated with the Italian policy of the sovereign who commands their ready allegiance, and the disaffection of Hungary has helped to "ripen" the Italian pear even within the walls of the Austrian capital itself. The Archduke Maximilian very likely may refuse the glittering bait at last. For all that, it is certain that his first impulse was, if not to accept it, at least to deliberate about it.



Even if he reject it, something will have been gained. Any costless concession that can be made at this moment to the constitutional pride of Austria is so much advantage given to the cause of peace. Public opinion in Europe will sooner or later demand of the court of Vienna a costly sacrifice, and there is no reason why we should not smooth the way for its retreat from a position which it merely maintains to satisfy an irritable dignity. In more ways than one

it might be for the good of Austria to discount betimes, and in the manner proposed, the inevitable change. Instead of endeavoring to prop up an exhausted treasury by operations on a miserable and petty scale, with new lotteries, drawings, and unpopular scrip, it would be no unwise step were she to give an impetus to her maritime resources by opening a mine of imperial wealth in some far colony in the New World.

**THE SOURCE OF LIFE.\***—This work is stated to be the result of forty years' professional experience, and as such, whatever may be the criticisms which it may call forth, there can be no doubt that it is worthy of attentive perusal and consideration. The author has long and patiently studied his subject, and has devoted to the elucidation of his theories acute observation and an extensive acquaintance with the writings of the first authorities on this intricate subject. The author trusts that he has "now produced a work, though concise, yet complete in all its parts, which may with truth be designated a perfect system of medicine, uniting all the scattered fragments of the science into one harmonious whole, in accordance with their mutual dependence and natural affinities."

The new system of medicine here spoken of the author denominates "thermoelectrical:" it is based upon the principles that the blood is the source and origin of life. Rejecting the idea of a definite *vital force*, he affirms, and brings forward several reasons for his opinion, that the motive or actuating principle of life is *electricity*. In the arguments used for the support of this hypothesis, and in the application of the word *electricity* to explain everything which is obscure or debatable in physiological science, we think the author is open to the charge of overhaste, and of deciding important problems upon far too insufficient ground. Deficient in thesevere and rigorous intellectual training requisite for a judge,—wanting that faculty of mental abstraction from all extraneous matters which is essential to the calm and philosophical analysis of difficult, contradictory, and often insufficient evidence,—afraid to appear ignorant of even the loftiest mysteries, by giving the verdict of "Not proven" on the evidence,—the man of science too often at the present day descends from the position of a philosopher, and degenerates into a mere advocate, twisting his reasoning faculties to the support of a preconceived theory, instead of holding the theory in abeyance until proved by reason.

This theory of electricity as the motive principle of life is utterly unproven by anything ad-

\* The Blood in its Relation to Life, Health, and Disease. By Charles Searle, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. London: John Churchill, New Burlington Street.

duced by Dr. Searle, and is, besides, in opposition to the opinions of some of the most eminent men and profoundest thinkers of the day. The laws of electricity we know, thanks to the labors of Faraday and others; but the phenomena of the vital force can never be explained by any of these known laws. The utmost that physiologists have as yet proved is, that the doctrine of the correlation and conservation of force holds good equally in the animal economy as in the steam engine. In each case change of substance produces power; the mechanical force used up in running or walking, and the mental force exhausted by the operation of thinking, are each intimately connected with the chemical changes of the food going on in our bodies; but how these and the associated forces of electricity, heat, etc., developed at the same time, stand in relation to each other as cause and effect we know nothing. We can never trace the material forces up from one to another until we arrive at *thought* or *self-consciousness*. These hitherto have not been brought under the control of the mechanical laws of conservation. The chemical change which *thought* produces in the human brain can be arrived at; but the mental effort required to solve a problem of Euclid will probably never be capable of being calculated beforehand, and expressed in "foot-pounds."

—*London Review*.

**PROFESSORSHIP OF SANSKRIT, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.**—The sum of 40,000 rupees (\$20,000) has been invested in Indian securities by Mr. John Muir, of the Bengal Civil Service, D.C.L. of Oxford, and LL.D. of Edinburgh, for the endowment of a chair of "Sanskrit Language, Literature, and Philosophy, and of Comparative Philology," in the University of Edinburgh.

**THE JESUITS—THEIR NUMBER.**—It appears from statistics just published at Rome, by the general of the Jesuits, that the total number of members of the order at the end of 1861, was 7231, of whom 2203 were Frenchmen.



From The Athenæum.

*Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon III.* Compiled by Lascelles Wrexall and Robert Wehrhan. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

THE thing needful above all others, to a book of history or biography, is that it should be—true. The next thing is, that it should impress the reader with the belief in its veracity. We are all like children; and our first question about a book, of whatever kind, always relates to its probability;—a novel, a romance, a fairy tale, must always have a relative truth according to its nature if it is to possess any interest or value. Now, the “*Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon III.*” ought to possess all the combined interest that facts and fancy can produce. Hortense was a heroine graced by circumstances and conditions as romantic as any book of faëry or romaunt of chivalry could match. No Tale of Magic or Boke of Gramarye could produce more wonderful changes of fortune and transformations of circumstances. A real Life of Hortense de Beauharnais would be a book to captivate all readers, and its interest would endure for all time. But that Life still remains to be written; for the “*Memoirs*” before us, compiled by Messrs. Wrexall and Wehrhan, is a sentimental rhapsody, and not a narrative. The style gives the impression that the book is a translation from a French original. The facts are told in so confused and indistinct a manner, that when the reader closes the book he finds that he has been unable to grasp one clear idea of any one circumstance. The story of the events of the Empire and the Restoration are told in a loose and superficial manner; but they are made stiff and thick with the varnish of epithets, and the meagreness of the details is sought to be compensated for by the unsparing use of imputed sentiment. Novel-writers may be allowed to know something of the thoughts and feelings of their characters, and their assertions are accepted; but in books of history and biography there must be some appearance of authenticity for the motives as well as for the actions, otherwise the reader will feel that he has been imposed upon by idle representations quite out of place. There is nothing new in the compilation; newspaper gossip is the highest of

its pretensions. Where letters are given, no date of time or place is added.

The early portion of the work is taken up with an account of Josephine. The account of the insurrection of the negroes in Martinique, and the escape of Josephine is a specimen of the way in which the whole work is written:—

“One night Josephine was awakened by the lurid light of flames, which had already penetrated into her bedroom. With a cry of despair she left her couch, and seizing Hortense, who was peacefully sleeping in her little bed, she hurried out of the burning house, and forced her way with a mother’s desperate courage through the crowd of fighting soldiers and negroes that filled the yard. Dressed only in a thin night-robe, she sped to the port, where the captain of a vessel, just entering his boat to return on board his ship, caught sight of the young woman with her infant clasped to her bosom, as she sank down exhausted by fear and exertion on the beach. Moved by compassion, he hastened to assist her, and lifting both mother and child from the ground, he carried them to his boat, which immediately quitted the land, and conveyed its fair burden on board the merchantman. . . . When [say the compilers] the mother had performed her duty, her feelings as a woman were aroused, and she looked fearfully and bashfully around her. Only half dressed in a light, fluttering nightdress, with no other covering for her neck and bosom than her long floating hair afforded, . . . the youthful Vicomtesse de Beauharnais felt that she was attracting upon herself the envious looks of the crew and passengers. . . . Some ladies who happened to be aboard kindly supplied her wants; and scarcely was her toilette finished ere Josephine demanded to be taken back to the shore, in order to inquire after the fate of her mother.”

However, as she could not be put on shore, she came on deck, and looked at the flames which were consuming her mother’s house,—and the authors assure us that she felt “as if the star of her youth had gone down—as if she had just finished one life, a life of sweet dreaming and cruel disappointment, and was about to commence another. She remembered the words of an old negress who, a few days before, had whispered a strange prophecy in her ear.” Now we do not in the least believe that Josephine thought of the fortune-teller and forgot her mother, whose fate seemed at that moment



to be horribly uncertain. There is no substance in these volumes which the reader can grasp as solid fact; but let us, as well as we are able, endeavor to give our readers a slight narrative of the history of a woman who moved through so many notable events, and who was the mother to the man who for ten years has held the balance of Europe.

Josephine de Beauharnais married her first husband for love, and he married her against the wishes and advice of all his friends. Josephine made him jealous; they had constant quarrels and domestic storms, the violence of which terrified poor little Hortense and distressed Eugène. Josephine left her husband, and returned to her mother at Martinique, taking Hortense with her; Eugène, her brother, was left at school. The insurrection of the negroes and Josephine's escape followed. She returned to France only, as it appeared, to encounter the Reign of Terror; but the details of her history at this period, which would have been interesting, are swallowed up in fine writing and vague epithets. Josephine was reconciled to her husband, who seems to have had a great deal to forgive; and they both fell under the displeasure of the tribunal, and were put into separate prisons: the Vicomte de Beauharnais was sent to the Luxembourg, Josephine to La Pélagie; and the two children, left orphans in the midst of those terrible scenes, were adopted by a charitable lady, named Holstein, who took them into her own house, an act of courage, as well as of humanity, to adopt the children of aristocrats. Hortense joined her protectress in the solemn procession on the "decade" in honor of the Republic, "one and indivisible," whilst Eugène was apprenticed to a carpenter.

When the fall of Robespierre ended the Reign of Terror, Josephine was restored to liberty and poverty; but she met with kind friends, who opened their houses to her. Madame Tallien, whom Josephine had known as Madame Fontenay, was a stanch friend; her influence was used successfully, and Josephine was restored to something like prosperity, and took her place in the brilliant, but questionable, society of the *salon* of Madame Tallien and other *merveilleuses* of the period. Hortense was sent to school to Madame Campan; and she had known so much suffering and vicissitude that she had obtained a sedateness of character quite be-

yond her age, poor child! She was very beautiful, and inherited her mother's grace and fascination of manner. She was highly accomplished, and was endowed with the genius that arises from passionate sensibility, and the power to give it utterance.

Bonaparte loved Josephine as the Vicomte de Beauharnais had loved her; and she both loved and admired him, and behaved much as she had done towards her first husband. Neither of her husbands felt sure of her conduct in their absence, and both of them had a good deal to forgive. The true life of Josephine has yet to be written, as well as the life of Hortense.

Hortense was deeply attached to Duroc, Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, and Duroc was in love with her. Josephine showed herself cruel and selfish; and whatever sin or unhappiness marked the remainder of her daughter's life, it lies at her mother's door. Bonaparte would have consented to his step-daughter's marriage:—Josephine, who wanted to have an ally in her husband's family, wished her to marry Louis Bonaparte. Her intrigue was successful. She separated the lovers, and married her daughter as she desired. The young couple detested each other, and their dislike grew deeper and more deadly every day: it was something more than a common dislike. Josephine did not reap any fruit from her scheming. Louis, who had always been well disposed towards her, now hated her for being the cause of his marriage.

Whatever may have been the faults of Hortense, she had been brought up in such a school of morals that her very perceptions of right and wrong had been confused. She had a fine nature and noble instincts; she was cruelly tried, not by adverse fortune alone, but she had no home affections to stay her heart, no true friend; but flatterers in crowds during her prosperity, and fearful calumnies which made themselves heard through the chorus of adulation,—calumnies the mere utterance of which was a blight. Except those who love to believe in everything that has a dash of criminality, no one really supposes that there was a foundation for the assertion, that Bonaparte felt for Hortense, except as a man may feel for the daughter of his wife, and the wife of his brother; nevertheless, it is one of those accusations which leave a stain behind, that no



explanation or contradiction can ever efface. The effect of such a calumny on Hortense must have worked her evil and bitterness. Nothing can be conceived more desolate and unfriended than Hortense, young and beautiful, and "set in the slippery places" of a brilliant court. She endeavored to satisfy her heart and mind by surrounding herself with all that was best and most distinguished in Art and Science,—she was kind and generous and gentle. When her husband was made King of Holland, she aided him in doing the best they could for the country over which they had been called to rule. Josephine's hope of retaining her daughter by her side, of finding a steady ally in her daughter's husband, had been frustrated; her hopes that Napoleon would adopt one of her children had failed; her daughter had been made wretched, and Josephine herself was about to be divorced. The conduct of Hortense on the occasion and during subsequent events was peculiar, and it requires more light than the compilers of this book can throw upon it to find the key to it. She assisted at the marriage ceremony, and bore up the train of the archduchess without complaint. Her husband returned to Holland; but she remained at the court of the Tuileries, and shared in all the court gayeties, living in a regal manner: for Napoleon would not consent to lose the most brilliant ornament of his court; he would not grant her prayer for a divorce; and it is possible that she found some compensation for the respect and amity which she had to show the woman who had supplanted her mother, in the comfort of being free for the time from her husband, whom she seems to have detested more every day. It was a painful and unnatural position. Josephine at Malmaison makes us forget all the sins and frivolities of Josephine de Beauharnais and Josephine the Empress. Hortense was to her a tender and dutiful daughter, and, for the rest, neither she nor her mother thought it strange to be obedient to every wish of Napoleon. When the Allies declared war against France, and, in 1813, Bonaparte left Paris to take the command of the army, Hortense did all in her power to give courage and loyalty to Maria Louisa, who did all her share to betray her husband's fortunes. Hortense remained almost alone in her hotel. Her husband, under threat of

taking away her children, ordered her to leave Paris; she obeyed, and joined her mother, who had gone to the Castle of Navarre. The fall of the Empire soon followed, and Hortense felt it bitterly; so bitterly as scarcely to have a separate feeling for her own loss of all things. Through the devotion of her friend Mdle. de Cochelet, who did as she pleased with Count Nesselrode, who governed his imperial master, a provision was offered to her: her estate of Saint-Leu was to be elevated into a duchy. Louis the Eighteenth did it ungraciously, and much against his will. The title-deeds were drawn up with a stupid insult that only a Bourbon would have sanctioned: "The King raises Mdle. Hortense de Beauharnais to the rank of the Duchess de St.-Leu."

Hortense refused to accept her title thus worded. Mdle. Cochelet again went to Nesselrode, who declared, impatiently, this duchy had given him more trouble than the Treaty of Paris. But at last the king was induced to confer his favor more gracefully; and by a diplomatic evasion the offensive form was avoided, and Hortense had a safe provision assured to herself and her sons.

Before however this matter was finally arranged, Josephine's house at Malmaison had been a sociable rendezvous for the allied sovereigns and high mightinesses assembled in Paris to arrange the recall of the Bourbons. She received them with all the grace and composure that used to mark her of old. She received them and was fascinating, in the hope of conciliating some favor for Napoleon, some protection for Hortense and her sons. She was then slowly dying, but no one knew it; it required heroism to receive and to entertain these royal visitors. Alexander showed himself a noble gentleman in his whole conduct towards Josephine and Hortense. When Blaens, the minister of Louis, with petty malignity, ordered the body of Hortense's first child, which had been interred in Notre Dame, to be removed and placed in a common burial-ground, Alexander was the one to whom Josephine spoke freely, and who tried to console her for this insult. She felt he was a friend with whom she had no need to keep up any false appearances, and to him she spoke frankly of her approaching death. Alexander sent his own physician, but there was no hope of recovery. After an illness that



apparently lasted but two days—but after a slow agony of years—Josephine died. Josephine, dead, was once more an empress. She lay in state, and thousands went to see her; and the Royalists of the Faubourg St. Germain, whom as emigrants she had assisted when she was in power, came to pay their last respects to their benefactress. “What an interesting woman that incomparable Josephine was!” said Madame du Cayla. “What fine tact, what kindness and moderation she possessed! Her very dying, just now, is a proof of her good taste!”

Hortense was not to die yet. She had to live on; to suffer all the heart-sickness of exile; to be hunted from one country to another; to weep the death of the great emperor; to weep one son dead and to see another a captive; and not to live to see the destiny in store for him—the restoration of the house of Napoleon in more splendor than even the first Napoleon endowed it with; for, educated in adversity and vicissitude, he learned wisdom: he had no Bourbon blood in his veins.

Whether Hortense really engaged in political intrigues, and so made it an act of self-defence in the Bourbons to banish all of the name of Bonaparte, and oblige her

to leave Paris like a criminal, when she was escaping from Italy and wished to reach England, not being equal to the sea-voyage, is still a mystery for the future historian to clear up. Hortense was, before all things, a mother, and as a mother she would have perilled her soul to secure what she considered her son's interests; and knowing what that son has since proved himself to be, we cannot be surprised at the Orleans' jealousy; and, at least, they behaved no worse than the son of Hortense has since done. It would have been more to the credit of humanity if the parties had shown more nobleness.

The story of Louis Napoleon's brief campaign in favor of Italian liberty—1830-31—would have had a strong interest if it had been better written. It has an interest, as showing the tenacity with which Louis Napoleon keeps an idea. The abortive rising in Modena,—the lost revolution, which cost only the blood of the Italian youth, and which seemed to rivet only more firmly Italian chains,—was redeemed at Magenta and Solferino, and is bearing its fruit now. In 1837 Hortense died. Nothing is told us of her last days; nor of her illness; nor of the date of her death.

**MACAULAY'S CONVERSATION.**—There is a common impression that in society Macaulay was engrossing and overpowering. Every one has heard the witty saying of his old friend (no two men could appreciate each other more highly or more justly) about “flashes of silence.” But in the quiet intercourse with the single friend, no great talker was more free, easy, and genial than Macaulay. There was the most equable interchange of thought; he listened with as much courtesy as he spoke with gentle and pleasant persuasiveness. In a larger circle, such as he delighted to meet and assemble around him to the close of his life, a few chosen intimates, some accomplished ladies, foreigners of the highest distinction, who were eager to make his acquaintance, his manners were frank and open. In conversation in such a circle, a commanding voice, high animal spirits, unrivalled quickness of apprehension, a flow of language as rapid as inexhaustible, gave him perhaps a larger share, but a share which a few were not delighted to yield up to him. His thoughts were like lightning, and clothed themselves at once in words. While other men were think-

ing what they should say, and how they should say it, Macaulay had said it all, and a great deal more. And the stores which his memory had at instantaneous command! A wide range of Greek and Latin history and literature, English, French, Italian, Spanish; of German he had not so full a stock, but he knew the best works of the best authors; Dutch he learned for the purpose of his history. With these came anecdote, touches of character, drollery, fun, excellent stories excellently told. The hearer often longed for Macaulay's memory to carry off what he had heard in a single morning, in an after-dinner colloquy, or in a few hours at a country house. —*Dean Milman's Life of Macaulay.*

**THE** Waldenses in Piedmont, the descendants of the Christian heroes of martyr fame, number about 22,000. They have about forty ministers, and employ, as missionaries, eleven evangelists, ten stationed preachers, five school teachers, and twelve colporteurs; total, thirty-seven.



From The Boston Courier.  
CITIZEN GENET.

THERE has recently been published in Paris an able and interesting work, entitled, "Thomas Jefferson, an Historical Study on American Democracy," by Cornelis De Witt. M. De Witt is a son-in-law of Guizot, and the author of an excellent work on Washington. The book before us is not exactly a biographical memoir, though it includes a considerable amount of biographical detail. The plan of the author is to consider Jefferson as the exponent and representative of American Democracy; and the subject is treated and contemplated from this point of view. All the events in his life are narrated which contributed to the development and growth of his peculiar views, or which gave him the opportunity of manifesting them, or reducing them to practice. But the work is rather philosophical and speculative than biographical. Democracy in the person of Jefferson is the subject, rather than Jefferson himself. It is written in that calm spirit and judicial temper which we recognize in so many of the admirable historical productions with which France has, in our times, enriched the literature of the age. The author is no democrat, but he recognizes democracy as a fact, and Jefferson as an able and conscientious believer in it. He discusses Jefferson as dispassionately and as impersonally as he would Cardinal Ximenes or Sir Robert Walpole. He is free alike from partisan prejudice and personal ill-will. His views of Jefferson as a statesman and a man will not at all suit a headlong admirer, like Randall, whose clumsy book—a long pæan of unqualified praise—is worthless for everything but its facts; but on the other hand, they will as little suit one of those intolerant Federalists—of whom we have known more than one—who are not yet reconciled to the purchase of Louisiana, and can see no good in the private life or public policy of the statesman who brought it about. The style of this excellent work is as admirable for neatness, precision, and grace, as the substance and spirit are commendable for moderation, wisdom, and philosophical insight. We recommend it to every one who desires to prove all things in regard to the past history of his country, and to hold fast to that which is true.

But our purpose is not to review this work

of M. De Witt, or to give anything like an abstract of its contents. We find in it some new and interesting information touching the mission of Genet to the United States in 1793, communicated in the correspondence between him and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, published in the appendix, and copied from the originals in the French archives. We are not aware that these letters have ever been published before; at any rate, we feel pretty well assured that no translations of them into English have ever been laid before the American people. Their value and interest as contributions to our history are such that we think our readers will be pleased to have a few extracts submitted to them, even at a period of such engrossing interest as the present.

We need hardly say that Genet came to this country during the administration of Washington, as minister from the French Republic; that he conducted himself while here with inconceivable insolence and audacity, and that he was recalled, after having exercised his functions for only a few months. He gave Washington a great deal of trouble, and caused him a great deal of vexation; but nothing could be more admirable than the heroic patience, the serene dignity, the majestic self-respect, the well-tempered wisdom of this illustrious man, under the trying circumstances induced by this erratic, lawless, and unscrupulous Frenchman. Genet was reckless, headlong, defiant, and daredevil; but not altogether without good qualities. His abilities and accomplishments were much above the average; his activity was prodigious: he was a genuine enthusiast, intoxicated with the ideas which the French revolution had generated; and his manners and address exerted a powerful influence over all who came within his sphere. We believe that it is not generally known that Genet, after losing his diplomatic functions, did not return to France, but remained in this country, married a daughter of Gov. Clinton (George, not Dewitt, as is erroneously stated in Appleton's Cyclopædia), and died so recently as 1834.

The first document in order of time which M. De Witt prints is a letter of instructions addressed by the Executive Council to Citizen Genet, early in 1793, which, we believe, has been before published. It begins with a censure upon the policy of France, while



under a monarchy, towards America, saying that the coldness of the Government towards the United States, and their want of sympathy with liberty, had alienated the Americans from France and inclined them to England. But now a new order of things had begun, and it was the duty of Citizen Genet, acting in obedience to the wishes of the French people, to draw more closely the ties of political and commercial union between the two nations. "This compact," the letter goes on to say, "which the French people will maintain with all their characteristic energy, of which they have already given such proofs, will bring about the rapid liberation of Spanish America, will help to open the navigation of the Mississippi to the inhabitants of Kentucky, to deliver our former brethren of Louisiana from the tyrannical yoke of Spain, and perhaps to add the beautiful Star of Canada to the American Constellation. Vast as this project is, it will be easily executed, if the Americans only wish it." The letter then goes on to state that by these movements the republic will be able to anticipate and avert the notoriously hostile designs of the governments of England and Spain, both of which are unfriendly to those principles of liberty of which the French nation is the representative.

If, however, this precious document goes on to say, Congress, influenced by unfavorable reports as to the military and material resources of France, and by a prospect of the dangers which menace her, should move with a languid and hesitating step,—then Citizen Genet himself is charged with the duty of doing all he can to wake to life the principles of liberty in Louisiana and the other provinces of America bordering on the United States. The people of Kentucky, who have long been burning with a legitimate desire to enjoy the free navigation of the Mississippi, which belongs to them alike by natural right and positive law, will probably second his efforts without compromising Congress.

Citizen Genet is charged to avoid as much as possible the ridiculous disputes which have so much occupied diplomacy thus far; but under no circumstances to allow the representatives of any other nation to assume any advantage, or take any attitude of superiority, by reason of the change in the political system of France.

The above are the essential portions of the letter; and mixed with these is a due proportion of fanfaronade about liberty and humanity. Immediately following this document, M. De Witt prints an extract from the records of the deliberations of the provisory Executive Council, under date of January 17, 1793, by which it appears, among other things, that Citizen Genet was entrusted with a certain number of letters of marque, in blank, which he was authorized to deliver to French and American shipowners, in case of a maritime war; and also with sundry commissions of officers, up to the grade of Captain inclusive, which he was to give to Indian chiefs, if such a thing could be done, in order to induce them to take up arms against the enemies of the republic.

We have, in our brief summary of these documents, furnished our readers with the means of comprehending their unprincipled character and their effrontery of tone. Citizen Genet is charged with the duty of doing all the mischief he can. He is to encourage the fillibustering propensities of the inhabitants of Kentucky, at that time a rather lawless set of half-horses and half-alligators. He is to do all he can to embroil the United States with Spain and Great Britain. He has a-trunk full of commissions to be issued to privateers and Indian chiefs. In short, he brings combustible matter enough, if adroitly disposed, to light up the flames of war, not only in America, but over half of Europe. With what zeal he seconded the incendiary purposes of his masters is well known.

The next paper, and third in order, concerning Genet, is a letter addressed to him by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated February 24, 1793. It states that it is the desire of the National Convention to offer to the Americans all the commercial advantages they can desire. Not only shall their commerce with France be free, but the ports of her colonies shall be opened to them. In return for which a perfect reciprocity is expected, if not from the gratitude, at least from the justice of the Government of the United States. It then proceeds as follows:—

"To render your representations on this head more efficacious, you will take care to direct public opinion by anonymous publications, and you will turn to the best account the first sensation which will have been pro-



duced by the decree of the National Convention. *The newspapers of Boston and Baltimore will be the most proper vehicles for such communications, as being least likely to awaken suspicion of your being the writer.* But the more you attempt to influence public sentiment indirectly, the more secret should be your approaches to the President and the Senate, in order not to alarm our enemies and give them time to plot against us. Your mission exacts of you the greatest alacrity, but in order to be effective, it should be concealed. *The cold character of the Americans only warms up by degrees, and indirect means will not be less useful to this end than open demonstrations.* For the rest, you may be sure of the President, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Madison, whose influence and sentiments are equally favorable to us. You will have need of a good correspondent at Boston, to guide the sentiments of the people of New England. As to the Southern States, we are almost sure of their favorable disposition.

"War with Spain appears inevitable. It is, therefore, essential to contrive, in good season, all possible plans for the emancipation of Louisiana."

The next and fourth document is a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to Citizen Genet, dated March 10, 1793, after he had sailed. It states that war was existing between France and Spain; that the latter power would undoubtedly surrender its obstinate repugnance to give the Americans the free navigation of the Mississippi, in consideration of detaching them from an alliance with France. It was very important that all means should be used to prevent a coalition at once detrimental to France and dishonorable to America. To accomplish this end, Genet was to press the argument, that even with the right of a free navigation on these terms, the key of the river would still be in the hands of Spain, and that it would be closed the moment that power found it for its interest to do so; that this was a boon wrung from her by necessity alone, and not heartily bestowed; the dangers to America from a coalition between her and England were to be enlarged upon, as also the benefits of an alliance with France; and, in short, that the way to get lasting possession of the navigation of the Mississippi was to encourage a revolution in Louisiana, send there the freemen of Kentucky, and animate the settlements on

the banks of the river with the energy necessary to drive off a handful of tyrants. Masters of New Orleans, the Louisianians will fear neither the English fleet nor the attacks of the Governor of Havana; and they will cause an efficient diversion in favor of our arms, by making the King of Spain tremble for New Mexico, *where revolutionary principles, every day making progress, will end by emancipating the whole of Spanish America.*

"To render these representations more efficacious, Citizen, surround yourself with men who really love liberty, those brave Whigs who overturned English despotism in 1774. Endeavor to rekindle the fire which once animated them; and while you essay by reasoning to convince the cold heads of the President and Senate, communicate enthusiasm to those who are susceptible of it."

Genet arrived at Charleston on the 8th day of April, 1793, in the frigate L'Ambuscade. On the 16th of the same month he writes a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, saying that he will doubtless be surprised at receiving a communication from him dated at Charleston, and explaining how it happened that he was there. The frigate had encountered head winds, and had got out of her course; after forty-eight days' passage they had found themselves abreast of Carolina. "I recollected Charleston," he then says, "and could not resist the desire I had to see a city made celebrated by all the cruelties which the English had shown there." He would thus have it appear that his landing at Charleston was purely accidental; but this may be set down as a diplomatic fiction. It was, undoubtedly, his purpose to land there, because of its contiguity to the West Indies, the destined cruising ground of the privateers he intended to commission. It was a marked breach of diplomatic propriety for a foreign minister to begin his official career before presenting his credentials to the government to which he was accredited, and at a point distant from the seat of government; but Citizen Genet was a chartered libertine, and knew no law or usage but his own determination. His letter then proceeds as follows:—

"An immense crowd, attracted by curiosity and the desire to know if war was declared, awaited me on landing. Consul



Mangourit conducted me immediately before the Governor, the Senators, and Representatives. This first visit was a great astonishment to the persons who were accustomed to see ministers of the old *régime* demand with pride that the magistrates of a free people should visit them first. The aristocrats and the partisans of England, who are numerous in this place, have not failed to blame my conduct, but the true friends of liberty have seen in this step only a desire to establish promptly the fraternity which should exist between us and their countrymen. I have reason to be well content that in this instance I have obeyed the impulse of my heart. A strict confidence has been established between Gov. Moultrie and myself; and this venerable veteran, a sincere friend of our revolution, has rendered me all the good offices in his power. *He has permitted me to have privateers fitted out at once, taking some precautions in order not to endanger for the present the neutrality of the United States.* He has caused the forts which guard the channel to be put in good condition. He has seconded with zeal the duties with which I have been charged, for supplying with provisions the naval and military forces of the republic, and on other points, has furnished me with useful information, which I mean to turn to account."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The English in Charleston are furious at my first successes, and the present annihilation of their commerce. In spite of the generosity with which the sailors of the L'Amuscade have treated their captives of that nation who have fallen into their hands, they have insulted several of them, by threatening to set fire to their prizes, and to prevent the sailing of privateers. Their insolence irritates the Americans, subverts our interests, and will perhaps cause their expulsion from this State." . . . "The privateers which are arming here, one of which is already at sea, are named the Republican, the Sans Culotte, the Anti-George, and the Patriot Genet."

Our readers will observe the communication so coolly made in the above letter, that the Governor of the State of South Carolina had authorized Genet to equip privateers! The unscrupulous Minister was probably as well aware as the Governor himself, that the latter had no more constitutional right to do this than he had to declare war against England.

We next have a letter from Genet to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated Philadelphia, May 18, 1793. It is in a very jubilant and exultant tone. He speaks of

the enthusiasm with which he had everywhere been received, and of the friendly feelings entertained by the Americans towards the French people. He had presented his credentials to the President. He insinuates that the enthusiastic temper of the people will make the officially declared neutrality of little avail. His journey had been a succession of civic fêtes, and his reception in Philadelphia, a genuine triumph of liberty. His frigate and the privateers were every day making new prizes. The postscript is as follows:—

"To-morrow, I shall have my first official interview with Mr. Jefferson, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His principles, his experience, his talents, his devotion to the cause which we uphold, inspire me with the greatest confidence, and lead me to hope that we shall reach the glorious end towards which we are urged by a regard for the general interests of humanity."

On the 31st of May he writes a brief letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, of which we translate the larger part:—

"It is because I have volumes to write to you, that this letter must be very short. All America has arisen to recognize in me the Minister of the French Republic. The voice of the people continues to neutralize the proclamation of neutrality made by President Washington. I am living in the midst of perpetual fetes. I am receiving addresses from all parts of the continent. I see with pleasure that my manner of acting pleases our brethren of the United States, and I am ready to believe that my mission will be fortunate in all its aspects. I send herewith some American journals, in which I have marked the articles relating to me. I have not had time to have them translated."

But a change begins to come over Citizen Genet's spirit. His sky is a little overcast. Clouds and darkness gather round his path. Some discordant and querulous notes begin to mingle with his hitherto unbroken flourish of trumpets. Under date of June 19, he writes from Philadelphia as follows:—

"In spite of the dazzling popularity with which I am surrounded, I encounter innumerable obstacles. Aristocracy here strikes its roots deeply, and it is probable that I should not have been immediately received if I had first landed at Philadelphia. Every possible attempt has been made to chill the enthusiasm of the American people. The



neutrality of the United States was proclaimed, but my journey in the Southern States has made these designs miscarry. I have had time to rally my friends, to prepare from afar my reception; so as not to present myself at my post without being certainly sustained by the people. Every thing has succeeded beyond my hopes; the genuine Republicans are triumphing. But old Washington (*le vieux Washington*), who is a very different person from him whose name history has recorded, cannot pardon me my success, and the eagerness with which the whole town thronged to visit me at the very moment when a handful of English merchants were on their way to thank him for his proclamation. He embarrasses my movements in a thousand ways, and compels me to urge in secret the calling together of Congress, of which the majority, led by the first talents in the nation, will be decidedly in our favor. In the mean time I am provisioning the Antilles; I am exciting the Canadians to shake off the yoke of England; I am arming the Kentuckians, and preparing a naval expedition to second the descent upon New Orleans. Noailles and Talon are here; before my arrival, they had presented to the President the letters of the pretended regent" (Louis XVIII.) "which the old man had the weakness to open; but since the people have acknowledged me, they have not dared to show themselves. If they were worth the trouble, I would have them driven off."

This extraordinary letter, for insolence and the cool avowal of incendiary and scandalous proceedings, equals, at least, anything we ever read.

The next document is a letter to Genet, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated Paris, July 30, 1793, acknowledging the receipt of his of June 19. Its tone, which is that of dignified rebuke to the ambassador for his rash movements, is a marked improvement. After recapitulating the flattering marks of distinction which Genet says he had received, the letter proceeds as follows:—

"You supposed, after this, that it depended on you to direct the political operations of this people, and to engage them to make common cause with us, in spite of their Government. After the flattering declarations of the Governor of Charleston," (*sic*) "you have taken it upon yourself to arm privateers, to enlist men in the city of Charleston, to condemn prizes before even having been acknowledged by the American Government, and before having had their

assent to a measure of such importance, and, indeed, with a certainty of their disapproval, since you had before your eyes the President's proclamation. I observe that, in justification of this conduct, your friends in Philadelphia have published that you acted only in obedience to positive orders of the Executive Council of France. That Council could never have authorized you to exercise proconsular powers in a nation friendly and allied to us, to do this without the positive assent of the Government, and before being acknowledged by its heads. Your instructions are directly opposed to this strange interpretation. You were directed to treat with the Government, and not with a portion of the people, to be the organ of the French Republic near Congress, and not the leader of an American party, and to respect scrupulously the forms established for the intercourse between foreign ministers and the Government."

"What would be the success in France of a foreign agent who, instead of transacting business with the representatives of the people and the Executive Council, should undertake to surround himself with a party, to receive and return addresses, to arm privateers in our ports against friendly nations, and finally, as you announce it in your last despatch, to employ himself about the calling together of a national assembly. I leave you to judge of the confidence which such an agent would inspire in the Government, and you will readily make the application."

The writer then proceeds to tell him that since his arrival in Charleston he has been surrounded by persons either badly informed or badly intentioned,—probably the latter; and adduces several reasons in support of this conjecture. Among other things, he says that a policy discreet, and even timid, is adapted to the situation and interests of the United States, and is especially characteristic of Gen. Washington, whom Genet, in his correspondence, has judged much too severely. Genet is warned, in the most emphatic manner, not to mistake the enthusiasts who present him with addresses for the whole people. The letter then proceeds as follows:—

"You say that Washington does not forgive you your success, and that he shackles your progress in a thousand ways. You are directed to treat with the American Government; there alone can you have any true success; all other kinds are illusory, and contrary to the interests of your constituents. Dazzled by a false popularity, you



have repelled from you the only man who should be to you the organ of the American people; and if your movements were shackled, you have only yourself to thank for it. It is not by the effervescence of an indiscreet zeal that one can succeed with a cold and calculating people; and certainly not, by endangering their dearest interests, and their exterior and interior tranquillity.

"I seek in vain in your despatch for evidence of an official communication with the heads of the Government. I find there only the irregular movements of a man who, since his arrival, has flung himself into the arms of a party to resist the Government, and who, misled by the false confidence of the ill-intentioned persons who surrounded him, digs with his own hands the gulf into which he is to plunge."

The letter proceeds to tell Genet that the Minister does not see how he could have prepared a naval expedition against New Orleans, and adds that a naval expedition against New Orleans could not be prepared in Philadelphia, without endangering the neutrality of the United States. It concludes with the following admirable observations:—

"I cannot at all approve of the means which you have employed to attain the patriotic and laudable end you have in view. Do not be deluded with the glare of a false popularity, which estranges from you the representatives of the people, without whom it will be impossible for you to conduct to a prosperous issue the negotiations with which you are charged. Endeavor to gain the confidence of the President and of Congress; reject, as far as possible, the perfidious insinuations of those who wish to lead you astray; and especially be persuaded that it is by reason and not by enthusiasm that you can exercise any influence upon a people who, even in making war upon their tyrants, have never ceased to be cold."

The superiority of this letter, in propriety of tone, over the letter of instructions addressed to Genet on his departure for the seat of his mission, will be the more surprising when we recollect the sources from which they respectively sprang. The letter of instructions was prepared by Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was a Girondist, and involved in the ruin of that party, in May, 1793. On the 30th of July, 1793, the date of the last letter, France was under the so-called Reign of Terror, and the executive power was in the hands of a committee of the National Convention, called

the Committee of Public Safety, of which Barrere, Couthon, Thuriot, Robespierre and others were members. By whom the letter in question was written does not appear: it may have been by Robespierre himself, as he was the leading spirit of the new Government.

We next have a letter from Genet to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated July 31, 1793. It states that in the despatches forwarded by the *Concorde* a full account is given of his movements, as well of what he has done as what he has failed to do. He had found the people friendly and sympathizing, and could not have supposed that a government chosen by them would be the reverse; but so it was. Mr. Jefferson was the only member who praised him. "He is a mark for the hatred of the President and his colleagues, *although he has the weakness to sign opinions of theirs which he condemns*. But the hour of vengeance will soon be at hand; the representatives of the people are about to assemble; and from them will proceed the thunderbolts which will crush our enemies, and electrify all America." He goes on to say that he has prepared a revolution in New Orleans and Canada: that he has destroyed, by means of privateers (in spite of the most vehement opposition), the commerce of England on the coasts, and that he has supplied with provisions the French islands and squadrons. Referring to his despatches for a more full account of his enthusiastic reception by the people, and the coldness of his official welcome, he says that the contrast illustrates the difference between the genuine democrats, who feel how indissolubly their fate is linked to that of France, and those men who are devoted to England by a financial system, of which commerce with that country is the case.

On the 15th of August, 1793, Genet writes to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He begins by telling him that the squadron of the Republic is in a deplorable condition of exhaustion, and is suffering from want of harmony. He is doing all he can in its behalf, and especially to republicanize the sailors, who are led astray and alarmed, but who are, at heart, good citizens, well disposed to serve their country, "*provided one does not speak to them of St. Domingo, nor of the commissioners, nor of men of color, nor of*



negroes." He goes on to speak of the embarrassments which the presence of the squadron has occasioned him, and how busily he has been engaged in confirming the wavering sentiments of the sailors. Three plans in regard to the squadron had presented themselves to his consideration: the first was to send them home; the second was to despatch them to Newfoundland, to destroy the English fisheries, burn Halifax, and by ascending the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec, sound the dispositions of the Canadians, whom his agents were exciting to insurrection: and the third was to send them to New Orleans, taking on the way the Bahama Isles, which conceal the spoils of French commerce. The first plan he decides against: the second can be undertaken immediately: and the third at a later season. He proceeds in a confident strain to predict success; says that the Kentuckians are ready, and at the first signal which he gives them will be prepared to descend the Mississippi. He begs the Minister to second him in his plans with all his "*Civisme*." "Just at present," he says, "*the Fayetteist Washington has destroyed my efforts by his system of neutrality, and my negotiations with his ministers have been a series of ardent polemical discussions on the meaning of our treaties, and on the insults which the English are constantly offering to the flag of the United States, to the injury of our commerce. But every day public opinion is gaining more force, and Congress, the calling together of which I have not wished to hasten during the season of agricultural labors, because the idle aristocrats would be the first on the ground, will be decidedly in favor of the cause of liberty.*"

"The people of New York presented me, on my arrival with an address still more enthusiastic than any I had received from other cities; and my reply appears to have inflamed their ardor still more. The English are furious: their Minister came here some days before me, to lay snares for me, but nobody paid any attention to him. His friends and adherents in the Cabinet, Knox and Hamilton, alarmed at the great popularity I enjoy, are spreading everywhere the report that I wish to stir up the Americans against their Government, and that, dissatisfied with their conduct, I have formed the project of making an appeal to the people;

*and this feeble Government, always afraid of England, deserves that such an appeal should be made, as you will see by the documents sent by the frigate; but as the statement is false, I have just written a very strong letter to Gen. Washington, in which I ask him to render homage to truth, by declaring that I never threatened him with such a measure. I am expecting his reply, which I intend to publish, as well as my own letter; and soon after I shall also publish my correspondence with Mr. Jefferson, a man endowed with good qualities, but weak enough to sign what he does not think, and defend officially measures which he condemns in his conversations and anonymous writings."*

This ingenious device of Citizen Genet, as is well known, failed through the wisdom and self-command of Washington. The only reply to the former's impertinent mis-sive was an official note from the State Department, in which he was informed that direct correspondence with the Executive was not according to diplomatic usage, and that the President did not think fit to make any statement as to a declaration which, whether made to him or to others, was, perhaps, immaterial.

On the 19th of September, 1793, Genet writes to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing him of a conspiracy which had broken out in the squadron, under the lead of Galbaud, and of the efforts, finally successful, which he had made to suppress it, and restore order. He then goes on as follows:—

"We have lost precious time, but it is not an irreparable loss. This event is a very lucky one, and helps to raise the spirits of our friends: their zeal is ardent, and they will sustain us with enthusiasm, defending our rights in the next Congress, in spite of Gen. Washington, who sacrifices them to our enemies, and will never pardon me for having found in the people a support strong enough to ensure the execution of our treaties in spite of him. This friend of Lafayette, who affects to decorate his drawing-room with medallions of Capet and his family, who has received letters from the pretended regent, brought to him by Noailles and Talon, who continues to see these wretches, calls me an Anarchist, a Jacobin, and threatens to have me recalled, because I am not devoted to the Federalist party, which will do nothing for us, and has no other object than to establish monarchy (*la monocratie*) here. But I care not; my path is fixed. I have



the confidence of all good patriots, and ambitious partisans do not trouble me."

On the 7th of October, Genet writes another letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He explains the difficulties of his position, arising from the opposition of a portion of the nation, who were either monarchists or aristocrats, and who were in marked contrast with the bulk of the people, whose sympathies were with him. He alludes to the enthusiastic reception he had had at Philadelphia, where six thousand citizens had thronged around him, to welcome and congratulate him, while three hundred traders (*marchands*) went to thank the President for his proclamation of neutrality:—

"Never was public opinion more decisively expressed. Washington has been deeply wounded by it. It was the day after this that I had my first audience. My reception was cold. The friend and adviser of Lafayette responded to my frank and loyal advances, only by diplomatic language, from which nothing has happened worthy of being transmitted to you." . . .

"Jefferson, Secretary of State, at the outset, appeared more inclined to second our views. He gave me useful hints as to the men in office, and did not conceal from me that Senator Morris, and Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, both devoted to the interests of England, had the greatest influence over the President's mind, and that it was difficult for him to counterbalance their efforts. But he has done more: he has published in the papers, under the signature of 'Veritas,' three letters against the system of these gentlemen. However, I have observed in his official declarations a sort of reserve, which convinces me that this man of half character (*à demi caractère*) wished to conduct himself in such a way as to keep his place, whatever might be the event.

"Indeed, hardly had the news of the infamous defection of Dumourier and the disasters which followed it reached here—hardly had the revolution of St. Domingo diffused terror everywhere among the owners of slaves—than I observed that he grew weaker day by day, and was making himself the passive instrument of a party which detests him. Then, seeing myself abandoned by the Minister on whom we should most rely, seeing that the English Minister was on a friendly footing with the President, that Talon and Noailles, agents of the pretended regent of France, had access to Morris and Hamilton, and were even received by the President, seeing that all the decisions of the Federal Government were against us,

and tended to annul the operation of our treaty, I took the only course that was left to me. I surrounded myself with the most zealous Republicans, and I found in the State governments, in the Courts of the several States, in juries of the people, in the democratic clubs organized like ours, in the anti-Federalist newspapers, in all good citizens, in all men who are more attached to the social interests of America than to the commercial interest, in all militia companies, the most energetic support. In spite of the opposition and proclamations of the Federal Government, fourteen privateers, mounting in all a hundred and twenty guns, manned by Americans, have sailed from various ports, and have taken from our enemies more than eighty vessels, richly laden. In spite of the decisions of the Federal Government, the Admiralty Courts of several of the States, faithful to the treaties with us, have respected the exclusive right of our consuls to take cognizance of all matters relating to prizes. In spite of the anathemas pronounced by Washington, and by his Federal judges, against every American who should take part in our war, juries have acquitted, in the midst of approving acclamations, every one arrested on this ground. In spite of the Federal Government, the Pennsylvania militia assembled on the 14th of July, and swore to treat as a traitor every man who should not feel the necessity of maintaining our treaties of commerce and alliance. The 10th of August, and the 21st of September, are celebrated here, as with us, as national fêtes; and the three-colored cockade appeared on every hat, side by side with the American. Then Washington and his adherents, excited by Talon, who has become their adviser, and by the British Minister, and doing me the honor to ascribe to me the successes which were due only to the principles I upheld, have persuaded themselves that their ruin would be postponed by getting rid of me. Consequently, all their batteries have been pointed against me; their journals have declared that I was violating the laws and the Constitution of the country, and that I had threatened the President with making an appeal from his decisions to the people. Two men, long since sold to England, Jay, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Senator King, thought they were doing me much mischief by certifying to this; but this fabrication (*imposture*), instead of hitting me, recoiled upon them. They have not been able to prove what they asserted, and the people of New York, at the very moment when efforts were making to create the most unfavorable opinions concerning me, gave me the most brilliant reception. . . .



"This last mark of the esteem of the Americans has completed Washington's irritation against me. The libels of his partisans have multiplied infinitely; and to put an end to these absurd polemics, I wrote him the letter herewith appended, to which he returned a reply, by the hands of Mr. Jefferson, a President of the United States being, in his view, too high a personage to correspond with the agent of another nation. I immediately printed both letters. They produced the best effect. All popular bodies applauded my boldness, but wrath has taken possession of the mind of Washington, and he has charged the counter-revolutionist Morris to demand my recall, and to threaten our consuls with an interdict if they continue to authorize the sale of our prizes, and to protest against the tribunals which undertake to interfere with them. Mr. Jefferson has transmitted to me this denunciation, which will be forwarded to you; and I confine myself, for my justification, to laying before you the answer which I returned, as well as that of the consuls to the outrageous menaces served upon them.

"Having never swerved from the path of our duty, having undertaken nothing which was not in conformity to our treaties and the laws of the United States, we are all determined to demand of Congress, through the medium of the Executive power, that an investigation shall be made of the principal charges against us, as well as into the conduct of the Federal Government. Our friends desire it with as much earnestness as our enemies dread it, and I am persuaded that the French Republic will approve this step. It will give a strong impulse to the necessary revolution which is preparing here; it will unmask the men who conceal themselves under the mantle of federalism in order to arrive at monarchy, and will hasten the downfall of a crowd of intriguers who have no other aim than to deliver this country to England, and to establish here a form of government copied exactly after hers, and to banish liberty and French Republicans from this soil dedicated to liberty. I declare to the Council, Citizen Minister, that America is lost to France if the purifying fire of our revolution does not penetrate to its very heart. The men who made the revolution of 1775 are excluded from almost all employment by the faction in power, and this faction is composed exclusively of old Tories, of aristocrats, of Englishmen naturalized since the war, and of ambitious and greedy men, who, through eagerness for wealth and the fever of pride, have been led to forget that they exist only for the people, and that they should think of nothing but the happiness of the people. We have nothing to hope from

them. They are equally opposed to our principles and our alliance. Go on, then, with firmness in the career which I have opened; and if you think it expedient to sacrifice me to Washington, at least send in my place a minister who will not desert the Republicans, the sincere friends of liberty, of equality, and of France."

The rest of the letter is occupied with the enumeration and explanation of various official documents, which the writer forwarded at the same time.

On the 7th of October, 1793, Genet writes from New York a letter addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he informs him that he sends a variety of documents relative to his direct correspondence with the American people, and continues as follows:—

"These different documents will enable you to understand perfectly the public sentiment, and will convince you, as fully as I am convinced, that this sentiment is as favorable to us as the intentions of the President are the reverse. I can have little doubt that this man has directed the movements of Lafayette; he was gratified in seeing the King of France on a level with a President of the United States, and *his ambition*" (Washington's ambition!) "*made him desire to be clothed with the title of Constitutional King of the Americans. Everything was prepared for this.* Our revolution of the 10th of August, caused the failure of these liberticidal projects; and this explains the favorable reception given to our former Constitutionalists, as well as the distaste with which we Republicans have been received. The people, who clearly define everything, had anticipated this conspiracy, and this is the principal source of the astonishing popularity which we enjoy here."

M. De Witt prints one of the documents which Genet refers to in the above letter. It is a report or account of his movements, from his landing in Charleston to his arrival in Philadelphia. It is in a strain of excessive triumph and self-glorification, but contains nothing new, and little that is interesting. He relates a visit which he made to a tribe of Indians called Catawbias, who lived in an agreeable valley in the Western part of South Carolina, and says that the women were much pleased with his presents, and the men still more with the liquors he gave them, but unluckily they at once got drunk upon them. A great number of addresses were presented to him. Among others, he



speaks of one made by the Ciceronian Society in Philadelphia, which he says he liked, though it was too diffuse. "You will remember," he adds, "that Cicero, though a little verbose, had happy moments."

On the same 7th day of October, 1793, Genet addresses another letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and accompanies it with five several documents, having reference to hostile movements against the English possessions in the North, and the Spanish in the South and South-West. He tells the Minister, among other things, that a military expedition was organizing in Kentucky, under the command of Gen. Clark (George Rogers) for the conquest of Louisiana, and that he (Genet) had authorized Gen. Clark to take the lead therein. He appends his letter of instructions to Gen. Clark, as well as a species of commission, both of which are couched in the style in which a sovereign devolves a duty or trust upon an officer. He further informs the Minister, that he had commissioned Citizen Michaux, the botanist, to co-operate in a civil capacity in aid of the above project, and had authorized him to draw upon him (Genet) for the funds which he might need for his purposes. The commission or authorization of Citizen Michaux is given by M. De Witt. It recites that We, Charles Genet, Minister Plenipotentiary, etc., in conformity with the powers and instructions given us by the Executive Council of the French Republic, authorizes Citizen Michaux to treat with the Frenchmen of Louisiana, and the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi, with a view of giving liberty to the inhabitants of New Orleans; also to act in concert with Generals Clark and Logan in Kentucky, on the means of raising outside of the United States a corps which shall bear the name of the Revolutionary and Independent Legion of the Mississippi. And we further entrust to him the duty of employing the funds to be used in promoting this enterprise; and the further charge of bestowing commissions upon such officers in said army as shall show themselves worthy thereof by courage, abilities, and military skill; also of concluding treaties of alliance with the French inhabitants of Louisiana and the Indians.

In the first of the documents above mentioned, appended to this letter of October 7th, which is a sort of official report to the

Minister, under date of July 25th, 1793, we find an amusing and characteristic paragraph, which we translate:—

"Before taking any of these steps, I thought proper to ascertain the views of the American Government, and engage them to act in concert with us. Mr. Jefferson appeared fully sensible of the utility of this project, but he told me that the United States had entered into negotiations with Spain on this subject, that they had asked her to grant to the Americans an entrepot above New Orleans, and that so long as this negotiation was pending, the delicacy of the United States (*la délicatesse des Etats Unis*) would not allow them to take part in our operations. Still he gave me to understand that a small spontaneous irruption of Kentuckians into New Orleans might help things on. He put me in communication with several members of Congress from Kentucky, and especially Mr. Brown, who, penetrated with the conviction that his country never would be flourishing until the navigation of the Mississippi was free, has adopted my plans with as much enthusiasm as an American can feel for them."

In reading these documents, we do not know which to be the more surprised at; the lawless and unwarrantable conduct of Genet, or the immunity accorded to him by the public sentiment of the country. The French Minister took upon himself the functions and airs of a sovereign; and had the people of the United States been a tribe of wild Indians he could not have ignored them more completely. He organized expeditions and set in motion warlike operations against Spain—a nation with whom we were at peace—not only deliberately, but openly, as if he disdained concealment, and gloried in his misdeeds. It is edifying to compare the support which the popular feeling gave him with the excessive sensitiveness on the subject, which led to the dismissal of Mr. Crampton a half a century, or more, later, on the charge of aiding and abetting in the enlistment of men to serve against Russia. As it is not to be supposed that the American people would make any unfair discrimination between the representatives of France and England, we must ascribe the change to a higher sense of the obligations of neutrality, and a conscience more quick to discern the right.

Genet's last letter was written on the 10th of December, 1793. It is in a strain of indig-



nation and disgust throughout. It begins thus: "Congress has assembled, and Washington has unmasked himself. America is disgraced. I send you the message of the old friend of Lafayette, and the answer of the House of Representatives. It is as insignificant as that of the Senate will be." He proceeds in the same offensive tone to ascribe the conduct of the Government to a pusillanimous dread of Great Britain. He says: "There is not here a live patriot, not a friend of France or of its representative, who is not convinced that old Washington has said what was imposed upon him to say, for the purpose of saving the United States from an impending chastisement." He goes on to tell the Minister, his correspondent, of his grievances; how newspapers were hired to write him down; how he was called the ambassador of the Jacobins; but that in spite of the excessive idolatry which was felt for Washington, and in spite of all the efforts made against him, the courage of his friends was not broken. He sends a letter which he had recently received from Sam Adams, in confirmation of this statement, "Adams who had lately succeeded the virtuous Hancock." He adds other facts in further proof. Then he proceeds as follows:—

"I am going to Philadelphia to take up the gauntlet which they have thrown down, and enter into a deadly combat with my enemies. In the eyes of men who are not slaves to party it will commence under happy auspices. Mr. Jay, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Mr. King, Senator, *vile flatterers of the President*, and sold to Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, had, at the request of the latter, caused a statement to be inserted in the papers, that I, dissatisfied with the President's decisions on the meaning of our treaties, had declared that I should appeal to the people. This statement being false, and not producing a good effect, I hastened to contradict it in several letters which have been printed; but as the original charge has been insisted upon, I am about to cite the Chief Justice and the Senator before the Federal Court as libellers." . . . "If Congress does not do me justice, after having taken up my correspondence, I shall assail Washington himself in the Federal Court, and force him to appear at the bar, and prove what he has asserted."

The following is the letter of Samuel Adams referred to in Genet's communication:—

"Boston, Oct. 22, 1793.

"I am thoroughly convinced that your heart is animated with the same zeal for the interests of our country as for your own, and I have much pleasure in seeing that you firmly hope that a public discussion will ensure to your conduct the approbation of all reasonable men, and will cover with shame those who, yielding to the force of prejudice, have so skilfully aimed calumnies and outrageous charges at you. I hope sincerely that your official residence in the United States may render you personally happy, and I am already convinced that it cannot but be useful to the universal cause of liberty and the rights of man."

But the clouds were gathering at home which were to break in official ruin upon the head of Citizen Genet. On the 16th of October, 1793, the Committee of Public Safety adopted the following resolutions: that the Executive Council should send in eight days to Philadelphia, in the utmost secrecy, four commissioners clothed with full powers to arrest Genet, Dupont, and the other public functionaries of France who have been guilty of misconduct; that one of these commissioners should have the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary; the second, of Consul-General; the third, of Consul for the State of Pennsylvania; and the fourth, of Secretary of Legation; that the Minister should formally disavow, in the name of the Republic, the criminal conduct of Genet and his accomplices, and demand assistance (*main-force*) to carry them on board a frigate to be brought to France; that the commission should disarm all the privateers sent out by Genet, and forbid, in the name of the Republic, every Frenchman from violating the neutrality of the United States. All this is excellent; and our readers will be surprised at seeing what names are appended to these votes or resolutions. They are Barrère, Hérault, Robespierre, Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d'Herbois.

On the 18th of December, 1793, a report was made to the National Convention by Robespierre, on behalf of the Committee of Public Safety, in which we find Genet very roughly handled:—

"Another man, named Genest (*sic*), sent by Lebrun and Brissot to Philadelphia, has faithfully carried out the views and wishes of the faction which chose him. He has taken the most extraordinary measures to



irritate the American Government against us. He has presumed, without any excuse, to address it in a tone of menace, and to make propositions to it equally opposed to the interests of both nations. He has taken pains to render our principles unpopular or the object of fear, in exaggerating them by ridiculous applications. By a remarkable contrast, while those who had sent him were persecuting the popular society, denouncing as anarchists the Republicans who were struggling bravely against tyranny, Genet, at Philadelphia, was taking the head of a club, and constantly making movements and demonstrations injurious and disquieting to the Government. Thus the same faction which in France wished to reduce all poor men to the condition of helots, and subject the people to the aristocracy of wealth, desired at the same moment to emancipate and arm all the negroes to destroy our colonies."

It was Genet's hard fate to be obnoxious to the Administration and the Federal party in America, as a Jacobin, and to be denounced and thrown overboard at home, because he was a Girondist. Fauchet, his successor, arrived here in February, 1794. Genet, having a proper value for his head, which he knew would have been taken off had he returned home, remained in America, as we have before said, and lived forty years longer in the retirement of domestic life. We should like to know something about him in these long years of enforced quiet—and especially how this tempestuous and turbulent spirit contrived to get rid of his

superabundance of energy in the narrow pinfold of a country house on the banks of the Hudson.

But here the curtain falls on Citizen Genet. An English naval officer who had once come under the spell of Bonaparte's personal presence was accustomed afterwards, when his countrymen were assailing him, to interpose a modified commendation, and say: "Well, Boney wasn't a bad fellow, after all." So we say in parting from Genet, that he wasn't a bad fellow, after all. He was hot-headed, mischievous, and vain; but he was frank, outspoken, enthusiastic, and full of that quality which Mr. Russell calls dash, and which he says we now so much want. And furthermore, we believe Genet to have been really and honestly carried away by the ideas by which he professed to be impelled. We cannot withhold a certain measure of respect for a man who has fervid and intense convictions, however much we may differ from him, and however much he may push them to fanatical extravagance. The man we cannot endure is he who pretends to the emotions which he does not feel, and makes a profit of the enthusiasm in which he does not share. We think Genet must have been a pleasant person to talk with in his declining years, when his westerling sun shed through the horizontal air a milder ray than in his fiery noon. We should not take leave of him without adding that he was a brother of the celebrated Mad. Campan.

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**SCREWING ON NUTS.**—We have sometimes known nuts on thrashing-machines, circular saws, etc., to be found so tight that no wrench would remove them. This was because they had been held in the hand till they became warm, and being then applied to very cold screws in winter, they contracted by cooling on, and thus held the screw with an immovable grasp. Always avoid putting a warm nut on a cold screw; and to remove it, apply a large heated iron in contact with the nut, so as to heat and expand it, and it will loosen at once—or a cloth wet with boiling water will accomplish the same purpose.

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**COINS OF CASHMERE.**—The British Museum has recently received from Sir John Login a political curiosity. It is a series of coins

struck by the Maharajah of Cashmere in different years of his reign. They are current silver coins, and bear on the obverse the Christian monogram, I.H.S., surmounted in some cases by the cross. This impression is intended by the Sikh Chief to imply that he is under a Christian suzerain, and as a graceful compliment to his rulers.

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**JAPANESE SWORDS.**—Mr. Pemberton Hodgson, in his work on Japan, states that "officers have generally three kinds of swords—one pair for ordinary work, a second pair for semi-official visits, and a third pair, which descends in the family, of exquisite temper, and often beautifully mounted with gold and other ornaments; these are for state occasions only."



## A LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. BRECKENRIDGE.

The readers of the *Living Age*, who have been edified and comforted by the vigorous logic and patriotism of Dr. Breckenridge, in the *Danville Review*, will be interested in frustrating the conspiracy to destroy that work, which is herein exposed.

WE direct the attention of our readers to the communication of the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, published in another column. We believe that the continued existence of the *Danville Quarterly Review* is essential to the interests of truth and order, both in the Church and State, in the region in which it is published, and that it is worthy of the support of all, everywhere, who love sound doctrine, and wish to support those who are faithfully upholding, in the midst of many difficulties, the cause of our National Government, and the unity of the Presbyterian Church.—*Presbyterian*.

## THE DANVILLE REVIEW.

Godly and loyal persons, who fear the Lord and love their country, everywhere, but especially in the West—and of all religious persuasions, but especially Presbyterians—are requested to consider carefully the statements which follow, and afterwards do what shall seem to them good.

About a year ago a certain number of ministers, of whom I was one, founded the *Danville Quarterly Review*, four quarterly numbers of which, making a yearly volume, have been issued. It is to prevent the destruction of the work, that this appeal is made; a destruction such as could happen only by means that would justify such an appeal as this.

Before the first number of the work was issued, the Rev. Messrs. Stuart Robinson, Thomas A. Hoyt, and John H. Rice, withdrew from our Association, of which they were members, because they understood the majority of its members desired me to advocate, in its pages, the loyal principles of my discourse of the 4th of January, 1861—that is, because they were secessionists. At a much later period, the Rev. R. L. Breck withdrew from the Association, because the majority of its members besought him not to publish in the *Review* the political article which he has since published in pamphlet form, and which, as was feared before we had full knowledge of its contents, it was impossible for any loyal man even to appear to endorse. Still later, and in succession,

the Rev. Dr. R. W. Landis, and the Rev. Professor James Matthews, went into the army of the United States as chaplains, and the Rev. Dr. J. T. Smith removed from the West to Baltimore. Finally, Richard H. Collins, Esq., the publisher of the *Review*, and the owner of an extensive but qualified property in it—and who, if not a secessionist, is much misunderstood—having first notified the Association of his inability and his unwillingness to carry it on upon the terms of his contract with us, refuses to allow us the use of our own Mail Book, except upon terms which are wholly inadmissible. The Rev. J. M. Worrall approves of his conduct, as he did of Mr. Breck's. What remains, is that the Rev. Drs. E. P. Humphrey and S. Yerkes, together with Professor J. Cooper and myself, aided by Dr. Landis and Professor Matthews, as their duties in the army permit, must start the work anew, or it must be discontinued.

In the present state of the country, and, I may add, of the minds of men in the region to which the *Review* particularly appertains, touching a multitude of subjects of the greatest importance, it seems to me its destruction, especially by the means that have been resorted to, is both a calamity and a wrong, which loyal Christian people will not hesitate to defeat.

The insuperable difficulty is the suppression of our Mail Book; for we had subscribers enough to sustain the publication, and enough money was paid by them, within the year, to have covered all proper expenses. The object of this appeal is to procure the names of a certain number of subscribers immediately, whether of those who have already taken the work, or of new patrons. And so great is my confidence in the loyalty of my countrymen, in their approval of the past course of this *Review*, and in their love of upright conduct—and so little am I either inclined, or accustomed, to be baffled in important matters deliberately undertaken, by such conduct as I have described, that I have become personally responsible for the expense of continuing the work, under the conviction that a sufficient number of patrons would be ready as soon as the next number can be issued, which I hope will be by the end of March.

The subscription price is \$3 per annum; \$2 50, if paid strictly in advance; \$2,



where a club of five members is paid for strictly in advance. Every one friendly to the enterprise is requested to obtain subscribers, and remit by mail their names and address, with money current where received, to the Rev. Professor Jacob Cooper, at this place. Exchanges, and works sent to be noticed, must be directed hereafter to Danville, Kentucky.

Whoever will consider the state of public affairs in Kentucky a year ago, will hardly need any explanation of the mistakes which loyal men were liable to commit, in organizing our Association, and starting our *Review*. And, perhaps, those who bear in mind the present state of affairs in this region,

and the perils of all kinds through which the favorable change has been wrought, will hardly agree that any instrument, or any man, used in any degree by God in producing that change, shall be, just yet, ignominiously put out of the way, in the interest of the most flagitious conspiracy that ever assailed human society. If in these things I am mistaken, I desire, at least, that all who feel any interest in the matter should understand by what means this enterprise failed, and how thorough was my conviction that the failure ought to have been prevented.

R. J. BRECKENRIDGE.

Danville, Ky., Feb. 26, 1862.

**THE HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE.**—This tree, which is a native of Asia, is of more agricultural value than is generally supposed. In Switzerland horse-chestnuts are fed to sheep to fatten them, and they give a fine flavor to the mutton. They are there crushed in mills similar to our cider mills, and fed sparingly, otherwise sheep, in their greediness, would injure themselves. In an economical point of view, the horse-chestnut in this country must, in time, become an article of importance, for the purpose of increasing our forage resources, from the fact that cattle are as fond of them, and can be fattened by them, as well as sheep. In the great regions of the West, where land is plentiful and cheap, and timber for fencing-rail abundant, it will not soon be needed; but in all our extreme Eastern and Northern States, where the land is not well adapted to raising corn, and also in the vast timberless plains of the West, where fencing is one of the most considerable items of expense, the introduction of this tree must be a desideratum. It is difficult to estimate the amount of waste ground in our highly cultivated districts, that could be filled with these trees without encroaching upon that used for crops. Banks of streams, fence corners, hill banks, nooks and corners too small to be enclosed, take up a space of almost every farm in the country, and in some to a considerable extent. These places, as well as replacing the otherwise useless shade trees for cattle and ornament, could be filled with them. In the course of a few years they would bear an immense amount of fruit, which could be stored and preserved with less difficulty, care, and expense, than common corn. In the far West there are thousands and thousands of acres that cannot be put into wheat and corn on account of the want of fencing materials. This tree, not needing anything of the kind, can take their place,

and a vast amount of forage obtained, with less than one-tenth of the trouble and expense attending the cultivation of the cereals. The great disadvantages to be overcome, are the proper quantity to feed, as too much will injure the cattle.—*Scientific American*.

**OUR AUTUMN FOLIAGE.**—Miss Ellen Robbins, of Watertown, to whose exquisite flower and leaf painting we have before referred, has recently finished a book of twenty specimens, life-size, of the variegated and brilliant autumn foliage of New England. It is to be sent abroad, to convince friends on the other side of the Atlantic, that the stories American travellers tell of the multiform splendor of our forests are not exaggerations. Miss R.'s skill, taste, and accuracy in delineating and coloring the grace and beauty of our wild flowers and woods, are unsurpassed.—*Transcript*.

**FIRST MISSIONARIES.**—Fifty years ago, this day, says a Salem, Massachusetts, paper, of February 6th, the first American foreign missionaries were ordained in the old Tabernacle of Salem. They were the Rev. Messrs. Newell, Judson, Nott, Hall, and Rice. The ordaining council was composed of the pastors of the North Congregational Church of Newburyport, the Congregational Church in Charlestown, and the Tabernacle Church in Salem, and delegates from the same churches; the Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Park Street Church, Boston, and the Rev. Dr. Woods, Professor at Andover. Who can estimate the influence of that meeting?



## THE MARCH OF THE REGIMENT.

HERE they come!—'tis the Twelfth, you know—

The Colonel is just at hand—  
The ranks close up, to the measured flow  
Of music cheery and grand.  
Glitter on glitter, row by row,  
The steady bayonets, on they go  
For God and the Right to stand—  
Another Thousand to front the Foe!  
And to die—if it must be even so—  
For the dear old Fatherland!

O trusty and true! O gay, warm heart!  
O manly and earnest brow!  
Here, in the hurrying street, we part—  
To meet—ah, where and how?  
O ready and stanch! who, at war's alarm,  
On lonely hill-side and mountain-farm  
Have left the axe and the plow!  
That every tear were a holy charm,  
To guard, with honor, some head from harm,  
And to quit some generous vow!  
For, of valiant heart and of sturdy arm  
Was never more need than now.

Never a nobler Morn to the bold  
For God and for Country's sake!  
Lo, a flag, so haughtily unrolled  
On a hundred foughten fields of old,  
Now flaunts in a pirate's wake!  
The Lion coys in each blazoned fold,  
And leers on the blood-barred Snake!

O base and vain! that, for grudge and gain,  
Could a century's feud renew—  
Could hoard your hate for the coward chance  
When a Nation reeled in a wilder Dance  
Of Death, than the Switzer drew!  
We have borne and borne—and may bear again  
With wrong—but if wrong from you,

Welcome, the sulphury cloud in the sky!  
Welcome, the crimson rain!  
Act but the dream ye dared to form,  
Strike a single spark!—and the storm  
Of serried bayonets sweeping by  
Shall swell to a hurricane!

O blind and bitter! that could not know,  
Even in fight, a catiff blow  
(Foully dealt on a hard-set foe)  
Ever is underwise—  
Ever is ghosted with after Fear—  
Ye might lesson it—year by year,  
Looking, with fevered eyes,  
For sail or smoke from the Breton shore,  
Lest a Land, so cruelly wronged of yore,  
In fiery revenge should rise!

Office at outcry!—ah, wretched Flam!  
Vile Farce of hammer and prate!  
Trade! bids Darby—and blood! smirks Pan—  
Little ween they, each courtly Sham,  
Of the Terror lying in wait!  
Little wot of the web he spins,  
Their Tempter in purple that darkly grins  
'Neath his stony visor of state,  
O'er Seas, how narrow!—for, whoso wins,  
At yon base Auction of Outs and Ins,

The rule of his Dearest Hate—  
Her point once flashing athwart her Kin's,  
And the reckoning, ledgered for long, begins—  
The galling Glories and envied Sins  
Shall buzz in a mesh like fate!

Ay, mate your meanest!—ye can but do  
That permitted—when Heaven would view  
How Wrong, self-branded, her rage must rue  
In wreck and ashes!—(such scene as you,  
If wise, shall witness afar)—  
How Guilt, o'erblown, her crest heaves high,  
And dares the injured, with taunt to try  
Ordeal of Fire in war—  
Blindfold and brazen, on God doth call—  
Then grasps, in horror, the glaring ball,  
Or treads on the candent bar!

Yet a little!—and men shall mark  
This our Moloch, who sate so stark,  
(These hundred winters through godless dark  
Grinning o'er death and shame)—  
Marking for murder each unbowed head,  
Throned on his Ghizah of bones, and fed  
Still with hearts of the holy dead—  
Naught but a Spectre foul and dread,  
Naught but a hideous Name!  
At last!—(ungloom, stern, confined frown!  
Rest thee, Gray-Steel!—ay, dead Renown!  
In flame and thunder by field and town  
The Giant-Horror is going down,  
Down to the Home whence it came!)

Deaf to the Doom that waits the Beast,  
Still would ye share the Harlot's Feast,  
And drink of her blood-grimed Cup!  
Pause!—the Accursed, on yon frenzied shore,  
Buyeth your merchandise never more!  
Mark, 'mid the Fiery Dew that drips,  
Redder, faster, through black Eclipse,  
How Sodom, to-night, shall sup!  
(Thus the Kings, in Apocalypse,  
The traders of souls, and crews of ships,  
Standing afar, with pallid lips—  
While Babylon's Smoke goes up!)

Yet, dree your weird!—though an hour may  
blight,  
In treason, a century's fame—  
Trust Greed and Spite!—(sith Reason and Right  
Lie cold, with Honor and Shame)—  
And learn anon—as on that dread night  
When, the dead around and the deck aflame,  
From John Paul's lip the fierce word came—  
“We have only begun to fight!”

Ay, 'tis at hand!—foul lips, be dumb!  
Our Armageddon is yet to come!  
But cheery bugle, and angry drum,  
With volleyed rattle and roar,  
And cannon thunder-throb, shall be drowned,  
That day, in a grander, stormier sound—  
The Land, from mountain to shore,  
Hurling shackle and scourge and stake  
Back to their Lender of pit and lake—  
(’Twas Tophet leased them of yore)—  
Hell, in her murkiest hold, shall quake,  
As they ring on the damned floor!  
O mighty heart! thou wast long to wait—  
’Tis thine, to-morrow, to win or break



In a deadlier close once more—  
If but for the dear and glorious sake  
Of those who have gone before.

O Fair and Faithful ! that, sun by sun,  
Slept on the field, or lost or won—  
Children dear of the Holy One !

Rest in your wintry sod.  
Rest, your noble Devoir is done—  
Done—and forever !—ours, to-day,  
The dreary drift and the frozen clay  
By trampling armies trod—  
The smoky shroud of the War-Simoom,  
The maddened Crime at bay with her Doom,  
And fighting it, clod by clod.

O Calm and Glory !—beyond the gloom,  
Above the bayonets bend and bloom  
The lilies and palms of God.

—*Hartford Evening Press.* H. H. B.

### THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

WITH bray of the trumpet  
And roll of the drum,  
And keen ring of bugle,  
The cavalry come.  
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,  
The bridle-chains ring,  
And foam from red nostrils  
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp ! tramp ! o'er the greensward  
That quivers below,  
Scarce held by the curb-bit  
The fierce horses go ;  
And the grim-visaged colonel  
With ear-rending shout  
Peals forth to the squadrons  
The order, " Trot out ! "

One hand on the sabre,  
And one on the rein,  
The troopers move forward  
In line on the plain.  
As rings the word " Gallop ! "  
The steel scabbards clank,  
And each rowel is pressed  
To a horse's hot flank :  
And swift is their rush  
As the wild torrent's flow,  
When it pours from the crag  
On the valley below.

" Charge ! " thunders the leader ;  
Like shaft from the bow  
Each mad horse is hurled  
On the wavering foe.  
A thousand bright sabres  
Are gleaming in air ;  
A thousand dark horses  
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless  
Of aught may betide,  
Like demons, not mortals,  
The wild troopers ride.

Cut right ! and cut left !—  
For the parry who needs ?  
The bayonets shiver  
Like wind-shattered reeds.  
Vain—vain the red volley  
That bursts from the square—  
The random-shot bullets  
Are wasted in air.  
Triumphant, remorseless,  
Unerring as death—  
No sabre that's stainless  
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt  
By that murderous steel  
Will never yield ease  
For the surgeon to heal.  
Hurrah ! they are broken—  
Hurrah ! boys, they fly—  
None linger save those  
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses  
And call in your men—  
The trumpet sound " Rally  
To color " again.  
Some saddles are empty,  
Some comrades are slain,  
And some noble horses  
Lie stark on the plain,  
But war's a chance game, boys,  
And weeping is vain.

—*Transcript.*

### OUR VICTORY.

RING out, O bells ! a joyous peal !  
Wave Freedom's flag, o'er land and sea !  
Above the graves of Freedom's slain  
Let living voices shout again  
In honor of our victory !

'Tis but a little while ago,  
Since, looking on our list of dead,  
We marvelled Justice should delay :  
Thank God ! at last has dawned her day,  
The sky is in a blaze of red !

Deep, fiery clouds surround the sun,  
Thrice welcome now the storm shall be ;  
'Twill purify our atmosphere,  
Once more the pathway shall be clear  
Where walk the sons of liberty.

Ours is no haughty tyrant's glee,  
To chain our brothers at our feet ;  
Over no nation's wrongs we vaunt,  
Columbia saved is all we want ;  
For her sake is our triumph sweet.

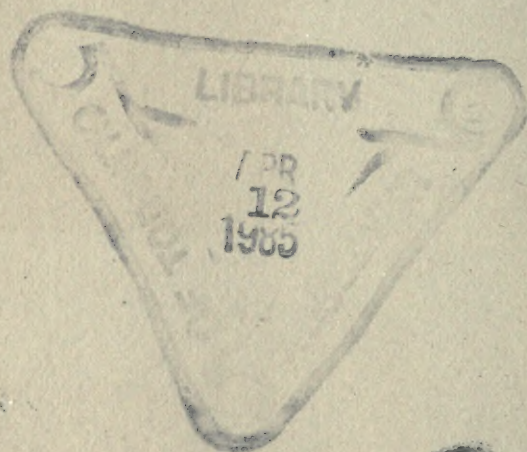
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—*Harper's Weekly.*











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